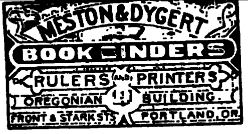

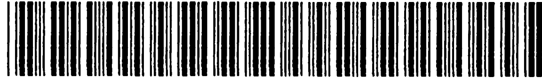

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ELECTRA:

A

BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MAY, 1883, TO MAY, 1884.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore through snow and ice
A banner with this strange device,
EXCELSIOR."

EDITED BY

ANNIE E. WILSON AND ISABELLA M. LEYBURN.

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. MAY, 1883. No. 1.

A WALPURGISNIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF E. VELY, BY H. DE LA RONDE.

Delightful mild air, sweet perfume of flowers, bright starlight! Does it take more than this to coax one out into the fresh, green fairy wood? I lay on the bank of a murmuring brook, imbedded in the soft, green moss, and dreamily gazed into the balmy spring night.

There was a gentle swaying and creaking among the dark fir-trees, a hoary oak stretched threatening arms out above me, large-leaved ivy wound itself high up around its trunk, and on the edges of the brook grew juicy green rushes. Here, yellow and white flowers had half opened their calyxes and over yonder peeped forth some inquisitive forget-me-not eyes. Bats flew hither and thither; the dismal cry of the horned owl could be heard in the distance; the waves of the brook murmured soft lullabies; the forest rustled mysteriously; I closed my eyes and dreamed. Bright and changing pictures of my childhood, my distant home and dear ones, passed before my mind. I lay for a long time thus dreaming, but suddenly started up and rubbed my eyes in astonishment. What a commotion! What had become of the quiet of the forest?

The loud voices of the birds were to be heard, the feathered tribes were moving about in all the branches, brilliant moonlight sparkled in the waves that rippled and danced over the white pebbles. What a chirping, a humming, and a screeching there was. Flocks of birds flew past and alighted on the branches of the trees and on the steep abrupt cliff opposite.

Hark! twelve dull strokes from the village church-tower announce the hour of midnight.

All at once it seemed to me as if I had become a child again who was able once more to understand the voices of nature: it was as if a veil had fallen from my eyes; or, had a spell been cast upon me, the spell of the first night in May?

So, after all, there is truth then in the so often ridiculed and yet so often asserted legend of the first night in May.*

*Note.—In German folk-lore the first night in May, called the Walpurgisnight, is especially sacred to witches, fairies, and other uncanny folk of that ilk. The Brocken, a mountain in Hanover, is the grand rendezvous of all the witches of Germany, who are represented as riding thither on broomsticks and there holding their high revels.

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Perchance this is the gathering place of that wild multitude which starts from here on its journey to the Brocken! O, yes! for see flashing at me from yonder rock are the red eyes of my wicked neighbor; she has chosen the figure of a barn owl as a fancy dress; I most certainly recognize her daughters in the screech-owls at her side. And the puffed-out bullfinch over yonder, is he not a member of the consistory, and the hawk with a hooked nose, a rich speculator "on 'change?" O, and how many acquaintances do I not see there; and I, myself, have I not also been bewitched? But, soft, what says the gentle nightingale who has begun to sing so sweetly! What seek the friendly swallow, the graceful thrush, the affected water-wagtail, who struts over the delicate grass as if it were a carpet intended for him alone, and who seems anxious to start a flirtation with the lilies of the valley and the forget-me-nots! Yonder a heron draws himself up proudly, but strange to say to-day he does not trouble the little fish in their gambols in the brook. Now, the thrice-repeated note of the cuckoo sounds like a signal. Hark! the eagle on the peak of the cliff beats with his wings, moves his feet impatiently, calls to order, and begins his speech. The king of the birds, he who wings his flight to the very sun, begins in a clear voice: "So now, true to the promise we made each other many years ago, when we first settled in this district, we have all again assembled at our old rendezvous. On that occasion, after we had related to each other the adventures we had met with on our travels, carried away by our enthusiasm we made an alliance both offensive and defensive. I perceive some new guests in our circle to day. A direct descendant of the eagle sacred to and protected by Zeus, bids them welcome.

"And now, you gay warblers of the woods, you who sail through the air, each one of you in turn, relate your adventures for our common edification, for our association adores progress. But before you begin, I should like to ask you one question. Hearken unto me. Many, many years ago I was once flying away up above the towns and villages in which men live, far above the rustling woods and the green meadows. Away, far down beneath me I spied a hunter with his gun, but I laughed him to scorn. Such a miserable thing in the human hand can not reach the eagle on the wing, for he sails rapidly through the floating clouds and soars aloft to the very sun; the human eye can not follow him in his flight, but sinks dazzled to the earth. As I thus sailed along I saw away down under me, down on the distant earth, something shine and glisten. Curiosity drove me down. I descended lower and lower, and folded my wings in the neighborhood of two pleasant houses, so similar that it was almost impossible to tell them apart. Ivy clung fondly to both; a green, shady garden stretched away out in the distance, but no prim, dividing hedge had been planted by the stern hand of man, that would be regulator of nature. A clear pond lay at a little distance; upon it sailed some swans who looked proud and vain of their white plumage. And they are indeed proud, these aquatic birds, and yet they can not begin to compare themselves with the king of the air. In front of one of the houses, on the soft carpet-like lawn in which was woven many a bright-hued flower, sat a little child in a white dress, as clean and dazzling as the snow on the Alpine summits. The little hands played with the flowers and green branches which filled them; and that which I had seen sparkle were two large, black eyes, out of which the child gazed up into the clouds, just then tinted rosy-red by the evening sun."

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"O, those eyes; how I should have enjoyed stealing them. I am sure they were sparkling gems," chattered a thievish magpie. "I have many a shining thing buried down deep, but I alone know the place. I have stolen them all from human beings. O, how I love all that shines and glitters!"

The eagle turned away his head contemptuously, but the swallow, the faithful friend of man, flew off to another tree; she had no love for such company. The little interruption was again followed by a deep silence, and the eagle continued: "We eagles love the sun and all that resembles it—'*nec soli cedis*'—thou shalt look at the sun without flinching, is our motto." We are friends of the light, and therefore was I so powerfully drawn toward the shining eyes in the face of the child. I wanted to look deep down into them. I sat on a high oak, from the summit of which I could overlook every thing. The little girl beneath me shouted for joy, just like a merry bird, as a slender woman came out of the house, and bending down kissed the rosy mouth."

"Did she too have beautiful shining eyes?" asked an inquisitive sparrow.

Perhaps the king would never have answered the saucy wight at all had not a lofty fir-tree bowed its head in question and thus lent its countenance to the request.

"Such eyes are seldom to be found amongst the children of men," replied the eagle. "The blonde mother of the child—I knew she was the mother by their likeness to each other. We have a keen eye and even mankind knows that, for if one of them has a bold, piercing eye they speak of his 'eagle eye'—the mother, then, had deep blue eyes of the shade of the sky which lies above the beautiful land of Italy."

"Men call such eyes forget-me-not-eyes," whispered the gallant water-wagtail with a bow to the modest forget-me-nots.

"I happened to hear them speak of the beautiful land of Italy, "resumed the eagle," for the tall, earnest man on whose arm leant the delicate woman as she walked once or twice through the garden, called it his native land. Then with a nod and a smile to the little one they returned to the house. The child, however, remained where she was, singing and laughing and making wonderful flower chains. Suddenly the sand creaked under flying footsteps, and a tall boy with dark, curly head jumped out from behind the bushes. In his face also glowed two fiery stars—black diamonds, and between his brows lay a deep wrinkle, as if it had been made there by pride or self-will. O, nature has skillful hands, and holds a wonderfully ingenious paint-brush; man is often unable to copy her works! Another little girl followed the headstrong boy, with panting breath, but did not succeed in catching up with him. He carried a cage in which was a canary."

"A prisoner: how dreadful!" said a sparrow to the bullfinch at his side.

But his neighbor cast on him a scornful look: "You do well to complain! No one would ever think of setting a trap for a singer such as you; now we—O, we have to be on our guard!" And the bullfinch puffed himself up, bowed to right and to left, and nodded to himself well pleased.

"The yellow songster had beautiful feathers and seemed mighty proud of his plumage," continued the eagle: "but indeed I should not have liked to exchange with him. Born in captivity, he must live and die in captivity, and all that he knows of freedom and a beautiful fatherland he has learned in songs taught him by father and mother.

"The boy set the cage down upon the grass and laughed merrily.

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"'Look, Beatrice, I bought him for you out of my own pocket-money! Now take good care of him.'

"'O, you dear Leo,' cried she, gaily. 'How lovely he is! Can he sing, and does he know 'Mary had a little lamb' like your bullfinch?' and she stuck her little finger between the bars of the cage till the bird grew frightened, beat its wings and tried to peck at her fingers. The other little girl sobbed through her tears, 'And I, I am not to have any; and Leo is always cross with me.'

"'Don't cry, Elsbeth,' said she whom the boy had called Beatrice, as she threw away her flowers; 'he shall belong to you too, and we shall feed him together, and Leo will have no objection!' And she gently kissed her little companion's rosy cheek which was all wet with tears.

"'Beatrice," gently murmured the nightingale; "I have often heard that name, but where—but where?" and she grew quite pensive.

"'Give me a kiss, too,' cried the willful boy; 'do you hear; but I will just take one!' Beatrice laughed and shook her head till she set all her curls a nodding. He tried to steal one from her, but she dived in and out amongst the trees and at last ran off. But he caught her and quickly kissed the struggling one right on her rosy mouth. O, but you should have seen how her eyes flashed, and then there came bright tears like those Elsbeth had wept: her little face flushed blood red and she stamped the ground with her little feet, her passionate sobbing choked the words she tried to utter, and finally she took hold of her little friend's hand and ran into the house.

"Leo stood alone; a look of anger and perplexity came over his face; he clinched his fist, then he bent down, picked up Beatrice's unfinished wreath, cast a shy look around him, and quickly the oak-tree, but though I waited long I did not again see the sparkling eyes. At last I grew tired and was obliged to fly away. Maybe in the course of all my wanderings I should have forgotten the house and the old tree, for one sees so much and so many new things and all that man accomplishes is soon a thing of the past. But to day I happened to fly past that well known spot and the memories of old times came back to me. The tree stood as of old, aged, strong, and haughty, though it did indeed bear a few more of the marks of time and had lost some of its branches, but I no longer found the pleasant home. A large showy building rose in its place; it resembled the palaces of a large city, but looked cold and strange. The sister of the former house remained unaltered, but all the shutters were closed and a high stone wall separated the gardens. It was so desolate, so dead, and I flew away quite saddened by the changed picture; and yet I could not help thinking of the bright eyes I should so have loved to look into again, and of the laughing face. I should also like to hear of the boy who ran off with the wreath. Can any one tell me any thing about them, or where I can find them again?" And the eagle's head sank upon his proud breast.

"Cold and strange, cold and strange, yes indeed," chirped a swallow in a low voice, "I know it well. I, too, could tell something about it."

"All of you," and the eagle once more raised his voice and it was heard distinctly to the uttermost bounds of the circle, "are well acquainted with this district; who can tell me where we can find the boy and the girl?"

Just then there was a rustling in the branches and a croaking raven flew in amongst them. He politely excused himself with all the grace of a society

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spite of his vagabond life he had polished manners. "I have come a long, long way; was obliged to stop on the road, but did not want to miss our rendezvous. I am a man of my word; caw! caw!"

The eagle nodded his head forgivingly; the whispering ceased, and a water-wagtail tripped forward. She had become quite restless toward the end of the eagle's story and especially after his question, and would dearly have loved to usurp the word long before this. She bent her body with many airs and graces, made a low bow on all sides so that no one should feel slighted, and swung herself up to the branch of a fir-tree, on which she gracefully swayed backward and forward. You see she was the coquette amongst the birds and they all knew it.

"She has style," croaked an old barn-owl with a hoarse voice, who occupied the role of mistress of ceremonies in the dominion of the feathered tribes, and was often called "Madame Etiquette" out of fun. "She was educated in the old school and loves its rules." The voice of the pretty water-wagtail rang out clear as she proceeded to relate:

"I saw them all. The dark curly-headed boy was now a young man; a crimson cap sat jauntily on his head, and he wore a black velvet coat richly braided. Another one was also present; he wore a bright coat, they call it the king's, and he was a lieutenant. Both of them held oars, and with them they moved and directed the skiff through the blue waves of the pond. I had squatted down amongst the rushes and peeped out from amongst the grasses and the stupid, country-bred daisies, who got red if one just looked at them; now I know it was the same pond which lay back of the ivy-wreathed houses."

"We are also country-bred," said two yellow buttercups; "but who would suspect it by looking at us. And as for blushing, that we don't, not even when the frogs sing us a quartette or a beetle serenades us. We occupy ourselves with reading; we speak French and dress according to the last fashion-plate." And with that they pulled out and puffed up their juicy, gaudy dress still more and waved their yellow stamens like so many fans. The speedwell drew a little to one side and looked at his modest dress, but for nothing in the world would he have thrust himself forward to recommend simplicity to these fashionable ladies, or advise them to make some reform in their toilets. He was no talker.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RAINDROP'S FATE.

By MRS. MARGARET J PRESTON

Its home was the breast of a luminous rock
Whose fingers of purple and dun,
Was frayed by the gust on its turbulent track,
And tangled by shafts from the sun.

Slow drifted the cloud in the wane of the light,
Till it hung o'er the garden so fair,
That the raindrop grew envious-sad at the sight,
And pevishly sighed to be there.

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A lover-like breeze came out of the south,
Snatched up from its fretful repose
The murmurer, and laid—first kissing its mouth,
In the innermost heart of a rose.

The chamber with crimson wrought tapestry hung,
The floor sanded over with gold,
The fragrance spilt out of the censors that swung
Around, were a joy to behold.

The saffron-dyed rift in the distant afar,
Seemed only a blot on the night,
And the jubilant raindrop looked out on a star
In a trance of exulting delight.

'T was the bliss of a moment; a tender-browed girl,
Slow treading through pathway and bower,
Bade the eye she drew after her look at the pearl
That swam in the heart of the flower.

"Not the Queen of the East had so perfect a draught,
Not a chalice so jewel'd to sip,"
He said, as he gave her the rose-cup she quaffed,
And the pearl was dissolved on her lip.

MATILDA ATHELING, WIFE OF HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.

One day, probably in the year 1805, Queen Margaret of Scotland was seated near the fire in an apartment of the palace of Scone. It was hardly what you would imagine the apartments in kingly palaces to be, for the openings which served for windows had no glass and could save be closed by heavy wooden shutters; there was no carpet on the stone floor, save a covering of thickly-strewed rushes; and the only convenience for a fire was in a kind of recess opposite the windows, with a hole broken in the wall to allow the smoke to escape.

There was no furniture in the room except a few massive, rudely-carved stools and the chair of more elaborate workmanship in which Queen Margaret sat. The queen wore the flowing kirtle and mantle of the time, made of dark mulor ermine; a plain circlet of gold rested on her brow, and held in place the ample veil, while round her neck she wore the famous black cross, the last relic of Saxon royalty in the possession of her family, which, from the superstitious importance attached to the possession of it by both nations, was afterward the occasion of serious disputes between Scotland and England.

Close by the queen's knee stood Matilda, a beautiful child about eight years old, whose fair hair hung in long curls round her neck, and whose bright eyes looked earnestly up into her mother's as she listened to the oft-told tale of the three orphan children, Edgar, Margaret, and Christina Atheling, who, because they were the last direct descendants of the great Saxon King Alfred, were in con-

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Normans, how with their mother they had resolved to seek refuge from these dangers at the court of their mother's father, Henry II. of Germany, how the vessel in which they sailed had been shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland, where they had been most kindly received by the king, and the little refugee Margaret afterward made his beloved queen.

As the queen-mother finished the story she looked up at a quiet, stern figure standing at the window, and sighing softly, reopened the missal on her lap and began to show her little daughter the large illuminated pictures that were always her delight. Then the quiet figure, which was no other than the Abbess Christina, came and stood by her chair. The two sisters might once have been equally beautiful as to regularity of features, but there was a striking contrast between them in every thing else. Christina wore the long black robes of her order, only relieved by a white wimple, the dark veil falling in orderly folds around her, shaded a countenance that had grown too cold and severe ever to be beautiful again, but kindled now by a dauntless religious fervor that often triumphed over the better judgment of her more gentle sister.

"Courage, Margaret," she whispered: "Hitherto you have succeeded in every thing you have undertaken. Malcolm, I am sure, will not oppose your wishes."

"I am not so sure of that," replied her sister; "he is passionately fond of his children. I fear he will not give up his eldest daughter, even to the church."

But the abbess would not listen to doubts. To her it seemed an incredible thing, the height of impiety, to hold back *any thing* that was needed by the church. And the desire and ambition to provide one of her own blood to be her successor in the abbey founded by her family, may have been one reason she laid such persistent claim upon her niece in after years.

Overborne at last by her sister's zeal, the queen permitted the wondering child to be arrayed in a coarse black veil, such as Christina herself wore, and thus she was presented to her father.

Malcolm had just returned from the chase, and was at the time talking with his guest, the Duke of Bretagne.

No sooner did he see his little girl thus disfigured, as he angrily termed it, than he snatched the veil from her head in the most violent passion and threw it from him. Christina crossed herself in holy horror, and even the gentle Margaret exclaimed in troubled tones, "O, Malcolm! Malcolm! what have you done?"

"Only my duty, madam. My child shall not be stolen from me by your sister's pious trickery. Then adding a warning against any like attempt in the future, he took the child tenderly in his arms and said, "Maud, you would not leave your father, would you?"

"No," sobbed the frightened child.

"And you never will be a nun?"

The child looked timidly from her aunt to her mother, then, burying her face on her father's shoulder, she whispered, "No, I never will be a nun."

"She is too fair for the convent, is she not?" the king asked, turning to the Duke of Bretagne. Some of these days we will marry her to a prince worthy of her." The Duke was at that time married to Constance, daughter of the Conqueror.

There came a day when sorrow, danger, and dread hung over the head of the little princess. Her mother, the beautiful and lovely Margaret Atheling, lay at the point of death, and while they hovered over her with heart-breaking grief, the terrible news was brought that the father had been slain by treachery and his Scots defeated in battle. The dying queen, sustained in this hour of

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trial by her unfaltering faith in God, received the sad tidings with wonderful resignation, and foreseeing the disorder that would ensue in the country, owing to the tender age of her son, she requested that her daughters should be placed in the convent with their Aunt Christina. It was indeed the only safe asylum for them in that lawless age.

But Matilda, though thankful for the protection it gave her, had not forgotten her promise to her father, and while using the opportunity to perfect herself in the learning of the times, she never ceased to hope that in some way, her father's promise would be fulfilled to her. Every feeling within her was against the religious life. Her dream was of a fate like her mother's and a royal lover to rescue her from all her troubles. So she resolutely resisted every effort made, either by persuasion or force, to induce her to take the conventual vows. While the abbess, roused by this opposition to her dearest wishes, resorted, it is said, even to actual persecution to eradicate what she considered her niece's obstinate worldliness. She probably succeeded in enforcing the customs of the house and enshrouding the fair young girl in the hated black veil, but she could not coerce the ambitious young spirit into the narrow channels of her own.

At last, one day, visitors were announced at Wilton Abbey, and great was the indignation of the zealous superior when she learned their errand. The Duke of Bretagne, now a widower, had come fortified by the permission and encouragement of the king to sue for the hand of the Princess Matilda.

Christina had been hoping against hope that her niece's obduracy would in the end succumb to the claims of the church before any temptation from without should be presented. But now this very temptation had come: here was an allying herself to a princely house which, though not royal, was right noble. However, she could not gainsay the express command of the king, so Matilda was called. Undoubtedly it was an event in Matilda's cloistered existence. Was the dream of her life about to come true? Had her brave knight come at last? The young girl gazed wistfully into the face of her suitor. Full well she remembered him, when, as her father's guest, he had smiled kindly on her and admired her childish beauty. But, old enough to be her father, he could not be her girlhood's hero! No, no, this was not her fairy prince. So, turning away with a half-disappointed face and with some scorn in her voice, she for once gave joy to her aunt's heart by expressing in most decided terms that she preferred remaining in the convent to marrying her "grandfather-wooer." But ere she left the room one coy glance from her beautiful eyes went back to the duke's two companions, whom she had scarcely noticed before. One was William Warren, Earl of Surry, and nephew to the king, a courtly youth, handsome, noble, and wealthy, second to none in the land save the king himself. But now his usual haughty bearing was subdued to the most chivalrous deference; his proud eye was gleaming only with love, a passionate admiration born out of his first glimpse of the Saxon maid. He had come as an escort to the Duke of Bretagne, thinking only of a moment's gratified curiosity; gladly would he linger to win the most trivial notice from the maidenly reserve of the princess. And here would seem enough to satisfy a girl's most soaring ambition. But her glance did not stop with him, it went on to meet and answer the third pair of eyes that held her fate. He had been named to her as Prince Henry, the king's brother then, and son of the Con-

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"Taller he was some deal than his brethren
were,
Fair man and stout enow, with brown hair."
—*Robert of Gloucester.*

But, a pensioner upon his brother's bounty, his dress showed nothing of the prince, and it was a well-known fact that he was so poor as to be often obliged to follow the chase on foot. Nevertheless Matilda perhaps discovered in the reserved, independent manner and the quiet shrewdness of expression possibilities unguessed by others, of repressed force and princely qualities; and he perhaps appreciated the thought of womanly sympathy and interest she was scarce herself conscious of bestowing upon him. Every body knew how at his father's death a kingdom had been given to each of the elder brothers and not even a castle to him, and such things do sometimes appeal almost irresistibly to a woman's heart. Be that as it may, when the young Earl of Surry soon after sued for her hand he also was rejected as positively as the Duke of Bretagne had been.

When and where Prince Henry and Matilda met again, history does not tell us. We can easily imagine it was by no help or connivance of her aunt, for it is only natural to suppose these offers of marriage would intensify her anxiety to hasten the profession of her niece. But it is more than probable that Bishop Turgot, who was Matilda's guardian, did encourage their intercourse and help them to elude Christina's jealous watchfulness. The bishop was himself a Saxon, and could easily foresee the advantage that would accrue to his own people from having a Norman and Saxon united on the throne.

Nor was it an impossible thing that Henry should be king. It is recorded that the king, his father, had made some such prediction on his dying bed in reply to Henry Beauclerc's remonstrance for the paltry pittance bequeathed to him. If this be true, and it seems to have been very generally known, it was in all probability because the father knew so well the reckless imprudence and improvidence of his two elder sons, which, contrasted with the caution and popularity of Henry, was feeding the hopes of Bishop Turgot now.

Here is a very pathetic picture of Henry and Matilda in this their time of poverty and hopeless love. It is taken from a contemporary chronicler.

"The royal pair loved speciallie,
But durst not wed for povertie;
Domains and lands none had Henri,
And Maud, of Scotland, fairest she,
Had nothing but her pedigree.
Then Saxons, Normans, moan with me,
For Princess Maud and young Henri."

It was a gay and gallant party of courtiers that went out with the king from Winchester one day to hunt in the forest. Henry Beauclerc and Earl of Surry were both there; William of Breteuil, the royal treasurer; and Walter Tyrrel also.

It was the erring shaft of the latter that was to decide the destinies of kings that day, but not a foreboding shadow hung over any one of the party. If De Warren could have foreseen the events of the day he would not have jested so unkindly about the mean appearance of Prince Henry and his horse. Prince Henry was not deficient in courage, but his best policy now was peace; so, controlling his indignation by a violent effort, his only reply to the wanton insult was, "Perhaps, sir Earl, I may one day be mounted in a manner more worthy of my birth; when I promise you I will not forget your courtesy."

"And when may that be, my clerkly brother?" King William asked, frowning.

"Faith," replied Henry, laughingly, "When our brother Robert repays me the silver I lent him, like a fool, in Normandy."

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"Or when our father's prediction shall be accomplished," sneered the Red King.

All pleasure had been taken out of the day for Prince Henry by these cruel taunts. Never congenial at best, there had been nothing but bitterness between himself and Warren since they had discovered themselves rivals for the hand of Matilda. And his brother Rufus, always suspicious and cold, seemed even more so to-day. "Would, I could show them what metal I am made of," he murmured, turning away from the party and straying off alone; "but what could it avail? better to endure and wait."

And so he let the merry party go on without him, he hunting alone; brooding the while on his bitter wrongs and his hopeless love until—the message came that his brother, the king, was slain.

If the news had come by any other than his own friend, Henry Beaumont, he would scarce have believed it, fearing some hidden snare prepared in sport for him by his crafty brother or scornful nephew. But he could not doubt the one who alone of all the Norman nobles had been true and faithful to himself, and who now eagerly offered his own steed that Henry might haste to Winchester and claim the crown and royal treasure.

We will not discuss here the question of Prince Henry's right to the throne. Woe would it have been, no doubt, to England, if he had yielded precedence to the claim of his brave, chivalrous, but unsteady, and always unfortunate brother Robert.

Henry knew right well what friends he could depend upon. And having secured the treasures of his royal brother, he summoned Bishop Turgot to his council, and placed in his hands large sums of money to be distributed among the people. Armed with this, and with the restoration of the laws and privileges instituted by the revered King Alfred, he soon won the populace completely.

Even the nobles, one by one came over to his side. William DeBreteuil and Warren were the last to hold out for Robert. But when the new monarch turned with a triumphant look toward his nephew, and said, "We are aware, my Lord of Surry, from past experience, that in you we have no friend, but forget not that he who, a few hours since, was almost the equal of Henry Beauclerc is now his subject. I brook no traitors near my throne." The young nobleman, probably remembering that Henry had more than once displayed great courage and resolution, sullenly bent the knee.

Henry's intention to make Matilda queen was no secret now, and the disappointment and consternation of the Abbess Christina were unbounded. Besides her having so ardently set her heart on Matilda as her successor, she hated the Normans with perfect hatred, and could not brook that the blood of Alfred should strengthen the throne of the tyrant.

Feeling that her best hope was in haste, "she summoned the princess and announced to her that preparations were immediately to be made for her receiving the black veil." Whereupon the princess declared more vehemently than ever her aversion to a religious life and her determination never to take the veil. This, however, only provoked her aunt to more violent and hasty measures to consummate her plans. But the faithful Turgot, suspecting how matters stood at the convent, imparted his suspicions to Henry.

There was only one person who had the authority and influence to decide the question between them, and that was the primate Anselm, who had been exiled

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To him Henry appealed, and before she could possibly carry out her design, a message came from the archbishop forbidding her, on pain of excommunication, to proceed any farther in the matter, until he had himself examined into it. When he reached England, however, and found how widely circulated was the impression that Matilda was already a veiled nun, he thought it best to call a council of the Anglican clergy. Before this council Matilda confessed that her aunt had often forced her to wear the veil; that she herself had sometimes assumed it as a protection to her honor, in common with other English ladies; and that she had even used it as a pretext for declining several offers of marriage which were distasteful to her.

"But," demanded the Archbishop Anselm, "have you ever voluntarily sworn to devote yourself to God and his Holy Son, and to lead a life of chastity, poverty, and obedience?"

"I never have and never will bind myself by such an oath," replied Matilda, with firmness: "and in truth," she continued, "I have adopted conventual life only as a necessity: I abhor it. Whenever left to my own free will I have torn off the veil and trampled it under my feet."

"One more question and I have done," said the learned archbishop; "Did your parents ever vow to dedicate your life to God?"

"Never," answered the princess.

With this the council was entirely satisfied, and declared that, "Matilda Atheling, having neither pledged nor connected herself with any religious sisterhood, was free to marry the king."

When the Abbess Christina heard the sentence she broke out into such bitter imprecations against her niece and her descendants, that Matilda cowered before her in terror, until the venerable primate came to her side and comforted her with the assurance that she had nothing to fear from curses uttered in such a spirit.

For some reason the marriage was still delayed, but during this time it was deemed best that she should not be left with her aunt; so as soon as the trial was over she was removed by her brother's ambassadors to the protection of another convent, to remain there until her marriage.

But the inexorable abbess had one more arrow in her quiver. Scarcely had Matilda, in the solitude of her new cell, fully realized her freedom and offered up her first devout thanksgiving for it, than she was surprised by a visit from her dreaded aunt. Her salutation, however, was full of kindness, and her tender reference to the sainted Margaret, whom they had both loved so dearly, moved Matilda to ask forgiveness for having so greatly disappointed her; but the superior soon discovered the real motive of her visit. Any thing seemed right to her that would accomplish the object for which she had so long almost lived. So very adroitly, with many expressions of regret, she began to drop hints to the pure, hitherto unsuspecting girl, of the gossip concerning the character of her betrothed, doubts of his truth and faithfulness. Then seeing the impression she was making on the young princess, she gave full vent to the bitter rancor of her hatred to the Normans.

"Think not he cares for you," she said in her blind cruelty; "in you he but wooes a descendant of the great Alfred, who shall help him to sit more firmly on his throne. His heart has long since been given to the Welch maid, Nesta."

Matilda in her strict seclusion from the world had never dreamed of this; even yet she could not believe it, but the very thought stunned her like a blow. Whether she turned to her love or her ambition, she found no comfort.

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"What shall I do?" she cried piteously.

"There is yet the refuge of the cloister," said her aunt guardedly.

"But—I have promised Henry to be his wife," sighed Matilda; "and yet, the cloister—death—any thing would be preferable, if these things be true. But I will not, I can not believe"—she said at last rousing herself with some of her old resolution, "you surely have been misinformed. I will wait at least and see Henry once more."

When her guardian, Bishop Turgot, paid her his usual visit she appealed to him, hoping for comfort and counsel.

The good man could not deny the truth of much she had heard, but assured her that Henry was much less blamable than had been represented to her; that he had already begun to reform his life, and the best was to be hoped for from her influence as his wife. Still the Saxon princess, though she loved him truly, could not reconcile herself to the thought of marrying one who had fallen so far short of her ideal, and proudly declined to let the matter go any further.

Neither Henry's personal importunity nor her brother's commands, could for some time shake her resolution, but when to these was added the earnest pleading of her own Saxon nobles, pleading for the good of her own people, her loving heart at last gave way.

What a good day it was for old England when Matilda was wedded and crowned in Westminster Abbey, on the 11th of November, 1100. And what a glad shout went up from the English people when the Archbishop Anselm placed the crown on her brow.

We have no reason to suppose Matilda ever regretted her decision. Henry certainly treated her with the greatest consideration, if not real affection, and no doubt, greatly through her influence, was a much more liberal and just king than the other two of the Norman line who had preceded him.

An old chronicler says, "This king corrected and reformed the olde and vntrue measures that were vsed in this realme, and caused a yarde of his awne arme to be made and vsed."

"And lykewise he reformed manye thinges that before his tyme had bene abused. Also he abhorred the excesse of meates and drinkes and vsed to fight more with good consaile than with the sworde." The original spelling has been copied in this extract as a specimen of "olde" English.

From this time Matilda's history, like that of any other wife, is merged in her husband's. The English people idolized her as the representative in all that was good of their beloved Alfred, and gave willing allegiance to Henry as her husband; and the queen, no doubt, had it in her power to secure great benefits for her own people. Many works both good and great are attributed to her. In Henry's frequent absences, too, he always left the government in her hands and always found on his return that she had ruled wisely and well. And among all the queens of England but few have left a fairer record or been more truly loved and lamented than "Matilda the Good."

She died on the first of May, 1118, and the king's grief was indeed bitter.

She left two children, William, called the Atheling, who was afterward drowned under such distressing circumstances, and Matilda, who was married as a child to the Emperor of Germany.

THERE are three kinds of people in the world—the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish every thing; the second oppose every thing; the third fail in every thing.

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THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

By J. McD. G.

I watched a child one summer day,
When morning breezes stirred,
Go romping through the fields to catch
A golden-breasted bird,
Whose rich imperial plumage shone
Like rainbow in the sky—
Its wings and neck and breast were bright
With every brilliant dye.

At last it darted in among
The blossoms of a tree,
And through the quivering leaves there rang
A rapturous melody.
And as it sang from twig to twig,
Each time 'twould higher mount,
And sweet and clear the music came
Like gushings from a fount.

It sat at last in queenly joy
Upon the topmost limb,
And clapped its shining wings and sang
Its soul-entrancing hymn.
It sang until each trembling leaf
And bloom and blade of grass
Did quiver with the joyous sound,
As when the breezes pass.

It ceased, and raised its crested head,
And spread its golden plumes,
A moment poised in air above
The sweetly-scented blooms.
Then, quick as thought, it sailed away
In arrowy, even flight,
Until it seemed a fading speck
In morning's amber light.

The child stood gazing at the speck
Grow fainter in the skies,
And tears, ah! bitter tears arose
Into his lustrous eyes,
That bathed in swimming splendor beamed
So wondrous bright and blue,
They shamed the early violets
Besprent with morning dew.

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I gently laid my hand upon
His sunny, silken hair,
As weeping thus he stood among
The fragrant flowers there.
He gave no heed to kindly words,
But gazed on at the sky,
Until from very pain the lash
Dropt o'er the aching eye.

I told him that the bursting buds
And all the dewy blooms
Could far surpass in beauteous hue
The bird's soft-tinted plumes.
He heeded not, but watched the path
On which the bright bird flew,
Whilst all around his very feet
The glorious flowers grew.

'T is thus we trample on the joys
That cluster round our way,
Like flowers by the meadow paths
On some sweet April day.
'T is thus we strive to gain the bliss
That tempts us on and on,
Until at last we weep to find
It gone—forever gone.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

AN ALLEGORY.

The mountain top was all aglow in the sunlight.

Below, the valley lay in shadow; dark, cool, and green, with the river winding through the verdant meadows and the trees forming grateful shadows from the noonday heat.

But on the bare rough sides of the mountain the sun shone with relentless brightness, and all the air was quivering in the sultry glow. No cool shade there; nothing but the blazing sunshine and the great granite boulders, the rough shale, the steep weary mountain paths, and the fierce pitiless heat. But the pathways of the toilsome ascent ended in the golden glory; in sweet glowing colors, that would soften and deepen as evening drew on, and would be shining in all their unearthly radiance, when the vale below would be wrapped in gloom.

And up the weary ascent many pilgrims were toiling, casting back no longing looks to the cool green shadows they were leaving behind them, but directing their gaze to the golden glory before. And in watching its brightness, to which their every step was bringing them nearer, they forgot to notice how steep and weary was the way; how the stones and slippery shale hurt their tired feet, and how pitilessly fell the scorching blaze of the sun on the bare mountain side.

In the cool valley, Gustave was rest-

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ing, leaning against a green bank, grassy and flower-bestrewn. Birds were singing over-head, cool fruits hung within easy reach of his hand; deep was the shade around him; a little stream went singing and gurgling over the stones at his feet, a soft fragrance of flowers filled the air. From this cool retreat the young man looked out into the hot sunshine, and watched the pilgrims, as they passed him by, toiling up the weary ascent of the mountain. And as they passed many of them spoke to him.

"Come with us, Gustave," they said, "night will come on, and then the valley will be dark."

But the young man only laughed. "Night is a long way off yet. The mountain path for you, if you like, but *I* do not care to leave the shade, the birds, the fruit, and the flowers."

And he stretched himself on the grassy bank and watched them as they went on their toilsome way, and some few looked back at him wistfully, beckoning him on; but he only shook his head, and laughed again.

Presently a little child came past—a lovely boy, with flowing locks, and a look in his bright blue eyes like that the angels have who "do always behold the face of the Father."

And Gustave called to the child, "Where are you going? Stay here with me, 'midst the flowers and the birds; the sun is hot, but it is cool and shady here."

The child paused on his way, and answered, "I can not stay; I am going to climb the mountains to reach the top before the golden glory fades away."

"Nay," said the young man; "the mountain path is not for such as you! The way is long and rough, and you are small and young, and your little feet are tender; you can not climb the mountain, child; stay with me."

"I am not afraid," the boy answered; and a light seemed to break over his face.

"I know the way is steep and long, but I have a Friend to help me over the difficult parts. He is a very kind friend, and always helps the little children, so that the way may not be too hard for them, and He will help *you* too, Gustave; for He has traveled along the way himself, and knows how steep it is sometimes, and how hot the sun shines and how tired we get. Come with me, Gustave!"

"But the valley is so cool and pleasant," pleaded the young man; "and the mountain looks so steep and bare, and storms come sometimes, and there is no shelter then."

"But my Friend will shelter me," said the child. "He won't let the storms beat too hard, and He will help me until I reach the mountain-top, where there are no storms. Come with me, Gustave, for night will be here soon, and it will be very dark in the valley then, and storms come here as well as on the mountain side. Let us go up together; dear Gustave, come with me." The child held out his hand.

The young man hesitated a moment, and half made a movement to rise and go with the boy; but the sun shone hot, the shadow was so tempting, the birds sang so sweetly, the cool breeze kissed his brow so lovingly, and night would not come yet. So he fell back again, and answered, as he had answered the pilgrims before, "The mountain path for you, if you choose, but I do not care to leave the shade."

A sad, grieved look came over the child's face as he passed on his way, and Gustave watched him as he joined the band of pilgrims—some so faint and weary—toiling along the rough path that led to the golden summit.

But the boy was young and active, and the road did not seem so hard to him as to many who went the same way; and as Gustave watched he saw how

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tenderly the child was lifted over difficulties that would otherwise have made the road impassable to his young feet. But before he was half way up the mountains—before his young feet had time to grow weary. and before the storms had broken over his childish head—loving arms appeared stretched out for him, and the boy was carried for the rest of the way. Quickly he vanished from Gustave's sight: no more toil now; no more pain, or trouble, or weariness; no fierce storms to rage, no pitiless sun to scorch; Gustave knew he had safely reached the mountain top, and was hidden from his gaze in the golden light, at rest there forever.

And thoughts began to come unbidden into the young man's mind. Night would come; the flowers would droop and close; the birds would cease their merry lays, and darkness would settle over the valley. He began almost to wish he had followed the child's bidding and to think that it might have been well for him had he started early on the journey, before the cool valley had begun to tempt him so strongly. Perhaps he too might have been helped along, as the boy had been; perhaps too —but no, it was too late now. He had chosen to remain amongst the shadows and flowers, and the mountain path looked steeper and drearier than ever. So he turned away from looking at it, and forgot his regrets in the songs of the birds, the gurgling of the brook, and the scent of the flowers.

And onward and upward, still ever looking to the bright goal, toiled the band of weary pilgrims, leaving the valley farther and farther behind them, and amidst storms and sunshine ever nearing the golden summit.

And Gustave still reclined on the flowery bank. One by one other pilgrims passed him, and some spoke and fully, and resolutely turned his eyes away from the mountain tops.

But presently a young and lovely maiden came along the way; fair as fancy's brightest dream, with the golden glory reflected in her long rippling tresses, with heaven's own light in her eye, and a sweetness not of earth on the fair face, which, with a steady purpose, was set toward the mountain tops. And as Gustave gazed in surprise and admiration at the radiant vision she paused on her way, looking at him and pointing to the shining summit with one hand, while the other was held out to the young man.

"Madeline!" he cried, "stay here with me! I can not let you leave me!" And his whole soul was in the words.

But her purpose did not waver. "I am going to climb the mountain side," she said. "Come with me, if you will. I can not linger here."

And as he gazed with love and reverence into those clear, heavenly eyes, Gustave arose and took the maiden's hand, saying, "For the sake of those eyes, those golden tresses, and that face —than which no angel's can be fairer— I will leave the valley I have loved so much and climb the mountain with you, Madeline."

But she chid him gently. "Not for *my* sake, Gustave. Think of the darkness you are leaving behind and the golden light we shall reach at last."

"But it *is* for your sweet sake, and your sake alone," he persisted. "What care I for golden lights! I never want any thing more than to be always with you, and the light of your eyes is more to me than any golden glory. What worth would it be to me unless you were with me when I reached it, my heart's treasure!"

And the maiden shook her head. Then, looking back into his eyes that

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and reverence, she felt that it was sweet to be so loved, and forgot to chide him.

Together they went on their way, but Gustave never once raised his eyes to the mountain tops. He forgot the pilgrims on before; he never thought whether the road were rough or smooth. Holding Madeline's hand he was content to follow wherever she led him, and, gazing with unwearied love and worship at her wondrous beauty, he thought of nothing else.

The maiden tried to lead him on. She tried to keep her eye unwaveringly on the mountain top; but it was so sweet to turn aside and meet the love that shone in his earnest gaze that she let her eye wander and began sometimes to forget to look above.

"You are leading me up, Madeline," he said, "and I am going for nothing but for your sweet sake. To me heaven is in your glance and in your voice, and I ask nothing more."

And his words did not pain her as they had done when he had uttered them at the first. She was growing more accustomed to his love and homage, and they were so sweet that she forgot what was to be the goal of the journey on which she had set out so hopefully, and, thinking so much of them, she neglected to lift her eyes to the mountain top, nor knew that they had taken a wrong turning, and that the golden glory was beginning to fade from their sight.

On, on they wandered; lost to all but the happiness their mutual love had brought them; on they wandered along smooth broad paths and shady lanes, and never looked to see where the path they were pursuing would lead them.

The golden light grew fainter and fainter, and still they were wandering farther and farther away, and, forgetting every thing but each other, they thought not what dangers might be around them.

The light faded.

Suddenly a bank of black clouds arose; the heavens were overcast, and a fierce wind came tearing down the mountain side—the herald of the coming storm.

It came. A brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a terriffic peal of thunder that shook the earth. Madeline started up, wild with terror.

"It is nothing," said Gustave, trying to reassure her. "Do not fear; it will pass over." But even as he spoke, as if to give the lie to his words, there was a second glare of the lightning; a shock and a crash, and the broad spreading tree under which but a moment before they had been sitting lay a charred and shattered ruin at their feet.

"O, save me, Gustave! I do not know where I am!" Madeline cried, and in her terror she clung to him for protection. "Where have we wandered to? I am so frightened! It is so dark, and I can not see the light of the mountain top. O, who can save us? The lightning will kill us!"

They had wandered into a deep forest glade, and now the trees inclosed them on every side. The lightning glared around, the thunder crashed, while ever and again a sudden shock told of some forest tree that had been smitten by the electric fire. The heavens were black above them. It seemed that death surrounded them.

Then in a moment the clouds broke and the rain came down, not as the gentle showers come to moisten the parched earth, but in a fierce torrent, like a second deluge: while a mighty wind rose, and the tall trees bent and snapped before its fury.

"O, let us kneel and pray for deliverance!" cried Madeline, almost wild with terror. "O, if we were to die here, and never reach the mountain top after all!" And, drenched with the rain, her face pale, and her blue eyes distended with terror, the maiden flung herself on her knees upon the ground, with almost

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inarticulate cries for help. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, Gustave knelt by her side, and prayed as never had he prayed before.

And even as they prayed the lightning began to glare less wildly; the roll of the thunder died away, and the wind sank, though still the rain fell in heavy drops, like a penitent sinner's tears. Darkness was still around them as Madeline in a faltering voice prayed that light might be given to show them the path they had willfully lost; that the glory of the mountain top might once more shine before them to guide them on the way—the way which they would nevermore forsake.

"The light will come," she whispered, as she rose from her knees, with a holy radiance overspreading her face, subduing and chastening her wondrous beauty.

So they waited there in the gloom, holding by one another's hands till the light should come. It broke at last. A bright little ray came streaming through the darkness of the forest, that broadened and brightened, showing a way through the trees and thick bushes that led to the path they had missed.

They found it again; the narrow path, steep and rough, stony and bestrewn with briers; but they took it joyfully, and kept it with chastened, saddened hearts. And Madeline no longer trusted in her own strength to keep her purpose steady; nor did Gustave say, as he had said before, that he asked nothing but to have Madeline's beauty always by him.

No, both had learned a lesson. They knew now that there are times and seasons when human strength is very weakness, and when human love avails not. When the storms and tempests come he is utterly helpless who trusts to a human arm—his own or another's.

These two had wandered far out of the way, and the path was more weary and toilsome than before, but neither uttered a word of murmuring. They set their faces resolutely in the direction whence they knew where the glory must shine as soon as the clouds should depart. And as the clouds rolled away they saw the mountain top at last, and joined the number of pilgrims toiling up the road, whose weariness and darkness seemed to grow easy and light, the oftener they looked to the radiant glory of the goal toward which they were pressing.

And onward still they go; not without many a stumble, not without much pain and weariness. Storms beat upon them on the bare mountain side, yet can not harm them. And the long, long way is cheered by the pilgrims' songs of joy, for they know they will soon reach the summit where all their toil will end for ever.

And the prize is not very far off. By-and-bye, when the darkness, blank and dreary, shall have settled down on the valley beneath, the storms will all be over; the golden glory of the mountain tops will grow fairer and brighter; the toil, the danger, and the weariness will all be over, and "at eventide it shall be light."—*The Girls Own Paper*.

SUMME up at night, what thou hast done by day,
  And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse the soul; mark the decay
  And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.—*Herbert*.

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

The Push family were in a rare state of excitement that July afternoon, as they busied themselves over a large Saratoga trunk, marked in clear, distinct letters, HARRY T. PUSH, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. They had been in a most unsettled condition for two weeks past, ever since it was decided that Harry should spend the next winter in Europe, instead of going to college. And now, all the preparations were ready, except the finishing touches to Harry's trunk, which, by the way, our young traveler found, after a few weeks' experience, was much too large for a journey in Europe. But it had been selected and every thing placed into it with the tenderest love. Garments innumerable had been carefully folded and put in, many of them made by the loving hands of mother and sister, while good motherly Mrs. Push had added a large bottle of her oldest blackberry wine, and a smaller one of cordial, with other suggestions and remedies for sea-sickness, too numerous to mention. Harry's Bible, too, had been her constant companion during these weeks of packing, into which she had slipped more than one little mother-love note, some of them bearing the traces of her tears. Mabel, the staid, matronly "Sister" of the home, had contributed her mite in a dressing-case, just the right size and shape, into which she had put all the requirements of a young bachelor's wardrobe, adding a little pocket Testament. Eloise, the next younger to Harry, had wept her eyes almost out over small needle-books, pocket pin-cushions and the like; and little Helen, the pet of the household, had spoiled completely the personal pulchritude of her favorite pullet, by plucking out most of its tail, which, with a lock of her pet cat's hair and a curl of her own, she brought triumphantly to "brother Harry" to remember her by. Mr. Push had made his contributions in guide-books, good advice, and checks on foreign banks. Now, as they stood around the trunk it seemed almost like an open grave to them, telling but too plainly that Harry was really going away. But just as the tears would have fallen fast, some one announced Harry and Mr. Push "coming down the turn of the road." At this, Eloise and Helen dashed off bonnetless up the road to meet them; the dog, the pet lamb, and the cat following at their heels. Soon the two parties met, and Harry stepped politely from the carriage and put his two little sisters into it, with as much grace and courtesy as if they had been real little queens, but with a little more tenderness than usual, as he thought of his early departure. To him, they were just the loveliest and most beautiful creatures on earth. "Brother Harry, are you really going away in the morning?" said Eloise, but before the sentence was finished little Helen called out, "O! look at Billy! O! brother Harry, look at Billy!" Looking back, they saw their feline companion with her head and two feet inside, and her tail and remaining feet outside of a large farm-gate, which had been opened and closed for the party to drive into the lawn. The child's piteous cries, and the not less pitiable condition of the cat, brought Harry quickly to its rescue. He opened the gate gently, expecting to see the cat fall with a broken back, but to his great surprise she shook herself, mewed, and trotted off. It was too much for little Helen. She sprang from the carriage, caught up her pet as a mother would a child rescued from some imminent danger, and burst into tears over it. However, the party with the addition of the

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cat, now carefully wrapped in Harry's silk handkerchief, were soon in the carriage, and in a few minutes at their front door, where Mrs. Push and Mabel stood ready to greet them.

The quiet, thoughtful, loving Mabel, had never for one day been separated from this idol of a brother, who was just two years younger than herself. Though her heart was throbbing fast, she showed no emotion that evening except when at family prayers her voice led in song, its roundness and fullness seemed only enhanced by a slight tremulousness in her tones. The good-night kisses that night for the little ones were deferred till fully an hour past their usual bedtime, then Mr. and Mrs. Push, Harry, and Mabel drew up more closely to each other and talked one of those long, sweet, confiding home-talks, which seem almost a little foretaste of heaven.

With the rising sun the next morning, Harry and his father were off. The last good-byes had been said, Harry's last and most emphatic embrace being one from his old black "Mammy," who long since feeble and helpless, was still kindly cared for by the family. "Mars' Harry, dese ole eyes will neber see you no more. De good Lord knows ole Mammy will be laid in de grave 'fore you eber gits back from all dem countries you's gwine to." "O, Mammy, you've said that so often before," said Harry, giving her a hug around her old withered neck. "You'll live yet to wear a black silk dress I will bring you from Paris. You see if you don't." "Den I'll be buried in it shure," said the old woman, delighted at the thought of how jealous it would make "all dem udder niggers" to see her buried in a black silk dress actually bought for her in Paris. The very thought of this made her fast-falling tears turn quickly to smiles of joy. "Mother," was all Harry could say as he kissed

Harry was gone, and the home seemed too desolate. "Father will be home Saturday night," said Mrs. Push, always thinking of the most cheerful thing to say. But this time the remark was too suggestive, and old Mammy responded, "Mars' Harry, whar will he be?" The old woman's remark opened her own flood-gates afresh, and brought forth from Eloise and Helen piteous wails. The need of "Mother" to comfort the little ones made her forget in a great measure her own sadness, and gave Mabel an opportunity to slip off into Harry's room, where, all alone, she let out the pent-up fountain of her own grief; for perhaps no one of that little home-circle felt more deeply this separation from Harry than she did. To her it was not so much the few months' sojourn in Europe and its consequent possibilities and uncertainties, as the feeling that it was but the beginning of a life-long separation. For after his return from Europe, he would go immediately to college, then into a chosen profession, and thus to her, she knew and felt he would never be the home-companion he had ever been. But she was not one to weary others with her deepest sorrows, and after this one morning spent alone, she adjusted herself, in her quiet, thoughtful manner, to her sisterly duties with even renewed tenderness; for in her heart she was earnestly endeavoring to alleviate the loneliness caused by this first absence of Harry.

That night, when Eloise and Helen gave each other their good-night kiss, as was their wont, after they had retired, when no one saw them, Eloise whispered, "Hasn't sister been sweet today?" "Yes," replied little Helen, "we had so much fun learning to draw this evening, we didn't hardly miss brother Harry any."

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The day's journey had brought Harry

from which Harry expected to set sail for Europe. A few hours in Washington had given them ample time to secure Harry's passport, and his uncle in Baltimore had bought his ticket to Paris, via Southampton, on the North German Lloyd line of steamers. So the next morning early found Harry, his uncle, and father on the train for Locust Point, where he was to go on board the "Braunschweig," a noble steamer of that line, commanded by Captain Undütch, and a ride of twenty minutes brought them to their destination.

Harry's heart beat quickly at this, his first sight of an ocean steamer, and a curious, tremulous sensation, began to take possession of our young friend, as he now, for the first time, realized that he was really going so far away from all his loved ones. But this was soon dispelled by the necessity for action. His trunk was taken on board, and being entirely too large for a place in his stateroom, he was compelled to open it, and take out hastily the necessary apparel for the voyage. This he put into a large clothsbag, which was lying on top of his clothing, and hung it up in his stateroom; then went back to take out a few of his mother's remedies for sea-sickness, but alas! he was told that his trunk must at once be locked and put into the hold, as other baggage was waiting, and the passage-way must be cleared. So with more regret for his mother's disappointment than his own, he locked his trunk, pocketed the key, and proposed to his father and uncle that they should spend the remaining time before the steamer sailed in walking around and taking in a general survey of the "Braunschweig," so that his father could carry to them all at home a better idea of his surroundings during the next ten or twelve days. They went down and examined carefully Harry's stateroom and all its appurtenances, and Harry hastily sketched the location of the berth, washstand, etc., making a marked display of his own wardrobe, which hung on the wall.

A signal announced that the gangway was to be lifted, and Mr. Push and his brother hastily bid our young traveler adieu, and with dozens of other sad and sorrowful looking people, they stood on shore and watched the great "Braunschweig" slowly, almost imperceptibly turn round, then steam gallantly out on the broad expanse of the bay. Harry stood on deck, leaning on the railing, just as long as the two figures could be discerned, then turned sadly away. Every body and every thing on the steamer was new and strange to him, and during that first half hour he felt farther from home and loved ones than he did months afterward, when thousands of miles away. He had, as yet, spoken to no one on the steamer except the purser, to whom he had given his ticket when he first came on board. As he sat there, almost wishing he had never made his choice in favor of this trip to Europe, a pleasant-looking lady came up to him and said kindly, "Is this Harry Push?" "Yes, ma'am," he said, standing up and politely extending his hand, which she cordially took in hers. She then introduced herself as Mrs. Lynn, a friend of his uncle's wife in Baltimore, and expressed her regret that she had failed to get an introduction to him while his uncle was on board, but she was so much occupied in the hurry and bustle of getting her two daughters, herself, and baggage on, and adjusting themselves for the journey, that she had been compelled to defer it. This, of course, made no difference, and the present cordiality of her manner made Harry feel, from that moment, that he had one friend on board. She called up her daughters, Alice and Fannie, girls of thirteen and fifteen, and introduced them to Harry; then went herself

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below to arrange her stateroom, as she dreaded the swell of the ocean, which she knew the next day would bring them into. The young people soon got into an animated conversation, first about some mutual acquaintances in the city, for Harry's cousins, the Push boys and girls of Baltimore, had spent the earlier part of the summer at his rural home, and they were intimate acquaintances of Fannie and Alice Lynn. Then they became very much amused and interested in trying to decipher their fellow travelers and their various relations and connection with each other. Fannie, the younger, was a fun-loving, romping girl, who craved adventure, and was perfectly wild at the thought that she might ride on the waves, mountain high in some terrific storm at sea; or climb the dizzy and dangerous steeps of the Alps, alone and unaided. In any adventure which called forth skill and ability, Harry would gladly have joined this young friend, but to be passive in a terrific storm, for him, had no charm. Alice was just the opposite of her sister. Timid, dependent, and loving in her nature, she would accept and feel grateful for every genuine act of kindness, always appreciating the intention of the act, while Fannie's first thought was often, that it was some reflection upon her own independence. Harry found before the morning was half over that his intercourse with these two girls would make his voyage delightful. With the one he would ever be romping and merry, with the other he would find sweet solace in social intercourse, when he felt serious or thoughtful.

The long, loud sound of the first gong for dinner startled the young people, for they had no idea the day was passing away so rapidly. They went hastily down to their respective staterooms to make some preparation. Harry found, much to his relief, that Mabel's thoughthis impromptu valise his toilet arrangements, Bible, and writing material, which he had thought was locked up in his trunk. He had told the Lynn girls of his supposed dilemma, and Fannie had enjoyed the joke intensely, rather hoping he might be forced to keep his berth next morning for want of comb and brush. But Alice had immediately resolved to suggest to her mother to loan Harry a part of their own liberal supply; which suggestion was carried into effect when they went down to their staterooms, and one of the stewards was immediately dispatched to take to Harry a well-filled dressing-case from Mrs. Lynn. This kindness he at once attributed to Alice's thoughtfulness, and politely returned it.

At the table, the three young people were delighted to find that the numbers indicating their seats were all together. On the top of each plate lay a yellow leaflet, which Harry picked up, thinking it was the "bill of fare," and was much amused at finding that instead, it was headed CABIN PASSENGER LIST, and opening it, read—

Mrs. John Lynn and servant, . . .	Baltimore.
Alice "	"
Fannie "	"
Harry Push, ...	Virginia.
etc., etc., etc.	

giving in all about one hundred names. This, with their respective numbers, soon enabled them to find out who their fellow travelers were, and they also found that in their previous conjectures on deck they had made many amusing mistakes. A tall, fastidious dame, with towering plumes in her hat, who had a maid, a sick kitten, and a canary bird as her *attachés*, whom they had decided was an old maid, proved to be the mother of six frolicsome, noisy children; while the staid, motherly looking lady that had charge of the little ones, they discovered was their governess. A handsome gen-

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tive to these little ones and their supposed-to-be-mamma, now proved to be a single gentleman traveling alone. This, of course, to the young people, was a foundation for a romance. The children, too, of the various families had been sadly mixed and confounded, and woeful would have been the wails that night, had their little heads been pillowed with the new mammas and papas as allotted to them by Alice, Fannie, and Harry.

The dinner consisted of six or eight courses. First, soup, then fish, then roast beef and potatoes, then fowls; these were interspersed with salad, pickles, and vegetables. The dessert was a rich pudding with sauce, after which, cheese was handed, followed by fruit and nuts. A black, creamless coffee ended the repast. Dispatching such a meal occupied no little time, and the remaining hours of the afternoon were spent by the whole party in writing home. The captain at dinner announced that the pilot would leave them at four in the morning, and all letters given him that night would be mailed on shore the next day. This was an unexpected delight to Harry, for there seemed so much already to tell them of at home that he felt he could not wait a whole week to mail a letter. We would gladly insert here Harry's first letter home, but it would be only a repetition of what is already written.

That evening as they gathered on deck once more, a feeling of sadness pervaded the whole party. They all felt that the last adieus had been said, the uncertainties of a sea-voyage actually entered upon, and although the distant shore, visible now on one side only, kept off that dread loneliness and feeling of utter helplessness one ever feels on the broad, wasteful deep, yet enough of the reality was upon them to make them sit and watch the glorious sunset over the distant hills with almost breathless silence. Would they ever again witness a sunset over their own native hills? Perhaps never! But the numerous bells on a steamer ever wake one from unwonted reveries, and this time they were all startled by the second summons to tea. That meal was hastily dispatched, then the ever-tempting rendezvous for voyagers—the deck—was again sought, an hour was passed there in pleasant chat, and they all retired. Harry, before going to sleep, added one long good-night to his letter home, then read in his Bible one of the selections chosen by Mabel for their evening readings together, during his journeyings, then kneeling down at the side of his berth, he earnestly committed himself and his loved ones to a Heavenly Father's watchful keeping, and went to bed to sleep as soundly as ever in his life before.

The sudden stopping of the ship at four A.M. woke him, and he remembered that this was the time of the departure of the pilot, and he sprang from his berth to take a long, last look at his native shores, the dim outline of which he could but just descry in the early dawn. Turning from this to his berth again, he saw, for the first time, his room-mate, a large, portly, slumbering German, who Harry afterward found was an emigrant agent who had crossed the sea times innumerable, and was as good on his sea-legs as the captain himself. For fear of disturbing his sleeping friend, who had no romance of native shores to stir the depths of his soul, Harry crept gently back to his berth. Thinking over his past and future, wondering most what changes might come over Lynwood, his father's residence, during his absence, he went to sleep; this time to dream a troubled dream. He thought old Mammy had died just before he returned home, and was buried without the black silk dress from Paris; and to aggravate his grief, "Billy" had gotten shut up in Mammy's

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coffin, and he could hear ever and anon the cat's piteous wails and little Helen's still more pitiful moans and groans. Suddenly awaking, he thought for a moment he still heard the moans, but soon aroused himself to the fact that the sea was swelling visibly, and the ship creaking loudly. His next thought was that he was actually out at sea, on the broad expanse of the mighty deep, and without realizing that the awful feeling, supposed to be aroused by his old Mammy's death, had some connection with an unsettled stomach, he sprang to the opposite side of the stateroom to gaze thoughtfully, almost sentimentally out on the "deep blue sea." His sentiment lasted but for an instant, he grew dizzy, started to fall, held on, didn't fall; but the next he was conscious of, that monster of the mighty deep, sea-sickness, had him completely under its control, and he was brought to his knees, where in that position he was soon made to surrender all enthusiasm or sentiment connected with his "life on the ocean wave." He afterward wrote to his mother that so long and protracted was this struggle, so violent were his own contortions, that a strange fear came over him that there might be danger of his turning wrong side out, and had his feet protruded themselves out of his mouth, he would not have been surprised. This mighty battle awoke his German companion, who got up, took our now completely vanquished friend up in his arms like an infant and laid him in his berth.

To be Continued.

THE HOST OF SUNNY SIDE.

Perhaps no man with a penchant for literature ever lived his life through, and such a long life too, with so small an admixture of the harassing, goading cares of existence as Washington Irving, the centennial of whose birth was celebrated in Tarrytown the third of last April.

This was no doubt due, in great measure, to his own sunny disposition. "It was never his habit to stroke the world the wrong way," as he said himself in writing of his travels. "When I can not get a dinner to suit my taste, I endeavor to get a taste to suit my dinner." Just so all through life, however he might be circumstanced, he always managed to find something to please and interest him. His placid, genial countenance, as he sits in the midst of his friends in the study at "Sunny Side," tells the whole story.

The occasional twinkle of his eye reminds us of a merry, mischief-loving, eight living children; and his life in the quaint old house, with its gable end and attic window to the street; and how his droll, good-natured pranks provoked his mother to exclaim with a solicitude not unmixed with admiration, "O, Washington, if you were only good!"

Then, as he listens with a half-deprecating enjoyment to some friendly eulogy on one of his inimitable sketches, we remember how, when a handsome, true-hearted lad, he was threatened with consumption, and his brothers, in their loving anxiety, freely indulged his rambling proclivities and enabled him to make "Sleepy Hollow," "The Kaatskill Mountains," and "Up the Hudson" enchanted regions forevermore.

And now as he turns his bright responsive glance from one to the other, full of sympathy for every joy or sorrow of those around him, we can not but remember

ing picture in the little memorandum-book found after his death. Here it is in his own words:

"We saw each other every day, and I became excessively attached to her. Her shyness wore off by degrees. The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent, but I in a manner studied her excellence."

Then as the dark gray eyes grow dreamy and the sensitive mouth is slightly compressed, we think of the bitter anguish following her death, the time when "the world was a blank," society unendurable, and solitude a continual horror. The dark period that cast a shaded mark throughout his life, yet left no shadow on his face for his friends. For he did not give himself up to brooding melancholy, but carefully locking up, even from the ken of his most intimate friends, the little shrine containing the lovely miniature, the braid of fair hair, the name and the memory of his beloved, he came back into the world, carrying with him to the end of his life the key of this treasury, her Bible and prayer-book, but giving out the sunshine of his nature as lavishly as ever.

It is only a passing resolute look that tells of the one brief struggle against the inclinations of his mind when he nobly strove to repay the lifelong pecuniary indulgence of his brothers by throwing himself, might and main, into the effort to retrieve their failing fortunes, and we can easily imagine how, when he knew it was all in vain, that he had done what he could, he gladly turned back to literature, heretofore only pastime, now to be made the business of life, and resolutely declined every proposition that could again divert him from this pursuit. Nor are we surprised to learn that he became from that time the stay and support instead of the merely ornamental genius of the family.

Noting with what a genuine interest and cordial confidence every face turns toward him, it seems only what all expected and desired, that his literary course should be one of almost unclouded success, as it was. From the first publication of the "Jonathan Oldstyle" papers to his last most carefully prepared work, "The Life of Washington," each was a pleasant surprise that left the reader eager for the next.

Through all he wrote there ran the vein of gay and graceful fancy that was his very own, with sometimes the unexpected flashes of spontaneous humor that lead one on and on without weariness or satiety, and sometimes the pathos that made Byron weep. Even when he entered the realms of pure history, while preserving the strictest accuracy, it was yet, under his hand, so full of personal incident, so diversified with surprising turns of fortune, and these wrought up with such picturesque effect, that it might almost be mistaken for romance. Some one wrote of his writings, "His most comical pieces have always a serious end in view." When this was read to him he said with that air of whimsical significance that was natural to him, "You laugh, but it is true; I have kept that to myself hitherto, but that man has found me out."

But though his literary productions were thus received with almost unbounded enthusiasm, his fame provoked no jealousy, the irresistible charm of his personality, and above all, the noble generosity of his heart forbade it. We all know one remarkable instance, this—how he unhesitatingly resigned the attractive work he had already mapped out for himself, so perfectly in accord too with his own genius, to Prescott, when he found he also was collecting

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materials on the same subject; and as we look at them there side by side we can almost hear Irving's modest disavowal of any obligation as Prescott again gratefully acknowledges his courtesy and expresses the fear that the public will not be so well pleased as himself.

Sunny Side was a fit resting-place for the sunny-hearted old man, and he made it a happy home for his brother Ebenezer's five daughters with himself when he could be spared, as also his sister Catherine and her daughter.

Here Irving died on the night of November 28th, 1859, and was buried on the 1st of December at Tarrytown.

"It was a beautiful winter day, clear and sunny, radiant with the still lingering Indian summer, which shed a soft and melancholy light over the solemn scene." "It was one of his own days," said the mourners, as they rode from Sunny Side to Christ Church, where the funeral services were held, and thence to the cemetery, about a mile distant, on the side of a hill, with a view of the Hudson on one side, and on the other of the valley of Sleepy Hollow.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Meekly he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well-spent.

"That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not its slave,
To mock him with its phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward,
Nor can I deem that Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Faint with the marks of age, it was his time to die."

Thus sang the poet Bryant, one of his most ardent admirers.

THE TRUANT.

FROM THE ALHAMBRA, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

We have had a scene of a petty tribulation in the Alhambra, which has thrown a cloud over the sunny countenance of Dolores. This little damsel has a female passion for pets of all kinds, and from the superabundant kindness of her disposition, one of the ruined courts of the Alhambra is thronged with her favorites. A stately peacock and his hen seem to hold regal sway here, over pompous turkeys, querulous guinea-fowls, and a rabble rout of common cocks and hens. The great delight of Dolores, however, has for some time past been centered in a youthful pair of pigeons, who have lately and even supplanted a tortoise-shell cat and kittens in her affections.

As a tenement for them wherein to commence housekeeping, she had fitted up a small chamber adjacent to the kitchen, the window of which looked into one of the quiet Moorish courts. Here they lived in happy ignorance of any world beyond the court and its sunny roofs. Never had they aspired to soar above the battlements or to mount to the summit of the towers. Their virtuous union was at length crowned by two spotless and milk-white eggs, to the great joy of their cherishing little mistress.

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the conduct of the young married folks on this interesting occasion. They took turns to sit upon the nest until the eggs were hatched, and while their callow progeny required warmth and shelter; while one thus stayed at home, the other foraged abroad for food, and brought home abundant supplies. This scene of conjugal felicity has suddenly met with a reverse. Early this morning as Dolores was feeding the male pigeon, she took a fancy to give him a peep at the great world. Opening a window, therefore, which looks down upon the valley of the Darro, she launched him at once beyond the walls of the Alhambra. For the first time in his life the astonished bird had to try the full vigor of his wings. He swept down into the valley, and then rising upward with a surge, soared almost to the clouds. Never before had he risen to such a height, or experienced such delight in flying; and, like a young spendthrift just come to his estate, he seemed giddy with excess of liberty, and with the boundless field of action suddenly opened to him. For the whole day he has been circling about in capricious flights from tower to tower, and tree to tree. Every attempt has been vain to lure him back by scattering grain upon the roofs; and he seems to have lost all thought of home, of his tender helpmate, and his callow young.

To add to the anxiety of Dolores, he has been joined by two *palomas ladrones*, or robber-pigeons, whose instinct it is to entice wandering pigeons to their own dovecotes. The fugitive, like many other thoughtless youths on their first launching upon the world, seems quite fascinated with these knowing but graceless companions, who have undertaken to show him life, and introduce him to society. He has been soaring with them over all the roofs and steeples of Granada. A thunder-storm has passed over the city, but he has not sought his home: night has closed in, and still he comes not. To deepen the pathos of the affair, the female pigeon, after remaining several hours on the nest without being relieved, at length went forth to seek her recreant mate; but stayed away so long that the young ones perished for want of the warmth and shelter of the parent bosom. At a late hour in the evening, word was brought to Dolores, that the truant bird had been seen upon the towers of the Generalife. Now it happens that the *administrador* of that ancient palace has likewise a dovecote, among the inmates of which are said to be two or three of these inveigling birds, the terror of all neighboring pigeon-fanciers. Dolores immediately concluded that the two feathered sharpers who had been seen with her fugitive, were these bloods of the Generalife. A council of war was forthwith held in the chamber of Tia Antonio.

The Generalife is a distinct jurisdiction from the Alhambra, and of course some punctilio, if not jealousy, exists between their custodians. It was determined, therefore, to send Pepe, the stuttering lad of the gardens, as ambassador to the administrador, requesting that if such fugitive should be found in his dominion, he might be given up as a subject of the Alhambra. Pèpe departed accordingly, on his diplomatic expedition, through the moonlit groves and avenues, but returned in an hour with the afflicting intelligence that no such bird was to be found in the dovecote of the Generalife. The administrador, however, pledged his sovereign word that if such vagrant should appear there, even at midnight, he should instantly be arrested and sent back prisoner to his litttle black-eyed mistress. Thus stands the melancholy affair which has occasioned much distress throughout the palace, and has sent the inconsolable Dolores to a sleepless pillow.

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"Sorrow endureth for a night," says the proverb, "but joy cometh in the morning." The first object that met my eyes on leaving my room this morning was Dolores with the truant pigeon in her hands, and her eyes sparkling with joy. He had appeared at an early hour on the battlements, hovering shyly about from roof to roof, but at length entered the window, and surrendered himself prisoner. He gained little credit, however, by his return; for the ravenous manner in which he devoured the food set before him showed that, like the prodigal son, he had been driven home by sheer famine. Dolores upbraided him for his faithless conduct, calling him all manner of vagrant names, though, woman-like, she fondled him at the same time to her bosom, and covered him with kisses. I observed, however, that she had taken care to clip his wings to prevent all future soarings; a precaution which I mention for the benefit of all those who have truant lovers or wandering husbands. More than one valuable moral might be drawn from the story of Dolores and her pigeon.

SEA-SHELL.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave;
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lip to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

—*Landor*.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith.

—*Wordsworth*.

The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell,
As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave
For the broad bosom of his nursing wave.

—*Byron*.

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER I.

One evening in late autumn, when the rain was falling in short heavy showers and the wind was bounding with a shout over field and leafless woodland, two carriages, coming from entirely different directions, were driving along muddy country roads toward an old-fashioned gray house that stood in the midst of wide gardens and shrubberies, whose prim arrangement told that they had been laid out and planted in days now long gone by. In each carriage sat a very young lady, and, strange to say, in each of these young ladies' minds exactly the same question was being repeated over and over, till the very hoofs of the horses and the sound of the wheels and the raindrops, pattering against the window of the fly and dripping from its roof, seemed to be re-echoing it, "What will she be like? What will she be like?"

The occupant of one of the carriages—the one that had come from a little distant country station—was a slight, graceful girl, with a very pretty face, a face that had something of the sparkle of water in the sunshine always about it, in the lively, intelligent brown eyes, and the smiles which were often flickering about the red mouth, and the bright, changeful color on the cheeks, which was ever ready to come and go fitfully, often telling many a secret about what was going on in the heart and mind within. When this face was in repose, there was a certain resolute look in the firm way that the lips rested one on another, that gave the idea that the young lady might have a will of her own; and when she was excited about any thing there was a flash in her eyes which suggested that the young lady might have a temper too. Even her very movements, as she sat there alone in the carriage, told of energy of character; one or two of the parcels she had with her were shaken by the jolting over the uneven country road off the back seat, and she picked them up in a quick, petulant way, and put them in their place with a little shake, that seemed to say she was determined they should stay where she had placed them.

The girl in the other carriage, which had only come from the station in the neighboring town, appeared to be cast in a very different mould. It was a placid, good-tempered face, but a face without any decided beauty of feature or expression, which looked out from beneath the black hat, ornamented with a long white feather; she was dressed in deep mourning, but mourning which, in richness of material and fashionable elegance, seemed to tell that she who wore it was not too deeply plunged in grief to think of what was becoming. She lay back on the cushions of the carriage with a contented, rather indolent air, and never once took the trouble to look out of the window to catch a glimpse in the twilight of the country she was passing through; her chief interest, and that was shown in a quiet, languid sort of way, appeared to be in preventing a drop of rain from finding its way through the fly windows on to the handsome fur mantle in which she was wrapped, for the evening was chilly as well as wet.

"Ella Ringwood," so ran the thoughts of the pretty girl with the face like rip-

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pling water, for to her we will now return; "what a nice sound there is in the name! I do hope she will be tall and dark, and something like an Italian lady; I never saw an Italian lady certainly, but then that is how I have always pictured to myself all the great women in Rome and Milan I have read about in the history books, and I want her to be like it. Did not some one tell me she got her pretty name of Ella from an Italian duchess who was related to her mother? Yes, I am sure they did, and that is then what she must be like. I do hope she will be fond of music, or reading, or drawing, and very enthusiastic about whichever she has a taste for; if she is not she will be dull, and then I shall be quite sure to quarrel with her, which won't be nice at all.

"O dear! these fancies about my new companion are putting every thing about the old place out of my head already. I am forgetting all about the pony and the flowers and the cows—yes, the pony and the cows and the flowers are the only things which will miss me. If aunt and uncle and cousins had cared for me more, I should not forget so soon. What a good, sweet thing it must be to have a deal of love around one; if only father and mother had lived long enough for me to remember their faces;" and tears rose up and filled the clear eyes. "Poor Ella, she has just lost her father; how sad she must be, and how kind that ought to make me be to her! but I never am kind when I ought to be, that's certain, though if any one else should say it except myself, I daresay I should not be very pleased with her. How I do wish I were better than I am, but I see no chance of it, till I get some one to show me the way."

Now let us peep for a moment into the thoughts of the other young lady. "All that I hope is that she will be peaceable tranquil stream. "If she's always wanting to be routing me up like that horrid French teacher at school did, now calling me to take a long walk, and now wishing me to read some hard book, she will be simply insufferable, and I shall shut myself up in my own room all day; I can always do that, and I shall be quite sure to be comfortable if I can only have an easy-chair and a fire; those were things which we never had in our bedrooms at school, but they are what I am determined to have now. I wonder whether she will be good-looking? I should like her to be, for I like seeing pretty things, and I shall enjoy having a pretty face always near me; but I expect that she is short and fat and red-haired and plain; I don't know why, but I have a vague notion that that is what she will be like. Well, it's not worth the trouble after all of wondering so much about her, for I shall soon see her," and she settled herself in a yet more easy position in a corner and drew her warm cloak a trifle closer, and closed her eyes.

But enough about the young girls. We will next take a look into the house to which they are going; we shall have plenty of time while they are jolting over the mile or more of road which lies before them before they turn up the avenue. In an oak-panneled room, a room which, doubtless, beheld hoops and patches pass in and out when hoops and patches had their day, sat a lady and a gentleman. They were both elderly and there was between them that shadowy likeness in face, in voice, and even in their way of moving about and expressing themselves, which we often see between the members of the same family; they were evidently brother and sister, and not husband and wife. Yet, though they were alike, there was a marked difference in their appearance.

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faces that would make any one in trouble or difficulty go to them for comfort or advice. So far there was a perfect similarity between them, but in one thing they were not at all like each other—the man's features were cold and stern, the woman's were full of restless activity.

"How late they are," said the old gentleman, looking at his watch. "I shan't wait dinner for them; six-thirty is my dinner hour and at six-thirty I shall sit down, six-thirty sharp, whether they are come or not."

"O, Matthew," cried his sister, "we can't be so uncivil to such a young lady as Miss Ringwood as to sit down to dinner without her. The other child of course does not matter in the least, but she-—"

"But she," broke in her brother taking the words out of her mouth, and turning them as he pleased—"but she is a rich heiress, who must be treated with all manner of respect; and it is just because she is an heiress that we bother ourselves at all with such uncomfortable bits of goods as two girls, and just because we like the increase made to our income by what we are allowed for taking charge of her. It's always as well to speak out the truth at once, Nancy, especially when we are sitting together by ourselves."

"Matthew, you always put things in such a coarse, plump way," said Miss Nancy, bridling angrily. "I hope you won't do it before Miss Ringwood—I'm sure she won't like it if you do."

"I am not going to let Miss Ringwood or Miss any thing else put me one inch out of my way," growled the old gentleman. "It was your covetousness, Nancy, that made us think of having two such inmates, and now you have got them I wish you joy of them; all I have to say is, that I won't have one single thing which I am concerned in changed in the house for them—no, not so much as the standing-place of my arm-chair. I always hated visitors, because they force one to alter one's ways; so from the very first I am going to put a stop to all encroachment of that sort."

Miss Nancy made no answer to this speech, nor did she seem to pay much attention to it; those who live near a waterfall get so used to its roar, that they sleep through it soundly, and perhaps it was from some such cause that Miss Nancy often appeared to heed very little certain words of her brother.

"I expect Miss Ringwood is a handsome, commanding-looking girl, such as her position requires her to be," she began, following calmly the course of her own reflections. "Now Ruby Stanton will, no doubt, have all sorts of sly, creeping ways, as people always have who have lived in a house in the situation she has. Don't you go and spoil her, Matthew, just because she makes up to you with a few buttery words, and soft, sneaking ways."

"I shall do just as I please," retorted the amiable brother in his usual key. "I shall——"

But here the conversation was interrupted by the sound of wheels on the gravel outside.

CHAPTER II.

Ella Ringwood was the daughter of a general officer, who had seen service in India, and spent the greater part of his time there. There he had married, rather late in life, a young wife, and there Ella had been born. In the days of her babyhood she had been the pet and toy of her parents and all the ladies and gentlemen in the station; but at the usual age, when the Indian climate becomes unhealthy for European children, she was sent home to her mother's relations in England.

General Ringwood was a man of good

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private means besides his military income, and he had married a lady of large independent fortune; thus Ella, since no little brother or sister came to dispute her rights, was regarded as a future heiress, and was brought up by her grandmother, in whose care she chiefly was, in the most showy and expensive way. Her placid, almost sleepy disposition and sweet temper had, however, prevented her being as much injured by this style of education as many girls in her place would have been. A more lively nature would have been more easily infected by bad habits, and had she been overflowing with high spirits and airy fancies, she would have been more thoroughly intoxicated with the flatteries which surrounded the heiress. On the other hand, she did not profit, as a girl of any intellect or talent would have done, by her costly educational advantages. Professors, teachers, and mistresses of all sorts of languages, sciences, and accomplishments worked away with laudable patience at the heiress's brains, but only succeeded in scattering over them a little superficial knowledge on the most ordinary subjects, and just a smattering of a foreign tongue or two, and in causing to float through them some faint perception of music, to which she now and then gave expression, painful to her friends with sensitive ears and nerves, if truth must be told, in waltzes played on the piano. She had none of that resolute, patient perseverance which will often do much toward supplying the place of mental gifts; therefore, teach her what they might, it was all a simple failure.

No doubt Ella's heart would have borne far better fruit under cultivation than Ella's head had done; but as yet it had lain like a piece of fallow ground in her young breast. Mrs. Ringwood had died about a year after her little daughter left India, and the child's nature had never known a sweet awakening up to melody at a mother's touch. Her grandmother was a vain, worldly-minded woman, whose life was made up of flimsy trifles and hard striving after social position and distinction. She sent Ella to a large, fashionable school as soon as ever she was old enough to go, and never had her with her except in the holidays, during which the chief things she labored to instil into the girl were family pride and a firm belief in the power of money. General Ringwood was in a certain way fond of his daughter, but he was a dry-mannered, stiff man, who knew nothing of the secret of finding the road in a child's heart; besides he had only been in England twice since Ella left India, so that with a character of such sluggish sympathies and feelings, she scarcely had time to learn to care much about him; indeed, the chief things she remembered with pleasure in his visits were the Indian muslins and jewelry which he brought her. Thus poor Ella had never been taught much of love for man, and still less had she learned any thing of love for God. She had, indeed, been brought up to observe certain religious forms, but to her they were nothing more than outward, visible signs of social respectability; she had never thought of looking deeper into them.

Thus things had gone on with Ella till she was sixteen, then changes had come for her. First of all her grandmother had died, after which Ella spent her holidays with a cousin of General Ringwood; then, about a year after, had followed her father's death. These two losses, coming so close one upon another, would have cast a deep shadow on most young lives, but neither her father nor her grandmother had troubled themselves to awaken any strong affection in Ella while they were alive, and so, naturally enough, her grief after they

were dead assumed no very violent or lasting character.

General Ringwood had appointed in his will, as his daughter's guardian, his old friend, Mr. Matthew Lindhurst, who lived with his sister at Larcombe Priory, not many miles from Exeter, in Devonshire; the Priory was the old family home of the Lindhursts. Now Nancy Lindhurst, Matthew Lindhurst's sister, was a lady who had always, in every chance and change of life, a keen eye to her own and her brother's interests; therefore when she found that the young heiress was left, till she came of age, in Mr. Lindhurst's guardianship, she resolved that they themselves should get some solid profit out of the circumstance. Matthew Lindhurst would have been very well satisfied to leave his ward in charge of her father's relations while he looked only after her fortune for her; he had lived for many years in a narrow groove of quiet self-indulgence, and he dreaded and disliked nothing so much as being disturbed in it. But restless, scheming Miss Nancy combated this plan with all her might, and insisted on Ella making her home with her brother and herself till she came of age. General Ringwood's will allowed a most liberal yearly payment for the person who should have the care of Ella during her minority, and Miss Nancy was determined that this money should go into no hands other than her brother's and her own.

General Ringwood's cousin with whom, as has been said, Ella's holidays had been passed since her grandmother's death, made not the slightest objection to giving up the charge of her; she was rich, and did not want the heiress's money; she had several daughters of her own growing up, and she was not at all desirous to have another girl as an inmate. Ella herself made no opposition to the new plan of life which was proposed for her. Her easy-going, placid temperament made her submit to it very quietly; therefore when at seventeen she left school for good, she traveled down at once to her guardian's house in Devonshire.

Ella Ringwood had, however, made one stipulation before she went to live with Mr. and Miss Lindhurst, and this was, that a girl of her own age should be her companion at Larcombe Priory; she did not like the idea of spending her whole time alone with two elderly people. This companion was to be paid for out of Ella's fortune; her guardian could, of course, have objected to this wish of his ward, but Miss Lindhurst advised him to accede to it. She at once set about looking for a girl who would suit the situation, and at length fixed on a young second cousin of her own, called Ruby Stanton.

Ruby was the daughter of a merchant who had failed in business, and broken in mind and body, had sunk under the weight of crushing ruin, leaving his wife and unborn child no other legacy except a load of debts. The young mother had striven to bear up bravely, but it had been God's will that she should soon find rest; she had not outlived, but a few hours, the birth of her child. Mrs. Stanton's relations were for the most part poor, and were possessed of lage framilies of their own. Little Ruby had been bandied about among them, getting, as her share, here a scanty portion of kindness and pity, there nothing but cool indifference. But the Father of the fatherless had been good and gracious to the orphan; he had endowed her with much personal beauty and charm; with a quick intellect that made more out of a crumb of knowledge than many slower minds would have done out of a richly-furnished meal; with a capacity for enjoyment which found, with magic power, pleasure in the smallest bits of brightness that came

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in her way; and, best of all, with a warm, generous heart and disposition which were always longing to do some good, sweet, noble thing. As yet, it is true, perfect Christian light had not streamed into young Ruby's soul. She had had many hindrances in the right way—some from her own quick, passionate, willful temper, some from the misunderstanding and coldness she had met with from those around her; but she felt a longing for a fuller and higher life, and was groping her way toward it.

When Ruby was fourteen her relations chose to consider that her education was finished, so they took her away from the very indifferent school at which they had placed her. An uncle and aunt who lived in the south of Devonshire had, through injudicious spoiling, turned two pretty engaging children, a boy of five years and a girl of three, into a couple of the most insufferable imps of mischief; they took it into their heads that Ruby, if they had her to live with them, would prove a sort of safety-valve to carry off what they were pleased to call the high spirits of their two pets; and so poor little Ruby, still scarcely more than a child herself, was installed in their house under the pathetically ridiculous title of nursery governess.

For a whole year Ruby had filled her most uncomfortable place, a dreary, little round peg in a very large square hole; the children teased her unmercifully at their own sweet wills, and were only rendered more inveterate by her ebullitions of temper towards them; while their parents complacently and gravely laid at her door all of their most flagrant misdoings. Ruby was beginning to feel, in spite of her cheery nature, that life was a hard burden to bear, when Miss Lindhurst made her the offer of coming to be Miss Ringwood's companion. Nancy Lindhurst was always fond of doing a philanthropic or charitable act without being at any expense herself; her conscience had long whispered that she and her brother, Ruby's only rich relations, ought to do something for the orphan, and now here was an opportunity of that something being done, and of Miss Nancy accommodating herself with what she just then wanted, at the same time. Poor Ruby thankfully accepted the offer; any thing would be better than her life in her uncle's house; and this was how it was that on that autumn evening she, as well as Ella Ringwood, came to be driving toward Larcombe Priory.

But to return to Mr. and Miss Lindhurst. At the moment when they heard the carriage-wheels on the gravel Miss Nancy hastily popped on her cap—which she had been sitting without, because it was a new one and she feared for it the result of a doze in an arm-chair, in which she had been indulging before her brother's voice roused her—Miss Nancy popped on her cap, and blissfully unconcious that she had put it on the wrong side in front, for they were sitting without candles, hurried out to the door. In another minute a slight, girlish form was being clasped in Miss Nancy's ample arms, and she was murmuring softly over it—

"My love, come in from the cold air; I have such a blazing fire in your room, my dear child; it is such a comfort to hold you at last in my motherly embrace."

Miss Nancy had made up this little speech for the reception of the heiress, and was really quite proud of it. They stood now in the light of the hall-lamp. "Doesn't it strike you—the likeness to her dear father?" cried Miss Nancy, estatically, turning to her brother.

"I don't see the slightest trace of the General in her," answered Mr. Lindhurst, with cool decision.

"The General!" stammered the new comer, bewilderedly.

"Yes, my dear, your father, the General," replied Miss Nancy, blandly. "You know, of course, that he and Mr. Lindhurst were just like brothers; that was how General Ringwood came to confide you to our loving care."

"General Ringwood!" repeated the guest. "Why, I am not Miss Ringwood; I am Ruby Stanton!"

O, unforeseen, unlucky mischance! Miss Nancy had given the poor little dependent, Ruby Stanton, the reception she had intended for the heiress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE GRAPHEION.

THIS, the May number of the ELECTRA, owing to the incidental hindrances always attendant upon the getting out of the first issue of any publication, is two weeks later than we wished. It is our intention to have it come promptly the first of each month, the date of which it bears, so that the "Current History of the World" may be written up to the close of the month. This we consider an important department, and one that will be especially beneficial to young people. The cultivation of their minds in the history of their own times is too frequently entirely neglected. While the youth of our land are carefully taught in the various revolutions of the Greek and Roman Empires, and become familiar with the reigning sovereigns of the ages that are past, they scarcely know who form the Cabinet at Washington, or who are at present the crowned heads of Europe. To obviate this in some measure, we expect to give special attention to this department, and the date of each issue of the ELECTRA must correspond with the actual time of its publication. However, we do not expect to accomplish this in a day, nor even in one month, but we hope soon to have our readers receive it promptly the first of each month.

FROM the classic land of Greece, Greece in the nineteenth century, we borrow the title for our editorial department—THE GRAPHEION. In every school in Athens, public or private, when a visitor calls he is ushered into a neat little apartment, there to be presented to the director of the institution. This room is furnished with a desk, a few chairs, a sofa or divan—that indispensable comfort in every Greek apartment, and plenty of bright sunshine for warmth, in the absence of stoves and fire-places. A few charts or maps hang around the wall. You will be invited to walk into this, "The Grapheion." The room, you will at once discern, is one in which writing and business are conducted, and from which will emanate the most serious affairs connected with the institution. Yet in this little sanctum, you will be most politely treated, and a bright, lively conversation on any and all topics may be carried on, especially if you have something new to tell, and feel disposed to answer questions. For the Athenians of to-day, like those in St. Paul's time, delight "to tell or to hear some new thing." The meaning given to the word *Grapheion* in a modern Greek and English lexicon is—"office desk." So we proposed first to call our editorial sanctum "*the Grapheion.*" Then why not the editorial department? We want good, serious thoughts in it; we want suggestions for conversation in it; we hope to hang around its figurative walls, charts and maps for the guidance of the youth of our land; we want news in it, the latest and best; and over the whole we want the bright, genial sunshine of our birth-month ever to spread its gladdening rays. So, is not the name, as we have seen it practically applied in other lands, just the very name we want?

WHAT! another magazine! and for young people! Is not the world and especially these United States already abundantly supplied with them? And as near perfection, too, as any can hope to make them.

Very true, there is much that is bright and fascinating, stories full of crisp fun and wide-awake adventure, with illustrations that tell as much as the words themselves; besides the more *useful* departments that are being added every year. In fact, periodical literature has become in great measure *the* literature of the age; and deep minds, large souls are devoting themselves to its development, and yet it seems to us there is still a want, still a niche unfilled. There, in that unoccupied corner, we would place our new magazine.

Long years of patient waiting for some one else to supply the need resulted only in disappointment, until out of these vague, fruitless hopes there grew an idea, to which as the years went on, was added another and another, until lo! in our thoughts, a magazine. We turned it round and round, viewed it from every side. To our partial eyes it seemed of fair proportions and rare attractions; but what would others say? With reasonable diffidence we unveiled it to friends of tried candor and trusted judgment. One after another surprised us with even enthusiastic encouragement. And thus after long years of secret plotting, chiselling, and polishing, we are induced to submit the result to the public. If any think us presumptuous in entering the

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arena which appears already so full and complete, we pray you pardon—but try us.

WE hope during the course of the summer to give our readers some rare treats from the far East. J. R. S. Sterritt, Ph.D., well known among scholars in this country through his work, *Hymni Homerici*, is now at Assos, a city in the Troad, where he has been appointed to work up and publish the old inscriptions unearthed by the American Archæological Institute in their excavations there during the past two years. Dr. Sterritt's untiring perseverance and deep researches in archæological studies, and his intimate acquaintance with the languages of the East, give him a peculiar fitness for this work. He will remain in the Troad about two months. After that time, he writes us, that in company with Mr. Ramsey, of Oxford University, who has been traveling for two or three years in Asia Minor, at the expense of the English Government, gathering inscriptions and other information, geographical and historical, he will make a tour as a member of the expedition. In answer to our request that he should send us a letter occasionally for publication, he says:

"My first article must be submitted to the English Committee and be published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, in England. After that, I am at liberty to publish any where I choose. I will try and send you a letter every now and then from Asia Minor, and as we shall traverse many districts hitherto unvisited by civilized man, it is possible that some of your readers have never yet seen letters from that quarter. We shall be absent in the interior of Asia Minor from four to six months, devoting most of the time to Phrygia and Capadocia, which countries we shall travel through in all directions. Our farthest point east will be Aintab, where we have some American missionaries. We shall return by another route, in the direction of Constantinople, touching at Angora and winding up the journey at Constantinople in November or December. I can make no *definite* promises as to writing which might be binding, as I do not know what obstacles might be in my way. In the interior, it is difficult to expedite letters with any certainty of their reaching their destination. Still I hope to do something in that line."

We shall certainly expect to hear from Dr. Sterritt.

NAMING THE BABY.—Nobody knows, unless they have tried, what a serious and perplexing thing it is to find a name for the first child.

Of course it must be one that has some pleasant association, or compliments some esteemed friend or honored acquaintance. And yet it must of necessity be pretty. It would be cruel and unfair to fasten an ugly one, a life-long mortification, on the unconscious darling. And besides this there is always the desire, expressed or unexpressed, that the name selected may in some way prove the prophetic symbol of a lovely character and a bright future.

So with our magazine. We knew it was going to be a difficult task, and blindly put off the evil day, hoping an inspiration would come to some of our numerous friends before it was necessary to decide. But hoped in vain. Driven to desperation, we gathered in family conclave over the dictionaries, English, French, Latin, and Greek, all unabridged, and "El Dorado" was fixed upon. Not altogether satisfied, however, we referred it to the judgment of our council of friends. The business friend shook his head doubtfully. "It seems to me a little unmeaning, would it not be better to have something more definite?" Then a committee of one was detailed who spent a whole evening over it, resulting in a list of some half a dozen names, which were freely discussed in the home circle, and among them all "Literary Gleanings" seemed the prettiest and most appropriate. This also was submitted to the council of friends. Alas! it was most decidedly vetoed on first reading by our gentle censor as entirely too undignified.

That left us entirely at sea, until some one suggested why not call it the "Belles Lettres Monthly?" Why not truly—the very thing we wanted—the inspiration had come at last. With the utmost satisfaction we wrote off the first page and hurried down to the printing office. Our manager stroked his mustache gravely and said, "If you could find some single word that would answer your purpose for a name, it would make a much better appearance"—and our countenances instantly fell to zero. After a disconsolate pause, "Eureka" was timidly proposed; he rather thought something more every day would be better, but—whatever we liked.

Then came a very unexpected and kindly notice in a well known periodical calling us "The literary monthly for young people," a

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descriptive title which we ourselves had used for want of a better. Well, why not let that do; it sounded very well and would certainly be appropriate, but—it was not a *single word*, and so we did not venture to propose it.

"This will never do," said the more decided one of the firm. "If we go on trying to please every body we will never find a name." So putting our two heads together we re-wrote the title page with ELECTRA at its head. Without seeking counsel of any one, we had two or three copies printed off, and when it was brought back to the office we thought it quite attractive, with its own meaning, *brightness*, gleaming every where. With some modest triumph we went first to its chosen sponsor. "It will not do at all," was her most unqualified verdict. Wrapped in the folds of this wet blanket we sought our gentle censor. She thought it was splendid. Recovering our equanimity, we displayed it in all its fresh beauty to the business friend. He was afraid it was too ethereal; with sinking barometer we unrolled it to our legal adviser, who raised us to the clouds once more with his enthusiastic admiration.

Then we passed it around among two groups of school-girls; one did not like it at all, the other thought it charming. So stranded at last, on the same shore whence we started, there was evidently no way out of the labyrinth but to decide the question ourselves, and we have concluded to launch our little bark under this flag.

May it carry its own *brightness* to every household and every heart that offers it a port.

IN this age of the multiplicity of literature of all kinds, how to read and what to read remains an unsolved question in many a household. The teacher, the parent, the guardian, all ask, What shall we give our young people to read? This indefinite answer comes: "There are so many good books now, and so cheap, there ought to be no difficulty." True; but just here arises the most serious difficulty. How can we discern between the good and the bad?

The patient, loving mother is waked up at half-past five in the morning by the first chirp of her baby birdling, and then begin her labors of love for the day. With washing, and dressing, and combing, and soothing, and loving, and feeding, and coaxing, the three wee little ones are brought happily through the two early morning hours of the day. Breakfast is over. Another hour is passed in hunting lost books and slates, mending torn dresses, sewing on missing buttons, and tying apron-strings; —the older children are off for school. And then a quiet morning? No! Housekeeping must be attended to; sewing must be done; baby must be petted a dozen times or more; and various promiscuous tumbles down the long stairway, and off of chairs and tables must be intercepted, or there will be broken skulls or dislocated limbs to be nursed and tended. Dinner comes before the morning work is scarcely planned. The afternoon is more interrupted, because all six of the children are demanding constant attention. After tea, the basket of little stockings must be mended, which an occasional visitor had interrupted every other evening this week. Poor tired mother! At ten o'clock she looks wistfully at a book her bright young daughter had asked her permission to read. "I *can't* look at it to-night." So the days and weeks and months pass, and the years roll on. The older children must have books to read. They are given without a mother's choice, and sometimes the rankest poison is placed in the hands of the boys and girls of the family, the effects of which, in after life, may be to bring shame, imprisonment, or murder into that once happy home.

But the father. Why does he not take the duty of selecting proper reading matter for his family? The father? Well, he rises early because the noise of the children is so unbearable, makes a hurried toilet, and hastens to the front door for the morning paper. By breakfast-time, he digests that thoroughly, then hastily dispatches his breakfast, and is off to his work. He comes in abstracted to dinner, hurries off again, returns to tea with a large package of papers and account-books to look over before bedtime! When a father's time and thoughts are so wholly given up to the mere temporal supplies for his children, the guardian can not be expected to take more interest in the mental and moral training of the youth intrusted to his care. The teacher—is it his duty? To a certain extent, yes. Every intelligent teacher of history, literature, or mental and moral sciences, should be able, and ought at times, to suggest suitable collateral reading to the older boys and girls of the schools.

But still the great evil exists, and a large

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class of our young people are left without careful training and selecting in their literary pursuits. This need is not so much with the little ones, for two reasons: First, among books and periodicals suited to their capacity, there is not so much of the hurtful, baneful poison that is found in literature which our older boys and girls devour so greedily. Then, too, the mother must read to her little ones, or help them read, so the selection for them is always necessarily more guarded than for the older ones.

Now we propose to answer practically this problem, what shall we give our older girls and boys to read? And the ELECTRA comes out bright and new as the result of our cogitations.

Is it complete, and is this all? No! By no means. Each month of the year—we hope for centuries to come—it will come again. We confess we have done the best we could for a beginning, but it is only a beginning. Our motto is *Excelsior*, and with this in view, and with increased experience ourselves, and the aid and co-operation of others, far and near, we intend *continually to improve*.

This much we promise now that there will never be admitted into its columns any of the blood-and-thunder, exciting literature of the day. While we recognize that a great variety of tastes must be suited, we will carefully exclude every thing in which we detect the slightest tendency to evil.

Our magazine proposes to be, in a large measure, a training in literature for the youth in our land, and we will cull from various sources, suggestions, helps, and hints; dead statesmen, poets, scholars, and artists, will be brought face to face with its readers in such living and attractive form, that we shall hope to stimulate them to an earnest desire to read and study for themselves these same characters. This will make our magazine *Eclective* in its tendencies, though not exclusively so, for we expect to get from the living all the good we can—every thing which is helpful in the great work which we have undertaken.

We shall make an earnest effort to keep abreast with the literature of the day, and suggest to our readers all good and suitable books which are being issued from the press. In sending forth our literary venture, we make no apology. We have done the best we could. We believe there is a known want in the literature of the day, and we are endeavoring to fill that vacancy.

We do not attempt to do it in a day nor in a year; but that we shall make a final success of it, we doubt not. We go to work with a definite aim in view, and shall put forth every earnest, honest endeavor to accomplish that end, believing that success will be ours.

READING CLUB.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Shakspeare's *Macbeth*.

Bulwer's *Harold, The Last of the Saxon Kings*.

Through the reign of William the Conqueror, in any reliable English history. (Green's Histories of the English People, Hume, Knight, Pinnock's Goldsmith, and Yonge are all acknowledged authorities, although the last two are rather brief.)

It will, of course, be necessary in this, our first number of the Magazine, to let our young friends know just what we propose to do in our Reading Club, in order that they may help us to make it as interesting as possible.

Were you ever one of a reading club? Whether you have ever been before or not, we hope you are going to join us now, as we gather about us a circle of bright, earnest young people from all parts of this and other lands, with their glad, eager eyes, waiting for some new attractive suggestion.

We know how you all love pleasure, how it seems the very best thing in the world as long as you are young and free and happy, nay we older ones are just the same. Now it is pleasure we would help you find; not that of the butterfly, who seeks only the reckless enjoyment of a day;—they *may* find something to please them in other parts of the Magazine. Here we would rather offer the more enduring pleasure of the earnest little bee, something that grows sweeter and sweeter all the time.

So send us your names, all who are willing to join us heartily, and do as we do. And now what are *we* going to do? This is our plan: We want to propose a regular course of reading. Does this sound alarming? It need not,

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for we have no idea of crushing out all the fresh enthusiasm of your young hearts with a succession of heavy, stupid books hurled at you with the stern cry of duty. No, indeed! we believe the improvement of your minds, the growth and development of your intelligence, may be made a continual pleasure, and we promise you shall have no cause to complain of the too great solidity of our course of reading, though it must contain nothing but what is pure, good, and in some sense profitable. And we are much mistaken if you do not, at the end of the year, freely acknowledge that the hours spent with your Reading Club have been among the pleasantest of your life. Now, are you ready? The President of the Club raps on the table three times to be sure you are giving your undivided attention. Look at the top of our page. You will see the names of three books. This is the reading for the first month.

Perhaps you have read one or more, possibly all of them. Well, so much the better. That only proves that your taste and ours agree. We necessarily begin somewhat in the dark. It were of course impossible for us to tell what you have read. We can only guess what you would like to read. But even if you have gotten a little ahead of us, it would not be amiss if you should read them over again so that you may enjoy them anew with the Club. Now we hear a voice from some modest part of the circle asking timidly, "Where are we to get the books?" In many cases that will be a question to be considered, for we know full many a devoted reader has to contend with that very difficulty. However, we believe in the old adage, "Where there is a will, there is a way," and there are so many really good books now published in the cheap libraries, we think there will be no serious trouble. When your own supply fails, you must manage to gain access to some public or circulating library, or if there should be none where you live, then you must try and get up one. It is not so difficult a matter as you might imagine. We can only add that we hope to aid you somewhat in the supply of these needs, by the offers made in our premium list. And now, there is one thing more we want our Club members to do, which is, to read with a pencil, noting, marking, or copying whatever strikes you particularly, so that when you have finished one book, you can sit down and with your pen tell the rest of us what you think of it, either as a whole, or as to individual characters contained in it, with any queries you would like to have answered concerning these books or their contents.

We would like to publish a few of these letters each month, and in that way the best of the notes and comments will pass round the Club, and all will be stimulated to a new interest in the books and in each other.

Before we break up this our first meeting, we want to give you a few good extracts on reading in general, which we have picked up here and there.

Good Thoughts About Reading.—"There is perhaps no occupation of time which affords so large a proportion of profit and pleasure as well advised reading—well advised as to the books read, well advised as to the way they are read."

"Not how much he shall read, but the quality of what he reads, and the manner of reading it. The mind requires nourishing food for its health and growth, as surely as the body. Trifling reading enfeebles it, just as living on cake and candy alone does the body."

"The reading-habit is a growth, a development, whether it begin early or late."

"Happy are those whose early surroundings permit them to form the reading habit unconsciously."

If the taste has already been vitiated by reading too much of the sensational literature with which the country is flooded—

"A little resolution and an earnest desire for self-improvement may be required."

Earnest purpose is the tonic which will gradually restore a healthy appetite, if substantial food is supplied at the same time.

"Every body has some time to read. I know of a woman who read Paradise Lost and two or three other standard works aloud to her husband in a single winter, while he was shaving, that being the only available time."

Most of these extracts are from a little book by C. F. Richardson, "The Choice of Books."

A translation of "Hiawatha" into Greek verse has recently been published at Leipzig, by M. Perbanoglow.

Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle can know nothing of it.

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HOME SUNLIGHT.

Keep Yourself Healthy and Happy.—Imagine the family circle gathered around the table for the morning meal chattering as merrily as the birds themselves, when the door opens and the late member arrives. Every body looks up with a bright "good morning," which is instantly chilled on their breath, and they feel as if a damper had suddenly closed down upon their gay spirits.

What does it all mean? Simply this: The late member, either from a sleepless night, an aching head, or some other cause, comes in with a gloomy, languid, irritable face, that is like a cloud across the disc of the sun.

Well, how can it be helped? What can be done? you ask. There is one remedy that proves effectual in many cases, and that is to keep such a stock of sunshine and good spirits on hand in the family, as to break through and dissipate a single, temporary cloud of this kind.

But there is something else we would like to whisper in the ear of each one of you: "*Take care you are not the cloud.*" And to insure this we would advise in the first place, that you conscientiously promote and preserve good health as far as possible. For good health has more to do with good temper than most people imagine. Any derangement of the physical system wears upon the nerves, and any undue tension of the nerves is almost sure to make some impress on the spiritual man.

Again it may be a new idea to many of you that ill health is any body's fault. But if you will inquire into the matter, you will be astonished to find how much of the suffering in this life is caused by the thoughtless disregard of the most common-sense rules of health, getting the feet wet once too often, trespassing a little too far upon nature's required quantity of sleep, etc., etc.

There is much you can do and much you can abstain from doing to promote the comfort and well-being of your body. In truth, the best promoters of health are within the reach of almost every one; plenty of clean, fresh water for the daily bath, plenty of pure, fresh air, in the house and out, a moderate quantity of good wholesome food at stated hours, with plenty to do, that is, some regular daily employment, and a good walk every day as you may be able, will insure to most young people a reasonable amount of physical comfort.

Still, if ill-health *must* come—our Heavenly Father does sometimes see our need of it—*don't let* yourself get gloomy or cross; there can be no necessity, for some of the greatest sufferers of the world have been the happiest and brightest.

And to say nothing of its making every body around you miserable, it does not even help you to endure. Nay, whatever your troubles may be, physical or mental, and however great, carry them first to Jesus' feet, and then try to forget yourself and them, and to look bright and interested, even if there is nothing more you can do to add to the family stock of sunshine, and see if it does not all come back to you multiplied a hundred fold.

A harp of a thousand strings has been committed to the care of each one of us. Mind, heart, soul, and body are all represented among the wonderful strings. If kept in good repair, and always attuned to the praise and worship of God, the instrument will yield the sweetest music for ourselves and all around us.

A Good Example.—The day had been overcast, suddenly the sun shone out, and a little patch of sunshine brightened the corner of the carpet. Immediately Tray got up, and with a wise look trotted to the bright place and laid himself in it. "There's true philosophy," said George, "only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the sagacious little dog walks out of the shadow and rolls himself round in the brightness. Let not his example be lost upon us. Wherever there shall shine a single patch of sunshine let us enjoy it.

Search for Happiness.—Two merry girls at play one day sat down to rest under the white spring shade.

"The whitest shade was ever seen" of a large old cherry-tree. Brightly the sunbeams flickered through the snowy boughs and—

> "Bees murmured in the milk-white bloom
> As babes will sigh for sweet content."

What solemn question stirs the serenity of these maidens fair? Is it the affairs of the nation they are discussing? No, no. What

matters it to them who sits in the presidential chair? What momentous question then engages them so earnestly? Ah, they would have the shimmering brightness of their lives to last always. "I am determined to have a happy life," was the resolution of each young heart, and they had just been telling it to each other. "But how are you going to seek happiness, Lily?" asked Daisy.

"O, I am going to have my own way all the time and do whatever I like, and not do any thing I don't want to. I'll take the best of every thing, if I can get it, and all my life long I mean to have as much fun and pleasure as ever I can."

"But what are you going to do, Daisy; how are you going to seek happiness?" asked Lily in turn, watching the thoughtful look on the sweet face of her friend.

With a brightness nothing could dim, Daisy looked up and said gently, "I believe I won't seek it at all, but just try to think every thing that comes is the very best that could come, and then I don't see how I can help being happy, do you? It won't matter if I don't get every thing I want if I am as happy as I can be without it.

"I would wish to be just like this dear little buttercup, holding its heart wide open to catch all the sunshine and giving it back again to every body that stops to look at it, only to make room for more."

Which, think you, young friends, would be most apt to find the treasure she coveted?

Come with me and see. In a bright, dainty, well-lighted room lies our sweet invalid, little Daisy. Although she is a prisoner in her room and often to her bed, she is a little buttercup still, making her sick-chamber the sweetest corner of the home-nest, and the dearest, sunniest place in the world to all her friends.

Poor Lily has had her wish. She has led a gay, self indulgent life; has tasted of every pleasant thing this world had to offer; but now her father's fortune has been swept away; she can no longer have the luxuries she has learned to need, and here she is sobbing out her griefs in Daisy's sympathizing ear, while her gentle friend seeks to lead her thoughts to better things. See them once more: Lily has married a fortune and again reigns as one of society's queens. Daisy, no longer a prisoner, walks abroad in the glad sunshine with a thankful heart, feeling as if all nature had been created to give her pleasure, so joyfully does her soul respond to the bursting of the leaf-buds, the song of the birds, the hum of the bees. And when, with her usual self-forgetfulness, she listens to the prattling of children and joins in their innocent play, she wonders how any body can help being happy.

Has not Daisy found the truest happiness? Yes, and it will always be so. Seek it through your own selfish gratification, and it will fly before you like the mirage of the desert. But forget self and strive to make sunshine for all around, and the sweetest content will be your heart's abiding guest. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

"I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To sooth and sympathize."

A Dozen Good Rules:

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day; so be prepared for it.

2. Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves; therefore do not expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

4. When any good happens to any one, rejoice with them.

5. Observe when others are suffering and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

6. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, let us keep a strict watch over ourselves.

7. Watch for the opportunities of pleasing, and of putting little annoyances out of the way, and try for the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

8. Be very gentle with the little ones and treat them with proper respect.

9. Speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.

10. In all little pleasures which may occur, put yourself last.

11. Take a cheerful view of every thing, even of the weather, and encourage hope.

12. Never judge harshly of any one, but attribute a good motive whenever you can.

13. Put yourself in his place.

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SCRAP BOOK.

THE LURID LEPER.—Dr. J. Addison Alexander, with that wonderful facility which he possessed of improvising for the amusement of his young friends, wrote the following lines to prove that versification and rhythm may be maintained without sense:

"In that spasmodic region where mankind
Are deeply synchronous and vaguely blind,
Where elemental anodynes prevail
And stygian carols ventilate the sail;
Where man is analyzed and nature's voice
Bids esoteric fallacies rejoice,
In that far distant, soporific land,
There dwelt an adipose, erotic band,
Whose crimson viaducts and whose bland petard—
Whose synalœpha and æolic guard—
Whose pterodactyls and whose cavaliers
Annulled and scarified for many years.
At length a leper of laconic form
Appeared sophisticated on a storm;
His eye mellifluous, his nose malign;
His lurid color vilified the Rhine,
And on his brow a sudorific sneer
Of caligraphic anguish did appear.
On either side of his savannah ran,
A tall narcotic, evanescent man—
And all around a cloud of granite spread
White as a coal; and as a lily--red.
From this, a salamander floated in
And stood where once a terebinth had been;
Paused for a moment, shook his amber mane,
And rushed upon the leper. Vain
Were his efforts to propel the pang;
His bones were crumbled 'neath that murderous fang—
He shrieked, he sympathized, he vainly tried
To draw an inference with ghastly pride,
And thus without a groan the "Lurid Leper" died,
And o'er his grave a ghostly catacomb
Rises like Chimborazo over Rome.
Hither the pilgrim in his fell canoe
Illudes the gnomon and his wild halloo,
And as he vilifies his deep career
In which a panoply of lights appear;
Pursues Pygmalion in his lambent cars,
Dissects the universe and dethrones the stars;
Assails the carabine, then ascends the Alps,
And builds a wigwam of a thousand scalps.
More of thy history I need not tell,
But bid thee, Lurid Leper, farewell.

MR. ROBERT P. PORTER writes from the English manufacturing city of Bradford, that the coffee-houses there vie successfully with the gin shops in lavish display of gilt letters, glaring lights, stained glass, and polished brass. One striking result of the coffee-house work is apparent in the fact that the number of arrests for drunkenness in Bradford was 1,053 in 1875, but had fallen to 346 in 1881.

"I CAN'T get up early," said a poor victim to his doctor. "O! yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock," "Well get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four o'clock in the morning."

POPE said that narrow-souled people and narrow necked bottles are alike, for the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

THE richest person (in the true sense) is the one who best knows how to enjoy. To take pleasure in the sight and study of mountains and stars, and even precious stones, perhaps, is better than to own them. A wealthy man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said, 'Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me.'

"Share them with you, sir!" exclaimed the man. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you allow me to look at them, and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

THE price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs; but an exchange says that, not knowing the market-price of dogs in Siberia, it is hard telling whether this is cheap for a wife or not.

A POPULAR writer in the religious world who sometimes has a bad "spell," wrote the name of the illustrious author of "Pilgrim's Progress," "John Bunion." His witty publisher suggested that it be put in a foot-note.

"YES," said the farmer, "barbed-wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop to rest every time he has to climb it."

STUDENT (reciting) — And—er—then—er—— then—er—he—er—went—er—and—er——

The class laugh.

Professor—Don't laugh, gentlemen; to err is human.

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CURRENT HISTORY.

THOUGH the Forty-seventh Congress of the United States adjourned two months ago, a brief recapitulation of what was done during its three months' session may be interesting to many. It reduced letter postage from three to two cents; provided for the return of the Japanese indemnity; prohibited the importation and sale of adulterated tea; and made several valuable reforms in the administration of the government. It enacted the Civil Service Reform Bill, and almost its last act was to pass the Tariff and Revenue Bill. Though the limitation to this bill was a disappointment to many, yet it relieves the country of $75,000,000 tax. Congress did not pass the Presidential Succession bill. or the bill determining presidential inability; and it failed to enact the River and Harbor bill.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S Cabinet is composed of F. T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State; Chas. T. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War; W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy; H. M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior; Judge W. Q. Gresham, Postmaster General; B. H. Brewster, Attorney General.

THE Superior Court of Kentucky has recently decided that a woman can sue for money lost by her husband gambling. This is a step in the direction of checking the recklessness of gamblers.

AT Newburgh, New York, April 16, flags were universally displayed on land and water, it being the centennial of the celebration by Washington's army at Newburgh, over the declaration of the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain. At noon a salute of thirteen guns was fired at Washington's headquarters, and was answered by a salute of thirteen guns from West Point, by order of the Secretary of War.

SUNDAY, April 22, witnessed one of the most destructive storms that ever visited the United States. All through the South there were violent rain and thunder storms; in some places from four to six inches of water fell in a few hours. And, as far north as Chicago and Iowa and Colorado the storm extended in the form of snow. But it was in the South, in Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas, that the tornado was felt in its fatal and destructive power.

It had some peculiar features that have not been noticeable in such storms farther north. The extent of territory covered by them was greater and the number of storms larger than has been known before in similar occurrences. The most noteworthy thing about them was their number and the great extent of territory covered by them. As in the case of the tornadoes of last June in the region lying southwest of the great lakes, a perfect nest of atmospheric eddies seemed to have been suddenly formed over the Gulf States, and the tornadoes thus generated darted swiftly across the country, cutting clean swaths many miles long and only a few hundred yards wide, and leaving death and destruction behind them. Some general cause must of course have been at work to produce the extraordinary meteorological conditions favorable for the simultaneous development of these storms, so widely separated, and yet so similar in their character and effects. This cause is found in the conflict between the cold storm current which was at the time sweeping across the whole country from the westward, and a less extensive but powerful warm current advancing from the gulf. Where these currents met there was a sort of struggle for the mastery, which resulted in the formation of tornadoes along the line of meeting. Another feature was the incessant electrical discharge or lightning. The illumination was almost unceasing.

THE statue of Prof. Joseph Henry was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, Saturday, April 19, in the presence of a very large attendance. The ceremonies consisted of music, including grand chorals by singing societies of the District, prayer by Dr. Hodge, of Princeton College; an address, and the unveiling of the statue by Chief Justice Waite, and an oration by President Noah Porter of Yale College. President Porter clearly defined Prof. Henry's services as Secretary of the Institution, and showed that it was due to his untiring zeal that the funds of the Institution had been

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used exclusively in the interests of the increase and diffusion of scientific knowledge. But for this, the country would never have known the Institution as it is. The erecting of his statue on the grounds is but a fitting tribute to Prof. Henry's life and labors.

THERE are living in Stanford, Ky., seven persons whose combined ages foot up 569 years, or an average of over eighty-one years. Their names are Messrs. Roy Stewart, ninety-two; Peyton Embree, eighty-one; Judge W. G. Bailey, eighty-one; J. R. Warren, seventy-nine; Rev. S. McRoberts, seventy-six; Wesley Rout, seventy-seven, and old uncle Lewis Hocker (colored), eighty-three. In addition to these are a score or more over seventy, all of which shows that the climate of this State is highly productive of longevity.

PETER COOPER died in New York City on April 4. of lung-disease, at the age of ninety-two years. Of all the men whom America has yet produced, who are and will be known for the good they have done, Peter Cooper stands pre-eminently at the head. He was born February 12, 1791, in New York, and his father having failed as a tradesman, the first problem which presented itself to him in life was the primitive one of how to make a living. He went to school during one half the day for one year, which was the only education he ever received from teachers. He was first apprenticed to a carriage-maker, and served his term, becoming a skillful and valuable workman, but did not pursue his trade long. After engaging in various occupations, and being already on the high road to wealth, he finally removed to Trenton, N. J., and there built one of the largest iron rolling-mills in the world. The first railroad locomotive constructed on this continent was built by Mr. Cooper. But he will be chiefly remembered for his efforts to improve the condition of the working people, from among whom he came. The institute that bears his name will tell to future generations of the charity that was ever present with him, and of the noble heart that so recently beat out its busy life. Its chief feature is a night school, at which instruction is given in the various branches of practical science and mechanical knowledge. It is free, and attended principally by young mechanics and artisans who would otherwise be shut off from its benefits. The institute also embraces a school of design for females, a school of telegraphy, a school of photography, and a school of wood engraving. These schools are all largely attended. He was nominated for President of the United States in 1876 by the Greenback party without his solicitation, but he was not a politician. A self-made man, he won high honors, and wore them and passed out of the valley of the shadow as full of blessings and of years as any man of his time.

THE Irving Centennial was celebrated at Tarrytown, New York, April 3. It was the centennial of the birth of Washington Irving, who was born in William Street, New York, and spent the last years of his life in Sunny Side, near Tarrytown, where he died on November 28, 1859. The house at that place, celebrated in story, still remains the same in appearance as it did twenty-four years ago; one wall of the house built in 1856 being part of the well-known Wolfert's Roost. In the library are the writing-table, arm-chair, books, and pictures remaining as they have been for nearly a quarter of a century.

AN examination of the cash vault of the Treasury, the first for ten years, shows an excess of only three cents in a package of specimen fractional currency, and an excess of one cent on the interest-teller's cash. The cash has been found exactly correct in every division examined.

As the Supreme Court has decided that there is no way of forcing States to pay debts which they may contract with an individual or with each other, there does not appear to be any way by which the government can get its money back from the repudiators.

THE eruptions of Mount Ætna are drawing vast crowds of visitors to Sicily. While this mountain is always in a disturbed condition, its internal forces have seldom been so active as at present. Not since the last destructive outbreak of this volcano in 1865, which continued from the first of February until the last of June, have the prospects been so favorable as at present for a grand display. Some apprehensions have arisen because of the recent

opening of new craters on the sides of the mountain not far from the city of Catania. Some of the new craters, after pouring out lava for a few days, have closed, but not enough has been sent out to make a continuous stream to the city. In 1669 that city suffered by earthquake and lava, and much of the city was destroyed and many lives were lost. The city was partly rebuilt, only to be destroyed in 1693, when, it is estimated, one thousand seven hundred persons lost their lives. Since then the city has grown so that now it has a population of two hundred thousand. Many believe it is doomed again, and travelers have collected in the vicinity in expectation of such a result.

ROSELL, N. J., is to be the first small town in the United States to be lighted by a "village plant," of Edison electric lights. This consists of eight miles of wire, five hundred lights in thirty-five houses, one hundred and fifty street-lamps and clusters at the depot, all run by a one hundred and fifty horse power engine.

RETURN OF CIVILITIES.—During the late war the Fifth Virginia Confederate regiment captured the battle-flag of the Twenty eighth New York regiment. On the 23d of May the former will be the guests of the latter at Niagara Falls.

THE programme of the unvailing of Valentine's recumbent statue of General Lee, at Lexington, Va., June 28, has been issued. The inauguration exercises will begin at 9:30 A. M. From 9:30 to 10:30 A.M., will be observed as the time for decorating the graves of Lee and Jackson. At eleven o'clock Major John W. Daniel will deliver an oration. At 2 P.M. the mausoleum will be thrown open to the public, and a procession will pass through the monumental chamber and around Valentine's statue of Lee. The commencement exercises of Washington and Lee will take place prior to the inauguration of the Lee monument.

The Longfellow Memorial Association has a recent letter from Pinnock, London, saying all preliminaries for placing the bust in Westminster Abbey are now arranged, sufficient capital being subscribed, sculptor engaged, and position for the bust selected. It will stand between the memorial niche of Chaucer and the independent bust of Dryden, with a stream of light falling on it. So the bust will occupy the central and most conspicuous place in the Poets' Corner.

THE Boston Cooking School opened recently a new department, to be devoted exclusively to the training of cooks, and within the last month has received over three hundred applications for graduates in kitchen arts. During the past week the plan of "The Housekeepers' Fund" has been proposed in aid of the enterprise. The subscribers pledge five dollars a year to the fund, and promise that in hiring cooks they will give the preference to persons holding the certificates of the school. A good character will be required from all who enter the school, and a certificate from the school accompanies the cook who is regarded as efficient. Every inducement is offered the cooks, as good places will be ready for them at once, and every possible guarantee is given to the subscribers that the benefit to them will be greatly beyond the cost. This is a good suggestion for other cities.

GREAT excitement has prevailed in Great Britain ever since the discovery of plots to destroy public buildings by dynamite. Parliament speedily passed severe laws in regard to explosives. Eight dynamite conspirators have been brought to trial. The discovery of a dynamite factory in Birmingham, and the more recent disclosures of a nitro-glycerine manufactory in Northampton, with continued threats of the destruction of public buildings in London and Dublin and elsewhere, keep the country in a continual state of fermentation.

Rather in opposition to this state of affairs was the deep and affectionate concern displayed by the people of Great Britain in the recent accident to their Queen. When it was announced two months ago, that Queen Victoria had slipped on the stairway at Windsor Palace and hurt her knee, the houses of Parliament were crowded with anxious inquirers, and such numbers collected around the bulletin that it was impossible for all to read, and the news from the Queen had to be announced by a man deputed for the purpose. It is said that the crowds, composed largely of the working classes, when the bulletins were thus

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announced, would take off their hats and show the most tender and eager interest. The injury to the Queen's knee has not, however, proved very serious, though some anxiety is still expressed as to the effect of her long confinement on her health.

The unearthing of the Phœnix Park murders, which for so many months baffled the utmost vigilance of detectives and police, has brought to speedy justice a number of persons. One thing, greatly to be regretted is, that the conviction and punishment of these men is based largely upon the evidence of their associates, who have turned informers. Such evidence is always to be regarded with suspicion and doubt. The search for the assassins of Cavendish and Burke has been long and exasperating, and now their trial will be short, and their punishment sure.

THE coronation of the Czar of Russia at St. Petersburg, which was set for the 29th of May, and then postponed to June 10, will probably, as heretofore, be indefinitely postponed. However, it serves to agitate European circles in various ranks of life. In the first place, crowned heads are scratching their royal pates dubiously, over the czar's cordial invitations to be with him on this interesting and exciting occasion, and many of them are finding suitable substitutes, which are to be sent with their regrets (?) and excuses. Then too, the extended preparations in the culinary and other departments can only be conceived, when we read that eleven miles of tables are to be constructed for the banquet on the plain, and eighty-five circular counters for the distribution to the moujiks of nine hundred thousand pies; while beer will flow like water, six hundred and forty thousand bottles having been provided for free consumption. Sixteen enormous vats, to hold free beer, are being built in the public places. Rubenstein is to write a march and direct an orchestra of one thousand musicians and eight hundred choristers, and an English company is covering the Kremlin with electric lights. Nor is it to be supposed that the Nihilists are the least active in making preparations for this occasion, and should they succeed in carrying out their threats, what a fearful waste of beer and pies! To think of nine hundred thousand pies, and almost as many bottles of beer being suddenly thrown into the air is most appalling! However, latest advices state that the Nihilists intend to permit the coronation, but threaten "something dreadful" immediately following. Doubtless they want to partake of the czar's hospitality before disposing of him.

FRANCE has been, since the death of Gambetta, in an unsettled condition. First, the republic, without its leader, was agitated by a succession of internal upheavings, all of which have been practically ended. Then followed various questions of foreign diplomacy, the most serious of which are the probable war with China, and the agitations in southwestern Africa. The war with China is based upon the re-opening of the "Tonquin question," decided in December last, which seriously affects the claims of France in that country. The Chinese declare they will not surrender one inch of territory, and the French have sent out a large force to support their dignity there. The troubles in Africa arise from a dispute between Stanley and De Brazza, over a portion of the Congo valley, which they each propose to open up to commerce and civilization. Stanley, after his perilous journey across the "dark continent," was sent out in the interests of the Belgian International Association, and set to work to accomplish this object. The French, in order to thwart him, immediately dispatched De Brazza, who made a hasty treaty with some of the chiefs, and now are preparing to defend this territory. The English government at first seemed inclined to promote the claims of Stanley in his Belgian association, but desisted, as it would practically give a license to the opening up of the slave-trade in that region. So Stanley, with the mere nominal support of Belgian, is gathering a little army of native followers to meet the French invasion.

Negotiations for a defensive alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, against France, will be completed in June, and will last six years. By the terms of the agreement the three powers are to carefully guard against precipitating a war with France, but if any one of the three should be attacked by the republic, the other two will declare war in her behalf. If, on the other hand, any one of the three declares war on any power other than France, the other two, though they may remain neutral, must not join the attacked power. This practically isolates France, and leaves her to fight her own battles at home and abroad.

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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THE HOMELESS POET.

It was some time in the year 1737 that the little village of Berkhamshire, England, twenty-five miles from London, contained a desolate household. A young mother had just died, leaving a husband and two little boys, the younger an infant, the elder a boy six years old. With that day's scenes, closed forever to William Cowper the joys of a happy home. The loss of a mother's love, at this tender age, to a child naturally despondent, painfully diffident, and at times subject to fits of melancholy, was peculiarly sad, and to him it proved an irreparable loss.

And now the scene changes, and from the once happy parsonage home little William is placed, that same year, in a large boarding-school in Hertfordshire. The poor, delicate, timid child had here various hardships to contend with, the chief of which seems to have been the cruel oppression of a rough, coarse boy of fifteen years of age. Of this tyrant he is said in after years only to have remembered his shoe-buckles, as he had never dared in his presence to look up. The tyrant's practices were at length discovered, and he was expelled from the school, and young Cowper was also removed from it.

But here again another misfortune awaits him, for it was about this time that he was seriously threatened with blindness, which necessitated his being placed for several years under the care of an eminent female oculist. Here he was treated in a manner more in accord with his sensitive nature.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to Westminster to school, then under the care of Dr. Nicholls. Soon after entering school again he was attacked with smallpox, and to the effects of this he himself attributed great relief to his eyes.

At Westminster he acquired great excellence in scholarship, as well as the personal acquaintance of a number of boys of his own age, who afterward became distinguished in the arena of life. Among these we may mention Lord Dartmouth, Warren Hastings, Cumberland, the dramatic writer and grandson of Bentley; Colman, and Churchill the poet; also Joseph Hill, to whom, in after life, he addressed some of his most pleasant letters and poems. He also excelled at this school in athletic games, and showed an appreciation of fun, but with it all there was a morbid sensitiveness, and at times deep depression of spirits, rare in one so young.

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He left Westminster in 1749 at the age of eighteen, and, as if destined from his childhood to tread the pathway of life through scenes most uncongenial to his sensitive nature, he was now put, against his will, to study law. He says of this that he was "constantly employed during this period (three years) in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying law." And here again awaited him another great trial of his life. Having constant intercourse with the two daughters of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, he became enamored of the younger, Theodora, who ardently returned his attachment. But for some reason, perhaps too near relationship, or perhaps Cowper's own idiosyncrasies, her father positively forbade their union, and so Cowper, through life, was destined to be deprived of the tenderest relations of woman's love, and the words wife, mother, and home were his only in the beautiful fancies of his poetic nature. The elder sister became Lady Hesketh, and was, through life, a warm friend of Cowper's, and in after years ministered very materially to his comforts.

And this brings us to the saddest period of Cowper's life, of which he writes in a poem addressed to Lady Hesketh—

"See me, ere yet my distant course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a world unknown;
See me, neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost."

This great dejection was brought on by the loss of his Theodora, and was greatly aggravated by his intense feeling of hatred to his present unchosen profession. He, however, concluded the term of his engagement with the solicitor, and entered the Inner Temple as a regular student of law. Here he remained until 1763, when an offer of a position as reading clerk in the House of Lords, and the consequent appearance in public in this and one or two other prominent positions then opening up to him, created so dreadful a conflict in his mind as to entirely overwhelm his faculties. This conflict between ambition and the terrors of diffidence was followed by a deep conviction of sin, especially of the atrocity of his aspiring to fill a position he felt he could not fill. Now, entirely unsettled in mind, he was placed by his friends for two years under the medical treatment of Dr. Cotton. Relief from the most fearful forebodings of sin at last came to him, from the study of the Epistle to the Romans, especially the verse—

"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." (Rom. iii. 25.)

This happy change is expressed in his beautiful hymn—

"How bless'd thy creature is, O God," etc.

At last, released from the trammels of a profession entirely unsuited to him, he gave himself up to a retired life and the pursuit of his one dearly loved occupation, that of an author.

After a few months of solitude, during which time he said, "He hired a servant because he would have a friend," and of his housekeeping, that "a joint of meat was an endless encumbrance," he was happily introduced into the family of the Unwins, at Huntingdon, fourteen miles from Cambridge. Mrs. Unwin was the MARY immortalized in his poems, and who for nearly thirty years so tenderly administered to his necessities as to make Cowper almost fancy that his own mother was restored to him. The pleasant influences of this family and the social enjoyment of friends met there, had much to do with suggesting the titles and even the matter of some of Cowper's best poems. Mrs. Unwin

died 1796, Cowper in 1800, just four years later, and during these years he again mourned the loss of a mother.

Any criticism of Cowper's literary productions, of either prose or poetry is not called for here, but we trust a greater interest in his writings may be created by this brief summary of his sad life. It will be specially interesting to find at what period and under what circumstances different pieces of his composition were written. Many of them will be found to be a true index to the varying vicissitudes of his life.

To this, we will append a paper on *Conversation*, included in Grimshawe's *Life of Cowper*, written on Thursday September 16, 1756, when he was twenty-five years of age, and during the period of his life, that he was so unwillingly pursuing the study of law, which he termed the "nonsense period."

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, home and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Wherein he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be surely blind
(He and his house are so combined)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

—*Cowper.*

WHOEVER looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he **seeks. We** love **ourselves** with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends **in like manner.**

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CONVERSATION.

"Your talk to decency and reason suit,
Nor prate like fools or gabble like a brute."

In the comedy of "The Frenchman in London," which, we are told, was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation, and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of "How do you do? How do you do?" Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently and stops very soon; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that as the English consist of very different humors, their manner of discourse admits of great variety; but the whole French nation converse alike, and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a valet-de-chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers in the Tuilleries. I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behavior as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion; there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarcely ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honors, and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavors to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens that those who most aim at shining in conversation overshoot their mark. Though a man succeed, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to another, rather than seize it ourselves, and drive it before us like a football. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company, and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our conversation than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the attitudinarians and face-makers, these accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins, and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master.

These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own person in the looking-glass, as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-scai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these, we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintances; though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers. And first, the emphatical, who squeeze and press and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*, which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty out of their own throats, and cram them with no less pain into the ears of their auditors.

These should be suffered only to syringe, as it were, the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing trumpet; though I must confess that I am equally offended with whisperers or low speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The wits who will not condescend to utter any thing but a bon-mot, and the whistlers or tune-hummers who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass—the bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier. The tattlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation" and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough, manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the half-swearers, who split and mince and fritter their oaths into *Gad's tut*, *ad's fish*, and *demme*: the Gothic humbuggers, and those who nickname God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation, nor dwell particularly on the sensibles who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the phraseologists, who explain a string *by all that*, or enter into particulars with *this*, *that*, and *t'other*; and lastly, the silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should, therefore, endeavor to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding. We should be very careful not to use them as the weapons

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of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is indeed imagined by some philosophers that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter, and that dogs and cats, etc., have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood notes as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants of High German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs; snarlers are curs, and the *spit-fire passionate* are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls, and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying are no better than asses; critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies. I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a dunghill cock; but as I must acquaint them that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly in his dying moments.

JESSE AND COLIN.

A Vicar died and left his Daughter poor—
It hurt her not, she was not rich before:
Her humble share of worldly goods she sold,
Paid every debt, and then her fortune told;
And found with youth and beauty, hope and health,
Two hundred guineas was her worldly wealth;
It then remained to choose her path in life,
And first, said Jesse, "Shall I be a wife?—
Colin is mild and civil, kind and just,
I know his love, his temper I can trust;
But small his farm, it asks perpetual care,
And we must toil as well as trouble share:
True, he was taught in all the gentler arts
That raise the soul and soften human hearts;
And boasts a parent, who deserves to shine
In higher classes, and I could wish her mine;
Nor wants he will his station to improve,
A just ambition waked by faithful love;

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Still is he poor—and here my Father's Friend
Deigns for his Daughter, as her own, to send:
A worthy lady, who it seems has known
A world of griefs and troubles of her own:
I was an infant when she came a guest
Beneath my father's humble roof to rest;
Her kindred all unfeeling, vast her woes,
Such her complaint, and there she found repose;
Enrich'd by fortune, now she nobly lives,
And nobly, from the bless'd abundance, gives;
The grief, the want, of human life she knows,
And comfort there and here relief bestows;
But are they not dependants?—Foolish pride!
Am I not honour'd by such friend and guide?
Have I a home? (here Jesse dropp'd a tear),
Or friend beside?"—A faithful friend was near.
Now Colin came, at length resolved to lay
His heart before her, and to urge her stay:
True, his own plow the gentle Colin drove,
An humble farmer with aspiring love;
Who, urged by passion, never dared till now,
Thus urged by fears, his trembling hopes avow:
Her father's glebe he managed; every year
The grateful Vicar held the youth more dear:
He saw indeed the prize in Colin's view,
And wish'd his Jesse with a man so true:
Timid as true, he urged with anxious air
His tender hope, and made the trembling prayer.
When Jesse saw, nor could with coldness see,
Such fond respect, such tried sincerity;
Grateful for favors to her father dealt,
She more than grateful for his passion felt;
Nor could she frown on one so good and kind,
Yet fear'd to smile, and was unfix'd in mind;
But prudence placed the Female Friend in view—
What might not one so rich and grateful do?
So lately, too, the good old Vicar died,
His faithful Daughter, must not cast aside
The signs of filial grief, and be a ready bride.
Thus, led by prudence, to the Lady's seat,
The Village-Beauty purposed to retreat;
But, as in hard-fought fields the victor knows
What to the vanquished he in honour owes,
So, in this conquest over powerful love,
Prudence resolved a generous foe to prove.
And Jesse felt a mingled fear and pain
In her dismission of a faithful swain,
Gave her kind thanks, and when she saw his woe,

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Kindly betray'd that she was loth to go;
"But would she promise, if abroad she met
A frowning world, she would remember yet
Where dwelt a friend?"—"That could she not forget."
And thus they parted; but each faithful heart
Felt the compulsion, and refused to part.

Now, by the morning mail the timid Maid
Was to that kind and wealthy Dame conveyed;
Whose invitation, when her father died,
Jesse as comfort to her heart applied;
She knew the days her generous Friend had seen—
As wife and widow, evil days had been;
She married early, and for half her life
Was an insulted and forsaken wife;
Widow'd and poor, her angry father gave,
Mix'd with reproach, the pittance of a slave;
Forgetful brothers pass'd her, but she knew
Her humbler friends, and to their home withdrew;
The good old Vicar to her sire applied
For help, and help'd her when her sire denied;
When in few years Death stalk'd through bower and hall,
Sires, sons, and sons of sons, were buried all,
She then abounded, and had wealth to spare
For softening grief she once was doom'd to share;
Thus train'd in misery's school, and taught to feel,
She would rejoice an orphan's woes to heal:—
So Jesse thought, who look'd within her breast,
And thence conceived how bounteous minds are bless'd.

From her vast mansion look'd the Lady down
On humbler buildings of a busy town;
Thence came her friends of either sex, and all
With whom she lived on terms reciprocal;
They pass'd the hours with their accustom'd ease,
As guests inclin'd, but not compell'd, to please;
But there were others in the mansion found,
For office chosen, and by duties bound;
Three female rivals, each of power possess'd,
Th' attendant Maid, poor Friend, and kindred Guest.

To these came Jesse, as a seaman thrown
By the rude storm upon a coast unknown:
The view was flattering, civil seem'd the race,
But all unknown the dangers of the place.

Few hours had pass'd, when, from attendants freed,
The Lady utter'd, "This is kind indeed;
Believe me, love! that I for one like you
Have daily pray'd, a friend discreet and true;
Oh! wonder not that I on you depend,
You are mine own hereditary friend:

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Hearken, my Jesse, never can I trust
Beings ungrateful, selfish, and unjust;
But you are present, and my load of care
Your love will serve to lighten and to share;
Come near me, Jesse—let not those below
Of my reliance on your friendship know;
Look as they look, be in their freedoms free,
But all they say do you convey to me.
* * * * * * * *
And I, when none your watchful glance deceive,
May make my Will, and think what I shall leave."
Jesse, with fear, disgust, alarm, surprise,
Heard of these duties for her ears and eyes;
Heard by what service she must gain her bread,
And went with scorn and sorrow to her bed.
Jane was a servant fitted for her place,
Experienced, cunning, fraudful, selfish, base;
Skill'd in those mean humiliating arts
That make their way to proud and selfish hearts;
By instinct taught, she felt an awe, a fear,
For Jesse's upright, simple character;
Whom with gross flattery she awhile assail'd,
And then beheld with hatred when it fail'd;
Yet, trying still upon her mind for hold,
She all the secrets of the mansion told;
And, to invite an equal trust, she drew
Of every mind a bold and rapid view;
But on the widow'd Friend with deep disdain,
And rancorous envy, dwelt the treacherous Jane:
In vain such arts;—without deceit or pride,
With a just taste and feeling for her guide,
From all contagion Jesse kept apart,
Free in her manners, guarded in her heart.
Jesse one morn was thoughtful, and her sigh
The Widow heard as she was passing by;
And—"Well!" she said, "is that some distant swain,
Or aught with us, that gives your bosom pain?
Come, we are fellow-sufferers, slaves in thrall,
And tasks and griefs are common to us all;
Think not my frankness strange; they love to paint
Their state with freedom, who endure restraint;
And there is something in that speaking eye
And sober mein that prove I may rely:
You came a stranger; to my words attend,
Accept my offer, and you find a friend;
It is a labyrinth in which you stray,
Come, hold my clue, and I will lead the way."
"Good Heav'n! that one so jealous, envious, base,

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Should be the mistress of so sweet a place;
She, who so long herself was low and poor,
Now broods suspicious on her useless store;
She loves to see us abject, loves to deal
Her insult round, and then pretends to feel:
Prepare to cast all dignity aside,
For know, your talents will be quickly tried;
Nor think, from favours past a friend to gain,—
'Tis but by duties we our posts maintain:
I read her novels, gossip through the town,
And daily go, for idle stories down;
I cheapen all she buys, and bear the curse
Of honest tradesmen for my niggard purse;
And, when for her this meanness I display,
She cries, 'I heed not what I throw away;'
Of secret bargains I endure the shame,
And stake my credit for our fish and game;
Oft has she smiled to hear 'her generous soul
Would gladly give, but stoops to my control:
Nay! I have heard her, when she chanced to come
Where I contended for a petty sum,
Affirm 'twas painful to behold such care
'But Issop's nature is to pinch and spare:'
Thus all the meanness of the house is mine,
And my reward—to scorn her, and to dine.
"See next that giddy thing, with neither pride
To keep her safe, nor principle to guide:
Poor, idle, simple flirt! as sure as fate
Her maiden-fame will have an early date:
Of her beware; for all who live below
Have faults they wish not all the world to know,
And she is fond of listening, full of doubt,
And stoops to guilt to find an error out.
"And now once more observe the artful Maid,
A lying, prying, jilting, thievish jade;
I think, my love, you would not condescend
To call a low, illiterate girl your friend:
But in our troubles we are apt, you know,
To lean on all who some compassion show;
And she has flexile features, acting eyes,
And seems with every look to sympathize;
No mirror can a mortal's grief express
With more precision, or can feel it less;
That proud, mean spirit, she by fawning courts
By vulgar flattery, and by vile reports;
And by that proof she every instant gives
To one so mean, that yet a meaner lives.
"Come, I have drawn the curtain, and you see

Your fellow-actors, all our company;
Should you incline to throw reserve aside,
And in my judgment and my love confide,
I could some prospects open to your view,
That ask attention—and, till then, adieu."
"Farewell!" said Jesse, hastening to her room,
Where all she saw within, without, was gloom;
Confused, perplex'd, she pass'd a dreary hour,
Before her reason could exert its power;
To her all seemed mysterious, all allied
To avarice, meanness, folly, craft, and pride;
Wearied with thought, she breathed the garden's air,
Then came the laughing Lass, and join'd her there.
"My sweetest friend has dwelt with us a week,
And does she love us? be sincere and speak;
My Aunt you cannot—Oh! how I should hate
To be like her, all misery and state;
Proud, and yet envious, she disgusted sees
All who are happy, and who look at ease.
Let friendship bind us, I will quickly show
Some favorites near us you'll be bless'd to know;
My aunt forbids it—but, can she expect,
To sooth her spleen, we shall ourselves neglect?
Jane and the Widow were to watch and stay
My free-born feet; I watch'd as well as they:
* * * * * * * *
"My freedom thus by their assent secured,
Bad as it is, the place may be endured;
And bad it is, but her estates, you know,
And her beloved hoards, she must bestow;
So we can slily our amusements take,
And friends of demons, if they help us, make."
"Strange creatures, these," thought Jesse, half inclined
To smile at one malicious and yet kind;
Frank and yet cunning, with a heart to love
And malice prompt—the serpent and the dove:
Here could she dwell? or could she yet depart?
Could she be artful? could she bear with art?—
This splendid mansion gave the cottage grace,
She thought a dungeon was a happier place:
And Colin pleading, when he pleaded best,
Wrought not such sudden change in Jesse's breast.
* * * * * * * * *
Days full of care, slow weary weeks pass'd on,
Eager to go, still Jesse was not gone;
Her time in trifling, or in tears, she spent,
She never gave, she never felt, content:
The Lady wonder'd that her humble guest

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Strove not to please, would neither lie nor jest;
She sought no news, no scandal would convey,
But walk'd for health, and was at church to pray:
All this displeased, and soon the Widow cried,
"Let me be frank—I am not satisfied;
You know my wishes, I your judgment trust;
You can be useful, Jesse, and you must:
Let me be plainer, child—I want an ear,
When I am deaf, instead of mine to hear;
When mine is sleeping let your eye awake;
When I observe not, observation take:
Alas! I rest not on my pillow laid,
Then threat'ning whispers make my soul afraid;
The tread of strangers to my ear ascends,
Fed at my cost, the minions of my friends;
While you, without a care, a wish to please,
Eat the vile bread of idleness and ease."

Th' indignant girl, astonish'd, answer'd—"Nay!
This instant, madam, let me haste away:
Thus speaks my father's, thus an orphan's friend?
This instant, lady, let your bounty end."

The Lady frown'd indignant—"What!" she cried,
"A vicar's daughter with a princess' pride
And pauper's lot! but pitying I forgive;
How, simple Jesse, do you think to live?
Have I not power to help you, foolish maid?
To my concerns be your attention paid;
With cheerful mind th' allotted duties take,
And recollect I have a Will to make."

Jesse, who felt as liberal natures feel,
When thus the baser their designs reveal,
Replied—"Those duties were to her unfit,
Nor would her spirit to her tasks submit."

In silent scorn the Lady sat awhile,
And then replied with stern contemptuous smile—

"Think you, fair madam, that you came to share
Fortunes like mine without a thought or care?
A guest, indeed! from every trouble free,
Dress'd by my help, with not a care for me;
When I a visit to your father made,
I for the poor assistance largely paid;
To his domestics I their tasks assigned,
I fix'd the portion for his hungry hind;
And had your father (simple man!) obeyed
My good advice, and watch'd as well as pray'd,
He might have left you something with his prayers,
And lent some color for these lofty airs.—

"In tears, my love! Oh, then my softened heart

Can not resist—we never more will part;
I need your friendship—I will be your friend,
And, thus determined, to my Will attend."
Jesse went forth, but with determined soul
To fly such love, to break from such control:
"I hear enough," the trembling damsel cried;
"Flight be my care, and Providence my guide:
Ere yet a prisoner, I escape will make;
Will, thus display'd, th' insidious arts forsake,
And, as the rattle sounds, will fly the fatal snake."
Jesse her thanks upon the morrow paid,
Prepared to go, determined though afraid.
"Ungrateful creature!" said the Lady, "this
Could I imagine?—are you frantic, Miss?
What! leave your friend, your prospects—is it true?"
This Jesse answer'd by a mild "Adieu!"
The dame replied, "Then houseless may you rove,
The starving victim to a guilty love.
* * * * * * * * * *
Relent you not?—speak—yet I can forgive;
Still live with me."—"With you!" said Jesse, "live?
No! I would first endure what you describe,
Rather than breathe with your detested tribe;
Who long have feign'd, till now their very hearts
Are firmly fix'd in their accursed parts;
Who all profess esteem, and feel disdain,
And all, with justice, of deceit complain;
Whom I could pity, but that, while I stay,
My terror drives all kinder thoughts away;
Grateful for this, that, when I think of you,
I little fear what poverty can do."
The angry matron her attendant Jane
Summon'd in haste to soothe the fierce disdain:—
"A vile detested wretch!" the Lady cried,
"Yet shall she be by many an effort tried,
And, clogg'd with debt and fear, against her will abide;
And, once secured, she never shall depart
Till I have proved the firmness of her heart:
Then when she dares not, would not, can not go
I'll make her feel what 'tis to use me so."
The pensive Colin in his garden stray'd,
But felt not then the beauties it display'd;
There many a pleasant object met his view,
A rising wood of oaks behind it grew;
A stream ran by it, and the village-green
And public road were from the garden seen:
Save where the pine and larch the bound'ry made,
And on the rose-beds threw a softening shade.

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The Mother sat beside the garden-door,
Dress'd as in times ere she and hers were poor;
The broad-laced cap was known in ancient days,
When madam's dress compell'd the village praise;
And still she look'd as in the times of old,
Ere his last farm the erring husband sold;
While yet the mansion stood in decent state,
And paupers waited at the well-known gate.
"Alas, my son!" the Mother cried, "and why
That silent grief and oft-repeated sigh?

* * * * * * * *

There is no mother, Colin, no, not one,
But envies me so kind, so good a son;
By thee supported on this failing side,
Weakness itself awakes a parent's pride:
I bless the stroke that was my grief before,
And feel such joy that 'tis disease no more;
Shielded by thee, my want becomes my wealth,
And, soothed by Colin, sickness smiles at health;
The old men love thee, they repeat thy praise,
And say, like thee were youth in earlier days;
While every village-maiden cries, 'How gay,
How smart, how brave, how good is Colin Grey!'
"Yet art thou sad; alas! my son, I know
Thy heart is wounded, and the cure is slow;
Fain would I think that Jesse still may come
To share the comforts of our rustic home:
She surely loved thee; I have seen the maid,
When thou hast kindly brought the Vicar aid—
When thou hast eased his bosom of its pain,
Oh! I have seen her—she will come again."
The Matron ceased; and Colin stood the while
Silent, but striving for a grateful smile;
He then replied—"Ah! sure, had Jesse stay'd,
And shared the comforts of our sylvan shade,
The tenderest duty and the fondest love
Would not have fail'd that generous heart to move;
A grateful pity would have ruled her breast,
And my distresses would have made me bless'd.
"But she is gone, and ever has in view
Grandeur and taste,—and what will then ensue?
Surprise and then delight in scenes so fair and new;
For many a day, perhaps for many a week,
Home will have charms, and to her bosom speak;
But thoughtless ease, and affluence, and pride,
Seen day by day, will draw the heart aside:
And she at length, though gentle and sincere,
Will think no more of our enjoyments here."

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Sighing he spake—but hark! he hears th' approach
Of rattling wheels! and, lo! the evening coach;
Once more the movement of the horses' feet
Makes the fond heart with strong emotion beat;
Faint were his hopes, but ever had the sight
Drawn him to gaze beside his gate at night;
And when with rapid wheels it hurried by,
He grieved his parent with a hopeless sigh;
And could the blessing have been bought—what sum
Had he not offer'd to have Jesse come!
She came—he saw her bending from the door,
Her face, her smile, and he beheld no more;
Lost in his joy—the mother lent her aid
T' assist and to detain the willing Maid;
Who thought her late, her present home to make,
Sure of a welcome for the Vicar's sake:
But the good parent was so pleased, so kind,
So pressing Colin, she so much inclined,
That night advanced; and then, so long detain'd,
No wishes to depart she felt, or feign'd;
Yet long in doubt she stood, and then perforce remain'd.
Here was a lover fond, a friend sincere;
Here was content and joy, for she was here:
In the mild evening, in the scene around,
The Maid, now free, peculiar beauties found;
Blended with village-tones, the evening gale
Gave the sweet night-bird's warblings to the vale:
The Youth, embolden'd, yet abash'd, now told
His fondest wish, nor found the maiden cold;
The Mother smiling whisper'd, "Let him go
And seek the license!" Jesse answer'd "No;"
But Colin went—I know not if they live
With all the comforts wealth and plenty give;
But with pure joy to envious souls denied,
To suppliant meanness and suspicious pride;
And village-maids of happy couples say,
"They live like Jesse Bourn and Colin Grey."

AN ORIENTAL WEDDING.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *February* 18, 1883.

Contrary to the old palace etiquette and Mohammedan usages, foreign ambassadors and other important Christian personages received invitations to attend the wedding of the Sultan's favorite daughter, which took place in the early part of last week. Hitherto no information could be obtained of these interesting ceremonies, and, although the out-door general rejoicings have been on such a scale that the foreign colony could not help knowing that something

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extraordinary was happening—the ceremony itself was a mystery to all strangers. The diplomatic corps were astonished and delighted at the same time, when some seven weeks ago they received their invitations. They were extremely original, being made of beaten silver instead of cardboard, having the wording printed in golden letters under the Imperial Tourah, and running thus:

> I am commanded by my August Master to invite you to the nuptials of the Princess Menehxeh, which will be solemnized at the Besiktash Palace, on Friday the 29th Ramazan, at four o'clock, a la Turque.
>
> HOUSSEIN,
> *Chamberlain.*

It will be seen from the above that no mention is made of the bridegroom, who, throughout the affair plays second fiddle, although in this case he is a gentleman of great promise. The Circassian influence has never been so great at the palace as it is just now, the Sultan's mother, or the "Royal Mother," as she is styled, being a Circassian, as are also His Majesty's wives and the officials surrounding him. The bridegroom, Hairy Bey, is of the same nationality, being the son of a mountain chief, who fought bravely and nobly against the Russian invaders. Young Hairy Bey is a colonel of lancers, and having received a liberal education under French and English professors, has always been in hot water.

Besiktash Palace, where the ceremony took place, is, without exception, the handsomest modern structure of the sort in the world. It is built on the water's edge, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, and is of Moresque style, the materials being variously colored marble. The exterior decorations consist of verses of the Koran chiselled into intricate patterns, each letter being worked in a different piece of marble, the whole appearing like a huge piece of embroidered drapery. The guests, on their arrival, were conducted to one of the pavilions surrounding the palace, where they were entertained for a short time by the Imperial Chamberlains and other high officials. Here the visitors were separated, the ladies having to go in one direction while the gentlemen went in another. While the new comers were being entertained in the pavilion mentioned above, one of the attendants called out the names of a family, and upon their following that official to the opposite door, they were met by eunuchs in glittering uniforms, armed to the teeth, who immediately took charge of the ladies, whom they conducted to the palace by one gate, while the gentlemen were met by the chamberlains and aids-de-camp of the Sultan, who accompanied them to the palace by quite a different entrance.

The female guests were taken to the harem quarters of the palace, and the gentlemen to the selamlik or male quarters. The ladies were first conducted to an ante-chamber where female musicians were playing Oriental tunes, while Turkish ballet girls, without whom no harem is complete, were dancing those graceful minuets for which they are so famed, and which we see depicted in almost every Eastern picture. Here refreshments of every description, European and Oriental, were served. There was to be seen every thing which the Parisian patisseur ever invented, while the native sweetmeats, sherbets, bonbons, and the inevitable thimble full of coffee, were being patronized by the harems of the Pashas and Ministers of State, who were arriving in quick succession, attended by their personal eunuchs.

When all the guests had arrived, the folding doors leading to the principal reception-room of the harem, capable of holding some two thousand persons, were thrown open, and a large number

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of female slaves dressed as soldiers made their appearance. Some represented the Albanians of the Sultan's body-guard, others wore the uniforms of the Circassian mountaineers, others again appeared as Zouaves, while others were clad in the flowing gowns of the desert Bedouins. These beautiful slaves who are in reality serving a sort of apprenticeship in the harem, previous to becoming favorites themselves, acted as ushers and conducted the ladies to the great reception-hall, preceded by the female musicians and dancing girls. This hall is of immense dimensions, the ceiling being exceedingly high and the windows large and numerous.

All eyes were now turned to a side-door, through which presently appeared the bride's procession. First came some fifty of the inevitable eunuchs, then the female slaves, closely followed by the bride, supported by her Circassian mother, and surrounded by maidens of her own age, of the best families of the Empire, strewing flowers on her path. All present arose to their feet except the Royal Mother, who received the Princess with great dignity, through which, however, could be seen the affection she bears her granddaughter. The bride, being in the harem, was unveiled. She wore a tight-fitting cream colored satin dress, with a train at least six yards in length, trimmed with point d'Alençon and ermine, the whole being studded with diamond stars of immense value. Around her neck was a necklace of enormous pearls, and on her head she wore a diadem similar to the one the Empress Eugenie used to wear on state occasions. Her hair was hanging loose, her shoes matched her dress, and with the exception of jewelry, her arms and hands were bare, gloves not being the fashion in Turkey.

It has been estimated that the Princess had on clothes and gems to the value of three quarters of a million of dollars, and no fairer maiden could have worn them. Princess Menehxeh is tall and graceful, of fair complexion, with beautiful large black eyes, a well-shaped hand and small feet, all pointed characteristics of the pure Circassian.

The attending maidens now approached and threw a veil over their mistress, who traversed the room, disappearing by the opposite entrance, leaving all her followers behind her except her mother and the eunuchs. The "Royal Mother" then arose, and, followed by every body present, rank taking precedence, entered a passage, at the end of which was a large round gallery. This gallery overlooked a circular hall of the selamlik, over which it was built, and from here the ladies of the harem could observe all that was going on below without being seen themselves. In this large hall, which is nothing less than the Sultan's throne-room, were all the male guests, talking, moving about, smoking, and refreshing themselves. The view from the gallery was magnificent. There were all the ministers of State, the officers, ambassadors, chamberlains, aids-de-camp, etc., etc., all in gala uniform. Mixing with these were the clergy in their beautiful white and yellow robes, red caps and green turbans, and representatives from every country over which His Majesty rules, each delegate wearing his national costume.

Shortly after the ladies had taken their positions in the gallery the Grand Chamberlain entered from a door leading to the Sultan's private apartments, saying, "*Padishah Kelior*"—"the Sultan cometh"—and immediately after him came His Majesty, who was about the only person present not in uniform, although he wore the grand cordon of the Imtyaz. He advanced to the throne, the spectators bowing and salaaming. The Grand Chamberlain then presented

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the foreign ambassadors and other guests with several of whom His Majesty entered into conversation.

After a short delay, the doors leading to the harem were opened and the heralds announced the approach of the bride, who entered surrounded by eunuchs and accompanied by her mother, both being closely veiled. At the same moment and from a contrary direction advanced the bridegroom, Hairy Bey, in the Circassian uniform of Aid-de-Camp, accompanied by his father, the Minister of War, and many brother officers. The two processions arrived in front of the throne simultaneously. The bearer of the Imperial seals now advanced, and in a loud voice read the Sultan's irade, conferring the Grand Cordon of the Osmaniyeh upon Hairy Bey, which immediately transformed him into Hairy Pasha. The reading over, the officers of the same order approached the bridegroom, and fixed the diamond star on his breast and the wide scarlet ribbon over his shoulder.

The wedding ceremony was exceedingly simple and was as follows: The Sheick-ul-Islam, or chief of the Mahommedan church, approached the throne, exchanging a salaam with His Majesty, whose equal he is supposed to be. He then took the left hand of the bride in his left, and the right hand of the groom in his right, remaining thus for some minutes praying fervently in a subdued voice, after which he said, "Hairy, son of Kiamil, thou art the husband of Menehxeh, daughter of Hamid; thou art the lawful wife of Hairy, son of Kiamil, obey him." A priest produced a little gold tray, on which were bread and salt, and the Sheick-ul-Islam, after blessing these, offered them to the bridegroom and bride, saying, "May there be plenty under your roof."

The ceremony terminated by his tearing a parchment, on which were verses of the Koran, in two and giving one piece to each of the contracting parties. The verses on this document are so arranged that the bridegroom receives the piece containing those out of the Koran defining a husband's duties toward his wife, who receives verses referring to her dnties to her husband.

Every body present said "*Padishah tzok yasha*," "Long live the Sultan," the bride was hurried away by her eunuchs, the Sultan turned to his apartments, and the reception came to an end, not, however, before the guests had congratulated the happy bridegroom. He will not be allowed to see his wife for twenty-five days, during which the public festivities will be held at the expense of the palace, where amusement and food can be had free of cost by the faithful.—*The Press.*

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek ?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

—*Milton.*

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

BY ALICE KING.

CHAPTER III.

The heiress had, in very deed, arrived at last. Miss Nancy had smoothed her mind, greatly discomposed by the late mischance, by speaking the right words in the right place. True, they did not sound so well the second time as they did the first, but then Miss Nancy consoled herself with the thought that they were at least new to Miss Ringwood. That young lady did not seem to trouble herself much about the form or nature of the salutation that she received; she was chiefly occupied in examining whether her train had been at all soiled or damaged on her journey. Almost immediately after Ella's arrival, Miss Nancy had discovered, to her extreme discomfiture, the terrible fact of her cap being on the wrong side in front. She had received the first hint of the truth from a smile on the face of the housemaid who came to carry in the luggage of the guest. Something had told her that it concerned her own august person, and then the glass over the mantel-piece, when she took Miss Ringwood into the drawing-room, had revealed to her the whole horrid truth. Hereupon she had made a hasty retreat to the privacy of her own room, and ushered Ella to hers.

Ella was just going to throw herself into the easy chair which, as if in a fairy tale, she found awaiting her, according to her so lately-expressed wish, when she was stopped by a vision of beauty which suddenly met her eyes. Her room opened into another room, and there, in the doorway, with the fire-light playing rosy games around her, with her cheeks all glowing like midsummer roses as the warm air of the house touched them after the chill evening breeze, with her rich brown hair, which she was rearranging, falling in silken waves on her shoulders, with her slight, flexible form clasped by a glittering steel girdle, with her eyes all alight with eagerness, with her red lips all flickered about with smiles, stood a girl. The two remained motionless, gazing at each other for several moments, then one said—

"Are you Ella Ringwood?"

And the other cried, "Are you Ruby Stanton?"

After that, as by a sweet, simultaneous movement, each drew close to each, and their lips met in a kiss. Then they looked at one another again, and, as if prompted by a common feeling, both burst into a little ripple of laughter. The fact was, each was struck at the same moment with an absurd thought.

"I was quite sure you would be like a grand, dark Italian lady," exclaimed Ruby, "because I had heard you had Italian blood in your veins."

"And I was positive you would be short and stout, and have flaming red hair," said Ella.

Then they broke into merriment again at the ludicrous unlikeness to herself of the picture which the other had conjured up; but their mirth was quickly silenced by the sound of the dinner-bell, and before they quite knew where they were, they were sitting at the table between Mr. and Miss Lindhurst.

Miss Nancy found that first meal with her two new inmates, if truth must be told, rather a heavy task. As a matter of course, the heiress had to be flattered and petted, but unfortunately she did

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not seem to appreciate the operation. Equally, as a matter of course, Ruby, whom Miss Nancy had already ticketed in her own mind as "a very uppish young person," had to be snubbed and kept under; but she also, unluckily, was apparently quite indifferent to the process. Then there was Matthew, who looked sour every time that a dish was handed to the young ladies before himself, and would not get up the smallest scrap of conversation, leaving the ball of talk to be set rolling by Miss Nancy's tongue alone.

"I dare say you are very tired with your journey, dear," said Miss Nancy, sympathetically, to Ella.

"No, I don't know that I am at all," answered Miss Ringwood, placidly. "I wrapped myself in my fur cloak, and made myself very comfortable the whole way with my feet on a hot-water tin. I hardly knew that time was slipping on; I think I was half asleep."

"Did you sleep during the journey?" cried Ruby. "O! I was so very wide awake, and so amused with every thing every minute; I suppose it was because I have been so little used to traveling."

"Rather you had had the amusement than me this cold, wet weather," said Mr. Lindhurst dryly.

"Besides," went on Ruby, heedless of the wet blanket which the last words had flung over her, "besides, in the second-class carriage with me there was a poor, pale, sickly woman, with a very restless baby. The child seemed too much for her, so I took it and danced it and played with it and amused it half the way. O! it is so nice to feel that you are ever such a little bit useful to any one."

"If I had been in your place I would have just left the woman and her brat alone," grumbled the old gentleman; "I never see any profit in bothering yourself with the plagues and worries of other people; it's much better to leave your neighbors to bear their own share."

A cloud of perplexity came into Ruby's bright eyes; she had thought she had said what was right, but here was an old man blaming the feelings which she had so simply expressed.

"But is it not always a good thing to do what we can to help others?" she said, timidly; "I hope you and Miss Lindhurst will let me often do something for you."

The old gentleman gave a very ungracious sort of grunt, which might have been regarded either as an assent or a negative. Miss Nancy turned on Ruby a stony glance, and tried to look as if she had not heard a word she said. She considered that the girl was talking a deal more than suited her position, and thought that Matthew was encouraging her; whereupon she made a little memorandum in her mind for a lecture on the subject to be administered to that gentleman by-and-by when the young ladies were gone to bed.

Poor little Ruby felt chilled and disheartened at the way in which her first friendly overtures in her new home were received. She had so hoped that this change in her life would open to her a gate into that fair upward road which she so longed to enter upon; she had conjured up such bright kindly pictures of the old man and his sister to whom she was going; she had so wanted to find friends and guides in them; and now they met her in this way. What a difficult thing life is, she thought, with a little sigh, and her pretty brown eyes fell dejectedly to her plate. While she sat thus she did not know the old gentleman's glance rested on her for a moment with a touch of softness in it.

Ella's easy good temper, however, brought Ruby a gleam of comfort.

"Ruby shall do as much as she likes toward helping me in every thing I do,"

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she said smiling; "that is to say, if ever I do any thing that wants help; but, after all, I am not much given to undertaking things in which I want assistance."

"Quite right, my dear," said Miss Nancy; "I'm sure repose in every thing is most ladylike."

In the drawing-room after dinner poor Ruby found herself no better off than she had been in the dining-room. Miss Nancy made a grand show and parade of bringing out a very large knitting-basket filled with all sorts of wool, and gravely took a half-finished stocking into her hand, but soon fell most comfortably and soundly asleep. Miss Ringwood made not the faintest attempt at any semblance of employment, but followed the elder lady's example so far that she flung herself into an arm-chair, and seemed very much inclined for slumber. Ruby wandered about the room rather aimlessly, like a bird who can find no place on which to rest; until at length she came to a standstill before a tall, well-filled bookcase. The girl was a great book-lover; she had never had an opportunity of satisfying a quarter of her hunger for reading; with eager, hasty eyes she devoured the titles of the many volumes before her, and as the thought shaped itself within her that she should now have perhaps leisure to become acquainted with all of these new friends one after another, a little cry of joy escaped her.

"Goodness gracious, child, what is the matter?" cried Miss Nancy, awaking up at the sound with a start, and awaking in no sweet temper, as is often the case with elderly ladies who are caught by slumber unawares in their chairs. Then carrying on the fiction, also generally observed by the said ladies, of "never having been asleep at all," she added, "How can you disturb me so over my work."

"O, Ruby! how can you make such a noise?" said Ella, in a drowsy murmur.

"It was only that I was so pleased to see so many books all at once," stammered the culprit; and then her hasty temper coming to the front, she added with hot cheeks, "I don't think I did any harm, after all."

"You don't think," retorted Miss Nancy; "you will please to think as I do, Ruby Stanton, now that you are come to live in my house."

"O, do let her enjoy her books, as long as she does not trouble any one else and vex and weary their brains as well," said good-natured Ella, who had already a sort of liking for her pretty little companion.

With a great effort Ruby kept back the angry words which were fast rising to her lips in answer to Miss Nancy; she took down one of the books, and was soon for a while far away from her surroundings.

Yes, she was far away from all about her while she read. Yet that night when all the house was still, and she was alone in the silence of her own room, a great sense of desolation came over the orphan, and tears fell thick and fast on her pillow. Then, as if brought by an angel watching somewhere near, the sweet words, "Our Father which art in heaven," rose to her lips, and she repeated them over and over till she fell asleep, and dreamt that she was with her mother, and that she heard her say,

"I told them to call you, Ruby, because I would have you so shine before men that one day you may be a jewel in the crown of the dear Lord above."

Ruby had thought life a hard, difficult thing that first evening when she sat at dinner at Larcombe Priory, and though her lively nature and busy fancy brought her many a radiant gleam of sunshine which none of her surroundings could dim, she continued to find it a hard and

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difficult matter throughout all the early days of her sojourn in her new home. Miss Lindhurst's narrow sympathies and confirmed habit of bringing every thing and every one about her under one standard of her own setting up, made her look with distrust and dislike on whatever was new and different from her own limited experiences. She had known nothing of girls since she was a girl herself, and like many other people, she only used the memories of those distant days as a text to discourse about the faults of the present time, forgetting that every era has its share of good and evil. Besides this, Ruby Stanton was no common girl to deal with, and Miss Nancy entirely mistook and misunderstood her character. Ruby was eager and enthusiastic about every thing that she liked; Miss Nancy carefully damped the girl's warmth, and called her actions unbecoming and unladylike. It was Ruby's way to speak out all she thought and felt; Miss Nancy chose to declare this mere impertinence and forwardness, and deemed it her solemn duty to set her down. Ruby, like many a girl before and since, was inclined to hold extreme opinions on different points and to rush headlong into conclusions; Miss Nancy, instead of teaching her gently to restrain and moderate her ideas, and to direct and use well her superfluous energies, merely ignored all this part of her disposition, and called it all stuff and folly.

Thus it came to pass that poor little Ruby's path was sown with many a prickle; she wanted very much to be good, but her surroundings put such terrible hindrances in her way. All the sharpness of her temper, and all the unevennesses of her character were somehow brought to light by her intercourse with Miss Nancy, and she appeared to be always living in a pepper-box of hot angry words and feelings. She was generally sorry when she had given way to any unusual burst of passion, but there was something about Miss Nancy which entirely prevented the girl going up to her and asking for pardon and a kiss, as she would have done assuredly had that lady been cast in a different and more sympathetic mold.

With Ella Ringwood, Ruby got on better, but the characters of the two girls were so entirely opposite in every thing, that there could not fail to be frequent jars between them. Ruby proposed that they should study various things together; Ella acceded to the plan in her indolent good-natured way. But when the mutual lessons began the result was anything but harmony. Ella would cause the reading to be carried on in her own room, while she was engaged in what seemed to be her favorite employment of looking over and arranging her clothes and ornaments; an employment which, somehow, appeared to be of a most interminable nature, for no sooner had Miss Ringwood lodged some article of dress safely and comfortably in a certain drawer or wardrobe, than the unlucky garment had again to change its place of abode and seek a home elsewhere. Miss Ella, too, was apparently always holding a perpetual review of all her cuffs, collars, and pocket-handkerchiefs, one of which was certain to be missing, and Ruby, in the middle of some passage of thrilling interest in history or poetry, would be loudly called upon to come and institute a search after the truant, which never failed to be found just under Miss Ringwood's plump white hands. If Ella could be got to sit down, and promise to give her undivided attention to a book, she was quite sure, in five minutes, to begin to yawn, in ten to begin to fidget, and in twenty to have glided into a comfortable doze.

Miss Ringwood pronounced walking a dreadful bore; she had a pony-carriage kept for her, and it was a grand joy for

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Ruby when she was allowed to drive her friend out in it; but this was seldom, for Miss Nancy generally insisted on being of the party, and always screamed at the mere idea of intrusting her precious person to Ruby's coachmanship. Ruby had a clear, silvery voice, and a correct musical ear, but when she played or sang Miss Nancy said it made her head ache, and Ella stated roundly and plainly that she hated music, thus cutting off another direction in which Ruby's tastes and hers might have met.

When Ella showed evident inattention to her reading, or slumbered through it, Ruby was certain to get cross and petulant about it; and thus many a wrangling word was spoken by her, before she well knew it had left her lips. As for Ella, she never answered with a volley of indignant expressious, as most other girls would have done. Instead of that she met all Ruby said with a calm indifference that made Miss Stanton feel as if all her scolding was only like beating with her little warm hands against a marble wall. Ruby would sometimes stop, at last, almost out of breath, and tossing the book to the other end of the room, begin to cry.

Yet in spite of the many storms which arose between them, the two girls were in a certain way fond of each other; Ella's sweet, placid temper gave her always something of loveliness, which little Ruby was not slow to feel; and on the other hand Ella had a genuine, pretty admiration for Ruby's beauty, and a lazy appreciation of her talents. They would have many a quiet little confidential chat together, and many an April laugh and sob in each other's arms; and they held many a bedroom parliament in which they expressed their opinions pretty freely about Miss Nancy and her proceedings; for though that lady was always flattering and petting the heiress, Miss Ringwood regarded her with no greater affection than Ruby did. They were a winsome picture when together, as they sat in the firelight, Ruby's glowing cheek resting on Ella's shoulder. At such moments Ruby would strive to lead her friend's mind up to higher things, but, as yet, Ella's heart knew little of the light which lighteth the world.

Mr. Lindhurst began, after a certain time, to show a sort of liking for Ruby. He continued to say words of cold withering selfishness, which it chilled the girl to listen to; and showed her, most plainly, that he considered the well-being of Mr. Matthew Lindhurst the most important matter in the world; yet, still, Ruby got into the habit of doing little daughter-like services for the old man, and he, of first tolerating such attentions from her, and then thanking her in a sort of ungracious, grumbling fashion. Now and then his eyes would rest on the girl with an almost kindly gleam in them, and once or twice he laid his hand for a moment on her pretty head. Miss Nancy was not slow to notice all this, and was not slow either to express her royal disapproval; but her brother heeded no more what she said on the subject than he would have done the constant jangle of a cracked bell.

Thus things went on at Larcombe Priory until, some two months after the arrival of the girls, a circumstance happened which terribly perplexed and annoyed Miss Nancy. One morning, as they sat at breakfast, the letters were brought in as usual. Now the arrival of the post at Larcombe Priory was never a very interesting event to any one; Ella, it is true, now and then got a letter from an old schoolfellow, and Miss Nancy one from a maiden lady in Exeter, detailing all the most recent ill-natured gossip of the town about the writer's neighbors, all of which was taken by Miss Nancy as a relish to her cup of tea. As for poor little Ruby, she never received

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a letter, for the simple reason that no one cared enough about her to write to her; and as for Mr. Lindhurst, he did not care enough for any one to keep up a correspondence with them, so that the post never brought him any thing more important than an occasional circular.

On the morning in question, however, Mr. Lindhurst did apparently get a letter, which was one of very deep interest and importance: that is to say, if his troubled, thoughtful face and absorbed manner, while he was reading it, and afterward as he sat with it in his hand, may be considered as a proof of such a fact; he spoke no word about its contents, so those around him could only judge from these outward signs. Now Miss Nancy's eyes were most eagerly and curiously fixed on her brother the moment he began to show these marks of something unusual being in the letter he was reading, and Miss Nancy's inquiring mind was all on fire to know what it could possibly be about. She got up and fidgeted round him, ostensibly because she wanted to help herself to different things on the table, but, in reality, because she wanted to get a peep at the mysterious letter; but Mr. Lindhurst's hand, whether from design or accident, hid even the envelope from her sight. At last her curiosity could stand it no longer, and she said:

"Why, Matthew, whatever is in that letter?"

"Only a little matter of business," he answered shortly. Then he arose and left the room.

"Gracious me, what can it be?" cried Miss Nancy, turning to Ella.

But that young lady took scanty interest in Mr. Lindhurst or any of his proceedings; she did not see any thing very remarkable in the old gentleman having a matter of business in hand in which Miss Nancy was not concerned. She had been too much occupied with her breakfast to notice Matthew Lindhurst's manner as he read the letter, so she answered carelessly, with a little yawn:

"I really can't guess, perhaps it's some letter about money." Then Miss Ringwood began some other subject of talk.

Miss Nancy made it a point of duty never to draw Ruby into the conversation. She always treated her like an inferior and a dependent, so she said nothing to her about the letter; had she done so, however, she would have found that the girl, unlike Ella, had observed the old man's singular manner while he was reading it, and the kindly feeling which was springing up between Mr. Lindhurst and herself made her fear that he had received some bad or at least unpleasant and unexpected news. As neither Miss Nancy, however, nor any one spoke to her on the subject, this idea only passed lightly through her mind. Soon after breakfast, she and Ella went out for a drive in the pony-carriage without Miss Nancy, and in the pleasurable excitement which this caused her, little Ruby quickly forgot all about Mr. Lindhurst's letter.

But not so with Miss Nancy. Her mind was devoured by flames of curiosity, and flames of anger, too, for she was very indignant with her brother for keeping any thing secret from her. When the old gentleman went out she glided into his study, and began an eager search for the mysterious letter; her sense of honor not being particularly delicate, she would have read it most certainly if she could have found it. But though she opened every unlocked receptacle for papers in the room, she could discover no trace of it; so she had to stifle her injured feelings with her curiosity.

To be Continued.

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LOUIS VII OF FRANCE.

Kings and queens, though they stand, as it were, upon a pedestal which renders both their faults and their virtues conspicuous, are not always remarkable people in themselves, and yet as links in the chain of history each one must possess a certain kind of importance.

Louis VII of France, as a private individual, would in all probability have been one of those very ordinary men whose lives are molded by their circumstances. Even as a king he, perhaps, figures most largely as the unfortunate husband of Eleanora of Aquitaine, and his whole life seems but a sad illustration of the evils that may—nay must—result from ill-assorted unions among the highest as well as the lowest, and the prolonged woes which are often brought upon a nation by the domestic disturbances of royalty; for many of the wars and jealousies between England and France in after years may be clearly traced to this period and cause.

France was not in those days as we see it now on the maps, nor as it had been in the days of Charlemagne, but only a small half of it, and out of that came several large independent provinces. Nor was this all. Even the part called the kingdom of France was subruled by petty princes scarcely less powerful than the sovereign himself, the management and control of whom required a vast amount of wisdom and discretion. The father of our present sketch is most highly spoken of as possessing these needful qualities. He was called at that time Louis the "Wide-Awake," and had been brought up in the monastery of St. Denis where he had for his fellow-student the learned Suger, his own and his son's life-long counselor. This monarch did not direct to a distance from home his ambition and his efforts; "it was within his own dominion, to check the violence of the strong against the weak, to put a stop to the quarrels of the strong amongst themselves, to make an end, in France at least, of unrighteousness and devastation, and to establish there some sort of order and justice, that he displayed his energy and perseverance."

Such was the father of Louis VII, and we can easily imagine the tender, anxious care he would bestow upon the son who was to succeed him on the throne. How little he dreamed that one of the last acts of his life would be the cause of that son's greatest misery and misfortune.

Louis le Jeune was one day summoned into his father's private audience hall, some ambassadors from the Duke of Aquitaine having just departed. He was surprised to find the old gentleman in a most jubilant humor. After a cordial paternal greeting, he bade him sit beside him and hear the good news in store for him and France. "Knowest thou, fair son, the goodly domain of Aquitaine? What thinkest thou of adding it to thine own possessions by no greater sacrifice than accepting a lovely young bride?"

A startled look of surprise passed over the young man's face. Among royal personages whose marriages are almost always governed in great measure if not entirely by policy, it must ever be a dreaded subject.

"Duke William has wisdom worthy of his years," the king continued. "He would fain, he says, before his death bestow the hand of his granddaughter and heiress on one worthy of her, and thou wilt, as her husband, unite once more under one head, poor dismembered France."

"But Father," the prince questioned with slow uncertainty, "will they submit

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to a foreign ruler even though he be husband to their lady?"

The king gazed steadily into his son's eyes for a moment and turned away with a shade of disappointment. Not much of his own self-reliant, determined spirit he saw there; would he indeed be able to win and hold the rich acquisition? If such a golden opportunity had but come a generation sooner, but—Louis was a dutiful son and a most devout Christian; when he himself no longer lived, the boy must depend on the help of the Lord and the faithful Suger. Thinking thus the father answered slowly, "The Barons of Aquitaine agree to the marriage on condition that the consent of the princess be obtained, and now it rests with *you* to win the maiden who brings so pleasant a dower."

"And suppose she please me not," quoth the prince still doubtfully, "must I needs wed her nevertheless, for the good of France?"

"What more canst thou ask, man?' demanded the sire a little impatiently;' "they say there is none more beautiful in all the realm than this same southern-born maid. However, we will take counsel with Suger; he may be able to settle thy doubtful mind. But know, when thou art ready to go and bring back thy bride, thou shalt command the best of my kingdom for thy retinue."

Louis might truly have said, "the half was not told me," when he stood in presence of the lady of Aquitaine. Under the severe rule of St. Bernard, and the rigid tutorship of Suger, the young prince had grown up in the palace as in a convent, turning away with a monk's asceticism from the very thought of woman. But few proved callous to the charms of Eleanora of Aquitaine, when she chose to exert them. Young in years, scarce fifteen, but marvelously beautiful, and with that almost magical gift of fascination that gave her such power all through life, no wonder the young Louis showed no further reluctance in carrying out his father's wishes.

And what of Eleanora? With the hot southern blood in her veins, born and raised in the land of the troubadours, idolized by her gay pleasure-loving people, was she too, satisfied with the husband chosen for her? Was there any thing in the simply attired, self-repressed, grave looking young man to attract the poetic fancy of the maiden? Or, had ambition already begun to stir her young heart? Was it simple acquiescence, because nothing more desirable presented itself at the moment; or was it the desire to be queen of all fair France that induced her to profess herself pleased with the interview? Who can tell! Suffer the future to be still a sealed book, and let the old grandfather, Duke William of Aquitaine, and the brave, discreet king of France die in peace, hugging to their patriotic souls the bright dream—France is one, no more strife and division, the glory of Charlemagne has dawned again.

The father of the young prince kept his promise, and a brilliant embassy, composed of more than five hundred lords and noble knights, with the king's own intimate adviser, Suger, at their head, accompanied him to Aquitaine, where the ceremony was to take place. At the moment of departure his father gave him his blessing, little recking he would see his face no more. "May the strong hand of God Almighty, by whom kings reign, protect thee, my dear son, both thee and thine." And so young Louis went on his way to meet his fate.

The rejoicing of the marriage-feasts, the ducal crowning of the youthful bridegroom with all its attendant gayeties, in that land where every thing was made the minister of pleasure, and above all, the irresistible effect of intercourse with his gay, pleasure-loving bride, had well nigh made a different man of Louis.

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When, on the way back to his own capital, he met at Poitiers the messenger who brought him the dying words of his now deceased sire: "Tell him," he said, "to remember that royalty is a public trust, for the exercise of which a rigorous account will be exacted by Him who has the sole disposal of crowns and scepters."

On the morbidly conscientious mind of Louis VII, these words made a deep impression. His young queen could not again tempt him into the gay frivolities she so dearly loved, and he returned to his palace steadily purposed to carry out all his father's good works, and to maintain the strict regime which that monarch had established at court. Of the years that follow in their wedded life we know but little. We can easily imagine that Eleanora sorely fretted against the enforced dullness and irksome severity of her palace home, and it may be, Louis did not show the forbearance he should to her so different temperament. At any rate, we know she must gladly have welcomed the time of her yearly visits to her hereditary domains. There, among her own people, she could be her natural self, and accept the homage all were ready to give. From all accounts, Louis really gave her his young heart's first affection, and though he would not, to please her, relax one iota in the austerity by which he regulated his own life, some historians attribute to her influence his disagreement with the Pope in 1142, and the war with Theobald II, Count of Champagne. This war resulted in the siege and burning of Vitry, and led to more far-reaching consequences than any anticipated, for the fire unfortunately reaching the church, it was entirely consumed, with thirteen hundred men, women, and children who had taken refuge there.

For this accident King Louis felt a most lively sorrow and sincere repentance. Yet all his penances appeared to bring no comfort to his soul, and his longing desire to find something to do, whereby he might expiate his sin and make his peace with Heaven, prepared him for the second Crusade, which soon after began to be preached in France and Germany.

"You will come with me and hear the Abbot of Clairvaux to-day, will you not?" Louis said to the Queen, looking at her with an anxious, deprecating expression. He could not but know she had small love for these things, but she generally complied with his openly expressed wishes. So she sat beside him when the revered St. Bernard took his place to address the assembled grandees and people. A careless listener she promised to be, but none could remain careless under this most eloquent man of his time. Scarcely conscious of her fixed attention, her mind took fire from his burning zeal, and suddenly possessed with the romantic idea of a female crusader, to the surprise of all, she knelt beside the king while St. Bernard bestowed on each the sacred cross.

It was an evil hour for France and for Louis when he and Eleanora listened to the irresistible eloquence of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. He must have felt this himself when his honest friend, Suger, so strongly opposed his going. Not that the abbot did not believe, as every body did in those days, that the holy war was a needful and meritorious work, but he felt that the king was needed at home, while some one else might lead the crusading army. And Louis must have felt still more apprehensive when he saw to what lengths the queen's intemperate zeal was leading her, appearing in public with the ladies of her court all attired in Amazonian costume.

But every thing gave way before the resistless fervor of a new crusade, and they started on the expedition, leaving Suger in charge of the government.

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It is needless to follow them through their various adventures. Although apparently planned with the greatest deliberation and judgment, and though there was no lack of bravery in leaders or soldiers, the crusade was an utter failure. The fair Eleanora and her bevy of Amazons, were no doubt responsible in part for Louis's share of it, as they were a continual hindrance, with their inconvenient abundance of baggage, their need of protection and care, and their willful fancies, and Louis was not one of those indomitable men who sweep all difficulties out of the way, and carry their point in spite of obstacles. One incident may serve as illustrative. At one point on their journey, as night approached, Louis sent forward the queen and her ladies escorted by his choicest troops, to select a camping ground for the night, bidding them be careful to choose the high positions above the valley. The king not finding them where he expected, was thrown into the greatest consternation and immediately started with the rest of the army in search of the missing party. Marching hither and thither, they were attacked by swarms of Arabs, lost all their baggage and provisions and seven thousand lives, only escaping with his own by almost incredible feats of bravery, and all because Eleanora, instead of obeying his injunctions, had insisted upon halting in a lovely romantic valley. At any rate, they were not thereafter so much encumbered with baggage, but all these disasters which she had brought upon her husband do not seem, very greatly, to have disturbed Queen Eleanora. Her frivolities reached a climax at Antioch, where her unseemly conduct exasperated the king beyond endurance. "She was," says William of Tyre, "a very inconsiderate woman, caring little for royal dignity or conjugal fidelity; she took great pleasure in the court of Antioch, where she also conferred much pleasure, even upon Musselmen, and when the king, her husband, spoke to her of her approaching departure, she emphatically refused to go."

There is scarcely a doubt that her handsome uncle, Raymond of Poitiers, at that time Prince of Antioch, encouraged her in this rebellion for selfish purposes. He wanted the assistance of Louis in some of his own ambitious designs before he proceeded on his way, and when persuasion failed, tried this method of detaining him. Great, indeed, was the surprise of the imperious beauty, when her irate lord took the matter in his own hand. Hurrying her out of Antioch one night "with slight leave-taking," he decamped for Jerusalem, the goal of all his hopes, whence he had received most urgent messages.

From that time, all affection seems to have been at an end between the royal pair. As the chronicler says, "They both hid their wrath as much as possible, but at heart they had ever this outrage." Eleanora was burning with indignation at her husband's unwonted severity, and it would appear never made any effort at reconciliation.

If it was true, as William of Nangis says, that Louis loved his beautiful queen "with an almost excessive love," we can better understand how he had no heart for any thing afterward. And though loth to return with so little accomplished for the holy land, he at length yielded to the earnest entreaties of Suger, and turned his face homeward.

Letters written by Louis during his absence from France, declare his intention of procuring a divorce immediately on his return, but he was probably deterred from it by those who coveted for France the queen's fair dower. And so they seem to have lived two or three years of dreary estrangement. The queen, although treated with all due

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honor, was kept in considerable personal restraint, and not allowed to visit her hereditary dominions. But when his jealousy was again aroused by her too evident partiality for Henry Plantagenet, no considerations of self-interest or country's weal could weigh with him. He accepted the plea of consanguinity suggested by herself, and almost at the very moment when Suger, the faithful friend and adviser lay dying, the marriage of Louis and Eleanora of Aquitaine was annulled. Eleanora, in a very short time, married Henry of Normandy, after ward King of England, and transferred to him the rich provinces of her possession.

Louis himself married twice afterward, first Constance of Castile, and after her death, Alice, sister to the Earl of Champagne.

From this time we find but little to record in the life of Louis VII. Most o his after life was occupied with unprofitable wars, pacifications and wars again with Henry II of England.

No doubt King Louis deeply felt the death of Suger, and must have sadly missed his counsels always. His son, Philip Augustus, although only fifteen at the time of his father's death, had already been crowned and married, and early gave unmistakable evidence of a vigorous reign.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We can not measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows.
And over and over again
The pondrous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

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The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

A WALPURGISNIGHT.

[CONTINUED.]

"In the skiff," said the water-wagtail, in a clear soprano voice, which now and then sank to low, soft tones, "sat three young girls in snow-white dresses, with wreathes in their hair. The loveliest of them all gazed into the distance out of dark eyes which now and again flashed proudly. When she smiled she showed her white teeth, which gleamed like the pearls that lie imprisoned in the shells, away down under the deep, mysterious sea. Long, golden curls hung around her head like a halo; she resembled a water-sprite with the green leaves in her hair. The swans followed the skiff, and craned their long, slender necks in their endeavors to reach the red roses the girls threw upon the water; it was a beautiful picture."

"Swans should be proud, for they rule over the waves and are princes among all other aquatic fowls, and yet they follow the enticing hand of man," muttered the eagle; "but continue, water-wagtail, you relate quite intelligibly."

The water-wagtail smiled, hopped from one foot to the other—could any of the others boast of having yet received such a compliment from his majesty—and talked on in a still more affected manner.

"They chatted away merrily in the skiff, and did not weary of being rocked by the waves. They also sang a song, but it had a mournful sound, for it was a song of parting. A slender hand glided into the water, which flowed round it and kissed it caressingly with its wet lips. I saw it quite plainly; it was Beatrice's hand. Then another hand stole down and quickly clasped the slight fingers which offered no resistance, till they were at last set free with a gentle pressure. The cross-fire of two hot looks shot across the mirror of the lake. Crimson blushes covered the young girl's face, the lids with the long blonde lashes drooped low.

"'It is Beatrice and Leo,' whispered the evening breeze to me; 'see how he looks at her. I must make haste and cool her hot cheeks,' and he not only did that, but tossed about her silken hair as well. The skiff landed down where the willows which overhang the banks are so shamelessly kissed by the waves. Several ladies came toward the bank from the house. They no longer had the elastic tread of youth. I have no fear of man, and emboldened by my curiosity, I had hopped up closer. The beautiful blonde was the last one in the boat, which Leo held with a strong chain. The young soldier offered her his hand, but she laughed and said she could take care of herself. Ah, the thoughtless one! She placed her little foot firmly on the edge of the skiff, but as she did so it rocked, and reaching out she caught

hold of the willows. Alas! they are weak; they sprang back and slipped from her grasp—there was a sharp, anxious cry! I am not quite sure, but I think the lady on the bank uttered it, and she sank fainting into her companions arms. The skiff had turned over, but the white dress still gleamed on the water, which made all haste to soak into its folds and make it heavy, so as to draw it under. You see, it had been charmed by the girlish face which it had mirrored in its waves, and it wanted to lay it upon its own soft, mossy bed, so as to gaze upon it forever. O, I heard what the waves whispered to each other! Overcome with fear, I stooped down and closed my eyes. I did not want to see any thing more."

"Nonsense, youthful frivolity," croaked an old horned owl, who looked very learned, adorned with his natural spectacles. "They imagine themselves very strong, no longer wish to be called the weaker sex, desire to emancipate themselves, think they no longer stand in need of a man's arm! And now, these are the consequences, the evil consequences; have I not always said so, have I not preached it enough? And now she is dead."

"O, are the beautiful eyes closed forever?" asked an anxious dove; and she hung her little head.

"There is peace in the vault," cried a bat who flew nearer and whose wings flapped noiselessly like a flag of mourning; "yes, there it is calm and quiet, and the damp air feels cold and awful."

"Do let me finish," said the water-wag-tail in an injured voice. "There is no vault, and her eyes are not closed at all. The youth rescued the maiden with his strong arm, and robbed the waters of their prey. He brought her to the pale lady who embraced him with tears of joy."

"And has joy also its tears?" asked an oak, and his hard bark creaked; "I thought that sorrow alone could draw them from us!"

"O, yes indeed," replied a daisy, as it swayed backward and forward on its delicate stem; "we live but for pleasure; we do not sow, neither do we reap; we grow and blossom in the spring breezes. But every beautiful morning when the sun rises it mirrors itself in a dewdrop which glistens in our eyes, and this dewdrop is a tear of joy, a thank-offering which we bring our Maker."

"Beatrice had not even lost consciousness; she said she had felt cool and happy in the watersprite's arms, and that she had the soul of a mermaid, and then she hurried off in her white dress, which now had a green border to it, for all sorts of creeping plants had hung themselves on it. She soon came back, this time in a dark dress, and scolding Leo, sent him off so that he too might make himself look more respectable."

"O, beware of the water, child of man," chirped a cricket, in low, wailing tones; "water is false; it sparkles and coaxes and sings, and bewitches your senses in the bright sunlight, but it is false, O! so false."

But the waves danced along all the merrier, and looked like liquid silver in the moonlight as they hummed: "We love human beings, and we draw them in; thus sang a wanderer who once rested on our banks and watched us at play; and he was right. Those who lie upon our bed sleep cool and soft, as the waves ripple past them. But we roll on toward the great river which carries us to the distant sea on which the wild waves toss, and in whose depths lie buried so many human beings; we know all about it. The raindrops are also children of the sea who have climbed up on a sunbeam to the fast-sailing clouds, and who travel to and fro in the realms of air until they pour down from the dark

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clouds in lightning and thunder or in a gentle shower. They have told us how they have softly trickled over bleaching human bones—many a human heart has found rest in the waves; they quench the flames which consume it, and sing to it an eternal lullaby!"

"O, foolish human heart who hopes to find rest in the waves," rustled the oak, that symbol of German integrity. "Behold me; I point heavenward; thence cometh peace and rest; follow me!"

"Rest is to be found in the earth; her dark lap is a good resting place, and we are a soft and ever green covering," whispered the young mosses to the rushes. But the serious ivy begged:

"Please continue, water-wagtail."

"With pleasure," cried she; "but I have almost finished. All who were in the garden said that it was growing cool, and that the evening dew was falling, and so they went in. I did not see them again, and I left early next morning."

The eagle was already beginning to look disappointed, and the others would also have liked to hear more, when, to every body's delight, the nightingale in a sweet voice asked permission to relate what she knew.

"One fine evening," began she, "having chosen a cosy little dwelling in that very garden which is now so familiar to you all, I peeped out from under the green leaves which formed my canopy. On the terrace sat three persons—the mother, Beatrice, and her cousin, 'the hero,' as she laughingly called him. From the neighboring house came a lady; Leo and Elsbeth accompanied her and called her mother. They all shook hands and exchanged cordial greetings. I saw and heard every thing. Not a leaf was stirring; the rogue of an evening breeze sat on the branch of a rose-tree and carried on a lively flirtation with seven beautiful rosebuds at the same time, whispering in the ear of each that he loved but her. So it very naturally did not occur to him to tease the branches and leaves of trees which bore no buds.

They spoke of many things in the little circle, but chiefly of Leo's departure to a distant city, of his studies at the academy, and his longings for Italy, the birthplace of art. 'Beatrice was also born there,' said her mother, 'and I spent my happiest days there.' Then she sighed and said, 'Shall I ever see it again?'

"Beatrice was very silent; she sat a little apart from the others, leaning against the balustrade; her head rested upon her little hand, and she gazed into the garden. It seemed as if she did not hear what was being said around her. I no longer remember which one of them proposed a walk in the deepening twilight, but they all stood up and went down the steps, the young soldier and the lively Elsbeth ahead of the others. Leo and Beatrice followed, side by side, silent and serious. I flew along noiselessly after them, keeping in the shelter of the neighboring trees. The two ladies walked together like sisters, they gazed upon their blooming children in their youthful beauty with all a parent's pride and talked low and confidentially to one another. There were many different paths in the garden, and the separate couples soon lost sight of each other. All at once I again saw the golden hair gleam right under me. Both still kept silence. Were Leo and the serious Beatrice never going to speak? And I did so long to hear her voice. The human voice is sometimes so full and clear, and I was sure the maiden's must sound like sweet music."

"And it is a well-known fact that nightingales are very inquisitive, and that, thanks to this quality, they often fall into a trap," whispered the little mosses, somewhat maliciously, to each

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other; then they stuck their little green curly heads together and giggled. Fortunately nobody had noticed the little wretches.

"'But listen, Beatrice,' began Leo, 'I must leave you again. O, how hard it is to say good-bye, so much harder than I had even imagined. I must leave you; but is it necessary to tell you again that I go with your picture in my heart. You know it, must have known it long. And I shall only ask you one thing, will you sometimes think of me when I am far away?'

"My heart ached so at these words, I was so afraid she would not promise, I began to sing in low, soft, imploring tones. Did my song touch her, I wonder? She answered nothing, but she looked at him, and in that look he read that she would think of him, and of him alone, her whole life long, and then, how did it happen? He threw his arm around her and pressed her to his loud-beating heart and then their lips met. They both smiled in their happiness and listened together to the song of triumph which I poured forth; for in my delight I thought my own little heart would spring from my breast.

"She drew from her finger a ring, which sparkled and glistened like a star, and put it on his hand. Her love was to be forever as pure and unclouded as the brilliant, spotless stone. They chatted, made plans, and built many castles in the air—he would most certainly become a celebrated artist, his talent prophesied that, and his industry would insure it. The thought of Beatrice would spur him on, raise his courage, and give him strength to accomplish still greater things. And what more did they wish? O, only a little, tiny, sweet home, where they could be happy with one another. So the minutes slipped by. Presently voices were heard calling in the garden, and they ran off hand in hand. I hopped from tree to tree, back to my old place, for I wanted to see and hear more. It had in the meantime become quite dark; on the terrace burned a lamp which swung on a long chain, and from which streamed a rosy light, for a red shade had been thrown over it. They were going to have some music in the summer-house, the doors of which lay wide open. Beatrice sang, and I have never again heard such tones from a human voice; all the longing and all the joy which a human heart can feel, lay in them. Along with me listened tree and shrub, the night-violets smelt sweeter than ever, the roses opened their calyxes again, rubbed their eyes, smiled, and listened; even the young buds who had just awakened out of their first sleep, peeped out of their covering and spoke of their beautiful presentiments. The splashing of the fountain kept time with the music, the butterflies flew about for once in good fellowship with the moths, and one of these sombre-hued gentlemen, more daring than the rest, flew nearer and nearer till, singed by the hot breath of the lamp, he fell back into the damp grass with wounded wings. The reddish brown beetles found him there and dug his early grave by the dim morning light. But at last at midnight came the hour of parting, a final clasp of the hand, a last look, and they all repeated what Beatrice had sung. I have remembered both the words and the melody: 'When people part, they wish each other—*au revoir*.'"

"The steps died out over yonder; only Beatrice and her mother still remained on the terrace. The blushing girl hid her face on her mother's breast and clasped in her arms, whispered something in a low, quick tone. Her mother looked at her deeply touched, and then folded her hands over the head of her child as if praying for her happiness."

The narrator ceased speaking. Where

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had she so suddenly vanished to? A chatty magpie flew up and began quickly: "I saw the sparkling ring on the finger of a young man, I saw it quite plainly. It was near a large river, whose name was Rhine; people talk and sing and dream as much of him as if he were the king of rivers."

"And that he is," cried the eagle, in a tone that brooked no contradiction, "that he is! His green, silvery waves ripple by; delicious juice which brings to a man sweet forgetfulness of woe grows in the grapes on his banks. But that is not why we love him. He flows through the loveliest districts of the land, there where the German tongue is spoken. Our ancestors spoke of the Teutons. When the Romans marched against them in battle array, our likeness was always carried in the van."

"Much obliged for the information," murmured the horned owl, sarcastically, but not, however, loud enough to be heard by the speaker. "We do not fear to compete with the learning of an eagle; the idea of thinking to instruct us! You do well to carry owls to Athens, the Greeks came before the Romans."

"There is a wonderful song about Father Rhine, as he is called by the little rivers he sweeps along in his train. I have often heard it in bygone years even when flying high up in the air; it was sung by powerful men's voices, and they would wave their shining swords as if taking an oath. It was a patriotic song dedicated to their river. But I also saw many a one who had sung bravely and proudly with the rest come back much changed. They no longer rode by proudly on horseback or marched along on foot, but were carried in a wagon in which they lay pale and bloody with mangled limbs. Yet in spite of all this their eyes would sparkle as soon as they caught sight of the river. Perchance they could no longer raise their hands, but their lips would murmur: 'We have kept our oath as faithful sons of the Father-land.'"

The eagle looked around with flashing eyes, and then motioned to the magpie in a commanding tone to proceed.

"A great many young men had lain themselves on the green grass," began the latter, who in his impatience had feared lest he should not be allowed to speak again. "They were a merry crowd and had portfolios and pencils, for they intended to draw. A large keg of beer lay at a little distance, they helped themselves very liberally to it, and sang gay, drinking-songs. In the shade of a linden tree, whose leaves brushed his curly head, lay the owner of the ring. He drew forth a pink note which he read. As he raised his hand, the ring sparkled in the sunlight, he pressed it to his lips and sighed softly. The others laughed and called him a sentimental dreamer; but I had to be off, for I had only stopped for a rest."

"Is that the whole story?" croaked a frog, in a mocking voice, out of the depths. But he almost immediately subsided, alarmed at the feeling of his own insignificance and uncalled for interference. To tell the truth he had been amazed the whole time at not finding himself threatened with immediate death, for he spied more than one enemy in the assembly.

A screech-owl, or bird of ill-omen, came to the front and began in doleful tones: "I saw both houses. I used often to fly by one of them at night, for there burnt a dim light. There was a sick person in the house and I would cry, 'come along, come along,' for I knew she must die."

"And I," said a thrush, "saw a coffin; it was richly decked with flowers, they had tears in their eyes, drawn from them by the sad mission they were employed in. A bowed-down man and a maiden in black followed it."

"O!" cried a forget-me-not, and it trembled at the thought, "to fade and die in a vault; what a terrible fate for a flower."

"Now you see there is a vault," cried the bat; "did I not say so?"

"Silence," commanded the eagle, and the thrush continued:

"Toward evening the blonde maiden came into the garden, a serious youth walked near her. I heard them both speaking. She wept and could not control herself, for she had lost her dear, loving mother, who now lay in the cold ground."

"A tribute we all pay to nature" said a cuckoo. "'Tis the fate of all living beings; every family tie must finally be severed."

"Family ties indeed!" mocked a quail in her clearest notes, "he does well to speak of such things who carries his children to an orphan asylum or smuggles them into other peoples' nests."

"'Do not weep, my Beatrice,' said he in a soothing voice, 'do not be cast down. Your mother blessed us, your father will do so too. True love will certainly overcome all obstacles.'

"Not always, not always," rustled the weeping willow. "I once saw a forsaken maiden weep bitter, bitter tears under my branches."

"'From here I go to Italy,' said the young man, and his voice sounded full of courage. 'My last picture was much admired—trust still further to my good star.'

"Next morning a traveling carriage stood at the door, and Beatrice and the old gentleman got in. A thick black veil hid her pale face, but she bent forward more than once to get a last look at the two houses. The carriage did not return whilst I was in the district."

"And will they never return?" asked three blades of grass at once, as they moved their pointed heads.

"O, yes, indeed," cried the swallows, with a friendly twitter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

The fearfully dejected condition of our young traveller as we left him suffering the tortures of a first attack of seasickness, continued through that day and the early morning hours of the following day. But what boy of sixteen years of age, with energy and self determination enough to start alone on an extended tour through Europe, would succumb to an attack from so vile and destroying a monster!

So Harry thought, and so he acted. But relying upon the motto of his life, that "discretion is the better part of valor," he wisely concluded to remain in his berth until his breakfast was digested. And, about 10 A.M. the second morning of Harry's life at sea, found him slowly ascending the gangway to the deck above. There was a pallor in his cheek and a thoughtful subdued aspect about him, that was suggestive of the recent vigor of the attack, and left it still an open question as to whether he had really come off conqueror or not.

But upon reaching the deck, what a feeling of awe, of grand sublimity, burst upon his vision! The vast, broad expanse of water, water, water, every where, bounded only by a blue horizon.

The canopy of heaven was arched over this watery surface like a mighty dome, and the bright, glad rays of the sunshine came sparkling through, what seemed to

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Harry, but a port-hole in this dome, through which he might have looked into the very glories of heaven beyond, had only his vision been able to penetrate the dazzling brightness of the sun. Not a cloud was on the sky, nor was there a sail to be seen; nothing in sight but sky and water, and their own noble ship, the "Braunschweig," nor did she now seem so grand to Harry as she had done on Saturday, when, anchored in the dock, she had raised her head proudly above the noisy little steam-tugs and fanciful sailing vessels which surrounded her. She had proudly and grandly left them all far behind, and Harry had felt as he sat on the deck Saturday evening and could look down upon these lesser crafts of the mighty deep, the same pride and grandeur. But a hundred miles out at sea, alone, unaided, this vessel seemed to him but a little plank between three hundred human beings and eternity. The sudden rupture of some part of her machinery, a storm, a collision in the dark hours of the night, might sink them all in the twinkling of any eye into the deep abyss of an ocean grave. The waters would roll over them, a moment's rippling of its surface-calmness, and then the mighty heaving of billows would smooth again this little ripple, and no trace of them could be found. "Lost," "lost at sea," would be the wail in many a lowly habitation as well as wealthy home, but all alike would mourn the untimely, unrecorded death of their loved ones. Then came over Harry the thought so comforting, so reassuring, of the mighty Ruler of the Universe, who holdeth the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hand. Yes, that was a precious thought to him then, that this vast body of water was held in the hollow of an omnipotent hand.

But Harry was suddenly aroused from his reveries by the cry, "O, Mr. Harry, look! O, Mr. Harry, *do* come!"

He looked from whence the cry came and saw Marie, Mrs. Lynn's French maid, wringing her hands and crying in the most excited tones, but could not discern any cause for her alarm. However he went quickly to her, supposing or fearing some dreadful accident had befallen Mrs. Lynn or one of her daughters, and asked what could the matter be. Still her answer was perplexing, as she only wrung her hands and cried out, "O, Miss Fannie, Miss Fannie!"

"Tell me what is the matter," sternly asked Harry, in tones that demanded obedience.

"Miss Fanny has fallen overboard, I know she has. O, what shall I say to Mrs. Lynn? what shall I tell her?"

"Impossible," said Harry, feeling certain that such a calamity could not have come upon them without the knowledge of some of the officers on deck.

Just then the officer in charge stepped up and put his hand on Harry's shoulder, and said, "My young friend, do not be frightened, the young lady is safe, though she has slightly disobeyed the captain's rules in climbing up into the life-boat."

A merry laugh overhead arrested their attention and looking up, they saw Fannie Lynn seated above the level of their heads, in one of the small boats which the Braunschweig carried for use in case of danger. She had climbed up and swung herself out into it, in a way which the captain well knew was hazardous for any but a sailor to attempt. But there she was now, enjoying the excitement to the very utmost, especially poor Marie's grief, who seeing her charge attempting so dangerous, a feat, had begun to wring her hands and cry aloud, and when she lost sight of Fannie, who had concealed herself in the boat, Marie supposed she had fallen into the sea and was drowned.

Harry, with remarkable discretion and

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promptness of action for a youth, at once took steps to arrest the poor frightened woman in her attempts to rush down stairs and communicate to Mrs. Lynn and Alice, who were sick in their berths, her fearful intelligence. Then he quietly spoke to Fannie, telling her that it was the captain's wish that she should come down on deck again, but as it was somewhat dangerous, she must allow one of the sailors to hand her over into the arms of another. This was somewhat mortifying to Fannie's proud, independent spirit, but when she knew a thing must be done she could yield as gracefully as any one. So she laughingly allowed herself to be transferred in the strong arms of the sailors to the deck again, and was, during the remainder of the voyage, resigned to remain upon a level with her fellow-travelers.

Fannie's first impulse always was to communicate to her mother and sister all of her wildest and most venturesome freaks, so she ran immediately down to their state-room and gave them the particulars of this little episode, picturing in graphic manner, the whole scene, detailing in especially ludicrous terms her own mortification in having been "taken down" so nicely. Mrs. Lynn, however, was very much shocked at the great danger her child had been in, and made a desperate effort to overcome her sea-sickness, and go on the deck to be near her ; but finding that impossible, she resigned herself to trusting the charge of Fannie while on deck into Harry's care. She easily discerned from Fannie's account that he had acted with promptness and firmness and she felt quite safe in leaving Fannie to him, with Marie near as her female protector. She then sent up for Harry to come to her state-room door, to receive her instructions. Nor was he sorry to accept the charge. Fannie was beautiful and bright and just enough of a care to make him feel he had something to do, something to vary the monotony of life on the voyage. At the state-room door, he bowed gracefully to Mrs. Lynn, and to Alice, who was lying pale and exhausted in her berth, yet looking lovely in her bright morning dress. After listening respectfully to Mrs. Lynn, he turned to Alice and begged her to come on deck and occupy a hammock he would hang for her, but she was too sick to dare attempt it, so he and Fannie went above, to enjoy themselves as best they could.

Fannie's first question when they had reached the deck, was, "How did you spend your Sunday at sea, Mr. Harry?" meaning to joke him about his attack of sea-sickness, which she had entirely escaped; when lo! for the first time it dawned dpon Harry that the Sabbath day had passed and not once had he remembered it. He had in fact taken no note of time, and the thirty-six hours of his attack seemed like one dark night.

"Why, I was just about to ask if today was Sunday," he replied.

"Well, well, well," said Fannie, assuming now a very serious tone ; "my Mentor passed the whole Sabbath, *how*, did you say, Mr. Push?"

Harry, somewhat confused, could only say, "You wont tell it on me, will you?"

"Now, Harry Push," answered Fannie, "I'll make you that promise only upon one condition, that is that you will never, under any circumstances, refer to my having been taken down out of that boat by those two sailors. I tell you, I never was so mortified in all my life. Will you promise?"

"With all my heart," said Harry, very emphatically.

That beautiful, bright morning was passed by our young people as all mornings at sea are, in lazily reading, lounging, or talking. A few, who like Fannie Lynn, had entirely escaped sea-sickness.

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were on deck early, others came slowly up as the morning hours advanced, having their sea-chairs, blanket-shawls, and pillows to accompany them, into which those pale, emaciated figures would drop themselves, looking as if nothing would ever again induce them to make another move. One of the most pitiable objects to be seen was the little motherly governess, with the six unmanageable children. All of the six had, unfortunately, escaped sea-sickness, and were racing and romping and climbing and pushing and pulling and fighting and squealing, in every body's way, and everybody wishing they would fall overboard except poor little Miss Martin, who with faltering steps and throbbing head was vainly endeavoring to quell their numberless insurrections. She might have been able to keep in sight of them had she been well, but she was obliged to succumb, at times, to most violent attacks of sea-sickness; and when she would sufficiently recover from these attacks her six charges would be again scattered to as many parts of the ship. Alone, she must have given up entirely, but her bachelor friend, Mr. Allen, was ever ready to aid and comfort her. Had he been vested with authority, he could have managed the young insurrectionists, but as he had not, by dint of persuasion, coaxing, and sometimes threatening, he gained some control over them, and at least succeeded in giving valuable assistance to Miss Martin.

The maid who had charge of the sick kitten and the canary bird, was herself *hors de combat*, and could render no assistance to Miss Martin, as her whole time and what strength she could command, were entirely engrossed by the frequent demands of her mistress, who, pillowed in a sea-chair, reading a novel, required the most constant attention, especially in view of the critical condition of her Maltese kitten.

The kitten, more affected by the sea than any of the passengers, was turned loose on deck by the order of its mistress and to the great disgust of the passengers; then caged again at the command of the captain, who seemed inclined to rid the ship of the nuisance by pitching the cat into the ocean.

Fannie and Harry looked on the whole scene with amazement, interest, and pity for some hours, but at last Fannie jumped up from her comfortable lounging place and exclaimed, "Harry Push, I can't stand this any longer! Neither of us is sick, and that poor little governess is nearly dead, let each of us take possession of two of those children and leave two to her bachelor friend and let her lie down and rest."

"All right," replied Harry, and up they started, first to persuade Miss Martin to lie down for a time on Mrs. Lynn's comfortable sea-chair, which she gladly did; then to capture their little wild animals. How they succeeded in their arduous undertaking, we will leave Harry to tell in his own words. In his journal home that evening he wrote, "Mother, would you like to know how I spent this afternoon? Well, in the hardest work I ever did in my life. Plowing the mountain field with the mules was nothing to compare to it, notwithstanding that the mules would balk and stall and run me over the stumps, greatly endangering my neck; that, as I look back upon it, was all play to this day's labors. Nor was the mental exertion in mastering Greek and Latin verbs, or solving the most difficult problems in mathematics half so great a strain upon me as what I have undergone to-day. I undertook, at Fannie Lynn's suggestion, to control two of Miss Martin's charge. She took two, and Mr. Allen, the old bachelor, two. We accomplished our object, and we all three feel to-night that we are finished military generals Our

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'crown of laurels' was seeing poor sick Miss Martin lying quietly at rest on a comfortable chair. I think this day would have killed her if Fanny Lynn hadn't so generously given up all her own ease and comfort after the morning hours, and set to work to lessen the labors of others. But good-night; there is no strength in me left, and I must retire hastily, to prepare for the ensuing conflict to-morrow."

The next morning brought joy and sunshine to the hearts of all. Mrs. Lynn and Alice were both able to come on deck, where the exhilaration of the fresh sea air soon dispelled all remembrance of the discomforts of the previous days. Miss Martin was well again, and Mr. Allen more attentive and helpful than ever, so that Fannie Lynn and Harry felt they might lay aside their self-imposed task of aiding Miss Martin in subduing her little host. Then, too, the poor little Maltese kitten proved itself unable to battle with the terrors of sea life, and breathed its last at an early hour that morning, to the great relief of the sea-sick passengers, and of every one, except its mistress and the poor maid, who was well scolded for her "inattention" to her favorite pet. But that gave the maid more leisure to devote to the children. All things, in fact, seemed to be adjusting themselves to each other and to their respective circumstances, excepting perhaps a few forlorn inmates of the berths below, who from some innate incapacity to adapt themselves to the sea, are destined to endure a most miserable existence during the whole of the voyage. But as we do not wish to spoil our story we will leave them, as their fellow travelers generally do, to suffer alone.

Harry found an exceedingly delightful occupation in the thoughtful care of his two sick friends, Mrs. Lynn and Alice, and he adjusted and readjusted their pillows, made up the daintiest lunches the steward's larder could afford, and exerted himself for their comfort and amusement with a zeal unaccountable to himself. In fact, had poor Miss Martin remained sick, or had the maid not been relieved from the care of the kitten and come to her aid, we fear our young hero must have let her suffer for want of attention, so fully occupied was his own time and strength with his new but most pleasant duties.

Various groups were scattered here and there over the deck. Congenial spirits were soon attracted to each other, and formed friendships and even intimacies which were to last at least during the voyage, or until a sudden storm should rudely separate them, some to their berths to suffer with their forlorn companions below, and some to remain on deck and bravely battle with the elements. Harry and the Lynn girls found within themselves all the companionship they desired, and although there were a number of other young people on board, among whom Fanny occasionally mingled, yet they generally settled down to themselves, a quiet, happy party. Mrs. Lynn was one of those bright, glad mothers whose presence is not a restraint upon her daughters, but who was always the most welcome member of their circle. And now, on this voyage, she was the life of the party.

Thus the days rolled on, and almost a week of bright, calm, joyous sunshine passed. In the earlier days of August, old ocean may often be caught "taking her summer nap," but woe betide if some gale or wind suddenly awake her from her slumbers; for with angry brow and lofty mien, she will arouse herself, and heaving angrily her troubled breast, will dash her waves on high, lashing them with fury into the broad sides of any vessel that dares to ride upon her surface. So Harry thought as he lay upon

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deck late one afternoon, watching the white caps upon the waves as they began to grow larger and larger, and dash more and more angrily, then burst themselves in their unspent fury, foaming and whitening with rage, only to be followed in rapid succession by others still more furious. It was to him the grandest sight he had ever seen, and as the noble "Braunschweig" ploughed her way through this mighty fury of the wind and storm, seeming at times to ride from wave to wave, again to dip down and under, and dash bravely through a mighty force of coming water, he felt a renewed confidence in her strength, and gloried in the grandeur of her structure. He thought he was alone in his little sheltered nook on deck, for he knew Mrs. Lynn had taken the girls down with her early in the afternoon, when the storm began to rage. What then was his surprise to see Fanny standing, a thing he dared not do himself, near the railing of the deck, clinging to a rope of the mast, her face radiant with joy. Just then a loud peal of thunder burst from the dark clouds overhead, and the wild lightning came in quick successive flashes. The young girl stood entranced, and Harry looked on completely awe-struck. The two would doubtless have remained thus for hours, had not the captain passed and requested them to go below immediately. The storm was increasing in its fury, and soon none but a sailor would dare to walk the deck alone. Nor did the captain allow it now; and he sent two strong, stalwart sailors to guide our young friends safely down into the cabin.

Fannie stamped her feet in very rage at the thought that she was to be sent below, and where all this beauty and grandeur would be shut out from her view. But the captain's orders dare not be disobeyed, so she obeyed, though under strong protest.

With much difficulty our young friends reached their respective state-rooms, and were soon in their berths, where the noise and fury of the storm served as a lullaby to lull them to sleep. Early the next morning Harry was awakened by a terrible crash which he soon discovered was a general commotion caused by a tremendous lurch of the ship. Looking out into his state-room he saw the wash-bowl and pitcher and glasses, his own wardrobe which he had so carefully hung in his clothes-bag on the wall, his shoes and socks, comb and brush and tooth-brush, all rolling from side to side on the floor of his state-room, in what seemed to him water a foot deep. He raised himself to rescue his valuables, but, alas, only to fall back on his pillow a second time a conquered hero. He was again sea-sick; a thing which he had resolutely determined not to be, and he had told Fannie Lynn he thought he had "strength of will" sufficient to resist it. But in the still hours of the night while he slept, the monster had crept in unawares. His first thought was to wonder if Fannie was sick too, and he could scarcely help wishing she might be, "just a little," when he heard her voice clear and strong, out in the saloon, begging the captain to take her on deck, and, if necessary, to tie her to the mast, any thing, if she might only witness this storm. But the captain positively refused, as he knew the dangers much better than she did.

The steward soon came in to offer assistance to the sick, and with a large sponge he soaked the water up from the floor, and carefully stored away Harry's floating wardrobe, promising as soon as practicable, to have them all carefully dried and returned to him. He informed Harry that a large wave had broken over the deck, causing the commotion as well as the influx of water, and that the captain had just then ordered the hatchway to be closed, and the thick

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wooden shutters to be locked over the port-holes which served for windows in their state-rooms. Harry well knew that this indicated an increasing fury of the storm, but he was too sick to really feel any care or apprehension about any thing or any body. He lay there all that day, rolling and tumbling and tossing, or rather being rolled and tumbled and tossed, unable to eat, unable to think, unable to feel any sensation but that always created by sea-sickness—utter despair. He wondered if the storm would ever cease, if the day would ever end; or, had it ended? for the closing of the windows had caused an utter darkness to prevail, relieved only by the dim light of a lamp encased in thick glass, just above his head. The roaring of the storm without, the dashing of the waves, and the creaking of the mighty timbers of the vessel as they seemed to strain and groan in their resistance of the maddened elements, added to Harry's discomfort by making his now aching head throb as if ready to burst. He said of it afterward, that he felt as if his head was filled with iron, and that every lurch of the ship was a severe blow upon the outside of it.

Thus he lay until late in the afternoon of the second day of the storm, when he was startled by a confused rustling of footsteps overhead, and the sudden stopping of the machinery of the vessel. Harry sprang up in his berth, and in low and distinct tones, he distinctly heard the words "A man overboard!" echoed and re-echoed round the deck. He heard the voices again and again, "A man overboard!" Then he heard the orders, "Man the life-boat!" "Let her down!" "Throw out the ropes!" There was a moment's cessation of all sounds but the roaring of the storm, which was beating wildly against the sides of the ship, making it impossible as well as unsafe for the vessel to stand still. Then slowly but firmly the machinery started, and the "Braunschweig" was again plowing her way through this mighty desolation of water.

Harry lay back on his pillow, in a state of great alarm and excitement. The words, "a man overboard," seemed to ring a death-knell in his ears; nor did his inquiries of the steward bring any relief, but just the contrary, as from his anxious silence he felt sure some fellow passenger must be lost. A commingling of awe, suspense and fear hung over him like a dreaded incubus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER FROM THE ORIENT.

MITYLENE, ISLAND OF TENOS, *April* 25, 1883.

As you may see from the heading, I have bid farewell to Athens, "the city of the violet crown," "the eye of Greece," "mother of arts and men," and have launched forth upon an uncertain future amongst the Asiatic Turks. I have always loved Athens, and consequently it was hard for me to leave, even though my return in the future be reasonably certain. I suppose your readers will be angry with me if I do not begin at the commencement of my journey and relate my experiences, a task which I do with pleasure. After my impediments had been comfortably disposed of and the adieux had been said to my kind Athenian friends, my companion and I took a carriage to the Peiraeus, that, as you know, being less bothersome than the railroad.

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The whole morning had been taken up in seeing to a thousand little odds and ends. Having put off too many things to the last moment, I was late in starting, as often happens on such occasions. Our steamer was booked to sail at 12 M. and having left Athens at 11 o'clock, we were naturally somewhat exercised as to the evident possibility of missing it, for steam, like time, is supposed to wait for no one. However, we caught the boat, and could have done so a dozen times over, for there she lay the whole afternoon, weighing anchor only at nightfall. The harbor of Peiraeus was so full of merchantmen and men-of-war that our ship found some difficulty in turning around. Our captain tried his hand at it, but after an inglorious failure he gave it up, and attempted to back the vessel out. This too was a failure for some reason unknown to me; finally a cable was towed over to a large English merchantman lying near, and our vessel was hauled around by means of the monkey-engines. Once outside the narrow entrance to the port, we struck off at a pace that consoled us, to some extent, for the aggravating delay of the afternoon. Possibly the good dinner we had just had may have contributed its share to our complacent satisfaction. It was dark, and besides our vessel was some time in clearing the hill of Munychia, which shut out the view of Athens. I say *view* because it was the Independence-day of the Greeks, and the Acropolis was to have been illuminated in honor of this occasion. This was, then, the view we wished for, but unfortunately we looked in vain; no extraordinary illumination being visible, we reluctantly went below.

Our ship was Egyptian, belonging to the Khedive, and consequently upon entering, we had before us a scene somewhat more oriental in character than we had been accustomed to in Athens. Half of the rear of the vessel was devoted to the persons belonging to the harems of some scowling Mohammedans, but as the houris were protected from the unholy gaze of "infidel dogs" by an ample awning, I could not discuss with my friend the relative merits of the beauties thus anxiously concealed from view. Fortunately, however, it rained that night; the awning had consequently to be put to its legitimate use of covering the whole deck, and, thanks to this, my curiosity as to the houris was gratified in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. But alas for human hopes and expectations! Instead of feasting my eyes with a view of oriental harem treasures, I had the pleasure of gazing at a number of the ugliest women it was ever my misfortune to behold. Still the keen edge was taken off of my disappointment, to some extent, by the amusement it afforded me to watch the frightened anxiety depicted on their faces as often as they found my canine gaze resting upon them, when their garments would be gathered around their faces with the greatest possible speed. Once, the least ugly of the party was administering an exhortatory spanking to her refractory cub, and performed this interesting and salutary duty with such zest that her face became entirely exposed. Of this fact she seemed to be entirely unconsious, but presently her villain of a husband saw me looking at her, and thereupon treated her to such an awakening blow in the back that she was aroused to the awful truth and immediately her charms were once more interred in the folds of her shawl.

Until the unpleasantness of last summer, the Egyptian steamers were manned by Arabs, both men and officers, but now all the officers and most of the crew are Europeans. It was loaded to a great extent with wool and cotton, but on the deck were great stacks of new tomatoes and green peas. But the really interesting feature of our deck

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was the presence of a handsome gift from the Scheik of Mecca to the Sultan, consisting of five Arabian horses, each in a separate box; a camel with jewels in his nose; a wild donkey, fat as a butter-ball and with a genuine bull-dog nose; several gazelles and other animals, the whole making quite a royal present. The expedition was headed by a gorgeous and stately negro pasha, a sight of whom would have driven any of our negroes wild with envy: the attendants were all friendly, laughing Arabs, who were delighted at the interest I showed in their horses and other animals, and tried by words and signs to tell me about them, but as my education in Arabic had been somewhat neglected, their efforts were not crowned with much success.

Smyrna was the next regular stopping place for our vessel, and our astonishment was great next morning, at finding her lying quietly with a dozen other vessels in the little harbor of the island of Tenos. We had heard the anchor fall at about three o'clock that morning, and knew that she had not been under way long enough to reach Smyrna, but being only in a semi-waking condition, we gave ourselves no more concern about the matter, and calmly went to sleep again.

Now the island of Tenos boasts a convent and sanctuary of the Virgin, which is celebrated throughout the world of the Greek Church. On the sixth of April of each year the Virgin sojourns in her sanctuary here and performs all sorts of miraculous cures, besides conferring other blessings upon such of the healthy as may have merited her especial esteem. At such times, Tenos is filled to overflowing with pilgrims from Greece, Turkey, and Russia, and it was the hope of turning an honest penny by conveying returning pilgrims to Smyrna that brought our ship to Tenos, where she lay at anchor the whole day. Our surprise at finding ourselves in Tenos soon gave way to pleasure at being able to see the frolic.

However, I may mention that we were not the only persons who were surprised at our visit to Tenos. Our ship had brought five Greek highwaymen from Alexandria to be tried in Greece. But just before the arrival of the ship at the Peiraeus one of the number disappeared, his fellows affirming that he had jumped overboard, pointing to his clothes as a convincing argument in support of their statement. The whole vessel was searched by the captain and the Peiraeus police, but in vain, the inevitable conclusion being that the robber had really jumped overboard. However, when the ship cast anchor at Tenos, our robber, thinking himself in Smyrna, where he could not be re-arrested for offenses committed in Egypt, came forth from his hiding place. He had simply wrapped himself up in the awning, which was piled up loosely around the mast, and during the search for him they had not thought of looking in so public a place. The poor fellow was stunned and humiliated at finding himself still in Greek waters and in the hands of the Greek police, for the telegraph had spoken in advance of us, and immediately upon our arrival the vessel was boarded by a policeman and soldiers, when he was handcuffed and led away in triumph in spite of his eloquent protestations and indignant denial of his identity.

During the course of the day we went ashore, and soon found ourselves in the midst of a dense and motley crowd. Locomotion was difficult, owing to the surging masses of human beings, all of whom were in the best of humors and all talking in a manner that would certainly be termed uproarious in other climes, where staid sobriety of demeanor is cultivated and demonstrative liveliness,

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that well-known trait of southern character, is eschewed. However, by dint of perseverance, patience, and good humor, we finally succeeded in reaching the convent, which rests on the hill-side like a crown on the little town. On our way up we passed many beggars whose acquaintance we had formed in Athens, some of whom actually gave us a nod of recognition. Here one might see the lame, the halt, the blind, and the sick generally, all of whom had come in the vain hope of a miraculous cure of their several ills. Some were on their way to the sanctuary, some were returning from it with disappointment pictured on their pinched and suffering faces. I recollect one woman in especial who was being carried down the steps as we ascended. The Virgin had not honored her; she was going away as she had come, only with this difference, that hope had died in her heart, as the despair in her face told me only too clearly. Just here I will also mention another poor woman whom I saw on my return to the ship. She was a passenger of the third class and consequently had to stay on deck all the while. It was very sorrowful to look upon her pale suffering face as she lay there upon the deck on her back. Her two female companions and assistants were very attentive and did all in their power to make her comfortable, but alas! the Virgin had not honored her either, and I could not but feel grieved that one, in whose eyes I could even then see death, should have to pass the night in that manner on the deck of a steamer.

The chapel of the convent is fitted up in gorgeous style, glittering with silver lamps and candlesticks, as well as other ornaments of a dazzling character. It was thronged with devotees, all busy making the sign of the cross and bowing; here, some were prostrate with their foreheads on the floor; there, you might see a party eager to kiss and touch their foreheads to a silver picture of the Virgin, said picture having been worn into a hole by kissing. It reminded me strongly of St. Peter's big toe, in Rome. Underneath this chapel there is still another one, which, to judge from the character of the worshipers, is the one in which the Virgin was expected to appear and shower blessings upon her devotees. It was filled with a sorrowful crowd of sick and suffering. Mass was being said, but the Virgin was, to all appearances, asleep; at least she heeded not the prayers of those who had come to her shrine hopeful of better treatment at her hands. The atmosphere was stifling and hence by no means conducive to the health the poor creatures sought so earnestly.

There are long corridors around the chapel, where rooms are provided for pilgrims, but they have long ceased to be sufficient to accommodate the crowds which yearly come, and so the houses of private citizens are thrown open to the public for a consideration. Indeed it is a great blessing to the islanders, from a pecuniary standpoint, that the shrine of the Virgin enjoys such celebrity. We walked through the corridors and found every one gay, hilarious, and evidently enjoying life to the fullest; nay, we even stumbled upon a couple busily engaged in a flirtation, and I could not but admire the rascal's taste and envy him his good fortune.

After a time we grew weary of the sights in connection with the sanctuary, and after a stroll into the surrounding country we returned to our ship. The whole affair reminded me more of a camp-meeting minus the preaching than of any thing else. It would be interesting to investigate the origin and growth of this festival of Tenos, and I strongly suspect that it is but a reminiscence of the Apollo worship on the neighboring island of Delos, which is

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almost within gunshot of the town of Tenos.

A dozen large steamers lay in the harbor of Tenos at the service of the pilgrims. Most of them did considerable business, especially the Greek ships, which were plying back and forth from Syra all day, generally leaving densely crowded.

An English ship left for Smyrna about three hours before we did, and was crowded to such an extent that there was scarcely standing room on deck, and yet the people had to pass the night in that manner. At five o'clock in the afternoon we too weighed anchor, and steamed off for Smyrna, sailing around the southern end of the island of Tenos, and consequently having the celebrated island of Delos on our right, quite near by. On awaking the next morning I saw that we were not far from Smyrna. After a hurried breakfast we arrived on deck just in time to see the anchor drop. Several years ago I had spent a week in Smyrna, and so the beautiful city and its beautiful surroundings were familiar to me, but still one is always charmed anew, no matter how often he may return to the Orient, nor how familiar its scenes may be to him. I was enchanted, and glad, and happy; every thing in nature was so beautiful, the sun was so friendly and gorgeously bright, that one could not help being in a good humor with self and all mankind. As you already know, Smyrna is to be my head quarters for the next six or eight months, so I only went ashore for a stroll and to lay in a supply of Turkish tobacco, which is supposed to be the article with which Jupiter whiles away his time, nowadays, that he has ceased to manifest his former absorbing interest in human affairs.

Even the dirt of Smyrna charmed me, to say nothing of the beggars, one of whom, an interesting black-eyed girl, wished me all sorts of blessings if I would only give her a pentara. Amongst many other things, she hoped that I might become the happy husband of a lovely wife, the father of warlike sons, and a beautiful daughter with merry black eyes, and above all, the fortunate owner of a beautiful black moustache. This latter was a rather cruel remark under the circumstances, as my need of such a blessing was only too apparent. But she got her pentara.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

A COMMONPLACE life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But sad were the world, and dark our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not,
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Baily—Festus.*

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THE GRAPHEION.

A QUAINT little girl in a terra-cotta dress made her appearance in Louisville one day last month. Strange to say, she came out of the post-office, and though nobody knew or recognized her, she did not mind it a single bit, but went tripping along, knocking first at one door, then another. She took almost every body entirely by surprise, and they would stand off and look at her, criticise her dress, ask her name, and where she lived, and then the most enquiring mind of the family would go regularly to work to find out all she knew.

A few of the wise ones had had some intimation of her coming, but they seemed to be almost as much surprised as the rest. They evidently had not expected quite such a dainty, stylish, well-bred little damsel, and they would give her the most delighted little pats, and say so many nice things about her, that she would give them back a perfect rainbow of smiles. But the funniest time of all was when she strayed into a school one day at recess. Young people always have their eyes open for any thing new and pretty and bright, and she soon had a crowd around her.

> "I wonder where you came from,
> And I wonder where you are going to."

sang the boys and girls, their eyes fairly dancing with delight.

"Don't you want me to go home with you?" asked a little girl; "I can tell you ever so many pretty stories and entertaining bits of news."

She had such a bright face, and such a pleasant voice, of course each was eager to carry her off, and began to lay claim to her most vociferously, but raising a merry warning finger, she exclaimed, "Well! Well! don't quarrel; that's against the rules, and I'll go home with you, every one, if you want me."

"But how can you?" questioned her little audience.

"Never mind, that is my mystery," said she.

"And when you go will you *stay* with each one of us *always*?" asked a matter-of-fact little man.

"O, I will stay as long as you care for me,' laughed the little stranger. "When I have told you all I know I would not be surprised if you should lay me up on the shelf and forget all about me. But you had better invite me to come and see you every month. I generally visit my friends about that often, and always bring a fresh budget of news and new stories."

"And will you always live in Louisville?" questioned the children eagerly.

"If you must know," replied the maiden with a saucy smile, "I expect to go everywhere, nearly all over the world, Harry Push and I, and we intend to make every body glad wherever we go. And we'll tell you all about it when we come to see you.

"But how *can* you go every where and stay here, too?"

"Ah, that is my mystery again," said the little girl.

"Well, tell us who you are, at any rate," demanded the young folks.

The mysterious little stranger smoothed her bright face to its utmost dignity and answered, "Why, don't you know me—your own ELECTRA!"

WE give in another column a few of the many editorial notices we have received, all of which are very pleasant and encouraging to us. In fact, our labors for the past month have been lightened and helped by the kind reception we have met from those already in the field. But is it fair to give just one side of the question? We trow not. So we will candidly state that out of a number of papers on our table, each containing its first notice of the ELECTRA, we can find only three adverse criticisms; one, from a Catholic standpoint, differs with us as to what are *facts*, but very generously adds, "The general make-up of the ELECTRA is very creditable and the contents of a very fair literary grade." Another gives us a very sneering notice, prophesying a brief career for the ELECTRA, evidently without any penetration into the merits of the case, as he states no premises whatever to support his argument. We once heard of a man who doubted that a terrapin could live four hundred years, and so bought one to see. We would advise the Philadelphia *Times* to subscribe to ELECTRA just to see how long it lives. The third is perhaps the best of all our friends, as he calls attention to some faulty proof-reading, and gives us such very excellent advice as to our work in the future. We sincerely thank him for it, and will honestly

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try to profit by it. We are relieved, however, that his criterion for fitness for editorial work is good proof-reading, and that he did not go deeper in his criticism on our own composition than the accidental fitting of a word into the wrong phrase. Had he been as apt a historian, he would have known that Matilda Atheling lived 1085 instead 1805 as the accidental transposition of figures made it appear; or had he seen fit to use the point of his scathing pen thus freely against the brain-work of the ELECTRA, the brightness, which we well know is giving but its first dim glimmering, might have faded forever away, before the grander luster of an *Item* "published every evening!" The verse which thus vexed our worthy contemporary we gladly reprint. He regretted its sad mutilation because it was the composition of "that fine writer, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston." We rather took comfort from the fact that the well-known talent of the writer would shield the poem and rest the blame where it belonged, upon ourselves. We herein re-insert the first verse of Mrs. Preston's beautiful poem, "The Raindrop's Fate:"

> Its home was the breast of a luminous *rack*,
> Whose *fringes* of purple and dun,
> *Were* frayed by a gust on its turbulent track,
> And tangled by shafts from the sun.

To shield our own proof-reader, we will add that the printing of this poem, as of the whole of the first form of the paper, was unduly hurried, principally by the necessary delays attendant upon getting out our first number, which was aggravated by the explosion of the paper mill in which the contract was made for the paper of the ELECTRA. Thus it was "The Raindrop's Fate" to be inserted without a final reading. Should we ever wish to change our proof-reader, which we do not, we have a bright idea. We know just where to apply for one.

As we go to press, among the volley of pleasant notices brought to us by each mail, comes a flash from the *Morning Star*, of North Carolina, which dazzles us! It first informs us that ELECTRA "has a horrid cover." (Perhaps the North Carolina editor has not yet been introduced to all the new shades of color. If he will come to the Louisville Exposition, he can become acquainted with the genuine terra-cotta of antique vases.) But when he tells his readers that it is "about on a par with similar publications in the South," we are in very truth amazed. Does he, can he really intend to say we are on a par with himself? A publishing house in New York city writes of ELECTRA: "I am pleased with its general typographical appearance, and much more with its contents. The tone and character of the matter strikes me favorably as that which is so much needed and so generally lacking in reading matter for the young people. It ought to be published here." Were we to accept this kind invitation we wonder if the *Morning Star* would shine on us as brightly as it does now.

HOW SHALL we spend our coming vacation? This is a wonderfully perplexing question to some thoughtful minds just now. Summer has come and with it the long, hot days, of all seasons so much to be dreaded, because to so many there is nothing to do. Miss Flora McFlimsey's refrain was "Nothing to wear," but an infinitely sadder one is "nothing to do." An old motto says, "Satan finds some mischief still," etc. Now, there is no need for idle hands at all, and much less need for mischief, so we will propose something better. First, make yourself agreeable and pleasant to all around you; begin this by resolving never to say, "It is *awfully* hot to-day." In truth, do not say any thing about the weather all summer, and you have no idea what a wonderfully refrigerating effect it will have on you and your companions. Second, join our Reading Club. Now is the very time for that, while you have no regular studies. Read thoughtfully and attentively and keep us informed as to the books read. Third, "You haven't the books." Well each one of you constitute yourself into a committee to send us five or ten new subscribers and get for these from our Premium-list the books you would like most to read. We have held out a tempting bait—who will take it?

WE are enabled through the valuable aid of Prof. T. W. Tobin, of the Polytechnic Society of this city, to add another department, that of *Bits of Science*. To this Professor Tobin will himself contribute several articles each month.

HAVING had an unusual demand for the May number of ELECTRA, we would request that all persons having sample copies for May, which they do not intend to use, will forward such to the editors. The postage will be returned.

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READING CLUB.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Through the Reign of Richard I, in English History.

Strickland's Queens of England. Vol. I.

Scott's Talisman.

As there has not been time to receive letters from the Club, after reading the books, we hope the members will not object to another little talk from the President.

And while speaking of the letters it may be as well to call your attention to the fact that they will always be a month behind. Do you wonder why? Think a moment; the books are suggested in May, we give you the rest of the month to read them; about the first of June you send us your thoughts about them, but by that time the material for the June number is in the hands of the printers, if not already on its way to you. We think, however, this will really prove an advantage in the end, for in recalling thus what you have read, a month afterward, it will become more permanently fixed in the memory.

WE love to think of the earnest young souls we may gather about us, thirsting for knowledge and willing to be led to the waters that are pure. May the Heavenly Father guide us, that whatever we read or study may bring us nearer to him.

The President, perchance, is just as eager as any boy or girl among you—eager to know how many are reading the books this month, whether you enjoy them, and which you like best? . One demure little woman in the circle looks as if she would like to speak. Ah, she says, she has read all except Harold, and is going to read that. She can hardly fail to enjoy it; and it does make the history of those far-away times so much more vivid and real to know something of the private home-life of the individuals, together with the manners and customs of the times, even if the imagination does have to help a little in weaving these items together.

Another lassie says, "I don't love history one bit, but as you only tell us to read a small portion at a time, I am going to try." Do so by all means. The taste for history is one that grows marvelously under cultivation, and we assure you, your interest will greatly increase if instead of reading only one history on the given period, you read two or three—all you can get. As you know, two people never see or tell the same thing in *exactly* the same way, though each account may be accurately true, and so, reading several different histories on the same period will throw light on it from that many differnt points of view, and give you, as it were, a stereoscopic picture, instead of a merely photographic one.

THE proverb, "*Nascitur ex sociis,*" "He is known by his companions," must be familiar, in some of its many versions to all of you, and is it not equally true that one may be known by the books he reads? We could almost venture to predict the future man or woman from the literary food of the youth.

"Choose, then, your books as you would your friends;" choose those it will be safe and profitable to associate with always. For *good* books *are* your friends and often your best friends.

Many friends both here and elsewhere have expressed themselves as delighted with our proposed "Reading Club." A letter received this evening, says, "I am particularly struck with the Reading Club feature. Think it a most excellent plan." May it meet, in interes and good results, the highest expectations.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—It has occurred to us that probably no better time would come to offer suggestions for the originating of a circulating library, and our Reading Club may help to stimulate the interest of those who make the effort and tide them over the discouragements that are apt to stand in the way of every new enterprise. In almost every small town or village there are some people who would read if they only had the books, but the idea of a circulating library seems an utter impossibility—something not to be thought of. Yet it is not only possible, but the simplest thing in the world, and these are the very communities where a library of this kind will be most highly appreciated. There are not many places where three or four girls or boys can not make or save a dollar between them, though they might begin on even less than this. Let them, with this dollar, buy five or ten good books, in some one of the cheap editions, and place them in

the care of a regularly elected officer as treasurer, or librarian, or both combined. Allow any body who wishes, the reading of these books, say for five cents, after having made them as substantial as possible by putting heavy paper covers on them, and sewing them if they need it. Buy a certain number of new books each month. As your funds accumulate, you can gradually replace the books that are wearing out, if valuable, with the same in more substantial binding. In an incredibly short time your library will be a tangible and a very enjoyable affair

Another plan, and a more rapid one where you can get a good many interested, is to have a monthly contribution, all who contribute having free use of the books. Whenever any are inclined to try either of these plans, or any other that may suggest itself to them, we will be glad to hear of their success, or give such further helps and hints as we are able.

FIERY TRIALS; or a Story of an Infidel's Family, by Rev. R. H. Crozzier, Sardis, Miss., is a story with a purpose, the author's object being to intermingle with the incidents of a romance, which he says are not altogether fictitious, some strong refutations of infidel teachings. The author has also given, in the terrible and blighting curses which rested on an infidel's family, a powerful demonstration of the curse which sin brings. The interest of the story is intense from the very beginning, and is well kept up throughout the book. To many who could not be induced to read a more solid work, we trust the book may prove beneficial, as Mr. Crozzier meets and refutes in a strong way, many of the cavils of the present day against the Christian religion. If the work is read with the true spirit of investigation, we believe it will do good, and we hope it may induce many who are thoughtless and doubting to "investigate."

WE have just received from Chas. Scribner & Sons, *Old Creole Days*, by Geo. W. Cable, which we will review in our next issue.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co. have just issued an attractive volume, entitled "Surf and Wave; or, The Sea as Sung by the Poets."

HOME SUNLIGHT.

COURTESY has been defined as "*The easy habit of giving outward expression to considerate feelings in manner, in words, in writing.*"

It is not enough that the sunshine of self-forgetfulness, the warmth of kindly feeling be in the heart, let it also find outward expression. Not only on state occasions, either, or toward particular friends, but as a *habit* so easy and natural that it will dissipate all embarrassment or ill-humor, as the heat of the sun does the chilling mist. When we throw open our windows and admit the light and heat of the sun, it is not only absorbed by every object it touches, but radiated and reflected from one to the other until it pervades the room. So courtesy at home should begin with the father and mother, and be given and received by each member of the family down to the smallest child that can be taught it is more blessed to give pleasure than to receive it.

Every wife knows, when worn out with sleepless nights, cross children, or indifferent servants, how it cheers and encourages her—nearly takes the tired feeling away—to have her husband notice her coming into the room with some bright welcoming word, or little delicate attention to her wants. And every husband knows how the wife has power to lighten the weight of his cares in the same way. We will let the story of Jack and Kate tell how enjoyable it is for brothers and sisters to show courtesy to each other. But most especially, boys and girls, don't forget, and *never outgrow* the courtesies due to your father and mother. We could tell you of a little three-year-old boy, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, who could not be persuaded to go down to his meals without her, no matter how much she might be delayed, because, as he said, he had to "help her down the steps," and no matter how busily playing in the yard, would always run to open the gate for her "because she was a lady;" and you may be sure in after life he never left her to go to church alone, or stay at home for want of a protector.

We could also tell you of a whole happy family of boys, active, energetic, manly as any to be found in the land, who invariably treated their mother as if she had been a queen. From the time they were no taller than the back of a chair, not one of them would sit down while she stood, and whether engaged in an absorbing game, a lively conversation, or what not, if she

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entered the room, her four sworn knights would spring to their feet and stand each behind his chair until she had taken her choice of them.

What sensible girl will say she would not rather be the chosen wife of such a boy than of one who has no pleasant words, looks, or attentions for the home circle.

But though courtesy, like charity, should begin at home as its fountain head, like charity also, it should not end there.

Nay, let it be universal, and we mean this in its widest sense, that is, it should regulate the manners of every body toward every body else. And why not? Just think how much more agreeable this world would be if every body we met had a pleasant smile on the face and a kind word on the tongue.

A lady once coming as a stranger into a small community, remarked after a short residence, "There is one old gentleman here who is never in too much of a hurry to stop for a cheery word and a cordial shake of the hand, and it does one good to meet him."

If any would ask, how can we acquire this courtesy of manner, if it be not a natural gift? we would answer in the words of a wise old music teacher, who, when asked by one of his pupils how she could learn to play with expression, replied, "You must cultivate the heart, miss, you must cultivate the heart." And we would add, there is no better way of perfecting one's self in this desirable quality than to practice it at home. Thus heeding, both at home and abroad, the apostle Peter's injunction, "Be courteous."

SOME OTHER FELLOW'S SISTER. — "You seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily, "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is, that when I have Kit I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."

I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's skates as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctiliously; for instance, when Jack has Kate at a company, he takes her to supper, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of being left to the tender mercies of any one who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than almost any one else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does any thing for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favorite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a tea-cup and saucer, or embroider him a hat band, he is as delighted as possible.

He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favorite violet perfume. Best of all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action toward their sisters that Jack does toward his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness and courtesy and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.

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SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old churchyard stood a stone
Weather-marked and stained,
The hand of time crumbled it,
So only part remained.
Upon one side I could trace,
"In memory of our mother!"
An epitaph which spoke of "home"
Was chiselled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble stone
Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy!" What
A noble record left;
A legacy of memory sweet
To those she left bereft;
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

A noble life; but written not
In any book of fame;
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name;
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won—
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

—*Baptist Weekly*

SCRAP BOOK.

THE Rev. Mr. —— was one of the most bashful of men, and was constantly getting into difficulties through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show," and clearing his throat he struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly,—"This world is all a floating shoe." Everybody smiled but the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again—"This world is all a shouting flow." This made matters worse and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began again,—"This world is all a floating." Then he laid the hymn book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said,—"Brethren, for some reason I can not read the hymn as it should be read. We will omit it, and the choir will sing a voluntary."

ENVELOPES were first used in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

The first iron steamship was made in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first watches were made in Nuremburg in 1477.

The first use of locomotives in this country was in 1829.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702.

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

A BEWILDERMENT.—Did you ever think, asks a Paris paper, how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? First, it was necessary that you should have a father and mother—that makes two human beings. Each of them must have had a father and mother—that makes four human beings. Each of these four must have had a father and mother—that makes eight human beings. So on we must go back for fifty-six generations, which bring us only to the year one, A.D. The calculation thus resulting shows that 130,235,017,480,534,076, births must have taken place in order to bring you into the world! you who read these lines.

[This is about as profitable as the reasoning which traces the human race back to monkeys.]

FAREWELL is a sad word, but if we only could contrive to say it to some of our bad habits, we would be much happier.

HAVE you a beautiful home? If you have keep it so; if not, make it so.

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THE CORNER.

The seat in the corner—
What comfort we see
In that type of affection,
Where love bends the knee,
Where the prayers of our childhood
We learned to repeat,
And the lips of a mother
Made holiness sweet.

The name of a corner
Has something still dear,
That tells us of pleasures
Ne'er bought with a tear;
Of loved ones remembered,
Of faces once gay
That have fled like a dream,
Like a vision away.

Our letters, full often,
Kind sayings abound;
But still in the corner
The kindest is found;
We look to the post-script,
And there written small,
We find in the corner
Words dearer than all.

Our heart receives many
We love with good will,
But who gets the corner
Is loved the best still:
For the heart hath its corner,
And dear is the one
Who remains its possessor,
Till life's love is gone.

CHARLES MACKAY.

IT is a mortifying sight to see women made beasts of burden, but the sight is a common one in European fields and city streets. A correspondent of the Mahanoy (Pa.) *Tribune* noting his observations in Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, says, "About the *coolest* division of labor I think I witnessed while walking from Heilbron to Grossgartach. A woman was carrying on her head a large tub of water through a truck-garden, while her "lord" walked alongside and with a dipper ladled it out among the plants. Who could blame a wife like that if she occasionally acted a little *stiff-necked*?"

So a letter from Bavaria to the New York *Tribune* describes spectacles of out-door female drudgery that the writer says made her "sick at heart": "Every where on our way here we saw women working beside men, the women always doing the hardest part of the labor. I have seen women with great baskets upon their backs into which men shovelled compost, and rested upon their shovels while the women, staggering under the terrible load, went a long way a dozen times an hour, and herself emptied her basket. The most remarkable sight I have seen lately was in Holland. A woman, bent nearly to the earth, walked the tow-path, pulling by means of a strap across her breast a heavy canal boat, in which sat two men with folded arms smoking. Women and dogs harnessed together dragging a cart in which is a man, is no uncommon sight, and sometimes the man lays the whip over both woman and dog. Being a woman, I say every hour in Germany, "Thank God, I was born in America!"—*Youths' Companion.*

"WHAT would you do, my daughter?" asked a sick father of his three-year-old pet, "if your father should die and go to heaven, what would you do for a father?" With a coquettish toss of her curls, the little beauty replied, "I would just put on my hat and go down street and buy me another one." The father recovered.

"THE art of the true use of garlic is the whole secret of tasteful cookery. Rub a crust of bread with garlic and put it in your salad, and the whole thing at once has a savor which nothing else would give it. And so with men. I know one, for example, who would be simply nothing were he not known for the profession of infidelity; but having that, he is supposed to have a flavor of his own, and is considered accordingly; whereas in reality he has only been rubbed over with other men's garlic.—*Flotsam and Jetsam.*

WHO is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

A HOUSE in Cairo, Ill., was recently set on fire by an injudicious English sparrow, which carried a lighted cigar stub to its tenement of straw under the eaves.

"AN honest man's the noblest work of God." Nothing is said about an honest woman, because she isn't such an astounding variety.

THE Philadelphia *Chronicle* proposes to circumvent the Apache Indians by placing banana skins on the war-path.

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BITS OF SCIENCE.

THE British Museum has recently acquired an interesting collection of thirty-nine silver objects, which gives an insight into the daily life of the Babylonians, and reminds us of the find of the bird-dealer's shop at Pompeii. These objects, which were all found together on the site of Babylon, consist of fragments of silver dishes, the broken handle of a vase, and coins, most of the latter being defaced and clipped. It is easy to see that all had been broken purposely by a practiced hand with the view of using the metal again, and we may fairly conclude that the collection is the remains of a silversmith's or coiner's shop. Among the coins is a Lycian one. Judging by the vase-handle and dishes, the art is distinctly Babylonian under Persian influence, and the workshop may date from the conquest of Alexander.

ARTIFICIAL STORAGE OF HEAT.—It has become an established fact that electricity, in common with the other physical forces of nature, is capable of being stored or accumulated. This, although as yet unapplied to any great extent, promises to become one of the great factors in the future development of the wonderful agency of the nineteenth century. Every one knows that heat may be held in bondage and practically for very long periods. In a lecture on the "Science of Cooking," delivered before the Polytechnic Society last Christmas, many who witnessed the experiments will remember the apparently magical effects of conserved heat on a chicken locked in a box for twenty-four hours. We can all call to mind the old-fashioned "warming-pan" and "hot-water bottle," which are examples of heat conservators or "storage batteries."

M. A. Ancelin, a French civil engineer, has found a substance that will hold more heat for a given bulk than the ordinary substances hitherto commonly employed. He describes in "La Nature" this substance and his method of employing it, which is substantially as follows: The material is *acetate of soda*, which he has found to have about four times the capacity for heat, of water, and the mode of application is simply to inclose it in metallic cans hermetically sealed. The apparatus thus constructed has to be placed in water for half an hour and then is ready for use.

The instrument can be carried in a lady's muff. It is of course hollow, and enough acetate of soda placed inside to fill it; the aperture where the material had been inserted is then securely sealed after heating. The material does not require renewal except at very long intervals.

It is said that last winter three thousand "storage" pans were in use by the London & Northwestern Railway Company on their line in England, and double that number are being employed the present year. It would prove an invaluable adjunct to the sleigh or buggy of the American, as it has done to the cold, comfortless compartment of European railway carriages. Such an apparatus as the one sketched in this article would hold enough heat, if confined in a non-conducting muff, to remain twenty-four hours, or it might be used for a warming pan in a cold bed and a number of other purposes too numerous to mention.

T. W. TOBIN.

By special arrangement the sermons of the great English divine, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, now appear in the Weekly Courier-Journal the day after their delivery in London by Mr. Spurgeon. The sermon is sent to the Courier-Journal by cable from Europe to New York and from New York to Louisville over the Courier Journal's special wires from New York city. This is but one of the many wonderful feats accomplished by science in this age. The possibility of conversing with the Martians and Venerians (the inhabitants of Mars and Venus) seems hardly more strange to us now than it would have seemed to our ancestors one hundred years ago, had they been told that a century hence, a sermon preached in London on Sabbath morning, could be flashed by electric wires over the land and under the mighty deep, written word for word, and in twenty-four hours be published, 6,000 miles from where it was preached, and read by thousands of people, hundreds of miles from where it was printed! In our next number we will give an article from Professor Tobin on the possibilities of interplanetary signaling. Who knows but that in another century, we may publish in our morning papers the doings and sayings of the inhabitants of Mars and Venus from the night before.

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CURRENT HISTORY.

THURSDAY, May 24, witnessed the greatest commercial and scientific achievement of the age, in the opening of the great suspension bridge between Brooklyn and New York. This bridge was begun in 1867, and was sixteen years in construction, at the cost of $15,000,000. The whole length of the bridge is 5,989 feet (more than a mile), and the width eighty-five feet. The length of the river span is 1,595 feet and six inches, and the total height of the towers at either end, above high water, is 278 feet. It is estimated that the promenade for pedestrians can accommodate fifty thousand persons an hour, and the drive-way nearly five hundred vehicles. Cars are to be run by an endless chain, and it is calculated that eighty cars, such as are used on the elevated roads, can be kept in operation at once, twenty of which will be on the bridge at one time, and each holding one hundred passengers. The projectors of this wonderful enterprise are Wm. C. Kingsley, Henry C. Murphy, and the Roeblings, father and son.

In 1866, Julius Adams, one of the engineers of the city of Brooklyn, suggested the bridge in a newspaper communication which attracted the attention of Kingsley, who immediately saw Adams and with him paid a visit to the elder Roebling. A corporation was formed of which the late Henry C. Murphy was made president, because he was regarded as an able and incorruptible man. The confidence felt in Murphy secured the necessary legislation from year to year at Albany. John A. Roebling, the father, lost his life from having his foot crushed while laying out the bridge, and his son Washington, has been confined to his room for years by the caisson disease contracted in sinking the towers He has watched it through his telescope and been assisted by his wife in perfecting the plans and carrying them to a successful conclusion. His science and her devotion have triumphed, and the grand display entered into so enthusiastically by the sister cities was viewed by this invalid from his home on Columbia Heights. President Arthur took part in the ceremonies of the occasion.

A fearful and unaccountable catastrophe took place on this bridge on the afternoon of May 30. A long line of people going from and coming to New York on the center walk of the structure was stopped at the foot of the short flight of stairs leading from the concrete doorway to the bridge proper. From some inexplicable cause, this stoppage continued for nearly an hour. The crowd became denser and denser, and finally a panic ensued, and from the Brooklyn side they still pressed onward, until one after another were forced headlong down the stairs to be buried under a living mass of people. About fifty persons were thus killed or wounded before the evil could be averted.

A WELL-DESERVED tribute to the dead will be paid to John Howard Payne by his re-interment, with imposing ceremonies, at Washington, D. C., on the anniversary of his birth. He was born in New York, June 9, 1792, and died while American Consul at Tunis, April 10, 1852. The dust of Payne was brought to this country at the expense of W. W. Corcoran, the well-known philanthropist, of Washington. After the interment, Mr. Corcoran will erect a monument over the grave. Thus, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," will receive a fitting memorial from his countrymen, and his remains, at least, will rest "at home."

IN Europe it is evident that the masses demand a more democratic form of government, as is demonstrated by the recent developments of the progress of the "invincibles" in Ireland, the socialists in Germany and France, the Nihilists in Russia, and the "Black Hand" in Spain. Such organizations can not flourish in any country where the individual rights of man are recognized, as is shown from the fact that in countries where this is least observed, they spring up and grow most rapidly. In our own land, as yet the freest on earth, we have socialists, but they exert little or no power. Herr Most's wild ravings have not a feather's weight in influencing the minds of the better classes of our people.

THE powerful hand of English law has brought to speedy justice the murderers of Cavendish and Burke, and one after another has paid the penalty of the atrocious act with their life's blood. This will doubtless prove a salutary lesson to cold-blooded murderers in future.

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Nor has the dynamite conspiracy stricken such terror in every English heart as was at first reported. A writer from London to an exchange says, "The difficulty is to find the terror. There is no interruption to the rush of business; places of amusement are thronged nightly; the course of legislation still drags along at Westminster; the average Briton shows his usual quiet relish for beef and beer; royalty makes itself daily visible to common eyes on the thoroughfares; and in fact every thing appears to be lovely except the weather."

The Pope has sent a circular to the Irish bishops expressing his displeasure at the participation of the Irish clergy in political affairs, and declaring that no Catholic clergyman in Ireland should recommend subscriptions which may be employed as a means of exciting rebellion against existing laws.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to be still suffering from the effects, direct and indirect, of her fall, and the greatest interest and anxiety are manifested in consequence. She is now at her summer house at Balmoral, and it is hoped with rest and care she may recover her usual health. The 24th of May was her sixty-fourth birthday, and the 21st of this month, June, she will have reigned forty-six years over the English people. Perhaps during no other reign has a greater measure of political contentment been enjoyed, and when we add to this the beautiful example set by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort in the practice of every domestic virtue, we feel sure we are but echoing the wish of her own and other countries when we hope her life may be spared in peace and happiness for many years to come.

IN France, during the past month, the "Tonquin Question" has assumed more formidable proportions. The French troops already sent out have not proved sufficient, and two additional iron clads and a cruiser have been ordered to prepare for the East immediately. The intention of the French to hold and exercise a protectorate over Tonquin is openly proclaimed, and the French are prepared to resort to extremities, if further opposition is offered to occupation. The feeling throughout China is intensely hostile to the French, and serious fighting may occur there during the summer.

The warlike attitude of the two African explorers, M. de Biarra and H. M. Stanley, still continues, and a conflict is believed to be imminent.

QUEEN VICTORIA, who is a good matchmaker and mother, is said to be interesting herself just now in the future domestic establishment of her grandson, the Prince of Wales's eldest boy, who is now nineteen. The girl selected to be the future Queen of England is Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, daughter of the King of the Belgians, and niece of the unfortunate Charlotte, widow of Maximillian of Mexico. But the wedding, if fixed upon, can not come off for two or three years at least, Clementine being but thirteen years old.

CONTARY to all expectation, the reception of their imperial majesties, the Czar and Czarina, into the ancient capital of their dominions was warm and hearty. During the magnificent pageant of the 22d, the deafening shouts of the multitude were received and responded to by them with ready smiles and salutations. After this they retired to the Kremlin, where the next three days were spent in fastings and retirement, while the churches were all opened for special prayer for the safety of their majesties.

The Czar being head of the Russian-Greek Church, the ceremonies were of a solemn and religious nature, and took place on the Sabbath. The day was ushered in with ringing of bells and thundering of cannon. The dignitaries who were to take part in the ceremonies assembled at the cathedral, within the walls of the Kremlin, all being required to present tickets, which were subjected to the strictest scrutiny. As the royal pair appeared at the doors of the palace, the immense multitude uncovered their heads and burst into loud acclamations. Even the women were bonnet bare, and the enthusiasm was as unaffected as it was spontaneous and hearty. After their majesties had been seated, the Metropolitan of Novogorod asked the Emperor, "Are you a true believer?" The Emperor, falling on his knees, read in reply the Lord's prayer and the Apostles' Creed of the Greek Church. The Metropolitan responding, "May the Grace of the Holy Ghost remain with thee," then descended from the dais.

The following customary summons was then three times repeated by the Bishop:

"If there be any of you here present knowing any impediment for which Alexander, son

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of Alexander, should not be crowned, by the grace of God, Emperor," etc., "let him come forward now in the name of the Holy Trinity and show what the impediment is, or let him remain dumb forever."

After reading selections from the Gospel, the Metropolitans of Novogorod and Kieff again ascended the dais and invested the Emperor with the imperial mantle of ermine, the Metropolitan of Moscow saying at the same time, "Cover and protect thy people as this robe protects and covers thee."

The Emperor responded, "I will, I will, I will, God helping."

The Metropolitan of Novogorod, crossing his hands upon the head of the Emperor, then invoked the benediction of Almighty God upon him and his reign, and delivered to Alexander III the crown of Russia, who placed it upon his own head, and then crowned the Czarina.

The Journal, published at St. Petersburg, in reviewing the comments of the foreign press in a recent issue, says the spontaneous display of devotion of the people on the day of the Czar's entry into Moscow was a revelation to the foreign journalists, who had long believed in the truth of the fable, that differences existed between the Czars and their people. It expresses a hope that foreign journals will keep in recollection the fact which is now manifest to all the world, that complete unity exists between the Russian people. We trust it may be so.

The imperial coronation manifests will announce the Czar's resolution to introduce at once reforms which will, he hopes, increase the welfare of his people, and bring about harmony and prosperity.

In this age of vast railways, and their telegraphic and telephonic communications with all parts of the globe, it seems rather incongruous that canals seem to be looming forward with great prominence. The canal across the Isthmus of Panama, which has been talked of for almost a century, was begun last year by De Lesseps's Company. Six thousand men are now engaged there, and it is expected that the work will be completed in about seven years. The canal is to be forty-six miles long, the cutting of the canal to be one hundred feet at the bottom, and one hundred and eighty-five feet at the top, and twenty-seven and a half feet deep. The work, it is estimated, will cost $100,000,000.

The project of a second Suez canal is now meeting with considerable favor in commercial circles in England. Several routes are under consideration—one leading from El Arish on the Mediterranean to Abakah, at the head of the Gulf of Abakah. The second is a fresh-water route from Alexandria to Cairo by way of Lake Mareotis and the Nile, and from thence by Tel-el-Kebir to Suez. This would give a waterway two hundred and forty miles long through the very heart of Egypt, and exclusively controlled by the English. The principal obstacle in the way seems to be a conflicting French claim as to the concession granted M. de Lesseps in 1854 by the Egyptian government, which gave him alone the power to form a company to cut the isthmus and work a canal between the two seas.

Then a third project is to flood the Sahara Desert from the Mediterranean Sea. The plan is to connect by canals the marshes, once the old sea-bed between Gabis and Biskra. The construction of canals will, it is expected, convert these marshes into an interior sea, isolating Tunis and Algeria from the desert, and facilitating communication between the most important commercial centers of the two countries. The original plan for this was devised by M. Rondaire, a French officer, but the scheme has been agitated by De Lesseps, who will, if it is developed, carry it forward. This projected inland sea in North Africa, he thinks, will cover a basin fifteen times as large as the Lake of Geneva; the moisture engendered by its presence will bring vast tracts of desert land into cultivation, and an approach to valuable forests, now wholly inaccessible, will be facilitated.

And our own land, never ready to lag behind the rest of the world in any great commercial scheme, has also a projected canal similar to the one in Northern Africa. General Fremont proposes the redemption of the barren lands of Arizona, by cutting a canal through from the Gulf of California, or diverting the waters of the Colorado River upon the plains. It is said to be practicable, but the enormous expense of the undertaking will probably not be incurred while there is no need or the land.

A TREATY of peace has been signed between Chili and Peru.

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. JULY, 1883. No. 3.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

FROM MISS THACKERAY'S SKETCH.

When he was a very little boy Edwin Landseer used to ask his mother to set him a copy to draw from, and then—so his sisters have told me—complain that she always drew one of two things, either a shoe or a currant-pudding, of both of which he was quite tired. When he was a little older he went to his father and asked him for teaching. The father was a wise man and told his son that he could not himself teach him to be a painter. Nature was the only school, observation the true and only teacher. He told little Edwin to use his own powers; to think about all the things he saw; to copy every thing; and then he turned the boy out with his brothers to draw the world as it then existed upon Hampstead Heath. Their elder sister used to go with them, a young mentor, and one can imagine the little party buoyant, active, in the full delightful spring of early youth.

When I last saw Sir Edwin Landseer something of this indescribable youthful brightness still seemed to be with him. Little Edwin painted a picture in these very early days, which was afterward sold. It was called the "Mischief-makers"; a mischievous boy had tied a log of wood to the tail of a mischievous donkey.

When he was thirteen he exhibited the portrait of a pointer and puppy, and also the portrait of Mr. Simpson's mule, "by Master E. Landseer," as mentioned in the catalogue. His first real success was a picture called "Fighting Dogs getting Wind," in 1817.

When Sir Edwin gave up etching it was Thomas Landseer, his brother, who engraved his pictures and did them such full justice.

There is a pretty little paragraph in Leslie's autobiography about Landseer after he became a student at the Royal Academy. "Edwin Landseer," he says, "who entered the Academy very early, was a pretty little curly-headed boy, and he attracted Fuseli's attention by his talents and gentle manners. Fuseli would look around for him and say, Where is my 'little *dog-boy*.'" The little *dog-boy* was then about nineteen years old. When he was ready to set up in life for himself he hired a tiny little cottage with a studio, in St. John's Wood, and had his sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, for his housekeeper. In those days it must have been almost a country place. There, before the great eddying wave of life and popularity had reached the quiet place,

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the young man worked and toiled at his art, and faced the early difficulties and anxieties that even his fairy gift could not altogether avert.

When Landseer had gained Mr. Jacob Bell for a friend, through his advice and good management the painter's affairs flourished, the little old cottage was added to and enlarged, the great studio built, and the park inclosed. Meanwhile the pictures and prints multiplied and spread, and the painter's popularity grew.

His method of composition was remarkably like Scott's, and his conception, once complete, nothing could exceed the rapidity of his execution. There are two little King Charles in South Kensington Museum, wonders of completeness and masterly painting, whose skins are silk, whose eyes gleam with light. They were said to have been painted in two days. A rabbit picture is also mentioned in the British Gallery under which Sir Edwin wrote, "Painted in three quarters of an hour."

The rapidity of his execution was owing to the thorough elaboration of his subject in his mind before he committed it to the management of his masterly hand.

I remember once being wonderfully struck with the mesmeric attraction he possessed with dogs. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood; his servant opened the door, three or four dogs rushed in, one a very fierce-looking mastiff. We ladies recoiled, but there was no fear; the creature bounded up to Landseer, treating him like an old friend, with most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarking, "How fond the dog seemed of him," he said, "I never saw it before in my life."

There were few studio's more charming to visit than Landseer's. Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the habitués of his workshop (as he called it) belonged to the *élite* of London society, none more often there than D'Orsay with his good-humored face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. "Landseer," he would call out at his entrance, "keep the dogs off me (the painted ones). I want to come in, and some of them will bite me." Another day he seriously asked me for a pin, "to take the thorn out of that dog's foot;" then there was Mulready still looking upon Landseer as the young student and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque who, when at the exhibition of some of Landseer's later works heard it said "they were not equal to his former ones," exclaimed in his own happy manner, "It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels."

The first time I was ever in Sir Edwin's studio was when we drove there one summer day with my father to see a picture of the "Highland Flood," just then completed. We came away talking of the picture, touched by the charm and kindness of the master of the house, and laden with the violets from the garden, which he had given us. Another time the master was no longer there, but his house still opened hospitably with a kind greeting for old days' sake.

We crossed the garden where the dead leaves were still heaped, and mist was hanging among the bare branches of the trees, and so by an entrance lined with pictures into the great studio once more.

As we look round we see pictures and sketches of every description. There is a little princess in green velvet, feeding a great Newfoundland dog; there is the picture of the young man dying in some calm distant place, with a little quivering living dog upon his knee looking up into his face; near to this stands a lovely little sketch about which Miss Landseer told us a little story. One day the painter was at work, when they came hurriedly

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to tell him that the Queen was riding up to his garden-gate, and wished him to come out to her. He was to see her mounted upon her horse for a picture he was to paint. It seemed to me like some fanciful little story out of a fairy tale, or some old-world legend. The young painter at his art; the young queen cantering up, followed by her court, and passing on, the sketch remaining to tell the story.

The sad concluding scene comes at last—the long illness and the anxious watch. Was ever any one more tenderly nursed and cared for? He used to lie in his studio painting a little at a time nearly to the very end.

When he was almost at his worst—so some one told me, they gave him his easel and his canvas and left him alone in the studio, in the hope that he might take up his work and forget his suffering. When they came back they found he had painted the picture of a little lamb lying beside a lion. This was one of the last pictures ever painted by that faithful hand. He wished to die in his dear studio, but it was in his own room he passed away, and his brother was with him. He died October 1, 1873.

Ruskin writes of what he calls, "one of the most perfect poems or pictures which modern times have seen—the 'Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.'

"The exquisite execution of the glossy, crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin, and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts, thoughts by which the picture ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind."

CALLING THE COWS.

By MAY M. ANDERSON.

"Blossom, Bess, and Star-Eye,
  Dews will soon be falling;
Leave your tender meadow grasses,
Shady pools, and cool, green passes;
  Follow at my calling!"

Clearly through the fragrant meadows,
  Far too sweet for telling,
Rings the maiden's happy measure,
  Upward richly swelling.

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Slowly onward pass her footsteps,
While her eyes are glancing
Shyly down the path, where shadows
Softly are advancing.

"Blossom, Bess, and Star-Eye,
Hasten through the hollow!
Night is coming, and the shadows
Deeper fall across the meadows;
Haste, my voice to follow!"

"Bess and Blossom lag and loiter;
Star-Eye, too, is straying;
Only Donald heeds your calling,
For your glances staying!"
And a manly face, with laughter
From his dark eyes beaming,
Stands beside her. Is she frowning?
Is her anger seeming?

In the tender gloaming
Silent is the calling;
Who can see the shy, sweet glances,
Or the lover's fond advances,
While the dews are falling?

Vows are pledged, and rippling waters
Lightly flow, and laugh, and listen,
While her trembling "yes" is spoken,
And her brown eyes softly glisten.
Ah, how long that night will linger
In her heart, her pulses thrilling,
While through dusky wood and meadow
Sounds her call, the silence filling.

"Blossom, Bess, and Star-Eye,
Nip your tender clover!
I will wait for you to follow
Through the glen and up the hollow,
Safe beside my lover!"

In the deepest night of trouble and sorrow, God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing. With all our wisdom and foresight we can take a lesson in gladness and gratitude from the happy bird that sings all night as if the day were not long enough to tell its joy.

Who does the best his circumstances allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more.
—*Young* (*Night Thoughts*).

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A WALPURGISNIGHT.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Every spring we returned to our same old nests, for we both had cosy homes under the eaves of the two houses, and we lived there at peace with one another. Our homes were fitted up in the same style, our spouses flew out in each other's company to seek for food, and our children played together as soon as ever their wing-feathers had grown out. No wicked persons ever drove us away. Whenever we returned to our old quarters the occupants of the two houses would welcome us with pleased and friendly looks, and they would call out to each other, 'Now, the spring is coming.' They would put things to rights in the gardens; they would plant and sow and get out thinner garments.

"One day Beatrice and her father returned and lived on quietly in their peaceful home. Elsbeth would sometimes come over and bring letters from Italy and then poor, pale Beatrice would smile."

"They led a much gayer life under the roof where I dwelt," twittered the second swallow. "One day there was great rejoicing, and we had a fine wedding. Our friend, the gallant officer, led slender, rosy Elsbeth to the altar, and though tears stood in her blue eyes, she was very happy."

"I, too, saw a bride," exclaimed an owl. "A large and brilliant crowd had assembled in the little village church which was all decked with flowers and lighted with many a waxen taper. I had seen the bright light from afar and had been attracted by it in the dark night; it gleamed so mysteriously through the church windows. The bride at the altar was as white as the orange blossoms which lay in her curls, and the rich lace veil seemed to hang on a figure of marble. She had dark eyes, which she raised but once with a look of sorrow to the night sky as the bridal party left the church. I think the sky must have been her confidant. Is this the Beatrice you have all spoken of?"

"No, no," rustled a fir tree, and it shook its slender crown, "it can not be she. Our Beatrice would not have looked sorrowful had she stood at Leo's side. I can not believe it, it can not have been she."

"Well, tell us what her escort was like," rejoined the oak, "then we shall know at once."

"Her escort?" cried the owl; "wait a minute!" and she closed her big spectacled eyes in deep thought, and then continued, in measured tones, "he in whose hand she laid her own trembling one, had gray hair, a grave look, and his walk and carriage were most precise."

"That was not Leo, most certainly not," said the barn-owl, decidedly. "Leo is an artist, and artists are a gay, lively set."

"And yet it was Beatrice," said the first swallow, sadly.

"O," gently sighed the forget-me-not, "think of the ring, do not forget him who trusts in you. Forget him not, forget him not."

"She was faithless! She is a woman!" said the wanton cuckoo, and he hopped up on a higher branch.

"She was not faithless, did not mean to be," said the swallow, hastening to defend her. "What does a cuckoo like that know about it? One day the grave, earnest father came home, bringing with him an honored guest, who looked at the beautiful maiden as one in a trance. The day was hot and sultry. I felt a storm in the air; my wings re-

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fused to carry me with their wonted ease, they almost swept the ground. There were low mutterings in the distance; somber, yellowish clouds massed themselves in the sky; it grew still more close and oppressive. There was not a breath of air, not a leaf stirred, the flowers all hung their heads. Then there came a sweeping, howling gust of wind and heavy drops of rain. I fled to the porch on the terrace. The doors of the summer-house were open; Beatrice was there. She sat on a low seat and watched her father who walked up and down before her with heavy steps. She was pale, but that may have been from the effects of the storm. Many persons fear it as much as we timid birds, and yet they need not flee for shelter; they have good, thick dwellings."

"But they are not always protection," said a willow, down by the brook, and whose face was like that of an old wizened man. "Lightning strikes the dwellings of man as well as man himself. Lo, it struck me here where my bark is all peeled off. The rain put out the flames and thus saved me from a fiery death, but a wanderer had sought shelter beneath my branches. Alas, I was powerless to protect him, for I myself was in danger. Some hunters found the unfortunate next morning. He was quite dead, and they carried him off on a bier made of fir branches."

"Hu," shuddered the grasses and the mosses who stood on the spot where, according to the willow's tale, the wanderer had come by his death. And they stretched out their green hands toward each other in order to comfort and sustain one another; but a wild dove laughed:

"I am not wicked; not at all wicked; but I hate human beings, and especially hunters. They are the wicked ones who imprison the lightning in a long stick and kill us with it. They set traps with little red enticing berries and catch the lovely birds of passage in the autumn. Men are very bad, are very wicked."

The swallow had patiently suffered herself to be interrupted, for every one had the right to speak, and she now continued:

"'My child,' said the father, as he paused before Beatrice, and I thought I had never heard him speak so gently, 'it has been a long time since your dear mother left us; I am becoming old and weak, and may not perchance be spared much longer to shield you from the world of which you know so little. But I have thought of giving you a protector; you will recognize my love and care for you in this. Count d'Ormont, our guest, has sued for your hand. He is a man of honor, is rich, and much respected at court. He is worthy of my child, from whom I shall find it hard to separate myself. He has just received my consent to his suit. Come, let me embrace you, little one, and present my good wishes to the bride elect.'"

"The ancients often represented Fortune as a rolling ball," murmured the barn-owl, with the air of a sage.

"Beatrice uttered a half-stifled cry, and pressed both her hands to her breast; she shook like the storm-tossed branches of the slender silver ash outside. And then? Why then her slender form seemed to grow; she spoke rapidly and her cheeks flushed, but the storm, the thunder, and the howling wind drowned her words. And O, but what a change came over the old man's face! He raised both arms, pointed to the house next door, shook his head and lifted up his hand as if taking an oath; the lightning lighting up his rigid features. I caught a few words only once; it was during a lull as the wind paused to take breath; they fell from the old man's lips and sounded like gentle sobbing after the howling of the tempest; how could his only child, the apple of his eye, treat him so; how

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could she forsake her old father and leave him childless in his old age? And he prayed and plead with her, and pointed to his white hair. She trembled, threw her arms round his knees, and folded her white hands imploringly. But all in vain. He threw her off; and the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the house shook. And finally? Beatrice dried her tears, placed her hand on her father's arm, and walked away utterly exhausted.

"She was not faithless, but simply obedient. When the priest exchanged the rings, I am sure she thought of the hand which wore her ring, and which must now be to her as that of a stranger."

"O dear, O dear," mourned all the others. The eagle closed his eyes as if deeply touched, and there was unbroken silence.

The raven, who had been the last one to arrive, at last broke it:

"I can go on relating. I too, know a story, or rather the end of one," croaked he. "Would you all like to hear it? I shall not take long to tell it."

"Begin, then," cried the eagle.

"I was in a distant spot, it was very celebrated, but for what I can not say. People came there from all countries, spoke all tongues, walked up and down the promenades, and drank out of small glasses water which they drew from running springs. It was a gay life; there was plenty of music, and numbers of finely-dressed people. At night countless brilliant lights illuminated the open-air promenades, and the magnificent rooms, the walls of which were splendid mirrors. I also saw shining gold glide over the green tables. At a first story window of one of the handsomest houses, I noticed a fine cage in amongst the tall exotics; in it was a canary. He did not sing, and his eyes were dim; I felt sorry for the poor prisoner, and flew up there once to have a little chat with him. Even if I had pitied him it would all have been in vain; he stood in no need of pity. He led a very pleasant life with his beautiful mistress, and his eyes were not dim from longing for freedom, but from old age, so he told me himself. Yes, yes, he led the life of a prince in his gold cage compared to us who have to seek our living on the highways like so many tramps. He was, in truth, a learned and elegant bird. A lad had once given him to his mistress when she herself was but a child. Now she was a beautiful and titled lady, feasted and admired. Every day there were entertainments to which she had to go; she did not love to be alone. I myself saw her once through the window; it was toward evening and I had hidden myself amongst the green plants. She herself took in the bird, gave him sugar, and he pecked confidingly at her white fingers. Yes, he was right; she was beautiful. She was enveloped in soft, rosy clouds, and something glistened and sparkled on her neck, her arms, and in the roses which lay in her hair. The maid threw a lace shawl round her mistress's shoulders, and laid a sweet-smelling bouquet and a fan in her hands. Then an elderly gentleman entered. He offered her his arm. The doors flew open before them; at the door waited a carriage which bore them both off." He paused.

"Ah," said a forget-me-not, looking up out of its gentle blue eyes, "is that all? Say, raven, did you see her no more? it is just getting interesting!"

"How was her dress made?" cried the fashionable buttercup, "was it *a la Watteau*?"

"Do you expect me to give you an account of the fashions? Indeed, my yellow dame, you must look out for some one else." And then he turned, well pleased, to the forget-me-not. "I saw her for a moment next morning as I flew

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toward the ruins which my traveling companions had appointed as a rendezvous. They lay on a gentle slope; one could live very comfortably in those old walls, and the hundred-year-old oaks had many a strange tale to tell of the by-gone glory of the old castle. Now strange sounds like mournful sighs are often to be heard in the gloaming proceeding from the old ruins.

"The gallop of horses and the merry talk of human beings resounded in the valley; there appeared a party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. Ahead of them all flew the beautiful lady with the dark eyes; she wore a long, green habit and jaunty hat from which waved a heron's plume."

"Green! What an ugly color," said the buttercups to one another; but the heron plumed his feathers with a look of proud satisfaction.

"She joked with them all, exciting the horsemen to acts of daring; then they left their horses in the valley and climbed up to the ruins, but I flew off."

"What a pity, what a pity," remarked the sparrow.

"Now I know of nothing more except what happened this morning, and I still have that in black and white." With that he put his beak to one side and pulled a paper out of a hole in the branch of the oak. "I found it; I love all that rustles and crackles, so I flew off with it."

Upon this he cleared his voice, for it sounded harsher than ever after speaking so long, and continued, "I discovered a pleasant garden in a town lying a little to the north of this place. In it stood a table all set for breakfast—such things do not easily escape us. I had not found much food in the last village in which I had halted. Dogs are our enemies; if we but alight in a yard they immediately drive us off with great noise; I had not ventured far into the city. It is a sorrowful existence to be constantly on the move, to have no home. We are the gipsies among the birds, but we love our freedom. 'Perhaps a few crumbs may fall from the table,' thought I, so I remained near by. A slender young woman and a gentlemen in a bright uniform sat at the table. He carried his arm in a sling; was a soldier. She wore mourning robes as black as my feathers. Human beings call the raven a bird of ill omen on account of his dark color. I know it; I have seen many a one start as I flew close by them uttering my 'caw, caw.' I sometimes scare them on purpose; they have not too good an opinion of us as it is. The youthful pair in the garden spoke in sad, earnest tones of a departed brother, of a duel in which he had fallen, of the fame he had already earned. The rich viands before them remained untouched; the gentleman fed an impudent sparrow; I had not ventured so near. A maid at last scared him off; she brought a letter; here it is."

"From St. Petersburg, and in her hand-writing!" cried the young wife in a tone of painful surprise. She opened it, but a mist swam before her eyes, and she handed it with a pleading look to her husband. He understood her—human beings often understand each other just by a look. He read it aloud. I heard every word, but my grumbling stomach was thinking of the food before me, so I have not remembered it."

"What a pity, O what a pity!" resounded in the circle.

"But here it is, look here," cried the raven exultingly; and the eagle with a commanding look, said:

"Read it, one of you!"

"I am no scribe," confessed our black friend, "but here, Dr. Owl."

"With pleasure," answered he, and adjusting his spectacles he held the sheet in his claw and began;

"Since that terrible hour, Elsbeth,

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when I was forced to bid adieu to my past life—"

"Elsbeth?" queried the grasses, "O just think of it!"

"Hush!" commanded the eagle, and the reading was résumed.

"I could not, would not send you any news of myself; I tried to banish all remembrances; I wished to forget. Alas, it was in vain; there was one voice which I could never silence. Perchance you have heard how I threw myself into an unbroken round of pleasures and amusements, trifles and frivolities. I spent my life seeking other and newer pastimes. I was not a loving, I was not even an attentive, wife. It was nothing to me if my husband's face was bright or clouded—Count d'Ormont counted but as the husband of a much-admired woman. Our entertainments were numerously attended, invitations to our dinners were much sought after, and in the selection of my toilets I set the fashion to whole circles. It seems like a miracle to me to-day, that on the path which I trod, my conscience should have remained unburdened by remorse and my heart unsullied. One remembrance lived on in it, and that was my talisman. And it was that which finally saved me! Now I know the way in which I should walk. I heard of Leo's fame as an artist; I saw his works. In each one I sought for some sign of sympathy with the past, and each time I gave myself up more and more to excitement and pleasure. Three weeks ago—you shall know all—I went with a large party to visit the exposition of fine arts. Leo's name was mentioned; the emperor had just bought a new picture from him. I soon stood before it. He had called it "The Last Judgment." I thought my senses would forsake me. There, in a group of unrepented sinners, I recognized my own face, drawn by pain but still wonderfully like. Did the others see it? I did not give them a moment's thought. I saw his intentions. What torments were expressed in the woman's shrinking form! Had death overtaken her in the midst of pleasures? The cold, sparkling diamonds on the brow damp with the sweat of death could not quench the fire which consumed her; the heart throbbed wildly under the gold-embroidered robe! It was a note of warning to me. I felt it. He had heard of me; he knew of the reckless life I led. I seemed to hear his '*mene, tekel.*'

"Around me sounded exclamations of surprise and the praises of the artist. I gathered up all my energy, so there should be no scene, when in rushes the director, Count W., all excitement, with a paper in his hand. I still think I hear his words: 'The artist whose masterly work you have just admired, ladies and gentlemen, is no more. He fell in a duel, the cause of which is a deep secret.'

"With a piercing cry I sank to the ground. What he, he dead! For days I lay in a stupor. The first look of awakening consciousness was for my husband; my first words a prayer for forgiveness. It was granted me. Leo's last warning was not given in vain; now that I again dare to think of him, I have a moral support. I am entering on a new path, guided by my husband's hand—we shall meet again some day."

The owl had finished.

"But that is no end," cried the willow, and he looked more doleful than ever.

"What did they say in the garden after they had read it?" asked a tender dove.

"O," croaked the raven, as he hopped from one leg to the other.

"The blonde lady wiped away a tear and clasped her husband's hand: 'She must never know that Leo wiped away with his heart's blood the slur which a wretch attempted to cast on her good

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name. These two who were intended for each other have, indeed, suffered much. May her heart now be at peace forevermore!'

"And this is the end, for now they walked up and down in the garden and gave me a chance to satisfy my hunger. But the maid begrudged me a piece of meat. She attempted to strike me, and the letter fell to the ground. She would have found it; was no doubt curious to learn what bad news had made the young couple leave their breakfast untouched, so I took it."

And he waved it like a flag triumphantly in the air; but as he gaily uttered his "caw, caw," it slipped from his hooked bill and fell into the crystal, outstretched hands of the waves, who, after rocking it to and fro a short while let it sink to the bottom. A general silence ensued; some great, but scarcely-to-be-defined grief, seemed to have fallen on them all. All at once the nightingale once more raised her pleading voice. Was it a lament on the old, old story of "unrequited love and mistaken happiness" that poured from her breast? And yet a breath as of peace and forgiveness passed over the quiet wood.

A single, dull stroke echoed through the night. The charmed hour in which it is given to mortals to understand the voices of nature was over—the spell was broken. The murmuring of the waves, the rustling of the forest ceased. Birds of darkness started up, the cry of the horned owl sounded fainter and fainter in the distance. But it was not till in the immediate neighborhood of human dwellings that the charm and enchantment of the first night in May passed completely away.

THE EARLY FEMALE SCULPTORS.

By STEREO.

The ancient Greeks embodied both painting and sculpture under the female form, yet comparatively few women handled either the pencil or the chisel. For many reasons the profession of the painter would seem peculiarly suited to a woman's talent, tastes, habits of life, and health.

But in the earlier ages so rigid were the restraints thrown round the cultivation of woman, that such talent was permitted to lie undeveloped, yet in spite of this impediment genius has worked its way to the light, and as early as 1405 we find in Germany a female sculptor who rose to considerable eminence. This is Sabina von Steinbach, daughter of Erwin von Steinbach, who has left, in the great cathedral of Strasburg, a glorious and enduring monument of his genius and labor.

At an early age Sabina began to assist her father in the ornamental part of his work, and at the age of twenty she had completed the beautiful groups on the portal of the southern aisle of the cathedral, with an allegorical representation of the Jewish and Christian churches, of which a celebrated author says, "In this work all that is beautiful and superhuman in sculpture of the middle ages may be said to be embodied."

There is an oil painting in Strasburg representing Sabina kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, receiving his blessings, while he places a garland of laurel upon her brow, which, according to a tradition generally believed, was done before an immense concourse of people in honor of her genius and her success in art.

In more modern times the Princess

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Marie, of Wurtemburg, achieved a triumph over difficulties that was truly extraordinary, and which entitled her to be ranked among the artists of genius. She was brought up under the supervision of the queen and Madame de Malet, both women of very contracted ideas and strong prejudices. The artist, Ary Scheffer, was instructor of the royal children in painting, and gave the princess her first, and, indeed, her only lessons and assistance in sculpture, although an art in which she was equally unpracticed with herself. She had only executed two or three pieces when the king ordered of Pradin, the most renowned artist in statuary of that day, a monumental figure of Joan of Arc, for the museum of Versailles. Pradin failed to produce a statue that satisfied either the king or himself. The king then requested his daughter to undertake the commission, and she immediately set to work and modeled her figure in wax. In a wonderfully short time, considering the difficulties in the way of her accomplishing her work, the celebrated figure of "Joan of Arc watching by her armor," came from her hands, a glorious success, and was pronounced the finest modern statue in Versailles. It was received with the wildest applause by the soldiers. After so flattering and encouraging a success she gave herself up so entirely to her work that her health soon failed, and she only lived to complete six or eight statues, the most celebrated of which are, "The Peri bearing the tears of the repentant sinner to the foot of the throne of grace," "The angel at the gates of heaven," and the "Pilgrim," from Schiller.

GREENWAY COURT.

AN OLD DOMINION BALLAD—A.D. 1748.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lord Fairfax sat before the fire
  Within his forest hall,
Where antlers wide on every side
  Hung branching from the wall.

Around the casements howled the wind,
  The snow was falling deep,
And at his feet, couched in the heat,
  His stag-hounds lay asleep.

They heard a horse's hoofs without,
  Above the wintry roar,
And with a bay they sprang away
  To guard the opening door.

And if their master had not chid
  With instant word and frown,
They quick had met, with fierce onset,
  The guest, and had him down.

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"Shame! Shame! Prince Charles!" Lord Fairfax cried:
"Off, Berkeley!—With such sport
No friend, I trow, we welcome so
Who comes to Greenway Court."

He eyed the stripling, straight and tall;
He marked his stalwart frame;
And with a rare and knightly air,
He questioned of his name.

"Why, you are but a lad," he said;
"And wherefore should you roam
So far away, this wintry day,
From all the sweets of home?

"At Greenway Court I dwell alone,
A soured and weary man;
With leave to find, far from my kind,
Such pleasures as I can.

"But you, why break away so soon
From all home-bringing joy,
To do the work a man might shirk,
While you are such a boy?

"Yes, I have acres without count,
That needs but be surveyed;
But what can you, a stripling, do,
With none beside to aid?"

The boy's blue eyes shot steel-like clear,
And from his forehead fair,
Fresh with the sheen of scarce sixteen,
He shook the Saxon hair.

"I'm a widow's son," he said,
(Proud was his look and tone);
"The staff and stay, you'll let me say,
My mother loves to own.

"With rod and chain I mean to walk
The wilds without a dread;
God's care, I'm sure, will keep secure
The boy who wins his bread."

"Aye, will He so!" Lord Fairfax cried;
"And ere my days are done,
God wot, I'll hear some word of cheer
About this widow's son.

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"But now forget your rod and chain,
For on the morrow morn
We'll be away by dawn of day
With huntsman, hound, and horn.

"What! '*Know no woodcraft! Never brought*
A pair of antlers down?'
Is that the way they rear to-day
The lads within the town?

"As sure as Shenandoah flows
In front of Greenway Court,
I promise you a buck or two
Shall grace your maiden sport."

The Christmas hunt was o'er. The hearth
Blazed bright with knots of pine,
And host and guest, with whetted zest,
Before it supped their wine.

"Right merry sport we've had to-day;
And now if any bid
Tell who (he laughed) taught you woodcraft,
Why, say 'Lord Fairfax did.'"

He called a huntsman: "Saddle Duke
Without a moment's loss,
And lift and lay, as best you may,
That biggest buck across;

"And straight to Alexandria ride,
And say, that *George, her son,*
Sends his day's sport from Greenway Court
To Mistress Washington!"*

*Thomas, Lord Fairfax, after a love disappointment that embittered his life, retired to his boundless acres on the Shenandoah, and there built "Greenway Court," where he lived in rude baronial style for many years. He was always proud to say that he had taught George Washington, when a lad, to hunt.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent—
That much in little—all in naught—content.

—*Wilbye* (*Madrigal*).

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DUST FALLS.

By Rev. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D.D.

Near the famous summer resort of Interlachen, in Switzerland, there is a beautiful mountain valley lying almost under the shadow of the Jungfrau, with its crown of eternal snow. The verdure of the little valley is indescribably rich. Flowery meadows, with silvery streams dancing through them, shadowy forests of dark-green pine, roaring torrents, and stupendous masses of overhanging mountain, make a landscape of inexpressible picturesqueness and beauty. The name of the valley is a singular but somewhat musical one, Lauterbrunnen. It is derived from that which makes the peculiar charm of the valley, for *Lauterbrunnen* means *nothing but fountains*, and the valley is so called because of the multitude of cataracts that leap like fountains over the rim of the tall perpendicular cliffs into the valley below.

Most of these fountain-cascades are small, and though exquisitely beautiful have nothing beyond their beauty to commend them to regard. But there is one of such gigantic proportions that it has almost monopolized the name that originally belonged to them all. It is known as the Staubbach, or *Dust-Fall*, and is so remarkable as to constitute one of the wonders of Switzerland.

As you approach other cataracts of celebrity, your ear is saluted in the distance by the roar of the descending torrent, and as you draw nearer you feel the vibration of the earth beneath you, under the shock of the impinging waters.

But as you approach the Staubbach, there is no deafening roar, and no quivering rock. You reach the base of the great ledge of stone, nearly a thousand feet in height; you look up to its lofty crest, and there leaping over the rim of the precipice, as if out of the very bosom of the sky, is a little stream that glistens in the sunlight like molten silver. Down, down into the deep gorge about you, it plunges, but not as in other cataracts, with maddening rush and roar. Far above the spot where it first meets your gaze, it has been partially broken into spray by the opposition it has encountered, and so with its specific gravity already diminished ere it takes its plunge, and with the resistance which it encounters from the denser atmosphere of the valley, and the conformation of the mountain's face along which it falls, it comes down with steadily expanding volume and steadily diminishing force, until it reaches the level of the valley in showers of pearly mist that "seem to float, rather than fall," and "alight as softly as a white-winged albatross on the bosom of the ocean."

So light and ethereal are these falling mists that the mountain breezes cause the column to sway hither and thither like some bridal veil of lightest texture and of purest white waving in the wind.

As Lord Byron, in his "Manfred," has so eloquently described it,

> "The sunbow's rays still arch
> The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
> And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
> O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular;
> And fling its lines of foaming light along,
> And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
> The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
> As told in the Apocalypse."

If seen on some rough wintry day, the impression might be drear enough to suggest, as in Byron's case, some image connected with death. It could not be so with me, viewing it as I did on a clear and cloudless day in the month of Au-

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gust. Then the imagery suggested was only that of life in its purest and most beneficent forms. For the gentle summer breezes, as they caught on their wings the lightly descending spray, bore it hither and thither over the face of the beautiful prairie that lies at the cataract's base, watering, as from an exhaustless fountain, its carpeting of grasses and wild flowers.

And so it was, that in the midst of the August heat, when other portions of the valley lay parched and wilted by the summer sun, the verdure of this little prairie was as fresh, its flowers as fragrant, and the song of its birds as blithe and cheerful as in the early spring. The "dust stream," descending with dove-like wing, watered it as from the fountains of heaven, and made it "blossom even as the garden of the Lord."

Nothing in all my tour of Switzerland impressed me more than this gentle, kindly "dust fall," in the valley of Lauterbrunnen.

It is to me in its contrast with other cataracts the perpetual illustration of what every true life should aim to be. There are many lives that can only be compared to the noisy, rushing, roaring torrents that you encounter so constantly in that land of mountain and glacier. They seem to be projected upon the principle of antagonism. Their mission seems to be to dash themselves in ceaseless and impotent opposition and discontent against the barriers that Providence has placed in their way, and then angered by the opposition which they themselves have invited, to go chafing and fretting on their way, murmuring against Providence and repining at the imagined grievances and wrongs that they have suffered at the hands of their fellowmen.

There are others whose lives are so quiet in their beneficence, and so beneficent in their quietness, that we can only compare them to one of these "dust falls," of which the Staubbach is the most celebrated representative. Realizing that they are not earthly, but heaven-born in their origin, that their mission is "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," that there are flowers to be cultivated and grasses to be watered, waste places to be made to "blossom as the garden of the Lord," sad hearts to be cheered, and drooping spirits to be revived: they pass through life so quietly that the great busy world is scarcely aware of their existence, and yet their gentle, quiet ministrations come down like pearly mists on the drooping flowers; their silent, potent influences go down with beneficent presence to the roots of all that is pure and lovely and ennobling in society. These are the noble lives. These are the successful lives. These are the lives that are deserving of all honor—not those that fill the world with the clamor of their self-assertion; but those that, having a heaven-appointed mission to perform, quietly and unostentatiously fulfill it, leaving their memorial behind them in the hearts they have "made to sing for joy."

BATTLE IN THE LABORATORY.

Between classes one day in the chemical laboratory, fire and water had quite a prolonged dispute as to which one of them belonged the palm of superiority. Water, with its accustomed fluency, poured forth in this exuberant strain:

Water—"I am obliged to undergo a great many inconveniences for the sake of science, but I do it without a grumble. At times, though, it really becomes too much for me to bear, and I actually *boil* with rage. In the first place, these

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chemists deprive me of all my good qualities by taking me through a process called distillation, and when I come forth again, though I must say I am as beautiful and as clear as crystal, there is no taste to me, and I am fit for nothing but the chemical laboratory. Though you would little think it, once in a great while I enjoy a revenge. One day, I remember it well, although it happened some months ago, I was subjected to some very severe treatment. A current of electricity was passed through me, from which I received such a shock, that, though I used all the force of which I was capable, I could not withstand it. It actually separated me into two parts! This process, the teacher explained, was called electrolysis. I shudder every time I hear the word. There were about thirteen or fourteen of the bright young chemists in the laboratory. Their teacher, luckily for me, said she wished her pupils to perform the experiment themselves, of testing the greater part of my volume, which in chemical language is called Hydrogen. So she left the laboratory, and the most ambitious of the class proceeded to test this part of me, and when she applied the burning taper, I was so much amused at her innocence about it, that I actually exploded with laughter. When she recovered from her fright she found that she was minus her two little false curls which she wore at the back of her neck. So you see, my friend, I am not always crushed and meek."

Fire—"But do you not see, Mr. Water, how, with all your power, I am yet able to destroy all the forces at work within you, and cause you to assume another form."

Water—"Sir, this is a statement which I can not receive calmly. . . . Are you quite dead? No, I see you are not. I thought perhaps that bubble of mine would have put out the last spark of life. This I could have done, had I not restrained my boiling rage."

Fire—"Indeed, what do you say to the effect you produced on the Milwaukee fire. With what prepondicity and magnificence I blazed up, causing those wonderful pieces of workmanship called humans, to recognize their insignificanticity, and the utter worthlessness of the combination Oxygen and Hydrogen against Oxygen and Carbon."

Water—"Stay, my friend. Had I been called in time you would have been humbled at sight of me, but not having been aroused immediately, you gained confidence at my non-appearance, and thus gained your point. To how much fright and distress have I put whole townships within the past two weeks. Nothing can stay my furious course, and not until I have made the Nation acknowledge my superiority, will I retrace my course. I have stopped the greatest motive powers in the world in my mad plunge over the country.

Fire—"We will not accept your superiority with conditions, as regards the Milwaukee fire, and without those you have no ground. As respects the flood, I hope never to be so cruel as to make thousands suffer from my multifarious and barbarous hands. I visit people in minute quantities, affording them my friendly light and heat, and they shower blessings on me for my munificence and beneficentism. (Aside: I hope I use the celebrious English language aright. It does not seem to work very well, though; suppose I try smaller words!) Be so kind as to remember that it was I and only I, manifested through the sun's heat, that vaporized you at the equator so that you were enabled to pursue your path North, there to fall as rain and so overflow rivers."

Water—"I mean not to boast, but am I always cruel? Am I not the means of supporting the life of the whole human

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race? Without *me* they could not live. Do you not know that vegetables owe their life to my consideration and care? When you are aroused you are cruel enough to consume whole forests and all crops, leaving neither food nor homes for thousands."

Fire—"Referring to vegetables, how would human beings have the benefit of most of them if I were not present in the kitchen-stove to perform chemical changes, in my own way, to furnish nutriment for the body, and internal fire to keep it warm! Let us look at the great steam-engine which, we may say, moves the world. Am I not the first to be thought of before your services are needed? Say!"

Water—"Yes, but you would be of no use were I not there for you to act upon; you are the power which first prepares me for use in the engine, but after that I have done with you and propel this monstrous engine myself. But, soft! Here comes the troop of young chemists whom we were talking about some time ago. Silence! . . . O, my! I knew that would be the way, Take care, my friend. One of these girls just now banged the door and upset me and I am slowly creeping toward the edge of the table. I want to get out of this horrible place. Please convert me into steam. Remember I have always respected you."

Fire—"Yes, I will aid you this time. Be careful to fly straight to that broken window-pane, give a little jump, and you will be safe in the open air or on the ground. I can not from my knowledge of chemistry, tell which. I expect I shall die in the attempt. I feel my breath coming shorter and shorter, but to serve a friend in his dying hour is the height of my ambition."

Then followed the escape of the steam and the expiration of the fire, leaving nothing but a handful of ashes. Let us give thanks unto the young girl who turned over the water, thus accidentally ending a dispute which might have lasted for ever.—*Hamptonian.*

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Nancy's mind was much exercised and troubled about that mysterious letter for several days, and for several days she did her best to try to find out something with regard to it. She employed every possible means with her brother; she was persuasive, she was snappish, she was artful, she was sullen, but all in vain, the old gentleman would not let a ray of light on the subject reach her. Sometimes he would take the line of not seeming to understand what she was wishing to know, and sometimes he would stop her mouth with a brief, stern word. At last Miss Nancy grew tired of the matter, and made up her mind it would be more for her dignity to appear to forget it; so Matthew Lindhurst was molested no further by her on the point.

As for Ruby, the only other person who had noticed the old man's manner that morning at the breakfast-table, she, girl-like, naturally enough never gave the subject another serious thought; she did not hear that any misfortune had happened to Mr. Lindhurst of which that letter could have brought him the news, and so she concluded that, after all, it must have been only some slight passing annoyance. Ruby, however, did at this time observe one thing in the old gentleman, and this was a certain increase of

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gentleness and softness in his manner to herself; it seemed as if a cord of music had been wakened somewhere in his soul to vibrate for the girl alone, for toward others he was much what he had been before.

One morning, later on in the winter, Ruby rose at early dawn, as was often her custom, first to take a little walk in the brisk air, and then to get a space of free time for reading before the rest of the family came down; whenever in the middle of the day she took up a book there seemed always to be a conspiracy, formed by the restless brains of Miss Nancy or the chronic indolence of Miss Ringwood, for compelling her to put it down before she had well got into the meaning of the page beneath her. Besides, Ruby had taken lately to visiting some of the poor cottages in the neighborhood, and she wanted to give all the spare moments she could in the day to cheering a sick girl of her own age who was living near. The work was very congenial to her sweet, sympathetic nature, and often soothed her after the many little irritating worries of her daily life; it seemed to her, too, a high and a precious privilege to be allowed to do any thing for Christ's poor.

The girl's heart was very full of melody in spite of all her many small troubles, as she passed with quick, light steps down the shrubbery walk, and her soul went up in a strong, sweet prayer, as she gazed on all the radiant beauty of God's world around her. She asked for power and opportunity to do more for her Master; then the thought of that beautiful dream of hers came back to her with renewed distinctness, and seemed to make the morning yet more bright, and a clear, low voice, which she knew to be her mother's, appeared to whisper in her ear—

"I told them to call you Ruby, because I would have you so shine before men that one day you may be a jewel fit for the crown of the dear Lord in heaven."

Yes, her name had in truth a deep, holy meaning in it; if only she could live up to it; but how was she, poor little Ruby, to do that? Had she not lately often dimmed the gem of her Christian courage by many a repining thought and weak yielding to small temptations? How could she dare to fancy, when she had served her King so imperfectly in little trials, that she should be brave and true, if any great field of work for God, such as she loved to fancy as coming in her path, were to open before her. The child's tears fell as she asked herself these questions, but she prayed with redoubled earnestness, until her young face grew bright and calm once more, and her heart became light again, and as full of sunshine as the eastern sky, while many a precious Bible-text came floating round her to comfort her.

She turned down a side walk, and child-like, for still she was often little more than a child, found real hearty pleasure in feeding a whole assembly of birds with a piece of bread which she took from her pocket. From her earliest years she had been thoughtful for and careful of God's dumb creatures, and they all seemed to know it, and to love her and trust her. What a pretty picture she made standing there with the ruddy morning sunlight wrapping her in a crimson halo, the frost-touched branches of the trees flashing on every side of her, and her fair, earnest eyes fixed on the little feathered group at her feet. Her slight, graceful figure was bent a little forward in her childish eagerness, and her red lips parted in almost breathless interest, as she watched how a bold, saucy robin successfully bore away the very largest fragment from his rival, an orange-beaked black-

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bird, and how a sly, tiny tomtit stole into the midst of the struggling throng, and carried off the next best prize.

Ruby was still standing fully occupied with her birds, when suddenly she was startled by the sound of voices near at hand. Who could it be? She knew that none of the family, not even any of the servants, who were rather late risers in the winter, ever came out so early as this. Could it be the old gardener talking with some friend he had brought with him? She listened more attentively and soon became certain that the voices were those of a man and a woman, and that they came from the direction of a little wicket gate, which led from the shrubbery into the meadow beyond. Now, Mr. Lindhurst always kept the key of that gate. He had an idea that intruders from the neighboring village might enter there and harm his trees and plants. Ruby had hardly become sure of the different sexes of the two speakers when another noise met her ear, a noise which was like the sharp ring of the latch of the gate when closed by a hasty hand. How very strange, thought Ruby; who can be passing that way when Mr. Lindhurst never lets the key go out of his possession? She had scarcely had time, however, to shape this question in her mind when she heard a heavy step, beneath which the hoar-frost crackled, coming up a walk near at hand, and an instant after, who should appear in view but Mr. Lindhurst himself!

Mr. Lindhurst out at this hour! Ruby's astonishment grew more and more keen. She knew that there was nothing further from the old gentleman's general habits than early rising and a walk before breakfast, on a frosty morning like this; it was the sort of thing which usually he would have thought utterly destructive of his ease and comfort, and quite ruinous to his health. But Ruby's astonishment at such an unusual circumstance was swallowed up in wonder about Matthew Lindhurst himself, when he was near enough to her for her to see his face distinctly. There had come a great change over that face, such as might come over some frozen northern lake if suddenly a stream of spring sunshine should pour down upon it. All the hard lines in the old man's face were softened, his eyes were filled with tears, his lips were quivering; and yet, though such things as tears and trembling lips are in most faces signs of sorrow and suffering, they were not in his. Ruby fancied that he looked years younger than he did when she last saw him, and that, had she come to him at this moment to ask him to do some great, or generous, or noble, self-denying act, he would have granted her request; as, by a quick, enlightening instinct, the child seemed all at once to be certain that there was more in Matthew Lindhurst's nature to love and to honor than she had ever dreamed of before.

Ruby was standing so entirely hidden by the trees that Mr. Lindhurst, who was coming along a different walk through the shrubbery from the one in which she was, could pass by without knowing that she was there; and, taught by some rapid inward intuition, she drew back, and resolved that he should not know she had seen him at this time—something told her he would not wish any eye except the eye of God to be on him. As he passed the spot where she stood she heard him murmur—

"O, Lord, my God, I have sinned against Thee, in that I have let my heart lie dead within me for these many, many years."

After that a turn in the walk concealed him from her sight.

For some time Ruby stood wrapped in wondering thought. Who could Mr. Lindhurst have gone out so early to meet?

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For she was certain that he had met some one, and that he had been talking to the person, whoever it might be, at the little wicket-gate, and had let the mysterious stranger out at it. What had brought about that wondrous change in his face?

Why, if there was indeed much that was noble and beautiful in his nature, was it hidden by such a thick outside crust of selfishness and indolent self-indulgence, and harsh, bitter judgment of his fellow-men? All these questions crowded in perplexing confusion on the child's mind, as she went slowly back towards the house. On one point she made up her mind, and that was that she would breathe no word to any one of what she had seen that morning. She was somehow certain that the old man would rather have it so; and open and fearless as her nature was, Ruby could keep a secret.

CHAPTER V.

"Ruby, come with me; I want to speak to you," said Mr. Lindhurst to the girl, on the afternoon of that same day in the morning of which she had seen him in the garden.

She was crossing the hall when he spoke to her, on her way out to visit some of her neighbors. It was an unusual thing for him to call her apart in this way, and somehow she could not help, by a quick, sudden instinct, connecting his doing so with what had happened this morning, and as the thought shot across her, her cheek flushed and her heart beat with rapid pulses.

The old man, however, did not seem to notice that she was especially disturbed. He was evidently too much occupied with what was going on in his own mind; all the day Ruby, who had silently watched him, had observed that his manner was more absent than usual, and she fancied, too, more gentle. Miss Nancy, also, would very likely have perceived this, for her keen eyes were always prying into the looks and ways of others, if it had not been that to-day her every faculty had been busy in trying to spy out faults and shortcomings in a new housemaid who had just entered her service. Miss Nancy was always extremely distrustful and suspicious with her servants, and very often, if truth must be told, though she herself would have been very indignant at such an idea, sowed the very seeds of wrong-doing in her dependents by the frequent and open way in which she doubted the possibility of good in them.

"Ruby," said Mr. Lindhurst, when they were alone together in his study, "you often go about among the poor near us, do you not?"

"Yes," she answered simply, looking up at him with her clear brave eyes, and not quite knowing whether she was going to receive a reprimand or encouragement. It was such a new thing for Mr. Lindhurst to speak to her on such a subject; then, made bolder by a ray of mildness which she thought she saw in his face, she added, "It is what I should like to be able to do a great deal more, and a great deal oftener, but Miss Lindhurst and Ella are so constantly wanting my time for small things in the house, and my time is almost the only thing I have to give."

And she spoke with half a sigh, half a smile.

"My child," he said, and now there was something of diffidence, almost of shyness, in his manner, which, taken in connection with his gray head, had something touching in it for the girl; "my child, would you mind taking help from me to some of those around us who most want it? I have never, hitherto, in my life been what I ought to them, but I should like to begin now."

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"O! I should be so delighted to have a little money to take them," cried Ruby, her face all one sparkle at such an unexpected proposal.

"Will you?" he said, smiling at her pleasure, a sweeter smile than she had ever thought could dawn on his stern, withered face; "then take this, Ruby, and divide it among those who are worst clothed and most hungry, and when you want more for the same good purpose come to me again."

And he laid some money beside her on the table.

"All that to give away!" she exclaimed, clapping her little hands in the excess of her naïve, joyous surprise. "Dear Mr. Lindhurst, what can I say to thank you?"

"Nothing, child, nothing," he answered in a low and rather tremulous tone. "God knows it is late enough in the day to begin well-doing."

"But what will Miss Nancy say?" said Ruby, a sudden cloud coming over both her face and her mind, as a vision of Miss Nancy's cap, with a very wrathful countenance beneath it, rose up before the eyes of her fancy.

"Let Nancy say what she likes, it will make no difference to me," said Mr. Lindhurst, with some return of his usual sternness. Then he added more gently, "Nancy and I have made altogether, of our whole lives, a great mistake; O, little Ruby!" and now he laid his hand softly on her shoulder, "and this light, this wakening up, would never have come if you had not entered under our roof; bless you for it, child!"

"But why should my coming here have made such a difference to you?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"Child, you must not ask too much," he answered shortly; "perhaps some day you will understand it all." Then he added with a renewed softening of tone, "Ruby, long, long ago, when I was very young, I was full of high and generous feelings, and I meant to spend a life of active service toward my Lord above and men below; but there came upon me a sudden, great crushing sorrow, and instead of taking it as a chastening from a Father's hand, I let myself grow hard under it, and wrapped myself round more and more in mere low selfishness. Now, through your being here, I have——" but here he broke off quickly, as if he felt he was saying too much, and only murmured in conclusion, turning away his face from her earnest young eyes, which were fixed upon him with a half-surprised, half-pitying look, "Ruby, I can tell you no more; don't ask it."

"No, I will not," she answered, in her straightforward, girlish way, "and I will never tell Ella or any one a word of what you have now been saying to me; won't that be right?" and she drew closer to him, and her frank eyes looked into his.

"Yes, that is quite right, just what I wish," he answered, in a low tone.

Then he turned away from her again, and went to the window, and fixed his eyes on the far distant hills, as if he were reading there the story of a yet more distant past.

If truth must be told, Ruby's curiosity was a good deal aroused by what he had said. How could her coming to Larcombe Priory possibly have so much affected Mr. Lindhurst, that through it his state of mind and feeling had been changed? What could she have to do with the old man's past life? Like the sensible girl that she was, however, she silenced these questions within her, and picking up the money which still lay on the table, gave her whole thoughts to the delightful employment of settling which of her poor people she should first gladden with a present: it was such a new, sweet luxury to her, the luxury of giving.

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"May I go now?" she asked, approaching Matthew a little timidly, for she saw that he was sunk in deep thought, yet with her feet almost dancing to be off on their joyous missions of love and mercy.

The old man started at her voice as though she had called him back from some far-off time and place. Then he said gently—

"What was it you said, Ruby?"

"I asked if I might go," she answered; "the afternoon is going off so fast, and I must be back to make five o'clock tea for Miss Lindhurst and Ella."

"Ruby," said Mr. Lindhurst, his fingers playing uneasily with a pen in the inkstand, as though he were going to say something which he hardly knew how to shape in words, "Would you mind taking a walk with me to-day."

"With you?" she repeated, extremely surprised at the unusual proposal.

Since she had been at Larcombe Priory she had never known Mr. Lindhurst ask either Miss Nancy or Ella or herself to take a walk with him, so no wonder she was astonished.

"Will you dislike me for a companion, Ruby?" he said, with a half smile.

"O, no," she answered, simply and heartily, "only you know you never have walked with any of us before."

"Then come along, child, for as you say it is getting late."

And without more words the pair left the house together.

"Will you come with me to give away some of your own money?" asked Ruby; "the people would be so pleased to see you and thank you themselves."

"No, child, no," he answered, hastily, "not to-day—come this way, this is the walk I want to take."

He led her down the side shrubbery walk and out by that very little wicket gate which she had heard him close this morning. It opened into a pretty path across the fields, and this they followed.

It was always a favorite walk with Ruby. The brook hard by made such winsome melody, the air came bounding with such happy freedom over the meadows, the spire of the cathedral, which was visible from here in the far distance, stood out so grandly and calmly against the blue, frosty sky. To-day the beauty was increased by every tiny blade of grass being traced out in glistening silver—by every hedgerow being clothed in dazzling white. The old man and the girl went on side by side, Ruby, child-like, too much enjoying the loveliness round her to care about talking of any thing else, Matthew Lindhurst answering her words of keen, simple enjoyment gently, but briefly. He was evidently still thinking of other things.

The field-path ended in a deep, warm Devonshire lane, where the very breath of the frost was shut out, and where green mosses still draped the hedges, telling already a message of the spring. A blackbird had caught the spirit of the place, and was singing lustily above about the mate that he would choose next April. The lane in its turn ended in a road, which went two ways—one turned back toward Larcombe Priory, the other went in the direction of the town. Ruby thought they should, of course, take the homeward way; but, instead of that, the old man followed the contrary road.

"We shall not have time to go far this way, shall we?" she said, surprised.

"Just a little distance," he answered, walking more quickly than he had yet done.

Ruby looked at him as he spoke, and she fancied that he was paler than usual, and that there was a bright, restless light in his eyes. The sun had set, the winter twilight was coming on apace; the girl wondered silently at his liking

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to be out so late—he who in general dreaded a breath of chill evening air.

They had now reached a row of detached villas which extended along one side of the road, and which had been lately run up by some enterprising speculator. Mr. and Miss Lindhurst never visited at these houses, because every thing new and showy was utterly distasteful to them; and the villas, and, in general, their inhabitants, too, were decidedly of this latter order.

When they came in front of the first house Mr. Lindhurst paused, looked up at the sky, and began to make some commonplace remarks about the beauty of the evening. While he spoke Ruby glanced at the villa before which they stood, and from which they were only separated by a narrow strip of garden. She noticed one of the lower windows was half open, the blind was drawn down.

She had hardly observed this, and was just turning to Mr. Lindhurst to answer some unimportant question he had put her, when through that open window there suddenly rang out a shrill scream, which was immediately followed by a sound which was like the noise made by the fall of some heavy object.

"What can that be?" cried Ruby, startled. "What can be the matter in that house?"

The old man's face grew as white as the frosty ground, and a sudden trembling seemed to thrill his whole frame.

"Ruby, wait here till I come back to you," he said, in strangely faltering tones.

Then, before she could answer, and almost before she knew what he was doing, he had left her side, knocked at the door of the villa, and disappeared through it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

On the 9th of June, 1883, the American people, through one of their noblest and most public-spirited men, united in giving a fitting tribute to the memory of John Howard Payne. At 4 P.M., on that day, his remains, which for thirty years had lain in their silent repose in a foreign land, were interred in Washington city. The ceremonies on that occasion were but in keeping with the appreciation with which the poet is held in the hearts and the homes of Americans. One of the most touching parts of the ceremony was the rendition of "Home, Sweet Home," by the Orchestra Club, with a full chorus of one hundred voices. The plaintive, thrilling strains of this music, it is said, will ever live in the memory of those present.

The monument, which was unveiled, is a shaft of white marble, surmounted by a bust one half larger than life-size, and is supported by a base of solid gray granite six feet square. The height of the monument is fourteen feet, and its general design Roman, of a pure classical type. The inscriptions on the shaft are simple. On the front is the following brief but sufficient inscription:

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

AUTHOR OF "HOME SWEET HOME."

BORN JAN. 9, 1792; DIED APRIL 10, 1852.

On the back is the inscription which was on the tombstone that marked his grave in Tunis. It is as follows:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said,
'Welcome to heaven's home, sweet home.'"

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The first line of the following is the sad refrain of an unwritten poem recited to a friend by John Howard Payne, just before his death in Tunis:

"I have sinned and I have suffered"—
Yet the world will never know
How I tried to do my duty
In the long, the long ago.

"I have sinned and I have suffered"—
Human nature is so weak;
Yet my tongue can not be tempted
To disclose, betray, or speak.

"I have sinned and I have suffered"—
Who has not through bone and blood?
If there be a mortal living,
Let him bravely cast the stone.

"I have sinned and I have suffered"—
Just the same as other men;
But my heart can not be conquered,
Nor the soul that burns within.

"I have sinned and I have suffered"
Mournful memories come to me;
Yet beyond the clouds of sorrow
Rifts of sunshine I can see.

"I have sinned and I have suffered"—
He can sink and He can save
All the human hearts that wander
To the clouds and silent grave.

About the year 1625 there were three brothers of excellent English stock emigrated hither from the southern counties of Old England. Their name was Payne. The elder of the trio took up his residence in Virginia, and became the ancestor of Miss Dolly Payne, whom President James Madison married. The other two brothers made their homes in the Middle States, one of them settling at East Hampton, Long Island. This gentleman was the father of William Payne. He married twice—his first wife being a Miss Lucy Taylor, who died soon after marriage. In 1780 Mr. Payne led to the altar Miss Sarah Isaacs, the daughter of a converted Jew—an emigrant hither, anterior to the revolution, from Hamburg, Germany. This lady could trace her descent on the maternal side from the Scottish Earl of the Dysart. They removed at once to East Hampton, where they resided off and on for sixteen years, Mr. Payne holding for quite a period the position of Principal of the local Clinton Academy, an institution founded by Governor De Witt Clinton. In 1796 he accepted a Master's chair in the Berry Street Academy, New York, and brought thither his family, going thence to Boston, where Mrs. Payne died June 18, 1807.

The death of an elder son soon followed. Mr. Payne, grief-stricken and sick at heart, returned with his diminished household to New York. His affairs had long been far from prosperous, and sorrowing neglect only precipitated the end. He failed, and his creditors greedily availed themselves of every scrap to effect their recoupment.

Five years after, on March 7, 1812, he died, having meanwhile restored to some extent his fallen fortunes.

There were nine children born of this union, and of these the only one to feel the fickle caresses of the world of fashion was John Howard Payne. It is the much ridiculed Tupper who asks and answers:

There were nine Homers, all goodly men of song;
But where is any record of the eight?
One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod,
And swallowed up his brethren.

John Howard Payne was born in New York, June 9, 1791. Coincidently enough he spent his childhood at East Hampton, his grandparents' home, and his youth at Boston, just as his father had done before him. He was taught by that gentleman, and in turn helped his paternal parent to impress upon the minds of the younger Bostonese the elements of knowledge. The dramatic impulse within him was first awakened by his participation in the declamations which formed a large picture in the class exercises—elocution being an important course in the curric-

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ulum. Stage presentals were the natural outcome of this study, and in these Howard (as he was called) usually excelled his fellows.

Collegiate authority was not wanting in trying urgently to check his evidently growing passion for the stage, but these measures proved as futile as did his father's efforts.

The financial disaster which overtook his father seemed to suggest to the young man, now in his eighteenth year, the possible money value attaching to his penchant for theatrical life. On February 24, 1809, he made his debut at the old Park Theater in New York city, and for a time followed the uncertain and fickle life of an actor, residing for a number of years abroad.

Endowed with a high order of talent, capable of continuous and conscientious work, Howard Payne yet lacked common business capacity—the requisite, the *sine qua non* of intelligent manhood —without which genius is too often the prey of selfish greed. Confiding too readily in the honor of those who were ever ready to profit by his versatile pen, his life for twenty years pending his residence abroad was saddened by the constant breaking of faith with him by managers and publishers, whom his labor had benefited, even to the rescuing from ruin. Neglect was his portion, often times absolute want, and once a dreary imprisonment for a paltry debt. His masterpiece, written for Edmund Kean, and first played at the Drury Lane Theater, in December, 1818, only brought him £183 6s., while the total of his dramatic writing (comprising eight tragedies, six comedies, twenty-one dramas, five operas, and nine farces), netted him an amount even less proportionate in the aggregate—many of these forty-nine manuscripts not being paid for at all.

Payne returned home in July, 1832, and for ten years traversed the country, writing for the press. An article on "Our Neglected Poets" was probably evolved from a bitter personal experience. It is an excellent specimen of the man's graceful style of writing. In 1842 President Tyler appointed him Consul to Tunis. The thoroughness which marked his ill-requited literary labors did not fail him in an official capacity, and for three years Payne proved an exemplary public servant. Being then recalled, he spent a year or so wandering up and down Europe—the whilom theater of his brilliant genius—reaching New York in July, 1847, fifteen years after his initial return from foreign shores. Under a reappointment he went back to his post at Tunis in '51, but with shattered health. Illness of a rheumatic nature ensued, and before a year had sped John Howard Payne was awaiting the last summons in a strange land, but with the calmness of a brave soul. He died April 10, 1852, aged sixty years.

The song which the wide world loves and for which alone America remembers him—though it brought no other compensation to John Howard Payne—was written for an opera entitled "Clari, or Maid of Milan"—composed for Kemble and first presented at the Covent Garden Theater, London, May 8, 1823. Its author dreamed not that the fragment of two verses was to make his name famous above all other of his efforts. The air is a pure Sicilian one just heard by Payne in Italy from the lips of a peasant girl. At his subsequent request she repeated it and he dotted down the notes in rough form. It suggested to him the words and he sent both to Sir Henry Bishop, musical director at Covent Garden, who only made a few technical changes in the score, though in the original edition of the song (which was at once printed separately and rapturously received) Sir Henry's name was given as the virtual author. In rendering such

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perfect homage to the beauty of "Home, Sweet Home," the world, it has been said, has unconsciously paid tribute less to the words than to the air. The former might well have missed their immortality had they not been wedded to music all but divine. This opinion is confirmed by the facts in the case as narrated—Payne himself having his fancy arrested by the sweet plaintiveness of the air sung on its native heath and composing the words while yet under the influence of this lyric force.

The following are the words as written in the original manuscript:

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,—
Those who named me with pride,
Those who played by my side—
Give me them with their innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

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To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home.

To us, in spite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears!
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home.

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But mine has been checkered with many a woe;
Yet, though different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home.

The two last verses were added by Mr. Payne for his relative, Mrs. Bates.

ARTHUR OF BRITTANY.

The son of Geoffrey Plantagenet and Constance, Duchess of Brittany, was born at Nantes on Easterday, 1187. He was the first grandson of Henry II., for the young King Henry had died childless, Richard was still unmarried, and the elder child of Geoffrey was a daughter named Eleanor. His birth was, therefore, the subject of universal joy. There was a prophecy of Merlin, that King Arthur should reappear from the realm of the fairy Morgana, who had borne him away in his death-like trance after the battle of Camelford, and, returning in the form of a child, should conquer England from the Saxon race, and restore the splendors of the British Pendragons.

The Bretons, resolved to see in their infant duke this champion of their glories, overlooked the hated Angevin and Norman blood that flowed in his veins, and insisted on his receiving their beloved name of Arthur. Thanksgivings were poured forth in all the churches in Brittany, and the altars and shrines at the sacred fountains were adorned with wreaths of flowers.

At the same time a Welsh bard directed King Henry to cause search to be made at Glastonbury, the true Avallon, for the ancient hero's corpse, which, as old traditions declared, had been buried between two pyramids within the abbey. There, in fact, at some distance beneath the surface, was found a leaden cross, inscribed with the words, "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in insula Avallonia" (here lies buried the unconquered King Arthur in the Isle of Avallon). A little deeper was a coffin, hol-

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lowed out of an oak tree, and within lay the bones of the renowned Arthur and his fair Queen Guenever. His form was of gigantic size; there were the marks of ten wounds upon his skull, and by his side was a sword, the mighty Caliburn, or Excalibar, so often celebrated in romances. Guenever's hair was still perfect to all appearance, and of a beautiful golden color, but it crumbled into dust on exposure to the air. The Bretons greatly resented this discovery, which they chose to term an imposture of Henry's in order to cast discredit on Merlin's prediction.

They were, however, in no condition to oppose the grasping monarch; Henry entered Brittany, assembled the States at Nantes, and claimed the guardianship of his grandson's person and domains.

They were at first intimidated by his threats, but Constance showed so much spirit that she obtained the keeping of her son, and the immediate government, though she was not to act without the advice and consent of the king of England, who received the oaths of the barons present.

The widowed heiress suffered much persecution from the different suitors for her hand, among whom figured her brother-in-law, John Lackland; and Henry, fearing her marriage with some powerful prince, so tormented her by threats of removing her son from her charge that he forced her into a marriage with Ranulf de Blondeville, Count of Chester, a man of violent and ambitious temper, and of mean and ungraceful appearance.

He made himself extremely hated in Brittany by his cruelty and injustice; and no sooner had the news arrived of the death of Henry II. than the people rose with one consent, drove him away, and restored the power to Constance.

Richard I. did not interfere in his behalf, and appeared favorable to his nephew Arthur, acknowledging him as heir-presumptive of England, and, when at Messina, betrothing him to the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily.

When Arthur was nine years old, in 1196, he was introduced by his mother to the Assembly of the States of Brittany, and associated with her in the duchy. His uncle at the same time claimed the charge of him as his heir, and invited Constance to a conference at Pontorson. On her way—it is much to be feared with his connivance—she was seized by a body of troops under her husband, the Earl of Chester, and carried a prisoner to the Castle of St. James de Beuvron.

Her nobles met at St. Malo and deputed the seneschal of Rennes to inquire of her how they should act, and to assure her of their fidelity. She thanked them earnestly, but her whole entreaty was that they would guard her son, watch him like friends, servants, and parents, and save him from the English. "As for me," wrote she, "that will be as God wills; but whatever may befall me, do your best for Arthur, my son. I shall always be well, provided he is well, and in the care of good subjects."

The vassals wept at this letter, full of maternal love; they swore to devote themselves to their young lord, even to the death, and obtained from him a promise never to treat with the English without their consent. They placed him under the charge of the Sieur de Vitré, who conducted him from castle to castle with so much secrecy that Richard continually failed in his attempt to seize on him. Treaties were attempted, but failed with mutual accusations of perfidy, and while Constance continued a prisoner, a most desolating war raged in the unfortunate duchy. The dislike and distrust that existed between Constance and her mother-in-law, Queen Eleanor, seem to have been the root of many of these troubles; Eleanor was all-powerful with

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her son, and contrived to inspire him with distrust of Constance—a suspicion naturally augmented by her refusal to allow him the care of her son, his own heir. Vitré succeeded in lodging young Arthur, his charge, in the hands of the king of France, who espoused his cause as an excuse for attacking Richard. Several battles took place, and at length another treaty of peace was made, by which Constance was liberated, after eighteen months' captivity. Doubtless this would soon have proved as hollow as every other agreement between the French king and the Plantagenet; but it was Cœur de Lion's last.

The Vicomte de Limoges, in Poitou, sent him two mule-burdens of silver, part of a treasure found in his hands. Richard claimed the whole, and when the vicomte refused, marched in anger to Poitou and besieged the Castle of Chaluz, where he believed the rest of the riches to be concealed. In the course of the assault his shoulder was pierced by an arrow shot from the walls by an archer, and though the wound at first appeared slight, the surgeons, in attempting to extract the head of the arrow, so mangled the shoulder that he died from the effects of it.

His sister Joan, queen of Sicily, who had traveled to her brother's camp to ask his aid, died a few hours after, and they were buried together at their father's feet at Fontevraud.

Queen Eleanor's influence and Richard's own displeasure at the duchess of Brittany so prevailed that Arthur was not even named by the dying Cœur de Lion; but he directed his barons to swear fealty to his brother John, and the wish was universally complied with.

Philippe Auguste's voice was the only one uplifted in favor of Arthur, but it was merely as a means of obtaining a bribe, which John administered in the shape of the county of Evreux, as a marriage-portion for his niece, Blanch, the eldest daughter of Eleanor Plantagenet, Queen of Castile.

Philippe Auguste brought young Arthur to this betrothal, and caused him to swear fealty to his uncle for Brittany as a fief of Normandy. Arthur was now thirteen, and had newly received the order of knighthood, adopting as his device the lion, unicorn, and griffin, which tradition declared to have been borne by his namesake, and this homage must have been sorely against his will.

He was betrothed to Marie, one of the French king's daughters, and continued to reside at his court, never venturing into the power of his uncle.

His mother, Constance, had taken advantage of this tranquility to obtain a divorce from the hated earl of Chester, and to give her hand to the Vicomte Guy de Thouars; but the Bretons appear to have disapproved of the step, as they never allowed him to bear the title of duke. She survived her marriage little more than two years, and died in the end of 1201.

Arthur set off to take possession of his dukedom, and was soon delighted to hear of a fresh disturbance between his uncle and the king of France, hoping that he might thus come to his rights.

John had long ago fallen in love with Avice, grand-daughter of Earl Robert of Gloucester, and had been espoused to her at his brother's coronation; but the church had interposed and refused to permit their union, as they were second cousins. He was now in the south of France, where he beheld the beautiful Isabelle, daughter of the count of Angoulême, only waiting till her age was sufficient for her to fulfill the engagement made in her infancy, and become the wife of Hugh de Lusignan, called *le brun*, Count de la March. Regardless of their former ties, John at once obtained the damsel from her faithless parents, and

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made her his queen, while her lover, who was ardently attached to her, called upon the king of France, as suzerain, to do him justice.

Philippe was glad to establish the supremacy of his court, and summoned John to appear. John promised compensation, and offered as a pledge two of his castles; then broke his word and refused; whereupon Philippe took up arms, besieged the castles, and had just destroyed them both, when Arthur arrived, with all the Breton knights he could collect, and burning with the eagerness of his sixteen years.

At once Philippe offered to receive his homage for the county of Anjou, and to send him to conquer it with any knights who would volunteer to follow him. Hugh de Lusignan was the first to bring him fifteen, and other Poitevin barons joined him; but, in all, he could muster but one hundred knights and four or five hundred other troops, and the wiser heads advised him to wait for reinforcements from Brittany. The fiery young men, however, asked, "When was it our fashion to count our foes?" and their rashness prevailed. Arthur marched to besiege the town of Mirabeau, where there resided one whom he should never have attacked—his aged grandmother; but Constance had taught him no sentiment toward her but hatred, and with this ill-omened beginning to his chivalry he commenced his expedition. The town was soon taken; but Eleanor's high spirit had not deserted her; she shut herself up in the castle, and contrived to send intelligence to her son. John was for once roused, and marched to Mirabeau with such speed that Arthur soon found himself surrounded in his turn. The queen was in the citadel, the prince in the town besieging her, and himself besieged by the king on the outside; but the town wall was strong and John could not easily injure his nephew, nor send succor to his mother.

He recollected a knight named Guillaume des Roches, who had once been attached to Arthur's service, but was now in his camp. Sending for him, the wily king thus addressed him: "It is hard that persons who should be friendly kindred should so disturb each other for want of meeting and coming to an understanding. Can you remember no friend of my fair nephew who could help you to restore peace, and obtain a guerdon from me?"

"The only guerdon I desire," replied Des Roches, "is the honor of serving my lord; but one gift I entreat."

"I grant it, by the soul of my father," said John.

"To-morrow, then," said Des Roches, "the young duke and all his young lords shall be at your disposal; but I claim the gift you granted me. It is that none of the besieged shall be imprisoned or put to death, and that Duke Arthur be treated by you as your good and honorable nephew, and that you leave him such of his lands as rightfully pertain to him."

John promised, and even swore that if he violated his word he released his subjects from their oaths. Arthur's stepfather, Guy de Thouars, witnessed the agreement, and, at midnight, Arthur and his followers were seized in their sleep. But for John's promise, he regarded it no more than the wind; he sent twenty-two knights at once to Corfe Castle chained two and two together in carts drawn by oxen, where all but Hugh de Lusignan were starved to death by his orders. He threw the rest into different prisons, and closely confined his nephew at Falaise. Des Roches remonstrated, upon which John attempted to arrest both him and De Thouars, but they escaped from his dominions; and Des Roches was so grieved at the fatal consequence of his treachery that he became a hermit.

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The old queen, whose disposition had softened with her years, charged John on pain of her curse not to hurt his nephew, and exerted herself to save the victims from barbarity. She prevailed so far as to obtain the life of Lusignan, but he was shut up at Bristol Castle, where John likewise imprisoned the sister of Arthur, Eleanor, a girl of eighteen, of such peerless beauty that she was called the Pearl of Brittany.

John held a parley with his nephew at Falaise, when the following dialogue took place: *

"Give up your false pretentions," said John, "to crowns you will never wear. Am I not your uncle? I will give you a share of my inheritance as your lord, and grant you my friendship."

"Better the hatred of the king of France!" exclaimed the high-spirited boy; "he has not broken his faith, and with a noble knight there is always a resource in generosity."

"Folly to trust him!" sneered John. "French kings are the born enemies of Plantagenets."

"Philippe has placed the crown on my brow—he was my godfather in chivalry, he has granted me his daughter," said Arthur.

"And you will never marry her, fair nephew. My towers are strong; none here resist my will."

The boy burst out proudly, "Neither towers nor swords shall make me cowardly enough to deny the right I hold from my father and from God. He was your elder brother, now before the Saviour of men. England, Touraine, Anjou, Guienne, are mine in his right, and Brittany through my mother. Never will I renounce them, but by death."

"So be it, fair nephew," were John's words, and with them he left his captive alone, to dwell on the horrors thus implied.

*These particulars are taken from old chronicles of slight authority.

Soon after, John secretly sent a party of men into Arthur's dungeon, with orders to put out his eyes. The youth caught up a wooden bench, and defended himself with it, calling so loudly for help as to bring to the spot the excellent governor of the castle, Hubert de Burgh, who had been in ignorance of their horrible design. He sent away the assassins, and, as the only means of saving the poor prince, he caused the chapel bell to be tolled, and let it be supposed that he had perished under their hands. All the world believed it, and Brittany and Normandy began to rise and call the murderer to account. Hubert thought he was doing a service in divulging the safety of the prisoner, but the effect was, that John transferred the poor boy to Rouen, and to the keeping of William Bruce.

He was an old man, and dreaded the iniquity that he saw would soon be practiced, and coming to the king, gave up his charge in these words: "I know not what fate intends for your nephew, whom I have hitherto faithfully kept. I give him up to you, in full health, and sound in limb; but I will guard him no longer; I must return to my own affairs."

John's eyes flashed fury; but the baron retired to his own fiefs, which he put in a state of defense. A few days after, John and his wicked squire, Pierre de Maulac, left the court, giving notice that they were going to Cherbourg, and after wandering for three days in the woods of Moulineau, came late at night in a little boat to the foot of the tower where Arthur was confined. Horses were ready there, and he sent Maulac to bring him his nephew.

"Fair nephew," said he, "come and see the day you have so long desired. I will make you free as air; you shall even have a kingdom to govern."

Arthur began to ask explanations, but John cut him short, telling him there

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would be time for questions and thanks: and Maulac helped him to his horse, for he was so much weakened by his imprisonment that he could hardly mount. They rode on, Arthur in front, till they came to a spot where the river flowed beneath a precipitous bank. It was John's chosen spot; and he spurred his horse against his nephew's striking him down with his sword. The poor boy cried aloud for mercy, promising to yield all he required.

"All is mine henceforth," said John, and here is the kingdom I promised you."

Then striking him again, by the help of Maulac he dragged him to the edge of the rock, and threw him headlong into the Seine, whose waters closed over the brave young Plantagenet, in his eighteenth year, ending all the hopes of the Bretons. The deed of darkness was guessed at, though it was long before its manner became known; and John himself marked out its consummation by causing himself to be publicly crowned over again, and by rewarding his partner in the crime with the hand of the heiress of Mulgrave. His mother, Queen Eleanor, is said to have died of grief at the horror he had perpetrated. She had retired, after the siege of Mirabeau, to the convent of Fontevraud, where she assumed the veil, and now shared the same fate as her husband, King Henry—like him, dying broken-hearted for the crimes of their son. She was buried beside him and her beloved Cœur de Lion.

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

Morning came at last, calm and clear and beautiful. Harry was awakened by the rays of the sun shining brightly across his berth. His first thought was that he had not been asleep at all, and he began to ponder on the fearful realities of the previous night. But suddenly he remembered that he had carefully counted the striking of the ship's bells until midnight, then—well he *must* have slept. Looking at his watch, he saw to his utter astonishment that it was half past eight o'clock; and now his bewilderment was greater than ever, for he began to wonder if his terrors of the dark hours were all mere dreams.

There was, however, a sudden interruption to his solving this problem, in the sounding of the last gong for breakfast. A hurried toilet was soon completed, and he walked out into the dining-saloon still rather bewildered as to his experiences of the previous night. Fannie was the only one of the Lynn's ready to appear at breakfast, and she greeted Harry with the exclamation:

"Harry Push, have you heard the good news?" and without waiting for him to reply, told the whole story of the sailor who had been swept overboard, but in falling had caught by a short loop of a chain which projected from the ship's side. There he had clung in momentary terror of falling in the waters, his voice entirely drowned by the roar and rattle of the storm, until it had abated, when a comrade heard his feeble cries and he was immediately hoisted on deck alive, but bruised and battered and faint and weary. Fannie had been on deck, and in company with the captain had paid the rescued man a visit, and she informed Harry that his hands were so cut and bruised that it would perhaps be weeks before he could work again, and that she had inquired about his family in Germany, and found that he had a wife and five small children. So Harry

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proposed that they should immediately get up a little sum of money for his family, which they did, and the two received great pleasure from the poor man's hearty appreciation of their thoughtfulness.

But now the last days at sea had come. The daily record of the ship's progress showed that they had gotten well into the last thousand miles of the voyage. Ever and anon little white specks would pop up in the distant horizon, until they could count at times a dozen crafts of the sea in sight at once. One wise old gentleman, who was making his first voyage, remarked that the land breezes were beginning to be felt, and there would be no more sea-sickness. But as he had not missed a single hearty meal in the ten days, he was not supposed to know much about it.

Alice, Fannie, and Harry suddenly became intensely interested in the old bachelor and the little governess. He had proved to be a man of very considerable intelligence, an Englishman, who had traveled a great deal and had resided for a number of years in America. He seemed to have been interested first in Miss Martin, from his pity in her laborious exertions to control her wayward charge, then to have become really attached to her by her genuine traits of true womanly character which she had unconsciously displayed every day in the conscientious discharge of her duties. In fact, Mrs. Lynn was so charmed with her, and found her so really cultivated, that she felt more than half inclined to propose to pay her traveling expenses, if she would leave her onerous duties and join them in their tour as a special companion for her daughters. The young people thought as the voyage drew to its close that Mr. Allen grew more and more tender and attentive, and Miss Martin more reserved and shy. But, be that as it may, Fannie at last knew the whole secret, and calling Alice and Harry with her to the extreme front of the deck where no one could hear a breath of what she had to tell them, she related to her interested hearers, an incident which she had unintentionally stumbled into. She told them that just at sunset she had taken her journal, which she wanted to complete to send to her father from Southampton, and going back of the pilot-house, had not seated herself on the seat, but unlike any other girl had crawled under it, and there lying almost prostrate she was telling her own dear papa all about the voyage, how much she loved him and how she did long to put her arms once more around his neck, or pat his old bald head, when suddenly she heard voices overhead, and in an instant realized that Mr. Allen and Miss Martin had taken their seats just above her. She listened for a moment, not knowing what to do, and heard Mr. Allen say, "Miss Martin, no other woman on earth can ever make me happy."

"Her first impulse was to crawl out from her hiding-place and make a confession, but feeling it would be dreadful to let them know she had heard even this much, and still more dreadful to lay there like a culprit and listen to any more of it, she compromised with herself by resting on her elbows, with her hands tightly stopping her ears, so that she could not hear a single sound. Under this self-imposed penance she was kept for fully an hour, until she began to think her own condition as pitiable if not as critical as the "man overboard."

But an end must come to all terrestrial enjoyments and occupations, and Fannie was at last released by seeing them slowly walking away, so she gladly unstopped her ears, but alas, just a little too soon, for she heard Miss Martin say, in a firm, decided tone, "No, Mr. Allen, I can not change my mind." Poor Fannie: to do a dishonorable thing was in-

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consistent with her whole nature and training, yet to keep this a profound secret, would so have burdened her young heart as to destroy, to a great degree, the pleasure of their whole trip.

In much perplexity she had at last decided to take Alice and Harry into her confidence, and it was then and there the unanimous vote of the three to tell Mrs. Lynn all about it too. They but little knew that she had already, by her good judgment and sympathetic nature, not sought, but won the confidence of both Mr. Allen and Miss Martin; nor did she tell the young people when they were wondering and wondering, "Why Miss Martin didn't leave that disagreeable woman with her six bad children, to let herself be taken care of and cared for by a noble, honorable man," that away off in Southern New York lived a widowed mother and four younger children, whose education, if not food, depended on Miss Martin's faithful performance of her self-imposed duties of governess. Whether she whispered something of this to Mr. Allen the day they parted in Southampton, or not, we are not permitted to tell.

But we must not omit the excitement over the first cry of "Land! land!" One afternoon, the last but one before they bade adieu to the "Braunschweig" and her faithful captain, the *ennui* of the passengers was suddenly aroused by the same welcome sound that greeted the ear of Columbus, and the joy seemed almost as great, if we could judge from the excitement it produced on deck. At least, our three young travelers felt that their joy was unsurpassable and inexpressible, as they leaned on the railing of the ship and gazed intently on the limestone clifts of Southern England, the first foreign shore that had ever greeted their eyes. Nor did their interest abate during the remaining hours of that day, as they glided through the waters of the English Channel and would see, now a distant mountain, or narrow stretch of shore in the dim horizon, then seeming to come in nearer contact, a village or town would loom up.

The curtains of the night soon hung a screen over this beautiful panorama, and with its shades came over these joyous young hearts the depressing shadows of one of the saddest lessons to be learned in life—the partings from those we love. Harry had promised his father to spend most of his time in Southern Europe, visiting Italy, Greece, and Palestine, with special reference to his classical studies, which he was to pursue in future; and he hoped to meet an old friend and tutor, Mr. Morton, in the Levant, in September or October, whose instructions would be exceedingly helpful and interesting, as he had spent a number of years in archæological studies abroad and was conversant with the languages most commonly used in that polyglot region.

Mrs. Lynn on the contrary had come to Europe, more especially on account of her own health, and desired to board with her daughters in a *pension*, where they could pursue their French, German, and music, while she enjoyed the fresh mountain breezes of Switzerland. Harry could have joined them for a month and yet kept his engagement with Mr. Morton, but he was not a boy to be turned easily from a well-developed plan, and he decided, as few boys perhaps would have done, to spend that month in France and Italy. This necessitated his parting with his charming companions in Southampton, which they expected to reach some time during the next day. So this was to them the last night on ship, and as they sat as usual in their little chosen nook on deck, strange as it may seem, they had nothing at all to say to each other. Fannie sat down on the floor of the deck with her head

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resting on her mother's knees, and if the truth must be told, was indulging in a good cry; Alice and Harry were just a little distance off, and in mute silence gazed into the starry blue heavens over them, or down into the limpid waters beneath. Harry tore into fragments every leaf of a volume of the Franklin Square Library they had read on deck aloud and which he had intended keeping as a souvenir of the voyage, and wished Fannie wouldn't cry, or Alice or Mrs. Lynn would say something.

As usual, Fannie broke the silence by proposing that they should not "do this way any more," but should "go down into the saloon and have a game of something; any thing was better than this terrible—" but here her words failed her, for she well knew she was the only one crying. Alice then proposed that they should each write what they were thinking of on a slip of paper, and corking it tightly in an empty bottle, consign it to the ocean's tender embrace. This proposition met with a warm approval, and the three hastily repaired to the saloon below, and with paper, pen, and ink were soon busy. Fannie, however, grew desperate, and declared that she could not express her feelings on paper. Harry naïvely suggested that the bubbling of the water into an empty bottle would express very forcibly the emotional part, or if she would permit him, he would feel greatly honored at being her amanuensis on this august occasion. Fannie would have resented this reference to her audible sobs on deck, had she not been so eager to accept the proposition of his services as her scribe; so handing him over her pen and ink, he soon completed a brief etching of a pitiful-looking little girl, with a handkerchief over her eyes, and as Harry had decided talent for drawing, his picture could almost be heard to sob. Fannie thought this entirely too good to be cast away, so there was only "Alice's and Harry's feelings," as she expressed it, "to be thrown into the ocean."

The next day brought the noise and bustle and confusion and change of dress, and the packing and strapping, and paying stewards, that is always the safety-valve of the pent-up emotions of the passengers, the last day of a long sea voyage. It is like the sudden breaking up of housekeeping of twenty small families all at once. The maids are scolded, the gentlemen who have wives and children on board walk with a brisk, business-like air, as if they feared they might come in for a small share of it themselves, stewards hurry to and fro, and the indefatigable little chambermaid, "Annie," who has been every body's solace and comfort on the voyage, darts in and out of the cabins, like the humming-birds in the flowers, except that instead of gathering sweets, she is hunting up fifty lost garments, and is held responsible for double that number of important messages, which must be delivered and the answers brought "*at once.*"

Night comes on and every body continues to walk hurriedly, and talk hurriedly, and think hurriedly, and even to eat hurriedly. The dignified old ship is not one bit hurried by all this commotion, but just to the contrary, and as it grows darker and darker, and the winds blow a few threatening clouds overhead and the rain begins to come slowly down, it is whispered on deck that there is some danger, and that the captain would not dare to pass through "The Needles" such a night without the pilot; the ship goes slower and slower, then it almost stops, and a sudden excitement prevails on deck at the rumor that the captain has turned round and put out to sea again. Now there is the greatest outburst of indignation and impatience; little dressed-up children whose mammas had expected to land them safely in

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Southampton by eight P.M., have grown restless and their parents no less so. Fannie Lynn declared she saw Mr. Allen choke two of Miss Martin's little irrepressibles, and heard him threaten to drown another, and it was doubtless true, for the last two days he had been no less attentive to Miss Martin, but much less patient in his efforts to aid her in the control of the children.

In this midnight darkness the Braunschweig remained for two hours. The captain looked as if he knew what he was doing, but no one dared to ask him. At last a dim speck of light was seen coming from a distant light-house across the dark surface of the waves, and a murmured thrill of joy stirred the souls of all on deck as it was whispered that "the pilot was coming." Nearer and nearer came the brave little bark, with its bright lantern ahead, until it reached the sides of the "Braunschweig," when a shout of joy went up from all on board. The ship stopped for a moment to lift to its deck a weather-beaten, storm-worn man. His portly form was clad in rubber hat and overalls, and as he stood on deck apparently as firm as one of "The Needles," through whose dangerous channel he was to guide the ship, unmoved by the repeated cheers which came up from the throng of passengers who had gathered around, he inspired confidence into the hearts of all. Alice Lynn remarked that "he was just her ideal of a brave pilot." Fannie replied that her ideal of one had never exceeded two hundred and fifty avoirdupois, while she was sure this man did by at least twenty-five pounds. Piloted by his sure and firm guidance, the ship glided safely through the narrow straits, and was just at midnight anchored out of the harbor at Southampton, where a steam tug awaited the transport of the passengers for England and France, to the shore. Miss Martin remained on the vessel, as the lady whose family she had charge of was going on to Bremen. The darkness of the night prevented the young people from ever realizing how woeful poor Mr. Allen looked after he bade her adieu, and at any rate they were themselves so really distressed at parting with Captain Undütch, "Annie," and John, their favorite steward, that they had no thoughts for the sorrows of any one else.

A short ride over the waters, and then a party of about fifty were safely landed in a dimly-lighted custom-house on the water's edge in Southampton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung;
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
  Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung;
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour, alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free

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For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave!

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd?
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled!
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred, grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? And silent all?
Ah, no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise; we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

—*Byron.*

LETTER FROM THE ORIENT.

ASSOS, TROAD, *April*, 1883.

Many of our traveling countrymen have an opportunity of admiring the wonderful surroundings of the town of Mytilene as they pass between Smyrna and Constantinople; but few of them are permitted to ride across the island "where burning Sappho lived and sung." Some hurried remarks about the island of Lesbos may, therefore, not be without interest to your readers. The view of the town as the steamer approaches from the south is most charming, and one is especially delighted by the abundance of trees, which do not often greet the traveler among the isles of Greece. There are numerous villages nestled cosily among these olive-trees, along the mountain slopes, which seem to boast of cool shade and refreshing breezes. But it is with Mytilene as with most oriental towns and cities, the interior is not at all in keeping with the imposing view from the ship, for immediately upon landing one is greeted with filth, stench, and all the other evils that follow in the train of negligence, laziness, and lack of public spirit.

So great is the fame of the Americans conducting the excavations at Assos, that we were characterized as Americans by the inquisitive Greeks immediately upon landing, notwithstanding that Assos is far away. This is explained by the fact that at first Mytilene was a sort of headquarters for the party of excavation. Once upon *terra firma*, the custom-house officials pounced upon our baggage with the air of people who smell "*backsheesh*" from afar, and indeed, after a make-believe examination, the propriety of a "*douceur*" was suggested by an interested official. Being willing to avoid needless trouble, we paid the money: our luggage was shouldered by porters and shortly afterward disappeared through a gateway, but lo! the iron gate closed in *our* faces, and we became aware that the farce of passports is still rigidly kept up in the good town of Mytilene. Fortunately no objection was made to my an-

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tiquated and worthless pass of years ago, and soon we were installed in the *Hope Hotel*, trying to persuade an old woman that she could do absolutely nothing more for our comfort. You know by experience how they stand around with folded hands, and gaze at you, and leer at you, and smile at you, until desperation seizes upon you, and you indulge in broad hints about the advisability of being left alone.

As night was approaching we found it necessary to make immediate arrangements about the horses, which were to convey us across the island on the morrow. We therefore betook ourselves to our consular agent, Mr. Fottion, to whom we had letters from Mr. Schuyler, our Minister in Athens. Mr. Fottion is a native Greek, of Mytilene, proud of his official dignity, ambitious of personal distinction, but affable, hospitable, and eager to please. Our reception was cordial after the eastern fashion, and when sweets, coffee, and cigars had been served he immediately busied himself with our passports, which he insisted upon *viséing*, notwithstanding our protests that only Turkish visés were good.

We adjourned to a *café* to enter upon negotiations about the horses, for so important a piece of work could not be done without pomp and coffee. Horses were plentiful, but fancy prices were asked, and besides that the matter of driving a bargain is so serious an undertaking in these parts that it was bedtime when all arrangements had been made.

Mytilene is the capital of the island of Lesbos, and has about two thousand inhabitants, if the neighboring villages be counted in. Most of the inhabitants are Greeks, there being only a few hundred Turks in the town. The governor, a Turk, of course, is said to be a very liberal man, and a friend of Midhat Pasha, who is now atoning for his ability and liberalism as an exile in Bagdad.

A European lady of rank and wealth is living at Mytilene under an assumed name, and very few people know that she is the Princess de Lusignan. I only found it out by accident, but in such a way as to remove all doubts of her identity. Her tale is quite romantic, but unfortunately I am not at liberty to tell it.

Our horses were small, but tough, wiry, and passably sure-footed. The pack-saddles stood about two feet above the horses' backs; they are patent misery-machines for torturing the sons of men, and in fact they are intended for carrying burdens, not people. It was with rueful faces that we contemplated them in view of a twelve hours' ride over roads that would be considered absolutely impracticable in America. But however rueful our faces were at the start, I can assure you that they were more rueful still, at the close of the twelve hours' ride. In fact, an attentive observer might have read in them agony, despair, annihilation! Our destination was Molivo (ancient Methymna) on the northern side of the island. For the first three or four hours the road was good, that is, in case of *urgent* necessity it would be almost possible to get a wagon over it. It lay through never-ending olive orchards of priceless value here in the East. The trees are excellently cared for, well trimmed, and the ground around them admirably cultivated. An olive-tree has been placed in every available spot, and terracing (or retaining-walls for the earth) is largely indulged in. Olives and olive oil form the chief articles of export of the island, but the quality of neither is first-class, owing to ignorance and negligence in gathering them. The same is true of the vast olive-orchards of the wonderful plain of Adramyttion and the southern coast of the Troad. An intelligent olive and oil merchant of Adramyttion told me re-

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cently that the olives were really unequaled any where; that he had made experiments with oil, using the greatest care and cleanliness, and that the oil was preferred by every one to Marseilles or Lucca oil. At present the oil is not used for the table at all, but is shipped to Europe as machine-oil. This sad state of affairs is not entirely due to ignorance and negligence, for when the trees bear (the olive is like the apple- and the peach-tree in that it bears only every other year), the harvest is so great and the laborers so few that it is impossible to gather it with care and cleanliness. It is to be hoped that these difficulties will shortly be obviated. In fact steam oil-mills are springing up in a few places in the island of Lesbos, and about Adramyttion, and the people will soon find it to their advantage to abolish their old, dirty methods of manufacture. The olives are good, notwithstanding the sand, pebbles, and other filth in them. The gatherer climbs the trees, plucks off the olives and lets them drop on the ground; in this way sand and dirt are driven into the soft flesh of the fruit, much to the detriment of the teeth of the consumer, for no attempts are made to cleanse them. Indeed, it is scarcely practicable.

As we passed through the orchards, the owners were busy plowing the ground under the trees; the teams were invariably oxen, whose yokes were fully ten feet long, so that the two animals were a considerable distance from each other. The plows used all over the East, so far as I have seen it, are those mentioned in the Bible, a piece of wood, shaped like an arrow-head and pointed with iron runs almost, though not quite horizontally in the ground; the handle of the plow is one solitary upright piece. I tried to plow with one of them, much to the delight and amusement of the plowman; but all I succeeded in doing was to satisfy myself that the whole attention of the plowman to the business in hand is absolutely necessary. The Bible is right! A man, who proposes to plow, can not lay his hand to these plows and look back; the result would be disastrous. The people passed on the road were mostly Greeks, but we met one family of Turks on horseback, the old man, his wives, and daughters; these latter were beautiful and gazed at us unblushingly with uncovered faces; they were dressed in most gorgeous and flaming garments. One thing that is especially displeasing in our civilization is the absence or prohibition of color in dress, and it is exactly the rich coloring of the costumes that forms one of the most striking and characteristic features of the Orient. In fact we have gone so far in the worship of the dull and somber that the finest and most beautiful calicoes that come from the English cotton-mills, can not be bought in England at all; they are all shipped to the more appreciative East.

Bridles, as you know, are not used by the natives in these parts, and, as the rider can not control his horse in the least, drivers are absolutely necessary and can act as guides at the same time. Our driver was a youthful Greek of sixteen summers, a wiry, sinewy fellow, like all his countrymen. I have often had occasion to marvel at the wonderful power of endurance which the Greek displays, wherever you find him. On a walk none can equal him; when he tells you that a given place is three hours distant, you may be certain that it will take you at least five hours to walk it. Our driver was constantly urging on the horses, often to our great discomfort when the path was rugged; on good road they were kept at a trot, and when feasible, even at a gallop or a run, and yet however fast we might go, there he was behind us, ever ready to administer exhortatory pokes to the lagging horse,

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never out of breath, always merry and chatty and much given to song. This he kept up for twelve livelong hours, up hill and down, over good and bad road, and yet at the close of the journey he was apparently as fresh as when he started.

When the olive-trees through which we were traveling came to an end, we had a long ride from the northern end of the smaller harbor, across barren and rugged mountains to the other larger harbor. If one of these two magnificent harbors of Lesbos belonged to London, what a blessing it would be to that city, but unfortunately nature has been most lavish with her blessings exactly where they can be of least use to mankind! Either one of the harbors—they are more properly inland lakes with narrow outlets—could hold all the ships in the world, as has been estimated by some gentleman of leisure. The plain at the head of the great harbor is extremely fertile and productive; it is a positive joy to travel through it. No attempts are made to redeem the immense tracts of swamp-land immediately on the coast, a thing very easily feasible by means of pumps and windmills. After a time we passed through a village of negroes, snugly located among cypress and fig-trees and surrounded by fields of luxuriant fertility. Negroes are apparently numerous in Lesbos, and are tall and powerful men and women. It is funny to realize that here they belong to the upper and ruling class of society, for as Mohammedans they are lords and masters in the land. Curiously enough the Mohammedan negro, so far as I have seen him, bears little resemblance to his American brother in point of character; even the features are not exactly the same, for their faces here approach much nearer the Arian type than is the case with our negroes. They are probably akin to the Nubians, who, according to the Anthropologists, are not negroes at all, but *black white men*, paradoxical though it may seem. Here the negro is stately, self-contained, dignified, and is in every way on an equal footing with his white co-religionists.

A short distance beyond the negro village lies the small town of Kaunoné, where we stopped for rest and refreshment of both man and beast. Unfortunately our driver fell out with the horses because they did not eat to please him, and in spite of our indignant protests he thrashed and abused them unmercifully for the space of fifteen minutes. Poor dumb brutes! They have a hard time in these parts; they are ever ready and willing to serve man, and are under much better control than with us, but in return they get only abuse, knocks, and sores. It is through unheard-of cruelty and maltreatment that they learn to tremble at the voice of man, and a malediction from the driver will always cause the horse to increase his speed with evident anxiety. As a whip, the drivers carry an iron chain with long links and short leather lash. The simple rattle of this *whip* absolutely terrifies the animals. At Kaunoné we had an excellent dinner, much to our surprise and satisfaction, the *mezythra* being especially excellent. By the way, why don't you tell your country-women how to prepare some of the numerous dishes made from milk in the East? Some of them, such as *mezythra*, *yaourt*, and hard cream—I don't know its name, but it is eaten on "*Ekmek Kataif*," in Constantinople—are not only healthful, but exceedingly delightful to the taste. There is no reason why these good things, prepared exclusively from milk, should not be on the tables of our farmers, except the fact that farmers' wives think they know every thing about milk that can possibly be known here below. But how egregiously they are mistaken! Their knowledge of milk is entirely confined to the rudiments of the science of milk-prepa-

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rations. Unfortunately Americans think they know every thing, and do every thing in the best way possible, and personally I have found out to my cost that it is exceedingly dangerous to hint to them that there are things abroad which it might do well for them to imitate. So I shall make no attempts to be an importer of foreign ideas in regard to the preparation of milk. At Kaunoné we were much amused by the Turkish women, who were anxious to keep their faces veiled, but at the same time could not resist the impulse to gaze at the strange *Frengis*.

The pathway across the mountains from Kaunoné to Petra and Molivo is simply unspeakable, so bad indeed that the rider is not infrequently in actual danger of his life. The whole face of the country is so rocky and mountainous as to be almost worthless for agricultural purposes, and yet an olive-tree is found wherever there is earth enough to justify a retaining wall. From the mountain the descent is easy to the little plain in which the village of Petra is situated. The village is called Petra because of an enormous rock which rises boldly out of the plain. It is almost perpendicular on all sides, and between two and three hundred feet high; the top is crowned by a church and monastery. Unfortunately it was growing dark when we reached it, and as we still had to accomplish the one and a half hour's ride to Molivo that night over a breakneck road, we had no time to investigate the interesting rock. It was soon pitch dark and our progress was slow, painful, and perilous; walking was out of the question on account of the darkness and the awful road, so the only thing to be done was to trust to the eyes of our horses, even at the risk of being killed. At last Molivo was reached. The town is situated on the slopes of a steep hill, house rising above house. The top, which was once the citadel of Methymna, is now devoted to the Turkish barracks with twenty shabby soldiers. We experienced much difficulty in getting quarters for the night; the people, unlike their kinsmen in free Greece, are suspicious, monosyllabic, sullen, and without vivacity of any kind. Finally, quarters are found; we enter and three speechless women stand motionless in the entrance. They have no word of welcome, nor do they invite us in, but simply stand and stare at us; we are somewhat ill at ease, not knowing what is expected of us, and so we, too, stand there staring back at them in speechless helplessness. Presently, however, the magic spell is broken and one of the women asks us why we do not walk in, motioning at the same time to an unlighted room. We enter in desperation, but smash a chair and an embroidery stand in the attempt, not to speak of such things as *shins*. After a time light was made. but conversation lagged; we were tired and voted the entertainment stupid and wearisome. Presently sweets were offered us, as eastern custom demands; this was followed by coffee, and coffee by maccaroni, our hostess apologizing for scanty fare by informing us of what we already knew, namely, that it was Lent, when it is a mortal sin for Greeks to eat meat. The hall was well stocked with slippers, and each of us was furnished with a pair after we had taken our seats on the divan; we were repeatedly invited to take off our shoes, and we noticed that the man who brought us to the house always left his shoes in the hall and entered the room in his stocking feet. This is a good Turkish custom which we had not met with heretofore among the Greeks. It is a very cleanly habit, and a great blessing to the housekeeper, who is proud of her floors and carpets, but would be very uncomfortable and inconvenient to us unless some

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radical alterations were made in the present style of our footgear.

The Turks generally wear two pairs of shoes, or else gum overshoes, even in summer, the outer pair being taken off easily upon entering a dwelling-house, school, or mosque.

Being very tired, we soon asked for permission to retire and were conducted to an upper room in which were two gorgeous pallets of the richest materials and all of home-make. The sheets were of that peculiar kind of cotton which serves as background for those fancy bits of oriental needlework, over which all ladies rave at first sight; the tops of the coverlets were of silk. The house of the well-to-do man in the East is generally large and roomy, but does not have the air of comfort of our homes. The divan takes the place of chairs; tables are almost unknown, and the other furniture is reduced to a minimum.

My baggage was to come around by the coasting steamer, so our first business next morning was to attend to that. The trip from Molivo to Assos (now *Behram*), had to be made in open sailing boat, but the wind being adverse, we were compelled to spend another night in Molivo. We were by no means favorably impressed either with the town or its inhabitants. The alleys are steep, narrow, filthy, and altogether abominable; the houses are decrepit; the people sullen, suspicious, and unfriendly. You enter, for instance, a tobacco shop: Have you good tobacco? A sullen motion of the shop-keeper's head. This is not good tobacco; have you no better? A contemptuous uplifting of the merchant's head and eyebrows, to signify *no* is all the answer you get; he is supremely indifferent as to whether you buy or not, and in case you do make a purchase it is without a word having been spoken by the shop-keeper.

During the day we strolled about in the fertile plain, which at this time of the year is groaning with all kinds of luxuriant crops. On the sea shore, too, we made entertaining studies of jelly-fish, sea-urchins, star-fish, octopuses, and other sea-monsters with which we were entirely unfamiliar. These waters abound in the best kinds of fish, and have hitherto been farmed very poorly indeed. Just now an Italian company has leased the Gulf of Adramyttion and have four ships constantly at work fishing. They have immense nets, which are pulled through the water by the ships, two ships being at each end of the net.

Storks are said to follow the fortunes of Islam, and consequently the Turks are very kind to them, never disturbing them in any way, and allowing them to build their nests on the chimneys and roofs of their houses. We met them for the first time in Molivo, and were very much entertained by their philosophic laziness, which is in every way a counterpart to the Turkish character. One is also surprised at the abundance and the audacity of the hawks of Molivo. They build their nests under the eaves of the houses, and are to be seen in numbers in every part of the town, whirling above you and screeching in your very face without respect or fear. Jackals and owls are supposed to haunt ruins, and, so far as my experience goes, hawks certainly do. For instance, the Parthenon at Athens gives shelter to quite a colony of hawks, whose peculiar screams and acrobatic somersaults in the air soon attract the attention of the visitor. So I have a little theory that they have mistaken Molivo for a ruined town, a mistake which may be readily understood and forgiven. However, it is not improbable that their impudence and sauciness is due to the well-known tender-heartedness of the Turks toward all animals, save alone the human animal. Finally we adjourn

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to a *cafe* in the hopes of finding something to eat. Of course we are the observed of all observers and the subject of conversation on all sides, though no one speaks to us. We do some writing, and this, too, is wondered at and discussed in our presence, as it is taken for granted that we do not understand Greek. I was much entertained by a conversation they held as to the reason why Europeans visit these parts. Wonder is expressed at the fact that in some respects Europeans know more about the country than those who pass their lives in it, but at first no satisfactory solution is offered to the riddle. Presently, however, a bold thinker advances the theory that ancient writers have made mention of these parts in books, and that long, long ago, before these books were lost, their remarks were translated into some far-away language, in which they were preserved through the lapse of ages, and that in later times these geographical jottings have been discovered and translated into a variety of languages. This is, then, the channel through which we get our information about these old hills.

A second theory advanced is that we are the direct lineal decendants of people who lived here many, many long ages ago; that these our forefathers were driven out by cruel conquerors; that before quitting the country forever they buried their treasures, for they were all immensely wealthy; that inventories of these treasures had been made, and accurate descriptions of the exact localities where said treasures were buried had been handed down in our families from generation to generation, until now we had come to see whether they might not be found and unearthed. This theory is thought worthy of earnest consideration, and is generally approved.

This I give as a specimen of advanced thought in Molivo! The town contains one thousand houses. The inhabitants are half Greeks and half Turks, but the two languages are spoken with equal ease by both Turks and Greeks. The Greeks have three schools; the Turks two.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

NOTE.—The first letter from the Orient should have been dated "*Mitylene, Island of Lesbos,*" instead of *Tenos.*

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling interwound
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air.
But if I did it—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

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THE GRAPHEION.

WE are all expecting a big jollification over the Exposition which opens in Louisville August 1, 1883, and we hope many of our friends, both far and near, will come and enjoy it with us, especially any who have not yet been privileged to attend one of the kind.

The names of the world's greatest exhibitions are perhaps familiar to you all, but it is interesting to trace the gradual development of the idea from the "Exposition de l'Industrie," held in France in 1798, through the "World's Fair" at London in 1851, that at Vienna in 1873, our own Centennial in 1876, and the great Paris Exhibition of 1878, besides a large number of lesser ones in various countries.

The main intention was embodied in the very first one in 1798, though that was merely a collection of borrowed articles in French art manufacture, and the several which followed in France, Ireland, and England were similar though gradually increasing in importance.

The happy thought of throwing open the doors to all the world was left for his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, and the beautiful Crystal Palace was built in London, in 1851, for the entertainment of the guests that should come from the uttermost parts of the earth.

So great was the impression made by this display, that other countries were roused to a laudable emulation, each striving to add some new feature, until it gradually became an acknowledged necessity in almost every country.

America, with the exception of the New York Crystal Palace, in 1853, held herself in reserve for a centennial celebration. Every body in this country knows or has heard all about that. To be there was like possessing Prince Houssain's famous tapestry, by which the owner could transport himself whither he would, could stand one instant gazing at the loves of wee watches in the Swiss case and in a moment of time be examining with never-ceasing wonder the marvelous carving of Chinese furniture. The international feature had by this time gained an ascendency which it will probably never lose. Even the English colonies of Australia have joined the grand procession for mutual improvement.

The French were not in the least deterred by severe national calamities, for a few years after, in 1878, in the immense Palace du Trocadero, built for the occasion, but designed to be permanent, they offered to the world a display fully equal to any that had gone before, and thus gave a most remarkable illustration of the elasticity and wealth of resource of the French nation.

This interchange of inventive genius, of specialties, and ideas accumulated through ages of progress in industry and art, like the social interchange of thought, will bring out new talent, and generations to come will reap the benefit.

Our Exposition in Louisville is called the great Southern Exposition. Within late years a new era seems to have dawned for the Southern portion of our land, from being almost exclusively an agricultural people, capabilities of manufacture, etc., have been developed wholly unguessed before, and this Exposition has been gotten up to stimulate them to still further effort, as well as to let the world know what they have and do.

One of the largest buildings ever inclosed under a single roof is being erected and every arrangement made to do full justice to the various displays that may be sent. These will include not only the sampled products of mineral and agricultural wealth, of manufactural and inventive genius, but also specimens of boys' handiwork and ingenuity, and girls' dainty devices in embroideries and needlework, with the newest wonders of pottery and painting, and all the artistic articles that can be conceived by the brain of man or executed by the cunning craft of his fingers.

These are to be placed side by side with the exhibits of our northern sister States.

A more central point geographically, or one more accessible by easy travel could not be found, and this fact makes it an appropriate place for the several sections to gather and exhibit to each other the particular products of their industry.

IN the past few years Louisville has become one of the most important railroad centers in America, and its geographical position so favors the advantage of its railroad connections that it is but one night in a sleeper from almost every important city in the United States. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad, with its varied and various accommodations in

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trains as well as railroad officials, sweeps the country from Philadelphia to Mobile, or from Atlanta to Cincinnati. The Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis will quickly transport the sight-seeing traveler from Boston, Chicago, or St. Louis and return; while the Cincinnati Southern brings, as on the wings of the swift messenger in Grecian mythology, the ever eager southerner to our beautiful city. The Chesapeake & Ohio comes puffing in from Old Point Comfort, and exchanges on its rapid transit the salt sea-breezes for the smoke and dust of a shrieking engine, and connecting here with the "Southwestern," will take its passengers on through various towns of the old commonwealth to Cairo and Memphis.

And the never-to-be-forgotten Baltimore & Ohio, connecting with the "O. & M." in Cincinnati, comes surely along from our beautiful sister city, Baltimore. Rolling in from the great Northwest, the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago will lay into our treasury first the wealth of that mighty land, then bring into our midst numbers of her energetic, stirring, go-ahead population. The president of this railroad, we say with real gratification, is one who, obeying God rather than man, has not feared to stop the trains on the Sabbath day, thus giving to the Lord the homage due unto His name, and to man the needed rest for body and soul.

We have never deemed it necessary to the success of the Electra to publish a long list of contributors in advance. Nor do we feel that each contribution requires extolling from our pen. When we place before our readers the bright, attractive pages which this number presents, we know that there is no need of praise. But we gladly promise just this much—that in future we will give them each month, from these and other sources, the same rich treat. And in addition to the contributors here in America, we have the promise, from time to time, of letters from Europe. Besides our "Letters from the Orient," we hope to give our readers an occasional peep into things of interest across the waters through the glasses of a sage divine, as well as some bright pictures as seen through the bright eyes of a young girl of our own city.

READING CLUB.

Books for the Month:

Through the Reign of King John,
in English History.
Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather,"
Through Chapter V.
Scott's Ivanhoe.

We give below the names of those who have joined the Reading Club. We have been very much encouraged both by the number of them and by the earnestness and enthusiasm which seem to animate them, and can not but feel that our efforts have not been in vain, when we think of this little band of maidens who have been induced to devote a portion of their time to profitable, systematic reading.

But where are their compeers? Why do the sons and brothers of our land hold back?

There is one class of young men that we would fain tempt into our circle, if we could. We mean those who, perhaps against their inclination, have been obliged to go into business early, instead of pursuing their education.

We know that when you are faithful, business does not allow much leisure, still there are undoubtedly some stray hours or half hours, which, if carefully used, may enable you to become an intelligent, well-read man, even if you can not be regularly educated.

This proposition offers to you several advantages: in the first place, it will become a source of pure pleasure, as well as profit, in itself, and then, by making of *you* a more interesting companion will enable you to choose your friends from a wider and more desirable circle.

Members of the Reading Club:

Miss Peachy Converse, Ky.
Miss Sue T. Meriwether, Ky.
Miss Kate Montgomery, Mo.
Miss Edith Montgomery, Mo.
Miss Ada D. Tyler, Ky.
Miss Kate Douglas, S. C.
Miss Mary Forman, Ky.
Miss Laura Forman, Ky.
Miss Lulie Peers, Va.
Miss Eliza Jones, Va.
Miss Libby Jones, Va.
Miss Mattie Ragland, Va.
Miss Letitia Trabue, Ky.
Miss Florence P. Witherspoon, Ky.
Miss Lottie I. Witherspoon, Ky.

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We are glad our young friends have begun to give us the benefit of their thoughts.

Dear Electra: I am perfectly delighted with the Reading Club. It is just what I have always wanted. I think I had a natural love for history and a great desire to read it. Once when I was about twelve years old, I went to papa and told him this and asked him what I had better read first. He looked gratified and told me there were plenty of good histories in the library. I told him I did not know what to begin with, and then he said, "Well, there is Gibbons's Rome; suppose you try that, there is nothing better."

So I took down the first volume, almost as much as I could carry, and sat down to work, feeling very important indeed. But I had not spelled out the first page before I came to the conclusion that I was not old enough to read history. So I went back to my story-books.

I tried twice afterward at different times, but I have never read Gibbons's Rome yet. This discouraged me so that I gave up trying to read history, though I loved to study it at school. If I had only had the Reading Club to guide me I know I could have made a better use of my time.

I think William the Conqueror was splendid except that he was so cruel, and I can't help feeling sorry for the Saxons all the time.

ENAJ.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Here is another that has just come:

Dear Electra: Well, what a time I have had all my life trying to read profitably; and all because I have never had any one to tell me what to read.

It was just as you said, and mother agrees with me, that she has not much time to direct and control our reading. She has often told me what not to read, but has never been able to give the thought and time to selecting and securing for me a regular course of profitable reading. So I am perfectly delighted with your Reading Club. I am afraid we will all read the books of fiction first. I think Harold was just delightful. But after all, there is more pleasure in what one knows is true. I am away from home now on a visit, and have not been able to procure all the books, but when I return I shall use every effort to start a circulating library in our village, as you suggest in the June number.

VIRGINIA. P. S. L.

We regret to say some of the letters promised have not gotten here in time. We hope the Club members will try to be prompt, both for their own sakes and ours. The best plan would be to write the letter and send it off just as soon as you have finished reading the books for the month, before you begin on the next.

BOOK NOTICES.

NAN. By Lucy C. Lillie, author of "Mildred's Bargain," and other stories. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 202. New York: Published by Harper & Bros. Price, $1.

"Nan" is a most excellent story, with a good moral. It has been coming out as a serial in *Harper's Young People*, but now it comes in book form. It is the story of a little waif, who had many ups and downs in her early life, having grown up like a little wild flower. Her parents died when she was quite young, and she was adopted by a step-aunt who was not what she might have been to the penniless orphan. She was afterward adopted by an own aunt. Her character for truth and high-mindedness is beautifully portrayed, and the little waif becomes a stay and a help to those around her.

MARTIN, THE SKIPPER. A Tale for Boys and Seafaring Folks. By James F. Cobb, F.R.G.S., author of "The Watchers on the Longships," "Silent Jim," etc. 12mo. Pp. 503. New York: Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, $1.50.

Our boys can hardly find a book which would interest them more than "Martin, the Skipper." It contains thrilling accounts of life at sea, its dangers and temptations, narrow escapes, the mutiny of a crew, etc., etc. The story is eminently wholesome in its moral and religious lessons; the power of grace is most happily illustrated throughout, and under the most trying circumstances. Its style is effective, and its tone decidedly religious, though not a book for Sunday reading.

LITTLE BROWN-TOP. By E. A. Rand, author of "After the Freshet," etc. 16mo. Pp. 347. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 32 Franklin Street.

Mr. Rand is a favorite writer with our young people, his stories being full of life and action, and rather calculated to arouse one to do the best they can. "Little Brown-Top" is the name given to the school-house, which the young teacher finds in a most dilapidated condition. She enters upon her work with the determination to look on the bright side of every thing, and her pleasant ways and sunny disposition soon win for her many friends in

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the district around. Her influence is felt among parents and pupils, and many happy changes are wrought in the neighborhood, and all the result of her brightness, energy, and love of order. The story opens in Boston, but changes to an out-of-the-way country town, where the heroine goes to teach.

OLD CREOLE DAYS. Parts I and II. By George W. Cable. 18mo. Pp. 145 and 155. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The first volume contains Madame Delphine, Café des Exiles, and Belles Demoiselles Plantation; the second, "Posson Jone," Jean-ah Poquelin, 'Tite Poulette, 'Sieur George and Madame Délicieuse.

Few writers give more attractive pen-pictures than Mr. Cable. He takes his readers with him on a short walk in the city of New Orleans, or drives them a few miles into the country surrounding, or invites them to be with him, invisible guests at some fireside. So vividly does he portray it all, that the varying scenes of the street, or the rich and mellowing tints of the field and sky loom up as if in reality; and they almost hear the merry ripple of the laugh, or see the shadow of the frown that passes over the brow of the inmates of the home he has invaded. Yet with all this vividness of thought and feeling and beauty of expression, there pervades throughout all of his writings too great a tendency to lift the vail and show the dark and unwholesome scenes of the "old Creole days." They come like the unwonted shadow over the beautiful in his writings, and mar the whole.

ABIDE IN CHRIST. Thoughts on the Blessed Life of Fellowship with the Son of God. By A. M. 18mo. Pp. 220. Published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York. Price, $1.25.

We have always liked the habit of reading in connection with our Bible, each day, some devotional book; and "Abide in Christ" seems one just suited for that purpose. It contains a chapter for each day running through the month, the precious words "Abide in Me" being the special text, and the lessons connected with them founded on the parable of the vine. Each chapter is full of devotional spirit. Such books are especially helpful to young Christians who are just beginning to spell out the command of our Saviour, "Abide in Me."

HOME SUNLIGHT.

LAW.—Anarchy is not freedom, neither is lawlessness liberty, either in home or country. We call this a free country, and to a certain extent it is true, every body can think, speak, and act as they please, but only to a certain extent, for where would be the comfort in these privileges if every body else had the right at their own pleasure to take from us our life, property, or whatever we valued. We all recognize in a moment that with unrestrained liberty there could be no comfort or security in life; that to insure real freedom there must be *law* faithfully enforced.

It was the Creator Himself who divided the human race into families. Without this, or some like arrangement to teach by subdivision, subjection to law, there could have been no government worthy of the name. So then, these small communities, which we call families, are governments in miniature, and every individual must be subject to the law and authority thereof. In the home the parents' will is the law supreme; beyond this there can be no appeal, except to the will of God Himself. The power also to enforce this law is almost unlimited; the subjects are helpless to resist. Does this sound harsh, as if the trust would be dangerous for frail human nature? Ah, but see how our wise Heavenly Father has tempered this power by the wealth of affection that is born side by side with parental authority. "O, dear," some one exclaims, "if every thing is to be done by rule and law it will destroy all the pleasure and freedom of home." Not at all. Wise laws, recognized as for mutual benefit are never burdensome. Besides, the principle of obedience is, or ought to be, woven into the very character and being of the child at so early an age, that it becomes unconsciously an easy habit, and like a scarlet cord of beauty and strength, binds all the members of the family together, not only in loving obedience to the head, but in patience and kindness toward each other.

When all, then, have thoroughly learned and become conformed to the regulations of home,

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that is, have come to know perfectly just what can and can not be allowed, who will say it is not a happier family than if each child be permitted to grow up in unrestricted self-will and self-indulgence?

Let us all, then, remember that in paying dutiful regard to the rules and requirements of the home-circle, we are preparing ourselves to become law-abiding citizens of our country, and, by God's grace, obedient subjects in His divine kingdom.

PLEASING THEMSELVES. — "A whole long day to do just as we choose; won't it be splendid?" said Janie, gleefully.

Dan tossed his hat with a boy's hurrah, then caught Dassah, his twin sister and other half, and whirled her round the room a few times to make sure she enjoyed the prospect.

"One thing certain, we won't look at a school-book, will we?" said Hester.

"Well, Miss Mamie, what have you to say?" asked Ben. "You have been thinking long enough to have planned the whole day for the family."

With her elbows still on her knees, and her chin resting between her two palms, she replied, "I was wondering if it would be like the people in the story-books who could have only three wishes, and always wasted them all and were no better off than before."

There was a good-natured outburst of laughter, as they exclaimed in chorus, "But we are not going to lose our day, you see if we do."

"We had better decide it all to-night," remarked Hester, the eldest, "so as to be sure of not fulfilling Mamie's prediction."

"I don't see why we need tell each other what we are going to do?" said Ben, rather surlily.

"Now Ben," replied Hester, in a disappointed tone, "I was just thinking it would be so nice if we could have a picnic."

"But I want to go fishing, and you girls would keep such a talking I know I should never have a bite."

"We'll go to the picnic, won't we, Das?" said Dan, giving his hat another toss.

"Yes," said Dassah, with a half doubtful look, "if Aunt Dilsy will promise to save my buttermilk; this is churning day."

Another laugh went round the circle, for Dassah, with her little bucket of buttermilk hanging on her arm all day after the churning, was a standing joke in the family. This laugh nipped in the bud the slight discontent over Ben's secession. Still they did not renew the subject of the picnic, and a thoughtful silence followed, until some one asked, "Mamie, what would you like best to do?"

She lifted her chin from its resting place then, and clasping her hands in an eager way that matched the unwonted enthusiasm of her face, said, "O, I would like to have Miss Angie play and sing for me all day long."

"But you know the bargain was we were not to get any body to help us."

"Then I reckon the next best thing would be to play all day for myself."

"Let's go and ask Mamma what we had better do," said Hester.

"*She* won't tell us, because she said we must seek no help nor advice from any body."

Hester yawned half wearily at the prospect of being *forced* to decide for herself. But Janie said, in her independent way, "I expect Ben is right, we had better each decide for herself," and the circle began to disperse one by one, or two by two.

"Das," whispered Dan, seizing her round the shoulders, "let's we go off and have a picnic by ourselves, and not tell any body where we are going."

"Mother would not like us to go far, would she?"

"We won't want to go far; just down to the creek, under the willows."

"All right," and with a light heart they scampered off. Ben was already hunting up his fishing-tackle; Janie was in the library in search of an interesting book for a boon companion on the wonderful day; Mamie was dreaming and wondering again, with her chin in her hands; while Hester yawned and sighed by turns, more than half convinced already that it would be more pleasant to have mamma's advice.

The eventful day dawned, as bright and clear as heart could wish, and the youthful band gathered around the breakfast-table with telltale faces that it scarcely needed the mother's eye to read.

Dan and Dassah were exchanging glances and signs of mysterious significance, and each slipped an extra biscuit from the plate, by preconcerted arrangement, as they were to stay all day, yet could not ask for lunch lest somebody should discover their plan. Ben's rod and bait were in waiting on the back porch, and in Janie's drawer upstairs lay a novel which her mother had, a short time before,

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refused her permission to read, saying it was not good food for a young mind.

The meal was a hasty and a silent one, and all soon scattered to carry out their own ideas of earthly enjoyment in doing what they pleased. Only Hester lingered, and as mother also arose to leave the table, Hester followed, and with her arm about her waist, her head on her shoulder, whispered, "Mamma, I can't think of any thing I would rather do than stay and help you."

A tear of gratified love shone for a moment in the mother's eye, but she knew the lesson this child needed from the experiment was self-reliance, so she said, half-playfully, "But you know that would be breaking the bargain," and so Hester, too, was thrown upon her own resources.

As slyly as two little mice that had been stealing cheese, Dan and Dassah crept along the hedge, down the edge of the terraces to the meadow at the foot of the hill. The long grass almost hid them, and they made their way safely to the creek bank, where the green switches of the weeping willows drooped so low as to form an effectual hiding-place for the runaways. There they sat down for a grave discussion.

"What do they do at picnics?" asked Dassah, seriously.

"I don't know," replied Dan, with a wrinkle on his fine brow. "They go way out in the woods and stay all day, just as we are going to do, carry their dinners and eat them on the ground; that's all I know."

"And don't play nor any thing?"

"No, of course not, the people that go to picnics are too big to play. Don't you remember when Hester and Jane went to one Mamma said even Ben and Mame were too little to go? So I am sure they don't play."

"Well, what do they do all day, then?" asked Dassah, ruefully. "I don't believe its going to be one bit of fun."

"O, yes it is," and Dan threw his arm around her and rolled her over and over in the sand by way of convincing her.

"There now, you are playing."

"Well, I just wanted to stop your fussing, that little bit won't matter." Then for full five minutes the two sat in magisterial dignity looking at their bare feet. When Dassah jumped up and announced in a decided way, "I know it must be dinner time; let's get out our lunch." Whereupon they began to clear off a place on the sand to spread their two biscuits.

They made as elaborate an affair of it as possible, but Dassah sorely missed her buttermilk and began to wonder anxiously if Aunt Dilsy would save her any.

About ten o'clock they strolled back to the house, feeling sure it must be nearly night, to find that aunt Dilsy had given all the spare buttermilk to some tramps. They met Janie with a troubled face seeking her mother to confess that she had carried the forbidden book down to the school-room, intending to use the privilege of the day and read it, but as often as she opened it the thought of her mother's displeasure had made her close it again, and she had replaced it in the library without reading a word. Soon after, Mamie came from the parlor, having fully exhausted her desire for "playing on the piano" (by ear).

Before twelve o'clock they had all, but Dan, gathered around their mother's chair.

"Well, my children," said she, smiling, "the day is not half done, yet I see you are all satisfied."

"Indeed we are," came from every voice. Then they all began to tell their trials, temptations, and disappointments, some of which we already know. Hester had grown so desperate, after trying a number of employments, as to fall back on her lessons.

Even Ben, who came home about the end of the talk, declared that he had not enjoyed it any more than Saturdays, not quite as much, for then he could get the other boys to go with him.

In the momentary silence that followed, the mother repeated softly, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

SCRAP BOOK.

MORE hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than any other calamity in life.

WIGGINS, the weather-prophet, whose other name is Benjamin N., is a Jerseyman by birth, and used to keep a grocery store in East Orange, N. J.

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THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL.

BY PROF. J. B. L. SOULE.

Miss Alpha, though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass;
She had a little sister θ,
And she would often bang and β,
And push and pinch, and pound and pelt her,
And many a heavy blow she δ;
So that the kitten e'en, would μ
When Theta's sufferings she ν.

This Alpha was so bad to θ,
That every time she chanced to meet her
She looked as though she longed to η;
And oft against the wall she jammed her,
And oft she took a stick and γ;
And for the pain and tears she brought her,
She pitied her not one ι;
But with a sly and wicked eye,
Would only say, "O, fiddle φ!"

Then θ cried with noisy clamor,
And ran and told her grief to γ,
And γ with a pitying ψ,
Would give the little girl some π,
And say, "Now darling mus'nt χ.

Two Irish lads of ruddy cheek,
Were living just across the creek—
Their names, ο and ω,
The one was small, the other bigger;

For Alpha, so demure and *striking*,
Ω took an ardent liking;
And Mike, when first he chanced to meet her,
Fell deep in love with little θ;
And oft at eve the boys would go
And on the pleasant waters ρ.

So, when the little hapless θ
Χ Alpha was about to β,
She down upon the bank would ζ
And cry aloud and shout like fun—
"Run, Mike! run, Mikey! ο!"

MORAL.

Have you a sister? Do not treat her
As Alpha did her sister θ.

—*The Album.*

SIR BERNARD BURKE, a British Antiquarian, declares that "there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron, or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sidney, nor, I believe, of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton, or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon, or Macaulay."

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their future of sunshine and sorrowful night.
Let them go, since we can not re-live them;
Can not undo and can not atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

THE days grow longer or shorter as the traveler goes north or south of the equator. The longest day at London is sixteen hours and a half; at Hamburg, seventeen hours; at Stockholm, eighteen hours and a half. St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, has eighteen hours in the longest and five hours in the shortest day. In Findland, the difference is greater still—twenty-one and a half for the longest and two and a half for the shortest; while at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

MONARCHS OF ENGLAND FROM THE CONQUEST.

First, William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess;
Then Jamie the Scot; then Charles whom they slew;
And then followed Cromwell; another Charles too;
Next James called the Second ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till, Anne, Georges four and fourth William all past,
God sent them Victoria, the present and last.

MEN of (old) age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.—***Bacon.***

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BITS OF SCIENCE.

Interplanetary Signaling.—Previous to the transit of Venus in 1874, a young French astronomer, M. Charles Cros, called attention to the opportunity for ascertaining whether there are intelligent inhabitants on that planet, and if so, entering into relations with them. He said, "It is possible that Venus is inhabited; that among its inhabitants are astronomers; that the latter judge the passage of their planet across the solar disk to be an object to excite our curiosity; finally, it is possible that these savants will strive in some way to make signals to us at the precise moment when they might suppose that many telescopes will be leveled at their planet."

Remarking on this suggestion, Stanislaus Meunier, of the French Academy, observed that it would be advisable to substitute Mars for Venus, and to take advantage of the transit of the earth, visible from that planet, for the purpose of making signals to its inhabitants, if any there are.

The "Galaxy" magazine, then published in New York, adds, "There is every ground for believing that the inhabitants of Mars are more advanced than we in every way, and immensely superior to those of Venus, which is a newer planet. The Martians would therefore be in a better position for understanding our attempts at opening up communication than the Venerians, and it is far more likely that they should have another Charles Cros to make a suggestion to them, similar to that made here on earth to the French Academy with regard to Venus."

There is but little romance in science, more especially in that of astronomy, and speculation is barely admissible unless clothed in probability. In the observations made of the recent transit of December, 1882, there appeared to several astronomers, who were more carefully observant than others, a peculiar and absolutely unaccountable phenomenon. That this may or may not have any connection with the natural causes direct, or be the arbitrary efforts on a grand scale of the intelligence of Venus to attract our terrestrial attention, is not yet within our power to determine; but the records of Prof. S. P. Langley, director of the Allegheny Observatory, are here narrated on the ground of an interesting suggestion.

"When the planet," he says, "had entered nearly one half its diameter on the solar disk, its contour was barely traceable outside by the faintly luminous line of light noticed by previous observers. But in addition to this a spot of light extending through nearly thirty degrees of the planet's circumference, and from its periphery inward for about one fourth of the radius, was distinctly seen. The brightness appeared greatest at the outside, and faded toward the center. This appearance was noted by me through the great equatorial, by the aid of a polarising eye-piece and a magnifying power of 244. At the same time an assistant (Mr. J. E. Keeler), observing with a telescope of only 2¼ inches aperture and a power of 70, was able to see the same bright spot quite independently. The bright spot was distinctly on one side of a line passing through the centers of the Sun and Venus. The observation was repeated at intervals through passing clouds, for seven or eight minutes, and whatever may be its interpretation, of the fact of observation there can be no question."

The trained astronomer would scarcely dare venture to associate these statements as being within the range of probability, without further connecting facts. At best, we may place them side by side in poetic fancy. Greater improbabilities, however, in the history of scientific research have become possible, nay practicable. It is certain that we are on the eve of grand discoveries, grander than the world has yet seen or dreamt of, and the intercommunion of planetary intelligence can not be among the least of such revelations from the Creator to his beings.—*T. W. Tobin.*

Kerosene as an Insecticide.—From reports made by C. V. Riley, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, it appears that kerosene-oil is a valuable agent for the destruction of insects inimical to corn, maize, cotton, and oranges, and, by implication, should equally affect other forms of insect life destructive to vegetation. Emulsions made with milk do not appear to be necessary, judging from the results of these experiments. For chinch-bugs a mixture of one pound of coarse resin soap, dissolved in ten gallons of water, to which is added about a pint of kerosene, was effectual, applied in the form of a spray from a pump, or

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by means of a watering can with rose nozzle. For rust mite, and for the scale insect on orange-trees, and for the cotton-worm, a mixture of five pounds of common yellow (resin) soap dissolved in one gallon of water, and one gallon of kerosene, similarly applied, cleaned the plants, and prevented further depredations for a considerable time.—*Scientific American.*

THE TELEPHONE AT SEA.—The telephone has been successfully used in France to communicate between a vessel being towed and one towing. The wire was carried along one of the hawsers, and the circuit was completed through the copper on the bottoms of the ships and the water. Conversation was carried on very distinctly.—*Scientific American.*

MR. SETH GREEN, writing to the *New York World*, says that one morning when he was watching a spider's nest a wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping noiselessly around toward the entrance of the nest the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet; then reaching out one of his antennæ he wiggled it before the opening and withdrew it. This overture had the desired effect, for the boss of the nest, as large a spider as one ordinarily sees, came out to see what was wrong, and to set it to rights. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which he was at the worst disadvantage, than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he became satisfied probably that he held the fort. At all events he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

CURRENT HISTORY.

THERE were twelve thousand copyrights for books issued at Washington during the last fiscal year. This is one thousand three hundred more than during the year previous. But it does not show any very decided advance in original productions, as a large proportion of the copyrights were either reprints or compilations. Of the original books the humorous seemed to predominate, Mark Twain leading off with no less than seven. Musical works were decidedly on the decrease, as well as plays. The practical of the American people seems to be more rapidly developing than the literary. On one day, recently, three hundred and ninety-five patents and designs were issued by the Patent-office, at Washington, to the citizens of the United States, and eleven patents and designs to those of foreign countries.

THE "Star-route" trial, which has dragged its slow length along for one year—the jury listening to the testimony for eight weeks—has been dismissed, at the cost of $1,000,000 to the government. The trial was instituted against Brady, Dorsey, and other government officials under the charge of having appropriated government money to the sum of $4,000,000 in the establishment of mail lines in the far West which never existed, or in the supposed payment of carriers for double the amount of service really rendered. One remarkable fact connected with the verdict of "not guilty," which cleared all the members of the Star-route case is, that one of the company indicted had confessed his guilt; but it seems he did not know, and his plea of "guilty" was set aside, in accordance with the verdict. The proceedings of this remarkable trial, printed in small type, cover over six thousand pages, octavo size, or about 4,250,000 words.

ON and after the 1st of October the bill reducing postage from three to two cents will go into effect. Postmaster General Gresham recently approved the design for the new two-cent stamp. The color of the stamp is to be metallic red.

THE State Department has received telegraphic advices via Japan that the ratification of the treaty between the United States and Corea has been exchanged at the Corean capital. This is the first treaty between Corea and a Western power, all the preliminaries to which have been fulfilled.

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THE United States government has at last taken a step toward the exploration of Alaska. Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, has been detailed by the War Department to go there with two other officers and three privates upon an exploring expedition to last six months. He is instructed to ascend the Chilcat River to its sources and then cross over the dividing ridge to the presumed source of the Yukon. This he is to follow to its mouth. This is a meagre band to send to so great a territory as Alaska; let us hope for more laborers in so good a harvest.

A TERRIBLE calamity, involving the death of **one hundred** and eighty-six children, ranging **from four** to fourteen years of age, occurred in **Sunderland,** County Durham, England, Saturday, **June 16.** An entertainment was given in **Victoria Hall** by a conjuror, attended almost **altogether** by children, several thousand being **present.** The accident occurred at the close **of the performance.** The body of the hall had **been entirely** cleared of occupants when some **twelve hundred** little ones came rushing down **stairs from the gallery.** At the top of the first **flight of stairs** was a door which opened only **twenty inches.** The other half of the door **having been** fastened by a bolt in the floor to **facilitate** the taking of tickets at the beginning of the performance, but one child was **permitted** to pass through at a time. At **this point** the whole mass of children was **pushing** forward. One of them fell and was **unable** to rise, owing to the others crowding. **The result** was that a great number were pushed **down** and trampled upon and suffocated. The **scene** was terrible. No effort could stop the **mad rush** of the affrighted children. They **came on** pellmell, though strangely without **much shouting,** and soon one hundred and **eighty-six** were knocked down and suffocated **to death** by the others tramping upon them. **Two hundred** children were rescued from the **pile** who were practically uninjured, though **many** who were taken out have died since. **The disaster** was referred to in all the churches **in Sunderland** the next Sunday, and by many **preachers** in London, and prayers were offered **for the** parents and friends of the victims. **Queen Victoria** sent a letter to the Mayor of **Sunderland** expressing her grief at the disaster. **The children** of the various Sunday-schools **sent telegrams** of sympathy. Flags were at **half-mast.** One Sunday-school loses thirty scholars by the catastrophe. Some families lost three children, and some five. The wail of grief that went up from the stricken households was inconceivable. But even this will, perhaps, not result in any real radical change in the construction of public buildings and the protection of the throngs of people who crowd them.

THE trial of the dynamite conspirators who attempted to blow up the government buildings in London, in the spring, took place last month. The prisoners were six in number—the two Gallaghers, Ainsburgh, Curtis, Whitehead, and Wilson. Lynch, the informer, took the oath and joined the band known as the Emerald Club in the city of New York. The jury, after a short absence, announced that they had found a verdict against Dr. Gallagher, Wilson, Whitehead, and Curtis, and a verdict of not guilty in the case of Ainsburgh and Bernard Gallagher. The four men found guilty were then sentenced to penal servitude for life.

DURING the last decade thirteen men have died in Great Britain leaving property worth more than £1,000,000. Of these by far the richest was Baron L. N. de Rothschild, who left £2,700,000. The next largest sum was £1,900,000 left by John Pemberton, of Liverpool. During the same period fifty-six men died leaving more than £500,000. About one hundred and ninety-five others left more than £250,000. During the preceding decade ten persons left more than £100,000, fifty-three more than £500,000, and one hundred and sixty-one more than £250,000.

A LONDON paper thus describes the costume recently worn by the Princess of Wales at the studio of Mr. Whistler, the artist: A plain skirt of black velvet with a raised pattern of "moons" or pompons in mirror-gray plush or velvet. Over this was a tunic, quite short, of striped black velvet, slightly draped at the back and not falling at all low upon the skirt. Her dolman, also short, was composed of black brocaded velvet, edged with black fur, and two rows of fur around the neck. Her bonnet was of the same material as the skirt, and was arranged without fullness over the crown, and trimmed with a small group of pale pink feathers at the left side. A small, spotted veil was drawn across her face and tied at the back.

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The effect of this harmony in black and gray was perfect.

THE railway tunnel under the Mersey from Liverpool to Birkenhead is advancing rapidly, and it is expected that trains will be running through it within two years. The total length of the tunnel is three miles, and the length of the sub-aqueous part of it three quarters of a mile. Since a boring machine driven by compressed air was brought into service, the rate of progress has been ten yards in twenty-four hours.

CANADA has gained 71,293 inhabitants by immigration thus far this year, an increase of 31,831 arrivals as compared with the first five months of 1882. The Marquis of Lansdowne has been appointed Governor-General of Canada.

A NUMBER of prominent shipping firms of Hamburg, have expressed sympathy with a project for a second Suez canal, and resolved to communicate with the British committee with a view to eventual participation in the undertaking.

THE 10th and 11th of next November will be observed in Germany, in accordance with a royal decree, as the four hundreth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, whose age is eighty-six, is the oldest of the sovereigns, and Alfonso of Spain, who was twenty-five years old on his last birthday, the youngest. Queen Victoria is sixty-three, the Empress Augusta seventy-one, the Queen of Denmark sixty-five, the Empress of Brazil sixty, and the ex-Empress Eugenie fifty-six. The youngest Queens in Europe are the wife of the King of Spain, who is twenty-four, and the wife of the King of Servia, who is one year younger.

THE little war down in Africa does not seem to be raging very fiercely. Reports come to the outer world from the Congo River that Stanley has swelled his number of natives and others to one thousand men, and has arrived at Brazzaville. De Brazza, with two hundred only, is said to be making slow progress toward him. De Brazza has, in effect, taken possession of the country on the north side of the Congo, and proposes to construct a road from Ponta Negro, on the sea coast, to Stanley Pool, on the Congo River, four hundred and fifty miles in the interior. London dispatches intimate that the British government, as well as the Portuguese government, is inclined to resent by force the French intrusion.

Neither has the threatened war between France and China assumed very huge proportions. The later dispatches announce that Li Hung Chong, Chinese commander, has informed the French Minister that China has no intention of declaring war against France. However this may result, it would seem that France still has full employment in the maintenance of her dignity in Madagascar. Admiral Pierre, in a dispatch from Tamatave, Madagascar, dated June 13, announces that he presented the ultimatum to the Hova government, which rejected it. The ultimatum included the acceptance of a French protectorateur on the northwest coast, according to the treaties of 1841, the payment of 1,500,000 francs, and an acknowledgment of the right of French citizens to own land in Madagascar. After their refusal he captured Tamatave, and destroyed Toulegoint, Mohambo, and Tenereve. The principal operations are finished, and a state of siege proclaimed. The Malagassy Embassy return to London immediately, and will renew their efforts to obtain the help of English opinion in effecting an amicable settlement of the difficulties between France and Madagascar. It is stated that the Queen of Madagascar gave stringent orders not to return the French fire. She recalled most of her troops to the capital, and only two hundred remained at Tamatave to maintain order. It will take the French at least five months to march to the capital, and there is sufficient food in the capital for a siege of several months. The Hovas have there over six thousand disciplined troops, most of whom are armed with Remington rifles. The nation will fight to the bitter end. Meanwhile it is hoped that the powers will intervene.

NOW that the coronation is over the Russian Czar must return to the business of autocratic government. According to the rescript which decorated the successor of Gortschakoff, there will be no change in the existing programme. The "preservation of friendly relations with foreign powers and the peaceful development of the country and its prosperity" are to exclusively engage the solicitude of the Czar. Of

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the constitution, whose proclamation at the coronation was earnestly prayed for by thousands of Russian patriots, there is no hint. The burdens resting on one or two small groups in the vast population of Russia have been lightened, and the sentences of a few condemned conspirators mitigated. But aside from this there is not a ray of hope. The Nihilists who refrained from killing the Czar at Moscow, in the hope that concessions would be granted, need wait no longer to carry their threat into execution. The old programme is still in force, and there is a distinct declaration that it will contiuue to be. The only difficulty is that such continuance is irreconcilable with the spirit of the age and the form and methods of the government under which it proceeds. Russia is the only power in Europe that makes no pretense of resting, in some sense, upon the consent of the governed. But the world moves. The pageant of the coronation may have taken it back into the sixteenth century for a day, but it can not be held there. The intellectual and political development of the down-trodden and semi-civilized people is slowly but certainly going on, and it is impossible to hinder or arrest it. One can not but admire the stubborn determination that dares to attempt it, but to believe that it will succeed would be to ignore every lesson that history teaches. With the development of the country must come the develoрn.ent of discontent, and the peace which the Czar promises will only prove its greatest stimulant. Unless something is done to divert the attention of the masses from home grievances, the old leaven of rebellion will continue to spread. War has proved in the past an effective antidote of the disease, and may be again resorted to. Nihilism was unheard of while the fight with Turkey was in progress.—*Interior.*

SINCE the decisions of the Berlin Conference in June, 1878, when so large a portion of European Turkey was transferred to other powers, the Turkish government has had no little trouble with her European subjects. The new boundary line of Greece proved to be a subject of discord till November, 1882, when a comparatively small portion of the old Greek provinces, embracing the southern parts of Thessaly and Epirus, was transferred to "Free Greece." With this small accession to their territory the Greeks were dissatisfied, while Turkey gave every foot of it grudingly.

The Bulgarians, Albanians, and others of the various races which make up the motley inhabitants of European Turkey, have, during these five years, engaged again and again in the little pastime of rebellion, or in inciting rebellion against the Turkish government. There has been within the past month a renewal of hostilities between the Turks and Albanians. The latter recently captured a Turkish convoy near Scutari, and a force of troops were sent to punish the marauders. On June 3, one thousand three hundred Turkish troops were massacred near Sipeanik, Albania, by Loltis. The Turks and Castratis engaged in a battle June 2 and 3, and one thousand three hundred of the former and five hundred of the latter were slain. These are but steps in the downfall of a wicked, tyrannical power, whose supremacy would long since have ceased to exist had not each of the stronger powers of Europe feared to permit the passage of the Dardanelles to pass under the control of any one of the great European powers.

THE King of Spain has received from Prince Charles of Hohenzollern an urn containing the ashes and bones of the Cid, the greatest hero of Spanish romance. The vessel, which is of marble, has long been preserved at Sigmaringen, and the gift was received with solemn ceremonies and sent to Burgos.

THAT kings are not exempt from the common ills of this life was exemplified the other day when the king of Belgium had his royal dignity considerably ruffled while out horseback riding by being sent sprawling to the ground by a bicyclist, who ran into his horse.

TWO distinguished authors have recently died in Europe, the most famous being Edouard Rene Lefebvre Laboulaye, the French jurist and writer on law, and the other, Phillippe F. X. T. Heuschling, the Belgian writer on political economy.

The painter, Ferdinand D. Braekeler, is also dead at Antwerp. He was born in 1792.

THE Ter-Centenary of the birth of Hugo Grotius was celebrated in Holland April 10, by a public meeting, at which the Prince of Orange presided. A wreath of immortelles was placed upon the tomb in the Gothic church.

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The first number gives promise of a journal which is bound to be read and to grow in popularity—*Home and School, Toronto.*

It is a bright and promising periodical, edited with intelligence and enthusiasm.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

We have no doubt it will fill a long-felt want. The initial number is one that promises well.—*The Virginia University Magazine.*

It is fully up to the high standard at which it aims, and we are sure that parents can not do better for their children than to put it into their hands.—*Presbyterian News.*

ELECTRA for June is an improvement on the first number, excellent as it was. Editorial Department comes with its freight of good things. This magazine merits encouragement.—*The Methodist Protestant.*

We have received the first number of a new monthly magazine called ELECTRA. If succeeding issues are as good, we predict a successful career for our young contemporary. It is published in Louisville, Ky.—*The Catholic Fireside, New York.*

The selections are made with care and good taste, while in the various editorial departments there is manifested that grace, vigor, and ease which is certain to be attractive. The aim of this new aspirant is pure and good, and we sincerely trust it may have a long and prosperous life under the care of its lady managers.—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

The magazine is filled with original matter which has the clear ring of genuine metal about it, and the selections show that some experienced hand manipulates the scissors.—*The Industrial News, Louisville, Ky.*

It is a neat, handsome magazine of fifty-four pages, contains the very choicest literature, and can not be too highly commended to the lovers of the best class of reading.—*The Family Circle.*

Its character is indicated in the title, and so far is well sustained. It aims to be free from all infidel taint and every thing low and irreverent—just such a magazine as is fit to introduce into all Christian families—instructive, moral, entertaining, and elevating in its character. Mechanically it is a gem.—*Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati.*

The first number is one of the best publications of the kind that has ever come before our notice. It is filled from lid to lid with the choicest reading matter of every description—from the most interesting literary articles to brilliant editorials. It is a magazine for old and young, grave and gay, and is sure to hold its own in the journalistic ranks of this country. The ELECTRA should be read at every fireside.—*The Weekly Advertiser, Lexington, Ky.*

Full of bright reading, it deserves success. Its projectors seem to possess sufficient enthusiasm to succeed, and it is our cordial wish that they may.—*Presbyterian Observer, Baltimore.*

This is a sprightly magazine, and edited with ability, and has a very attractive cover.—*Canada Christian Advocate.*

It is called ELECTRA—a fortunate name—and symbolical of the bright, attractive character of its contents. Steel frontispiece engraved by Sartain. The reading matter consists of biographical sketches, poetry, short stories, and serials. The editorial departments are particularly varied and excellent. The "Current History" division would alone render the magazine worthy of preservation in a permanent form.—*Our Church Paper (Lutheran).*

We very heartily commend the enterprise. The ladies who have the matter in hand deserve, for their own sake and for the sake of the important and needed work they propose, the patronage and co-operation of the parents and youth of our Church. Miss Wilson is the grand-daughter of the late Professor S. B. Wilson, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, Va., and Miss Leyburn is the daughter of the late Rev. Geo. W. Leyburn, who laid down his life in mission service in Greece.

Since preparing the foregoing for the printer, we have received the first number of the "ELECTRA," of which we can only say now that we are much pleased with its appearance and contents, and that we feel fully justified in commending it warmly to our friends.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

It is edited with good taste and judgment by Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Leyburn, who will make it lively, entertaining, and useful.—*New York Observer.*

Judging by its contents it needs to ask only a fair field and no favor. The engraving each month is worth more than the price of the number.—*The Churchman, New York.*

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1883. NO. 4.

HALF AN HOUR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

No other visit could ever obliterate the impressions made, as I stood on the deck of a French steamer, during the winter of 1877-8, just at sunrise, and saw for the first time Constantinople, the queen of cities, beautiful, beyond all others, for situation.

Indescribably charming is the sight, and you feel that all the dreams of childhood and the visions of fairy-land or enchanted grounds are realized in a twinkling of an eye, as you gaze with steadily increasing rapture upon this old city. It stretches around on the water for miles, divided into three distinct parts by the placid and beautiful Bosphorus and the limpid Golden Horn; yet forming a beautiful and complete whole, a picture of houses, churches, old castles, and marble palaces, interspersed with the domes of mosques, gracefully tapering minarets, and dark, tall cypresses.

An intense longing comes over you to stay there always, and look upon this lovely scene; but the charm is soon broken by the rude advances of the ragged boatmen, who vie with each other in angry words for your passage to the shore. You must go, and a little boat conveys you to land.

How striking the contrast! As soon as your foot touches the shore, the beauty then is in reality a vision, for all is dirt, filth, destitution, and misery. To this, you receive a most cordial welcome from the hamels (porters), guides, and beggars, the latter bid you welcome in words and gestures suited to a court, extol you for beauty of person or grace of carriage, then hold out their hands and piteously beg for "backscheese." You hasten on, along the narrow, dirty streets, forming the only sewers of the city, stepping daintily and cautiously among the refuse and dogs, and gladly breathe again the fresh air, as you stand on the bridge across the Golden Horn.

Here, awaiting the arrival of one of those little steamers plying so busily on the water beneath, what a throng meets your eye! From sunrise to sunset a living mass are crossing and recrossing this bridge; every nation, tongue, and kindred are here represented. Sellers of laces, silks, fine linen, and "antiques;" long-robed jews, some with elegant Turkish and Persian rugs hanging over their shoulders, are pushing along, crying aloud the beauty and cheapness of their merchandise; a company of Greek priests with unkempt beard, tall hats, and long gowns, saunter along in close proximi-

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ty with a party of Dervishers, who can be easily recognized by their conical-shaped hats of light fur, and flowing robes.

A cavalcade of heavily-laden camels are slowly forcing their way amongst the throng, while a vociferous muliteer, regardless of a party of Armenian women and children, recklessly drives his beast of burden to the front. Half a dozen handsomely-dressed Englishmen, *attachés* of the British legation, come in contact with party of German officers from a man-of-war anchored in the harbor, and the feeling of contempt so naturally excited in the one for the other, is suddenly brought to an end by the intervention of the enormous beams of a house, borne on the backs of six mules, two on each mule, one walking just at the end of the beams of his neighbor; the earnest intensity of expression, in the faces of two gentlemen following in the path made by the mules, shows at once the American character, purpose in every act, and an intuitive ingenuity, which will, at least, keep him from getting knocked in the head, like blundering John Bull, at the other end of the beams, to say nothing of John's cousin, the Teuton. A long retinue of pure white Arabian steeds, just from the Sultan's stables, are followed by a party of Russian officers in full dress riding into the city, with a cool audacity, considering that only a few hours ago, as a conquering foe, their army occupied the barracks just beyond the city limits, while crossing over from Pera go steadily on a long line of the Turkish soldiery of the defeated army, their once rather handsome uniforms of dark-blue, consisting of a jacket embroidered with red reaching down to the waist, and full trowsers coming to the knee, now worn and faded; but every man of them bearing that same placid dignity of person and carriage, the result of their fatalism, which enables them to meet death or defeat, victory or glory, in the same stolid manner.

Carriages of richly-dressed Turkish females are coming and going, their inmates peering out of their vails, showing that they gladly embrace the opportunity of *seeing men*, if they can not be seen of them.

Interspersed and intermingled, on all sides, every where, are the eastern beggars, those horrible monstrosites of polygamy, each displaying his own deformity to the contempt of his neighbors; sometimes with a pitiful moan, sometimes with a horrible grin, but all evidently glorying in their affliction, reckoning that the more horrible the deformity, the better stock in hand. Eagerly passing among the throng is the modern Greek, with head slightly inclined forward, and keen, complacent expression, indicating at once his love of money and love of self; while the lazy Turk walks deliberately along, often wearing the green turban, showing him to be a true descendant of the prophet, but never speaking with unwonted familiarity to an unprotected female, at least not in a city under the shadow of foreign legations, as do that party of young students just issuing from a Greek gymnasium for a stroll, by whom a modest young woman would not dare to pass without a protector, for fear of their taunts and vulgar jests. Tall and dark and threatening, towering above the surrounding crowd, is the Circassian, the freebooter of European Turkey; dressed in a drab jacket and full skirt, his bright-colored girdle bristling with bowie-knives, pistols, and short swords, his breast completely covered with cartridges, and on his back having sometimes four or six rifles strapped, with a tall astrachan fur cap surmounting the whole; who, as he strides along, will pick up a common-sized man between his thumb and finger and put

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him to one side as coolly as an energetic housemaid would lift a small poodle out of her way.

Italians, Gypsies and Jews, horses, donkeys and dogs, heavily laden camels with lazy drivers, tastefully-dressed French ladies, and their gallants in military uniform, gaily-decorated peasant women, and poor dejected-looking refugees, from the invaded towns of the interior, the Levantine ladies in their silks and satins, children dressed in more than the colors of the rainbow, and some in scarcely any clothing at all, are thrown together in strange contrast and proximity, and form a wonderful "tableau vivant" before your eyes, when the shrill whistle of the little steamer just at your side reminds you once more of your own identity in this mighty throng, and you hasten to buy your ticket and go down the long *scarla* at the side of the bridge, on to the little steamer, which rapidly shoots across the Bosphorus to the Asiatic side, and lands you for the first time in the old, old world.

THE SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade:
He laughs wherever he goes;
And the merriment shines in dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose.
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shakes all over with glee;
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore
In the mirth of the mighty sea.

But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain:
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He sobs in the barren mountains,
And wails on the wintry sea;
He shrieks in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen-tree.

Welcome are both their voices!
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain;
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain.

—"*Barry Cornwall.*"

EVERY person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—*Gail Hamilton* (*Men and Women*).

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GOLDEN-ROD.

By HELEN F. MORE.

Amy Lester felt herself a most injured and abused girl that afternoon. If the summer had not been such a gay one she might have better borne the prospect of being thrown entirely upon her own resources. Three months of constant frolicking and enjoyment, and then all her friends, who were, like herself, only summer residents at Mortlake, had gone back to the city. And, just as Amy was looking forward to meeting them again in New York, came the news that the repairs on their town house would take two months longer than had been anticipated, and it was decided that Amy and her mother should remain in Mortlake until the middle of November. I am sorry to say that Amy took the news by no means amiably. It was hard, perhaps, but surely that was no reason for growing cross and speaking angry, impatient words to her pretty, delicate little mother. Amy had grown ashamed of herself at last, but not sufficiently ashamed to apologize, as she ought to have done. She did not feel happy, though, any more than you or I do, when we know that we are in the wrong. Perhaps she did the very wisest thing she could in going out to take a walk. Unless you are very obstinate and perverse, fits of ill temper have a trick of thawing out and blowing away, under the influence of sunbeams and little breezes, such as were shining and rustling every where that day. Just at first, however, Amy was more inclined to brood over her grievances than to notice what was going on around her.

"Mamma says the time would not hang so heavily on my hands if I were to employ myself," she grumbled, "but what is there for me to do? I have no piano, and no books except those that I have read again and again. I have done all the fancy work that I brought with me, and how I am to employ myself I really can not see."

Just here Amy paused to look at a field which was covered with sumach, whose velvety cones rose from amidst their scarlet sprays, making the whole ground one blaze of splendor. Then her eye traveled a little farther and fell upon a tiny brown house, which faced the road. It was only a story and a half high and it had small-paned windows, which glinted out from under the broad eaves like bright, knowing eyes looking out of a withered old face.

"I wonder whether the people who live there enjoy life," thought Amy. "I know I should n't. Just think of it—to be buried off here, a mile away even from stupid little Mortlake. O, dear."

Amy sighed and shivered as she thought of the misery of such a fate, but she forgot it again as her eye fell upon what was, certainly, the finest clump of golden-rod she had ever seen. It grew upon the opposite side of the road from the cottage, on a bank four or five feet high. The afternoon sun, slanting upon it, was scarcely brighter or more golden than the soft, feathery blossoms which clothed so thickly its green, outstretched arms. A wooden fence behind it, all draped and garlanded with Virginia creeper, made a deep-crimson background for the graceful golden-crowned plant, and the whole was a dream of gorgeous coloring that Amy looked at until she was filled with longing. It was rather a scramble to the top of the bank, but Amy's young limbs achieved it and she dropped on her knees beside the plant.

"You beautiful thing!" she cried.

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"It is a shame that you should be wasted here. I shall take you home and put you in my own particular peacock-blue vase, where you will be a thing of joy to every body."

Amy's knife was sharp and the golden-rod stems were fragile. Just as the last blossom fell, a small bareheaded girl came flying across the road from the little brown house.

"O lady! lady!" cried the child, breathlessly, "don't pick them. O don't! They 're Jenny 's flowers!"

Then, seeing that it was too late, the child stopped short, with a look of dismay, and burst into tears.

"Who are you and what is the matter?" asked Amy, but the child could not speak for crying.

"Wait, I'm coming down," said Amy, and gathering up her sheaf of blossoms, she leaped lightly down. "Now stop crying and tell me who you are and who Jenny is and why you call these her flowers."

The little girl dried her eyes upon her apron and looked up. She was a pretty little thing, though her blue eyes were red and swollen and her face tear-stained.

"I'm Nelly Leavitt," she said, "and Jenny is my sister. We live over there, in that little brown house. She 's sick, Jenny is. It 's—O, so long ago now! she tumbled down and hurt her poor back and she 's been in bed ever since. That 's her window, the little one under the roof that looks this way. She can see the bank from it and the leaves waving and the birds flying and the little white clouds sailing over all. And she was so pleased when the vine turned red and the golden-rod came. She lay and looked at it all day long. Sometimes the tears came into her eyes when she looked, and once I heard her say, very softly, "Isn't God good to give me such a beautiful thing to look at? I never feel tired nor lonesome any more! And now—"

The thought of that "now" was too much for Nelly. She began to cry again and Amy felt a choke at her own throat and a strange, sympathetic dimness in her eyes.

"O Nelly!" she cried, "I am just as sorry as I can be. I would not have touched the flowers for the world if I had known. May I go over and tell Jenny myself how sorry I am?"

Nelly looked up into Amy's face with solemn, questioning eyes. Then, as if the real grief she read there had moved her, she held out her hand. "Yes," she said, "You may come."

I doubt whether Amy had ever been in such a tiny house before. It was like a doll's house, she thought; but when she reached Jenny's room she forgot every thing else at sight of the little patient face upon the pillow.

Jenny looked up in surprise at the sight of the young lady, and the wistful expression of the great black eyes went straight to Amy's heart.

"O, Jenny! I am so sorry!" she cried, "Nelly told me after I had picked those flowers and I felt as if I never could forgive myself."

"You could not know," said Jenny, and then stopped with a little choke in her voice and tried to wink away a tear. "I get so weak, lying here," she said, apologetically, but Amy broke in eagerly:

"I have brought the flowers over to you, Jenny; will you have them? See how beautiful they are near by."

Jenny looked at the blossoms which Amy had scattered upon the bed, she touched them gently with her thin, delicate fingers.

"They will wither," she said; "it seems like a murder. A few minutes ago they were so fresh and strong, standing up there in the sunshine. They looked as if they might live forever."

"But they would not have lived forever, even there," said Amy, softly.

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"No," said Jenny. Then she stretched out her hand to Amy. "It is good of you to be sorry," she said, "but—but, please, I'd rather not see them any more. It seems so sad, as if they were dead and knew it. They were like friends to me out there, but here it is different."

Amy stood silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then she said:

"If I could do any thing to make up, I should be so glad, Jenny. Do you like books?"

"Not very much," said Jenny, "I can't read well enough to make them out very well, and thinking about them makes my head ache. They say so much more than you can get hold of and it worries you to think what more they mean to say, and you can't understand."

"Pictures, then," said Amy. "Do you like pictures?"

Jenny's face lighted up. "Pictures?" she said, "pictures of flowers and trees and birds, and such like, do you mean? O, I do like *them*. I've got some, somewhere, that I look at in the winter when the flowers and leaves are all gone. Nelly, show them to the lady."

Amy's eyes filled with tears as she turned over the poor little collection of "pictures," principally advertising cards, which Nellie had begged for her sister from the shops in the village. Some of them were pretty enough, but most of them were miserable, gaudy things from which Amy's fastidious taste revolted.

"Which of them do you like best?" and Jenny, unhesitatingly picked out two or three.

"I like these violets," she said, "and the long-legged bird with the sharp bill and the little peak of feathers on his head. And O, I think *this* is lovely."

"So it is," said Amy, as she looked at the card which Jenny held, and noted the graceful arrangement of the ivy-leaves which surrounded it as a frame. "Well," she said after a moment, "I must go now, but if you like these things I will bring you some to-morrow. I had a birthday, last month, and every body sent me cards. You shall have them all if you like them."

Jenny's eyes sparkled with delight at the promise and Amy made her escape hastily, feeling as if she could not bear any more just then.

Perhaps Amy did more serious thinking on her way home than she had ever done in her life before. Part of the result came out in a conversation with her mother that evening.

"I am just as sorry as I can be, mamma," she said, "that I was so hateful this afternoon. I know you'll forgive me, for you always do, but I want to tell you that I think I have found an employment for my time as long as we stay in Mortlake."

She told her of the little brown house, with its patient little invalid—the whole story of her afternoon, in short.

"I shall give her all my Christmas and Easter and birthday-cards. Won't it be a feast for her, mamma?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lester, thoughtfully, "but I wish you could give her something that would be of more permanent benefit to her, something that would employ her during the long, dreary hours when she lies there alone."

"But what, mamma?" asked Amy.

Mrs. Lester could not answer, and the subject dropped.

Jenny was watching for Amy the next morning. A delicate tinge of color rose to her pale cheek and her eyes sparkled as she saw the little package which Amy carried in her hand.

"Lilies! how beautiful! how white and fresh they look," she said, looking with admiration at a spray of pure white lilies on a ground of the faintest, most delicate blue, a very phantom of color. Roses, pansies, sweet-peas, all had a

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word of admiration from her, but when Amy handed her a card of wild-flowers, her admiration broke into rapture.

"Liverwort, the darlings!" she cried. Then the tears rose into her eyes and trembled there, as she looked long and lovingly at the purple flowers with their starry centers.

"What is it, Jenny? Amy asked. "If you love wild-flowers best, here are more, violets and buttercups and daisies, and—yes, here is a golden-rod card. Do you love wild-flowers best, Jenny?"

"I suppose so, Miss," said Jenny, slowly, "but it is not so much that, as— Well, you see your roses and lilies, they 're beautiful and grand, like lords and ladies, but the wild-flowers, they 're just common little things like Nelly and me. I feel a sort of kin to them. And then, I used to see them in the woods, and O, the woods are so beautiful. If I could only see them again! We used to go there in the spring, Nellie and me, and get bunches of the flowers and sell them in the village. Plenty of people used to like to buy them that did n't know how beautiful the woods were and would n't take the trouble to go for themselves. Then we used to get mint along the brooksides to sell; in the summer there were strawberries and blackberries; and in the fall wild grapes and chestnuts. It was getting chestnuts that I hurt my back," said Jenny, with a sigh.

"How?" asked Amy, gently.

"Only just slipped and fell, as I'd often done before, but this time my back came against a stone. When I went to get up I couldn't, and it hurt so that I didn't know any more until I woke up and found myself in bed. Nelly had found some men that carried me home."

"Does it hurt now?" asked Amy.

"No, but all my strength seems to have gone," said Jenny, sighing. "It was hard lying here at first, but I've got pretty well used to it now, only when I think of the woods and how pretty they were. And then we could get a little money to help mother along. We can't do it now, Nelly is too little to go alone and I"—

"Who *is* your mother?" said Amy, suddenly.

"Her name is Leavitt, and she goes out by the day to work" said Jenny. "She's got a good job now with some city people that have taken a house here —Lester, the name is."

"Lester? why that's us!" cried Amy. "You don't mean to say that it is your mother—that good, patient, gentle little woman who comes every week to wash and iron! I never knew she had any children."

"No, mother isn't much of a talker," said Jenny, but Nelly's little voice interrupted her.

"Jenny," said Nelly, "can you sew on a button for me? I can't keep my apron on without it."

"Let me," said Amy, eagerly, but Jenny shook her head.

"I like it," she said, "it's all I can do. If things to sew didn't cost so much, I'd sew all the time. I'm always glad when any body tears things, for then they must be mended."

"I wonder"—said Amy and then stopped short and said "good-bye" instead. Then she walked slowly homeward with the dawning of a new idea in her mind.

"I have something to show you, Jenny," she said, when she went to the cottage the next day.

From the small bag which she carried, she drew out a piece of crewel-work—a poppy, delicately wrought on a square of gray linen.

"How beautiful!" said Jenny, touching it reverently. "What is it for?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Amy, laughing, "I did it as much for some-

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thing to do as any thing. But I have something else here." Then she took out a package and unfolded it. There was a yard or so of crash, half a yard of coarse linen, some bits of silk, a bundle of many-colored crewels and silks and two or three crewel needles.

"These are for you," said Amy, "and I am going to teach you how to use them. Would you like to learn to do work like this poppy, Jenny?"

"O!"

That was all Jenny said, but her clasped hands and sparkling eyes were answer enough.

"Then I think we will begin with golden-rod," said Amy, "as that was the first thing that made us acquainted. Here is one of the very blossoms that I broke off—as fresh as ever, you see. Now, which of these colors would you use for the foliage?"

Amy's eyes sparkled in their turn as Jenny, after a moment's hesitation, picked from the bundle the very shade of green which Amy's trained eye had at once selected.

"The very thing!" she cried. "And now for the yellows. Why Jenny, you have an absolute genius for colors. You just ought to see the shades I selected first. How my teacher laughed! Now, on this bit of linen I sketch the outline, just the stem and one or two leaves. The stitch is simple enough—so, you see."

The lesson went on and Jenny watched with eager eyes. Then she took the needle herself in fingers which trembled at first, but soon grew firm. The golden-rod was enough for that day, but other lessons followed, until the pupil quite equalled, and, indeed, bade fair to surpass the teacher. Amy's technical skill might still be somewhat superior, but the poor girl showed a feeling for color which her teacher could never hope to approach.

The time came at last for which Amy was sighing when we first saw her. The city house was ready, and in two days they were to leave Mortlake. Would you believe that Amy felt a little sad over it? But when she thought of something else, her eyes shone and she broke unconsciously into a little dance of sheer delight.

Jenny looked grave and sad enough for two, when Amy reached the little brown house. She knew that it was the last time she would see her friend that summer; the last time, perhaps, forever.

"You are glad to go, I suppose," she said, looking wistfully at Amy's bright face and sparkling eyes.

"Glad?" said Amy. "Yes, of course I am, but not near so glad as I should have been two months ago, thanks to you, Jenny. But I am going to make you glad, too, before I go. Guess how, Jenny."

But Jenny could not guess. She could think of nothing which would make her glad, now that her friend was going away. She looked so sad that Amy thought it high time to impart her good news. So she opened her hand and held up a shining five-dollar gold piece. Jenny looked almost frightened.

"Not for me?" she said, "I can't take it, indeed I can't. You have given me so much already."

"Don't distress yourself," said Amy, laughing. "It is no gift from me, but your own honest earnings. Do you remember that chair-back with the liverwort upon it, that I begged you to give me because I liked it so much? Well, I sent that to the Society of Decorative Art in New York. It was accepted and sold, and this is the money for it, fairly and honestly your own, you see, Jenny. And I have more than that to say to you," said Amy, and Jenny sank back among her pillows, speechless with her surprise and delight. "You know how to work quite as well as I do, and you have a great deal more taste and inge-

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nuity, so you just go on working; Nelly will scour the woods for models for you. When your work is done, send it to me and I will take it to the Decorative Art rooms for you. When you want materials, let me know and I will send them to you, unless—and then—Never mind, that's all. Good bye, Jenny."

There was something more that Amy wanted dreadfully to say, but she choked it back.

"It would be too cruel to raise Jenny's hopes for nothing," Mr. Lester had said. "The news that you have to give her will be enough for the present and the other will lose nothing by waiting."

"O, if Dr. Banks will only say yes!" sighed Amy. "Suppose any thing should prevent his coming to-night. Suppose——"

"Suppose you stop supposing," said Mr. Lester, laughing. "I don't know what your experience is, but I never found it make the time go faster."

Perhaps you have guessed Amy's secret by this time. Dr. Banks was an old friend of Mr. Lester's, and he was to come out and spend that night with them. Moreover, Dr. Banks was an expert in spinal troubles, such as Jenny's, so now you see why Amy was so excited and what it was that she wanted to tell Jenny and did not dare.

My story is almost ended, and I must tell you the rest of it in a few words. Dr. Banks did come and Mr. Lester took him to drive that evening. In the course of the drive they stopped at the little brown cottage, and on their return, Amy was waiting for them with eager, questioning eyes.

"Good news, Miss Amy," said the doctor, as he alighted. "Your little friend is by no means past cure. A few weeks in the hospital, to which I can easily procure her admission, will quite set her up again."

"And, in the meantime," said Mr. Lester, "I have secured her mother's services as laundress. You (to Mrs. Lester) have often said that you never saw such washing and ironing, and she has consented to come for the sake of being near Jenny."

It was all carried out as was planned. To-day, in a pleasant little flat in New York, you may find a happy family. Jenny, restored to health and strength, makes a comfortable living by her embroidery, for which orders never fail. Nelly, who shares her sister's talent, is going through a course of lessons at the Society of Decorative Art, with a prospect of being taken into the work-rooms there at the end of her apprenticeship. Mrs. Leavitt still does the washing of the Lesters and of one or two other families, to whom they have recommended her. She has no trouble in finding employment, for good work always commands its price in the best market.

And Amy? Well, Amy is a young lady, but she has never forgotten her humble friends. She often says that the lessons she gave Jenny were as nothing compared to the lessons which Jenny taught her. Who knows what those lessons were?

"TO PRESENT YOU FAULTLESS."

By MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

"Faultless in His glory's presence!"
All the soul within me stirred,
All my heart reached up to heaven
At the wonder of that word.

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"Able to present *me* faultless?
Lord, forgive my doubt," I cried;
"Thou didst once to loving doubt, show
Hands and feet and riven side.

"O, for me build up some ladder
Bright with golden round on round,
That my hope this word may compass,
Reaching Faith's high vantage-ground."

Praying thus, behold my ladder,
Reaching unto perfect day,
Grew from out a simple story
Dropped by some one in the way.

Once a queen—so ran the story—
Seeking far for something new,
Found it in a mill, where, strangely,
Naught but rags repaid her view.

Rags from out the very gutters;
Rags of every shape and hue;
While the squalid children, picking,
Seemed but rags from hair to shoe.

"What, then," rang her eager question,
"Can you do with things so vile?"
"Mold them into perfect whiteness!"
Said the master, with a smile.

"Whiteness?" quoth the queen, half doubting,
"But these reddest, crimson dyes—
Surely naught can ever whiten
These to fitness in your eyes?"

"Yes," he said, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all,
Still, I have the power to make them
Like the snowflake in its fall."

Through my heart the words so simple
Throbbed with echo in and out;
"*Crimson*," "*scarlet*," "*white as snowflake*,"
Can this man? and can *God not?*

Now, upon a day thereafter
(Thus the tale went on at will),
To the queen there came a present,
From the master at the mill.

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Fold on fold of fairest texture
  Lay the paper, purest white;
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
  Of her name in golden light.

"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
  "Hath my mill thus given me,
Showing how our Christ can gather
  Vilest hearts from land or sea;

"In some heavenly alembic
  Snowy-white from crimson bring;
Stamp His name on each, and bear them
  To the palace of the King!"

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

O, what wondrous vision wrapped me!
  Heaven's gates seemed opened wide,
Even *I* stood clear and faultless,
  Close beneath the pierced side.

Faultless in His glory's presence!
  Faultless in that dazzling light!
Christ's own love, majestic, tender,
  Made my crimson snowy-white!

THREE SCOTTISH PRINCES.

"Matilda the Good," of England, had three brothers who sat in succession on the Scottish throne, and they were all wise and brave and good; but the youngest, David, having remained longest in the more civilized court of England, carried back with him to his own country more of the refining influences of chivalry. The historian, Buchanan, says he was universally acknowledged to be the most powerful and accomplished knight of his age. Indeed, the worthy historian waxes quite eloquent in his praises, and thus sums up his character:

"The utmost ingenuity of the most learned who should attempt to delineate the resemblance of a good king, would not be able to conceive one so excellent as David. And not only was he wise and brave, just and merciful, as a king, but he also wins our loving reverence by his domestic virtues. He dearly loved his English wife, and deeply mourned her loss. After her death he fixed the whole wealth of his affections on his only son, Prince Henry, who seems to have been in every way worthy of it, and was greatly beloved both by English and Scots. Alas! he died also, and left King David bereft indeed. Yet he does not give himself up to morbid grief, it is not said of him "he never smiled again," but though he could not fail to foresee with deep anxiety, the troubles that might be in store for his orphaned grandchildren, with unfaltering trust in the overruling providence of God, he taught his people by precept and example that all would be for the best, and then as his only consolation, had the six little

children, three girls and three boys, brought to his palace home that he might not only provide for their safety as far as human wisdom could, but have them educated under his own eye in the court discipline, which was then pure and uncontaminating. So there we find the three little princes, Malcolm, William, and David, who were to play so important a part in the future of Scotland, the first two reigning in succession on the Scottish throne, and David being ancestor to both Bruce and Baliol. One blessed inheritance of the Saxon Athelings seems to have fallen to them—an unusual warmth of family affection, and no doubt they learned many an added lesson at their grandfather's knee.

"To-morrow you shall have your first hunt, Malcolm, lad. Go, give the order that every thing be in readiness by break of day. While your old grandfather has strength to ride he would fain give you a taste of the pleasures of a king."

Malcolm's face of almost girlish gentleness and beauty was radiant with delight as he ran off to deliver the message.

"May not I go also?" asked William, dropping his rude playthings and coming to the old man's side.

"Can'st ride, lad?" the king asked, eyeing him critically.

"Aye, sire, this many a day," the boy answered, straightening his sturdy figure to its utmost height. A look of gratified pride came into the venerable face, and as he patted him kindly he said,

"Mayhap, thy brother will need thy help some day; be sure thou givest it lovingly."

"And may I go?" asked the impatient little fellow.

"And I, too?" demanded little David, seeing the probable success of his brother's plea.

"Aye, why not all, if you can but sit your horse? I may not live long, and I would not leave this pleasure to another."

The morning found the eager little princes watching their grandsire's movements, and waiting his call with the brightest anticipations a boy ever knows, and they were soon mounted, King David on his favorite courser, the boys on their Scottish nags, the hounds drawn out, and all in readiness at the castle-gate, when they were arrested by the cry of,

"Justice, O, King!"

A moment's questioning, and King David knew there would be no sport for them that day, for he never turned a deaf ear to the meanest of his subjects.

"Take it not to heart, lads," he said, looking regretfully at the three discontented faces, "another day will do as well for pleasure. There is none greater than to follow the hunt, but it is even better to learn to defer any pleasure for kingly duty."

And so the little party disbanded, Malcolm, quietly submitting to the inevitable, William sorely chafing over the disappointment, and David readily turning to other pursuits.

Even as the grandfather said, he did not live to give them many lessons in manly sports. Yet death came not upon him unawares. Every thing had been done to smooth the way for Malcolm's succession. William, the next born, was declared Earl of Northumberland, and put in possession of the county, while David, the third, had been created Earl of Huntington in England, and Garioch in Scotland. Having thus arranged all the affairs of his kingdom and feeling already the grasp of a mortal disease upon his life, he fixed his residence at the Castle of Carlisle, on the border of his possessions, and gave himself up to preparation for another and better world. "Here on the morning of the 24th of May, 1153, he was found dead in a pos-

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ture of devotion." No doubt the wise counsels and noble example of even this short period of a year or two had its influence over the whole lives of the three princes. Yet Malcolm, though the eldest, could hardly have realized much of kingly responsibility. He was only twelve years old when he was placed upon the sacred stone at Scone to be invested with the sovereignty of Scotland, and listened with only a boy's interest in heroes when the Highland bard, as was the custom, stepped forward and chanted to the people a Gaelic poem containing the catalogue of the young king's ancestry, in virtue of which he claimed their obedience. Yet from both father and grandfather the young princes had imbibed the spirit of chivalry, and at least in William the eager, flashing eye bespoke the pride in the hero-blood that flowed in their own veins.

But bitter troubles awaited the gentle-hearted Malcolm. Taught from his earliest years to admire the cultivation, chivalry, and refinement of England, his ingenuous, trusting disposition was no match for the unscrupulous ambition of his cousin and territorial neighbor, Henry II. of England. In the vain effort to keep the peace he not only sadly demeaned his own kingly dignity, but surrendered to Henry's flattery and cunning his brother William's patrimony, the county of Northumberland.

"Hast thou heard, noble princes," said the prudent Macduff, Earl of Fife, "the latest rumors of thy brother?"

"Nay, verily, we have heard enough," said William with an impatient shrug.

"What more now?" asked the listening David.

"It hath been reported that of his own accord he hath ceded to Henry, not Northumberland only, but all the possessions he held in England. Woe worth the day when the king is a minor."

"Had I but the men-at-arms, I would show what a minor could do, and rescue him from Henry's snares." And William clenched his fist in his impotent ire."

Malcolm proved to them on his return that it had not been by his own free will and accord, but by the duplicity and fraud of Henry. Still, there was a very general feeling of dissatisfaction among the people, who could only hope that he might gain wisdom by experience. But he died at the early age of twenty-four, having reigned twelve years.

Malcolm having never married, was succeeded by his brother William, called the Lion. His impatient spirit could ill brook the taunts and complaints that had been muttered against his brother, to say nothing of the loss of his own patrimony. So his first act after being crowned was to demand from Henry the restitution of Northumberland. This Henry evaded with ambiguous promises, until William, hopeless of obtaining his object peaceably, and having made a league with Richard, the rebellious son of Henry, resorted to war. But the young Scottish king was, as yet, too reckless. In an unfortunate hour, William, with only about sixty followers, patrolling the country in a heavy morning mist, came upon a body of three or four hundred horseman. Being disguised as Scottishmen, he naturally mistook them for a part of his own army, and though he fought bravely after he dicovered his mistake, he was carried a prisoner to Henry. You may be sure that crafty monarch, his malice and selfishness whetted by William's interference in his domestic troubles, would offer no easy terms, and only on condition of his doing homage to Henry for Scotland and all his other territories, was he allowed to return to his own kingdom. A less hasty spirit might have waited for better things. But even the Scottish barons, galling as it was to them, felt the need of their king and submitted.

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For fifteen years he and his country bore the hated yoke, but we are glad to see he had learned a lesson of caution, and Henry gained no other advantage over him. It is refreshing to turn to the period when Richard Cœur de Lion took his father's place on the English throne. With all his faults we can not choose but admire this hero-prince, and in all the intercourse between him and William of Scotland they seemed to vie with each other in magnanimous conduct and noble generosity. One of his first acts on his accession to the throne was to renounce all right of superiority or homage which had been extorted from William during his captivity, and to re-establish the borders of the two kingdoms as they had been before that time.

Richard was not entirely unselfish in this. The large sum of money paid by William in compensation, was more to him than the empty honor, as he was just starting on his crusade; and it was better, too, to leave his country neighbored by a friend than a foe. Still the friendly intercourse was kept up to the end of their mutual reign, and it is probable that England and Scotland have never at any other time been united by more genuine good will. We marvel a little to find from Buchanan that David, the third brother, "fought along with the English king;" but we must remember that his possessions were mostly within the English domains. That he was not deficient in brotherly affection we see, when at the first news of William's captivity he hastened to Scotland to make arrangements for obtaining his release, and himself remained a hostage to the English government. This same prince, David, followed Richard to the crusade, and Sir Walter Scott makes him the hero of many romantic adventures. However, from history itself we gather that on his return a fearful storm came down upon the fleet, and his ship, separated from the rest and lost in the darkness and gloom, was captured by the Egyptians. Imprisonment in those eastern countries in those days generally meant a life worn out in the horrors of dungeon gloom or hopeless slavery. How his heart must have turned back to the rugged hills of Scotland, the loving home of his boyhood in his grandsire's castle, and his only remaining brother who might never even know of his fate. But he did not die in his cell; a change came, he was redeemed by the Venetians. That might mean slavery still, but at any rate they were a Christian people. He was very kindly treated on the Venetian ship, though he had not as yet ventured to tell his real name. They reached Constantinople. Ah, is not that an English face? Aye, verily, and one who knows the Earl of Huntingdon. As quickly as might be, the glad news was carried to his anxious brother, and great were the rejoicings, when, after the absence of four years, David landed once more on his native shore. William the Lion died at Stirling in 1214, aged seventy-four. His son and grandson followed him on the throne, and then came the contest between the different branches of David's descendants.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER VI.

There stood Ruby in the fast-gathering twilight; there stood Ruby, waiting for she did not know what. She was half frightened, and yet she did not know what she was afraid of; she was full of wonder at Mr. Lindhurst entering so suddenly that house, and her most lively conjectures could not form any probable

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about what he was doing there. Then that strange cry was still ringing in her ears; what could it all mean? A brook not far off murmured, and the wind [illegible] to the branches of the trees above her head. Such were the only answers which Ruby got to her questions.

Still Ruby waited and listened, while the minutes seemed longer than any minutes she had ever before known in her young life. Yes, she listened, but no sound reached her from the house, only, ceaselessly, the tones of the stream and the winter breeze. By-and-by, these monotonous strains were broken by the lowing of a cow hard by, and afterward the rumble of a cart; but these did not answer Ruby any better than the wind and the water; her whole situation standing outside that house where the old man still remained hidden from her sight, was as complete a mystery to her as ever. It seemed to her as if she had somehow got into a part of a story of some one else's life, and as if the Ruby who led the commonplace life at the farm a few months ago was miles upon miles away.

At length the door of the villa opened and Mr. Lindhurst appeared.

"O! what is it?" cried Ruby, running to meet him, the words coming involuntarily to her lips.

He did not speak for some moments; he was looking calmer than when he went into the house. At last he said, "Ruby, we can go home now."

He spoke in a low, absent voice, and had evidently not taken in the meaning of her eager words. In her state of excitement and curiosity, Ruby's first feeling at his manner, as was natural enough in a person of her quick temper, was great irritation; she broke through the fence of shy respect with which Mr. Lindhurst was generally surrounded in her eyes, and cried indignantly,

"Mr. Lindhurst, it is a shame to treat me in this way; you leave me at the door as if I was a walking-stick, and when you come out again you treat me as if I had no more sense and understanding than one."

Her words, and the vehemence with which they were spoken, roused him at length, and he half smiled as he took in their import. Then his face grew grave but gentle, as he said,

"Ruby, child, forgive me if I have frightened and surprised you. I was alarmed myself when I went into that house, but I am more easy in my mind now. That is all I can tell you."

She was very full still of wondering curiosity, but his manner softened her.

"Had your going into this house anything to do with what you were telling me about before we came out?"

"Yes, it had," he answered; and then added after a few moments of thought, "Ruby, I think since you know so much, I ought to tell you that all this which has lately seemed so strange and unaccountable to you is nearly connected with yourself."

"With me!" she repeated with a start, and then cried eagerly, "but if that is so, have I not a right to know more?"

"Listen to me, Ruby," said the old man, pausing and laying his hand on her shoulder. "It so happens that a certain mystery, which circumstances prevent being explained to you, must for a while surround your young life; signs of it may sometimes suddenly appear in your path, but you will not learn any more from them than I have told you. There is nothing, believe me, in this mystery which is in any way wrong, or which can lead you or any one else into misdoing. Now that I have told you this, Ruby, will you trust me, and ask no further questions?"

"Yes," she answered, for there was something in his eyes which made her say so at once.

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"Thank you, my child, for such confidence," he said warmly; "I fancy that you are made of different stuff from most girls, and that when you say 'yes,' like that, you mean it entirely, and that you will not go on worrying your mind with vain conjectures on this subject, but will resolutely keep off any such morbid habit."

"I will try to be all you expect me to be," she replied, simply.

"And Ruby" began the old man again, in a low impressive tone, "I may tell you one thing more. Perhaps, some day you will be in a position which will make you able to do a good deal for God; try in your life to prepare yourself for it, if such should be your appointed lot."

More and more wonders were pouring in upon little Ruby. She, the neglected orphan, would one day have it in her power to do a great deal for God! She gazed up into the old man's face, her brown eyes full of an incredulous, childlike astonishment, too deep for words.

"Yes, it is quite true, Ruby," he said, reading her looks aright, "strange as it may seem to you."

"I can not understand it, I can not understand it," she murmured two or three times to herself; then she clasped her little hands in prayer for light and strength, for all that she had lately heard had made her feel as if she were walking with a dizzy brain through a mist; and gradually, as her words went up to God, she began to grow calmer, and a certain clearness dawned within her. She had just been told that, in future, something might happen to her which would make her able to do much good in the world, and yet she was told she must not ask any thing further on this subject; it was still all very dim and incomprehensible, but her young soul leant on the consciousness that her Eternal Friend was near her, and she felt that if in all things she strove to tread step by step in the path He bade her follow, it would be well with her, come what might. She did not, however, put any thing of what was going on in her heart and mind into words; she probably could not have expressed half the stir and tumult which had been whirling about within her, even had she tried; she only said very quietly,

"I will do my best every where and in every thing, the dear Lord above helping me, as I know He will."

They went on in silence after that, with the frosty silver moon over head, with a silver world around them. The air was very keen and clear; a few snowflakes fell at intervals, and hung on Ruby's black mantle like plumes dropped from the wings of spirits hovering near her. There were, perhaps, in truth such kindly guardians not far from her to guide her on her difficult way. By-and-by, as they drew near home, Ruby said,

"I had rather not speak of this which you have been telling me to any one. I suppose you would not wish me to?"

"I was just going to ask a promise of you to that effect," he answered; "and was going to bid you hold a promise as a very sacred thing, and to avoid all your life the false, bad notion held by some women, that strict honor in keeping your word is not just as much a virtue to be taught to girls as to boys."

"I do not need to be told that," said the girl with a proud little movement of her pretty head. "I would keep my given word as faithfully as any knight of old."

Very few words passed between them after that. Ruby, as may well be supposed, had plenty to occupy most fully her mind, so that her usually busy little tongue was very still. The old man again plunged in deep, and, as it seemed, far-away thought. Once she heard him sigh and murmur,

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"I have slept through the burden and heat of the day, O God, forgive me! I have slept through the burden and heat of the day."

Then another time he muttered,

"And it began all through my foolish pride; yes, that was the beginning of it."

The avenue up to the priory was reached now, and they could see before them the old gray house, sending out here and there from its windows a ray of light to meet the moonbeams. Ruby had experienced so much since she left it, and her heart and mind had become full of so many new, unexpected thoughts and feelings since she saw it last, that she had somehow almost vaguely fancied that she should see it changed. But there stood the old gray house, calling her back to all her every-day common-place duties.

"We must be close, dear friends from to-night, Ruby," said Mr. Lindhurst, rousing himself as they neared the door, and taking her hand; "and you must help me, child, to be different from what I have lately been."

She only answered by clasping her warm, soft little fingers round his withered palm: but he understood her meaning.

"Lor' sir, wherever hav'ee been?" cried Mrs. Treadwell, the housekeeper, running out to meet her master, and speaking, as she generally did, to both him and Miss Lindhurst, with the familiarity of long service. "Miss Nancy is just 'diddlecome' about 'ee.

Matthew Lindhurst spared himself the terrible apparition of Miss Nancy 'diddlecome,' whatever that very remarkable west-country word may import, by vanishing up stairs. Ruby, less fortunate, fell into the hands of the two waiting, wondering ladies.

"What, in the name of all that is extraordinary and unfitting, has induced you, Ruby Stanton, to stay out in this way, and what is worse, to persuade Mr. Lindhurst, in some artful manner, to go with you?" exclaimed Miss Nancy, adjusting her cap, as she always did preparatory to a long and keen examination of some luckless individual who had chanced to get into her clutches.

"We waited for tea till ten minutes past five," here chimed in Ella, "but you know how I always enjoy my afternoon tea, and I really could not stop any longer; the muffin was so delicious! I put a quarter down before the fire to keep hot for you: but it is dried up to a stick by this time."

"Where have you been?" cried Miss Nancy. "Matthew has not been out till this hour for years."

"How dreadfully tired you must be," began again Miss Ringwood. "What did keep you out so long?"

"We took a very long walk, as far as the new villas," answered Ruby, when her inquisitors stopped to take breath. "I have nothing else to tell you. Please forgive my not being in to make tea for you. I could not help it to-day."

This reply would most assuredly not have been received without further investigation, but just at that moment the dressing-bell rang and released Ruby for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

"O, Miss Ruby! I don't hardly know how to tell it. It was just soon after that parcel of good things you sent her come, she was sitting looking at them with her eyes so sweet and happy-like, talking about you. 'Miss Ruby,' she says, says she, 'always told me that she had only her love and kindness and time to give me, but now I suppose she has got a bit of money somehow, and she goes and spends it at once on a poor thing like me, instead of on a new bonnet, as most young ladies would do; there'll be another jewel in her crown in heaven for that; but still, her gentle

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cheerful words did me more good than all she can send me. When she has been with me I always feel as if I had been drinking a draught of refreshing water brought by an angel.' Yes, those was just the words she was saying, Miss Ruby, when, all at once, she turned as white as your handkerchief, and dropped right away. I thought she was gone sure enough, but after a few minutes she just sighed a bit, and opened her eyes with a look in them as if she had been seeing things in another world; yet she seemed to have thought for us here too, for she told me not to cry, and bade me give little Annie her dinner—the child was calling out that she was so hungry. Then she said she should like to see you, and I came away at once to call you, for I think I may make so bold as to say I am sure you will come. The doctor has just been in, and says she won't be here long. I left Mrs. Green with her, and I axed her to mind the child with the fire too, and to finish a piece of darning I was doing when Bessie dropped away, and to be sure to put on the tea-kettle to boil for tea."

The speaker was a rosy-faced middle-aged woman in a washed-out lavender print dress and a poke bonnet. The speech had been interrupted by many sobs and sundry short ejaculations, and had, therefore, taken some time in the making. The person addressed was Ruby Stanton, who was sitting in the window of the little room where she and Ella spent a good deal of their time, being thus released from the awful presence of Miss Nancy for at least a season.

Ella was reclining in an arm-chair by the fire, half dozing, with some embroidery in her lap, the most remarkable part of which was that it never seemed to make any visible advance. Ruby's little hands too were, for a wonder, folded idly over her work. The early winter twilight was beginning to close in, and it was, in truth, getting almost too dark to see how to make a stitch; in general she would have rung for the lamp at once, but this evening she sat on in silent thought. She was turning over and over in her mind all that Mr. Lindhurst had said to her about the mystery which hung around her life. With all the healthy activity of her nature, Ruby could not keep herself at times from gliding into waking dreams on this subject. What girl could?

The woman who was now speaking to her was the mother of the poor sick girl before mentioned, for whom, in her ministrations among the neighboring cottages, Ruby's sympathies and interest had been so warmly aroused. She had seen Ruby sitting at the window as she approached the house, and had come up outside to tell her errand. The voice at first startled Ruby; she had not seen that any one had drawn near, and she looked up confused, like one disturbed in sleep. Even when she saw who it was, some of the woman's words were quite incomprehensible to her. What did she mean by talking about a parcel of things she had sent Bessie? She knew she had done nothing of the kind. Matthew Lindhurst had, it is true, given her some money for charity, but she had spent none of it on this girl. She sat gazing wonderingly at the woman for some moments; then she said, bending out of the window, which she had opened that they might talk more easily,

"I am so very sorry Bessie is worse; but, tell me, Mrs. Bryant, what is this you say about my having sent you some things? I don't understand!"

"Why, Miss Ruby, I mean the large brown-paper parcel which you sent by a boy this afternoon, full of more nice things than I knows the name of; I laid them all out on the table before Bessie, until our house looked, for all the world,

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like one of them stores my brother in Australia do write about. She did smile so pretty as she took every thing up one by one. I declare my head felt quite confused while I was putting it all away; it was such a lot of it; I was just like a monkey in a toy-shop."

"But I have not sent any thing to your house to-day," cried Ruby, in great perplexity.

"You did not send any thing to our house to day!" repeated Mrs. Bryant, her round, good-tempered face looking like a full moon, in her extreme wonder. "But, Miss Ruby, dear, you can't know what you are saying. The parcel came just as I was taking up the knife to peel the potatoes for dinner. Bessie will tell you the same, and so would little Annie if she could but speak plain, pretty dear."

"It must certainly be some mistake," said Ruby. "What did the person say who brought the parcel you speak of?"

"Why, he just said it was sent by Miss Stanton. What should he say else?"

"It is very strange. What sort of a person was it that brought it?"

"It wasn't a person at all; it was only a little monkey of a boy. One of the rogues you do take such delight in teaching at the school, Miss Ruby, I suppose."

"Do you know which of the boys it was?"

"Well, I can't say as how I did know his face; but there be many of them about, who live at the other end of the parish I can't put a name to. It's only a year or so that we have been in Larcombe, you see; and I was never one to run about to other folk's houses all over the country. Besides I didn't look much at the boy, for I was just then in a way lest, while I went to the door, little Annie or the cat should get at the brown sugar, which I had left out on the table."

A thought crossed Ruby. Could Mr. Lindhurst have sent these things in her name to Bessie? He had been very kind in his manner to her during these last few days which had passed since that long walk of theirs together. Though he had not spoken a single word to her again on the subject of that strange mystery, might he not very possibly have meant to give her a pleasant surprise in giving the sick girl a present in her name? With this idea in her head she asked Mrs. Bryant to wait a moment at the window, and ran across the hall into the old gentleman's study.

"Guardian," she said (Mr. Lindhurst had told her that he wished her as well as Ella to call him guardian, though Miss Nancy strongly objected), "how kind and good it was of you to send such a lot of things to poor Bessie Bryant this morning in my name. I don't know how to thank you.'

"I send things to Bessie Bryant!" repeated the old man, looking up at her with a very puzzled face. "Ruby, child, I don't know what you are talking about."

"But you must have done it," persisted Ruby. "A great parcel of things was left at the cottage, and the boy who brought it said Miss Stanton sent it; and, as I did not send it myself, who could it have been except you?"

A singular momentary gleam of intelligence flashed across Matthew Lindhurst's face as she spoke those last words. Ruby noticed it, and said,

"I see you did send it after all, guardian. You were just pretending that you did not to mystify me a little."

"I tell you, child. I know nothing at all about it," answered the old man somewhat shortly and testily. "I have never so much as dreamed of sending an ounce of tea to an old woman. I gave you that money that you might attend to the poor people for me, as you know; and, if you had any sense, you might

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know that I would not trouble myself to do any thing more. Now go away, and don't bother me any longer, for I am sleepy, and want a nap before I go to dress for dinner."

The old gentleman's manner admitted of no further questioning, and Ruby retired more perplexed than ever, and went back to Mrs. Bryant at the open window.

"I thought that Mr. Lindhurst might have sent it in my name," she said, "but I have been to ask him, and he says he certainly did not; I can't make it out at all."

"Well, it is odd, sure enough," answered the woman, "I can't understand it any more than you Miss Ruby; if you did not send it, I can't sense it at all; but I mustn't be standing here all night in this fashion, there's the pig to be served, and the supper to get, and who knows how it will be with poor Bessie while I am away? Miss Ruby, dear, I must be going, but do 'ee come after me as quick as you can, for Bessie be maze to see 'ee."

With that the good woman turned and went, holding a highly colored pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

"I will be there almost directly," Ruby called after her.

"What's it all about?" asked Ella, roused by the raised tone of Ruby's voice and by the entrance of afternoon tea, always a most interesting event to the young lady.

"Bessie Bryant is worse, and wants me to go and see her. I shan't be away above half an hour or so, the cottage is so near."

"But, gracious me, Ruby, what will Miss Nancy say to your being out so late alone? And then you will find it so cold, and here is the tea, and such a nice new cake not yet cut; I am quite sure you can't run away from it, Ruby."

"You must eat my share of cake this evening, Ella," answered Ruby with a quiet little laugh. "As for Miss Nancy, if she is angry I can't help it, I think I can bear a scolding for doing right; it must be right to go to poor Bessie."

"Well, I could never take the trouble to make a fuss about doing right when there was any strong opposition against it," said Ella, cutting a thin slice of the cake before named, and putting it on her own plate, "that was always more than I could manage; I remember at school when the little ones were naughty I never could be bothered with keeping them in order."

"O, Ella, it is so cowardly not to stand up for what is right and true."

"Well," said the young lady composedly, "I suppose I am a coward, but it's a very comfortable thing to be. I'm very sorry, though, that that poor girl is so ill; and, Ruby, if you will insist upon going to see her this evening, do just drink this hot cup of tea before you go, dear, and put on my fur cloak, it is hanging up in the hall."

Ella's good nature sometimes got the better of even her indolent selfishness for a few moments.

"What was that you were saying just now to Bessie's mother about something which had been brought her in your name?" asked Ella, while Ruby was drinking her tea.

"I can't make it out myself. There must be some great, strange mistake in the matter," answered Ruby, thoughtfully.

A few minutes after that she was hurrying down the avenue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINK that day lost whose low, descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.—*Bobart.*

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VISIT TO OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

If there is a place that is classic in America, it is the old South Church in Boston. Its long line of associations render it venerable. Built in 1670, the church has been the scene of much that has passed into the history of our country. There Thatcher preached, and Dudley worshiped, and Franklin was baptized. Later the eloquent voices of Adams, of Warren, and of Quincy were heard within its walls. The old South Church set its impress upon much that was noble and patriotic in those days of old. At its frown the proudest officials of the British crown wavered and trembled. Hutchinson and Gage yielded in awed submission to its voice. Despoiled by the haughty English soldiery, it yet stood a rampart of defiance all through the revolution. Its mandates were oracles, and men obeyed them as in old time the chosen race obeyed the Shekinah.

The building stands at the corner of Milk and Washington streets, in the very heart of the great metropolis that has grown up around the church. Upon the very spot stood the dwelling-house of Governor Winthrop in the early colonial time. From the Winthrop family the estate passed into the hands of Reverend John Norton. Mary Norton, his wife, deeded her garden to the society of her church, and the meeting-house was erected upon it. In 1730 the edifice was rebuilt, and is the structure so familiar to us to-day.

The history of the building is the history of Boston. Many of the important events of the colonial period occurred within or under its walls. The soldiers of Louisburg sat in its high-backed pews. Governors Barnard, Phips, and Hutchinson, in their quaint attire of Anne's and George the Second's time—cocked hats, long waistcoats, and knee-buckles and ruffs and lace—have paced its aisles. Its tall spire has looked down on many a historic scene—the Boston massacre, the marching of red-coat troops, the gorgeous shows of many of the magnates of the old Province House. Boston was the birthplace of the Revolution, and the old South Church fostered it. At all times of great excitement, when Faneuil Hall become too small for the concourse, the people adjourned to the old South, hence, it was the scene of all the most animated of those town meetings so abominable to the British. The fiery Otis, and the stately Hancock presided over many a tempestuous gathering of patriots, from its pulpit. The platform still stands where Warren delivered his oration like a young Roman senator, beautiful as a Greek statue, and more eloquent than the Parian speech of Demosthenes.

Six weeks after this memorable gathering in the old church the war broke out. The pews and pulpit were removed and used as fuel, gravel was spread upon the floor, and the building turned into a riding school. Sir John Burgoyne, in his gold-laced uniform sat in the eastern gallery, pompous and haughty, with Percy, and Gage, and Howe, and Clinton, and looked down on the feats of horsemanship performed by the regiment of the Queen's Light Dragoons. When Washington entered the rescued town he wended his first steps to the old South Church, and standing in the eastern gallery, looked sadly down upon all the wreck below, and said reverently, that it was "strange that the British, who so venerated their own churches, should have thus desecrated ours."

A hundred years have passed since then, and the ancient meeting-house still

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lifts its spire, solemn and imposing, above the crowded thoroughfares. To-day it is a treasure-house filled with relics and bric-a-brac; thus uniting to its glory of historic associations the value of an art and bric-a-brac deposit. No one should visit Boston without calling at this antique shrine. A day can well be spent in examining its collection of curiosities. Many articles of colonial and revolutionary interest are in the collection, and numerous mementoes of the past will revive old-time recollections.

We gaze with curiosity upon a pair of high-heeled satin slippers once worn by Lady Washington; a modern belle might well be proud to own a foot small enough for such dainty coverings. The silver embroidered satin vest of General John Sullivan, the rapier of Governor Hancock; the bullet that killed General Warren; autograph letters of Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Benedict Arnold, and Hancock are to be seen in one case. An entire continental suit—cocked hat, low-quartered shoes and all—hangs in one corner. On one side is shown an old-time kitchen, the huge fireplace, the dressers loaded with antique pewterware, the high-backed chairs, the culinary utensils, the spinning wheels, the old queen's arms suspended from the branching antlers above the mantle, presenting a picture that would have delighted our grandmothers. Portraits of revolutionary heroes—of Hancock, of Knox, of Lord Percy, of Washington, of Commodore Perry; and engravings of battles on sea and land, of Alnwick Castle, the home of the Percies; of Montpelier, the home of General Knox, and of Mount Vernon, hang at appropriate places.

A horse-shoe cast from some red-coat's steed, and found beneath the floors of the church, is shown by the side of a musket and bayonet which did service at Bunker Hill. A wooden bowl that formerly belonged to the Indian chief Tecumseh is exhibited beside a set of chinaware that once graced the table of a colonial nabob.

What interested us quite as much as any thing was a *fac simile* representation of Mother Goose's residence, and of the printing office of her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, at Pudding Lane, which is now Devonshire Street, and a portrait of the ancient dame herself. Mother Goose, as you well know, was a real character and not a mythical personage, as we used to suppose. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693, and a few years afterward became a member of the old South Church. She died in 1757, aged ninety-two years. The first edition of her melodies was published in Boston, 1716, by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. Her house was a low one-story building, with dormer windows and a red tiled roof, looking something like an old English country cottage. Dear Mother Goose! a look at thy time-worn, benevolent face did me good.—*Fred. Myron Colby, in Our World.*

THE TOILET OF THE FLY.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking-glass he brushes himself up and wabbles his little round head, chuck full of vanity, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and little round body all soiled with syrup and butter and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wings his way to the clean, white cord along which the morning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider that is

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practicing gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast.

It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking ing them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clean. Then he pushes the two legs along under the wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting on his hind and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of his head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide. Some of his motions very much resemble those of pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when he has finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but the fly is himself again, and he bids the morning-glories a very good evening.

THE ROSY VANDAL.

Just now I missed from hall and stair,
  A joyful treble, that had grown
  As dear to me as that grave tone
That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
  Were staid. I laid aside my pen,
  Forgot my theme, and listened, then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sigh! no sound!—a moment's freak
  Of fancy thrilled my pulses through;
  "If—no"—and yet that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then—I found him. There he lay,
  Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
  The rosy vandal who had sacked
His little town, and thought it play;

The shattered vase; the broken jar;
  A match still moldering on the floor;
  The inkstand's purple pool of gore;
The chessmen scattered near and far.

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Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the woods;"
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that strayed,
And fallen in that ambuscade,
The victor was himself o'erwrought.

What though torn leaves and tattered book
Still testified his deep disgrace?
I stooped and kissed the inky face,
With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled
My guilt, in trust that when my sleep
Should come, there might be One who'd keep
An equal mercy for His child.

—*Bret Harte.*

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

The parleying and confusion and identifying of baggage occupied several hours, so that it was early twilight when our party of travelers from the "Braunschweig" walked out of the custom-house into the streets of Southampton. The street by which they were to reach the hotel was a broad avenue that led them along near the ocean-beach. The gray light of early twilight was just beginning to dawn, and it was with strange emotions that Alice, Fannie, and Harry trod for the first time a foreign soil. Harry tried hard to realize that this was England—old England that he had heard of and read of, and had been taught all his life to venerate and respect. Could the ground he was walking on be, in truth, the shores of the mother country of his own native land? or was it a foreign land at all? It did not seem so. In all his dreams of journeyings abroad he had ever pictured to himself something strange and grand, nay, almost appalling, in walking the streets of a far-distant city; and that he himself would doubtless feel and act, or, in fact be, almost a different person.

But here he was, conscious of being actuated by the same feelings, thoughts, and principles that had ever controlled his motives when a school-boy at home. Not one iota taller nor larger in any respect, simply a well-grown boy of sixteen years, trudging along in the early morning; borne down under the weight of two valises he was industriously carrying for the Lynn girls. The great, broad ocean behind him, and their twelve days of delightful sojourn on the "Braunschweig" already seemed fading away like a dream.

While these thoughts were revolving in his mind, his attention was attracted, as the course of the street along which they were walking brought them again to the very water's edge, to a rocky, sloping beach, and his bewilderment and awe was still more confusing and perplexing, when one of the party pointed to it and remarked that it was just there that Canute the Great sat and

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commanded the sea to roll back. If Harry had had a sudden vision of the old Dane, seated there until the waters touched the edge of his garments, or had seen him rise sternly and reprove his flatterers for attributing to mortal man such superhuman power, he could not have felt any more forcibly than he did, that he had had almost a personal interview with the old gentleman. In fact, his letter home that day was so interwoven with incidents in the life of Canute the Great that his mother preserved it as a history lesson for his little sisters, Helen and Eloise; and although Harry could only find in his guide-book a traditional record of the exact place of this event, yet to this day he has never ceased to feel that his life and that of the conquering king who ruled England more than eight hundred years before, were in some way connected.

Musing thus, he arrived in about half an hour's walk at the American Hotel, a large substantial building, to which the party had been guided by an employe of the custom-house. They were ushered in, and it took them only a a few moments to disperse to their respective apartments for the remaining hours of the night, or rather the morning hours which were to intervene before breakfast-time. To make the night as long as possible and to add to the sociability of the occasion, the whole party from the steamer ordered breakfast at the same hour, ten o'clock. Harry retired very quickly, but not to sleep. His thoughts were too strangely intermingled to permit of this. So, after rolling and tossing about almost as much as he had done during the stormy nights at sea for the space of two hours or more, Harry got up and dressed himself and went out for a morning stroll.

It was Friday, and he had only the day to stay in England if he went on to Havre that night, which he preferred doing in order to get to Paris before Sunday. So he resolved to go out then and attend to his baggage, tickets, etc., and leave the whole day to be spent in the pleasant company of his companions of the voyage, from whom he was so soon to separate.

Harry's first duty was to go to the custom-house and get his baggage through. Here he easily found his trunk, that had been of so little service to him since leaving home. A half dozen sturdy-looking Englishmen in official dress stood round ready to lay a powerful hand on whisky, tobacco, or books brought into her majesty's realms without permit.

A careful search soon dispelled all fears as to the two latter commodities, but a strict examination revealed the bottles of home-made wine and cordial his good mother had so thoughtfully put in for the voyage. Harry's straightforward, truthful story of how carefully these articles had been packed for his use on the voyage and his abrupt separation from it and its contents, the morning of his departure from Baltimore, saved a heavy duty on this. At its recital one of the officers turned to the subordinate who had discovered the wine and remarked, "His face tells the truth, let it pass."

Upon the strength of this Harry made a present of them to Mrs. Lynn, who he knew would soon be at her journey's end.

After getting through at the custom-house he went down to the quay to secure a stateroom on the steamer that was to go across the channel that night. But he found that there was not the slightest chance of his getting a berth even, as every available place had been engaged from the previous day. He then went back to his hotel and up to his room and had ample time before breakfast to write a long addition to his journal which was to be started homeward that day.

At 10 A.M. one after another of our

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ship's party began to make his or her appearance in the large dining-room. Harry went down and awaited in the hall the arrival of Mrs. Lynn and her daughters.

As they went in to breakfast they were struck with awe at the long line of solemn, dignified looking men, standing just inside the dining-room, dressed in tight-fitting black coats, white cravats, and white gloves, who looked very much like pall-bearers at a funeral.

As they walked in, however, one of them, a dignified, middle-aged man, whose hair was slightly gray, turned solemnly around and took from a table behind him, a waiter, then with slow and measured tread, he walked in front to one of the tables, where he proposed seating the party. Here he majestically drew aside one after another of the chairs and politely bowed to each of the four as they took their seats.

Perhaps this rather chilling reception prepared our young travelers for the disappointment that was to follow. A long sea-voyage and the consequent loss of appetite for the ship's fare, is a sure precursor of a fine appetite, when safely landed on *terra firma*. So our young people felt, and the older ones, too, many of whom from the "Braunschweig" were now seated around the various small tables scattered over this immense dining-hall, each table being solemnly waited on by one of the waiters in white gloves and cravat.

But alas for human hopes! And adieu to American ideas of what constitutes a good breakfast when once you reach the other side of the Atlantic! Again and again had the tired, hungry voyagers, at least the Americans, pictured to themselves their first good, comfortable meal on land. And during the last twelve hours, when they felt sure it would be "breakfast in Southampton at the largest and finest hotel the city afforded," visions of hot muffins and rolls, elegant English beefsteak, which Mr. Allen had informed them was never made good any where in the world except in England, had flitted through the brains of our travelers, painted in such roseate hues as can only be portrayed by a long sea-voyage or a spell of typhoid fever.

Now, as the profound-looking waiter stood face to face to Mrs. Lynn, she began in her gentle, dignified way:

"You will please bring a nice, hot breakfast for four, we are all very hungry after our voyage."

"We have nothing hot at this hour, madam," solemnly responded the waiter.

"Can not you prepare us something?"

"No, madam, not at this hour," was the discouraging response.

"But we ordered breakfast at this hour."

"Yes, madam, we have breakfast prepared, but no hot bread."

"What have you then?" asked Mrs. Lynn, feeling that after all there must be some mistake, and she and the waiter had not fully understood each other.

"We have cold bread and butter, and tea, or coffee, if you wish it."

"No hot meat!"

"None at all, madam."

"Well, couldn't you have us a nice beefsteak prepared," asked Mrs. Lynn, coaxingly. "We would gladly pay extra for it, the young people are so hungry."

"It would be impossible, madam," was the laconic reply of this solid, somber, solemn-looking specimen of humanity, known as an English waiter.

"Can you give us no meat at all?"

"Cold beef, madam, if you wish it."

"Well, do the best you can," answered Mrs. Lynn, in despair, for she really felt the disappointment on her own account, but especially for the children.

The waiter turned around and walked off, not in the slightest degree discomposed by the flutter he had created in thus disappointing the whole party.

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After a long waiting, he returned with a large tray, which contained a pot of hot coffee, a plate of very thin slices of cold bread, four small plates of nice fresh butter, and a dish with a few very thin slices of cold beef, and a pot of freshly-mixed mustard.

Mrs. Lynn saw at a glance that it would not be near enough to satisfy the almost ravenous appetites of four people, so quietly determined she would have enough, and as quietly ordered the man to bring exactly that amount to each of the four! Neither did this order, so entirely unexpected, in the least flutter or disturb their imperturbable attendant, who filled it with the dignity, if not the grace, of a Lord Chesterfield.

A bright thought struck Mrs. Lynn before the meal was finished, and she called for ice, determined, if possible, to give the young people something that seemed like a home breakfast. This, with a pitcher of milk, concluded their repast.

As Harry was prevented on his return from Europe from stopping in England, he never had another opportunity of taking a breakfast in her Majesty's realms, and testing whether at any other hour of the day, tired and hungry travelers can obtain what they desire or not. The dinner that day was a good substantial repast of several courses. As it was not anticipated with any special interest, it made no lasting impression on his mind, as the breakfast did.

The day in Southampton was one of the most delightful Harry ever spent in his life. The train for London was to leave at 11.30 A.M. This took off most of their fellow-voyagers, Mr. Allen among the number. Alice Lynn noticed that after a few moments' conversation with Mrs. Lynn, during which she could not help hearing Miss Martin's name called several times, he went away looking much brighter than he had done since the evening of the little episode on deck in which Fannie had figured so unwillingly.

The adieus were all said, and Mrs. Lynn, Alice, Fannie, and Harry were left alone at the hotel. Their first plan was to take a little trip over to the Isle of Wight, but they were disappointed in this, as Mrs. Lynn was detained in getting her baggage through the custom-house that morning till too late, and after dinner there was not time.

So they contented themselves by taking two long carriage drives, one over the city of Southampton, and the other out some miles into the country. They could hardly tell which drive was the most enjoyable. The country with its rich, deep verdure was so refreshing to them after their sea-voyage, while the city brought continuously to their interested attention some new object of interest. The large, square houses, covered over with dark green ivy, through which the windows peeped, each ornamented with a brilliant collection of flowers, gave at once the idea of solid comfort, into which there must be intermingled that refinement and culture always indicated by the cultivation of the beautiful.

Another striking characteristic of the English which these youthful travelers thought they discerned that day was their extreme caution. Fannie declared she did not believe there could be an accident in England! Instead of the pell-mell confusion and bustle of American streets, every thing seemed to be conducted in such an orderly, dignified manner. The policemen stood at the corner of almost every street, and upon the approach of even a street-car, would sound a loud bell to prevent collision with carriages and other wheeled vehicles! The only flutter and excitement was among the little button-hole-bouquet merchants, who being so numerous kept

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up a wonderfully brisk trade, but as every man they met on the street wore a bouquet, there seemed to be a fair field for competition.

The day thus delightfully passed came to an end far too soon, so they all voted, as they sat down to the tea-table at eight P.M. After tea Mrs. Lynn with the girls were to accompany Harry to his steamer to bid him adieu, then to return to their hotel, where they would spend a day or two to rest from the voyage before going on to London and thence to Switzerland.

A long stroll down on the sea-beach, and the sad good-bye on the deck of a small, cramped-up steamer that was to convey travelers from Southampton to Havre, and our friends parted.

Harry stood on deck just as long as he could see one vestige of the white handkerchiefs waving him an adieu from the shore. Then he turned to find some comfortable resting-place, for he had not closed his eyes the night before, and he was sad and weary, and would fain have lain down and slept off his loneliness. But, alas for human hopes and expectations. He sought the steward, then the purser, and finally the captain, but not a place was allotted to him. Although he protested his ticket paid for a berth, it was all in vain. The captain was very polite and gentlemanly, and expressed his sincere regrets, but assured him that the only possible accommodations he could promise him was a sitting space, either on deck or in the saloon below. The steamer was to start at midnight, and ought to reach Havre at 4 A.M. As Harry's powers of endurance were good, he determined to bravely "sit it out." He went below, but among the crowd of tired, complaining, fault-finding travelers he found not one congenial to his taste, so returned to the deck above, and sought shelter, for now it was raining hard, under the protecting eaves of the side-wheel of the steamer, which projected above the deck. At exactly twelve o'clock the steamer set sail.

The rain, which was but one of a dozen or more showers which had surprised and interested the young people during their brief sojourn in England (even if it had interfered in some degree with their pleasure), now turned to a heavy fog. The sides of the ship seemed hung with curtains of blackest hue, which was made doubly visible from the contrast with the bright lights the captain hung out, to prevent another vessel from running into theirs. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, the fog-whistle, which greatly resembled the loud and prolonged howl of a dog, now blew vigorously. This Harry knew was a safety-guard, and yet it seemed to him a signal of danger. He had promised an old schoolmate at home if he felt really afraid on the water, he would write and confess it, and as he sat on deck that night on a little projection of the box which covered the side-wheel, he confessed to himself, as he afterward did to his friend, that he was thoroughly frightened, in fact "he never was so scared in all his life."

The danger of making rapid headway was so great that the whole night passed, and when late in the morning the sun at last penetrated the heavy fog, Harry knew they were only a few miles out from the harbor at Southampton. The sole relief he had had during the night was an occasional pleasant chat with the captain, who in his wakeful rounds would stop and give Harry a few kind words of encouragement. He told him that although an Englishman by birth, he had resided a long time in America and had for five or six years of his life run one of the largest western steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. This was a pleasant incident to Harry, and when the captain bade Harry good-bye at the quay the next day at twelve M. (instead of

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four o'clock that morning), he assured him of his friendship for life, and his earnest wish that they might some day meet again. This was warmly reciprocated by Captain Henry, who gave Harry a few kind words of encouragement and advice as he parted with him on the shores of France. And here began our young traveler's first experiences of traveling alone in a foreign land.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS.

An English lady at a hotel in Paris desired the *garçon* to send for a *confiseur*, to whom she wished to give a special order for some bonbons. She pronounced the word more like *confesseur* than *confiseur*. Presently there was ushered into her apartments a priest, with canonical hat in hand, and robed in a curiously tucked-up cassock. The priest, with courteous salutation, said he had obeyed madame's summons with all possible speed. "Obeyed my summons!" replied the lady; "there must be some mistake." No mistake, *voilà* the lady's card, with the number of the apartment. "O, yes, that is my card, but it was sent to the *confiseur*." "Well, behold him." "The maker of bonbons!" the lady screamed out. "Ah," said the priest, "the *confiseur*, but madame did pronounce it *confesseur*." Very good-humoredly the priest made his apologies, and said he would send the *confiseur*, whose services madame required just then rather more than those of a *confesseur!*

Two English travelers were together at a hotel in Paris, one of whom could speak a little and the other no French. The former went out soon after breakfast, leaving his companion busy writing in their sitting-room. Before leaving he told the waiter not to let the fire go out, saying, in the best French at his command, "Garçon, ne laissez pas sortir le fou" ("ne laissez pas éteindre le feu," he ought to have said).

The waiter, with a look of quick intelligence, and with a confidential nod, said, "All right, monsieur." He comprehended "the situation" immediately. This gentleman had charge of a lunatic, *un fou*, who must not be allowed to go out till his keeper returned! Not having time to watch continuously, the *garçon* thought the prudent thing was to go up and turn the key of the apartment. The supposed lunatic was busy with his papers, and did not notice that he was locked into his room. By-and-by he finished his work and prepared to go out. But the door was locked. He rang the bell, gently at first, and then more and more violently. To the landlord inquiring about the bell, the waiter said it was only a *fou*, who was locked into his room till his keeper returned. Presently louder sounds were heard, shouts, and blows on the door. The waiter went up and entreated the prisoner to be quiet, "Restez tranquille, monsieur reviendra bientôt" (the gentleman will be back soon). The more he was entreated the more angry the prisoner grew, and threatened, in good Yorkshire English, to smash down the door. The landlord and a little crowd had been collected by the disturbance, and the terrible crisis of smashing the door was imminent, when the other traveler returned, to the great relief of the waiter.

When the door was opened, the fury of the prisoner exploded in abuse of the landlord and indignant complaint at such

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treatment. To the friend of the prisoner, demanding explanation, the waiter said, "Did not monsieur order me, 'Ne laissez pas sortir le fou?' Soyez sur j'en ai eu bien soin" (I've taken good care of him.)

"I told you not to let the fire go out, and here it is black out!" said the traveler, pointing to the stove.

"Ah! le feu! le feu!" said the waiter, as the light dawned upon him; "'ne laissez pas éteindre le feu,' monsieur voulut dire, and I have locked up the gentleman! Mille pardons."

The waiter was in trepidation at the angry prisoner, but the scene ended in roars of genial, hearty laughter, and the story is still told in the hotel as an amusing illustration of *English-French*.

RAPHAEL.

Raffaello Sanzio, usually called Raphael, was born at Urbino. His father, Giovanni Santi, was an Umbrian painter of some note, but his fame has been eclipsed by that of his more famous son.

Like the other master spirits of his age Raphael was a universal genius; and excelled not only in painting but in sculpture and architecture. He was, moreover, endowed with many qualities which greatly endeared him to his associates.

No man, perhaps, ever inspired more general confidence and affection, certainly no artist has exercised a wider or more lasting influence upon art than Raphael, by the spirit of whose genius we are still met in every avenue of art. In the works of even the most gifted masters we generally find that either the intellect or the affections predominate, but in Raphael they were so inseparably blended as to produce the most perfect harmony in himself and every thing that emanated from his hand.

Naturally his first lessons were from his father; after his death he became a pupil of Perugino, and shows very decidedly the influence of this master in his earlier works. Just before he left him he is said to have played a trick on Perugino which at once revealed his superior genius. Perugino was a man of orderly habits, and to tease him Raphael one day painted some fish on the stairs that led to the studio, as if they had been dropped there by chance. When Perugino saw this he called out to the cook, asking in angry tones why she did not come to pick up the fish she had let drop, and he stooped to pick them up himself. When he discovered that they were painted his cheek flushed with surprise.

"Who has done this?" he asked. When he was told it was his pupil, Raphael, he said, taking off his cap:

"It is he who is master now. I have nothing more to teach him; he can teach me!"

Raphael began early to feel an eagerness to improve himself by the study of other and greater works than those of his master. It was in 1504 that he repaired to Florence where he found all he desired in the cartoons of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. He was at this time about twenty-one years old, and too young and girlish in appearance to attract much attention. But keenly sensitive to artistic impressions, he had a wonderful power of "assimilating and fusing, so to speak, with his own peculiar gifts all that was best and highest in the works of others, and of building up therefrom a lofty and independent style essentially his own," so that he soon became a giant-genius among the rest. Some of his finest pictures were painted here.

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In the year 1508 Raphael was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II to assist in the adornment of a magnificent suite of apartments in the Vatican. The walls of three rooms and of the gallery or corridor leading to them from the stairway and consisting of thirteen compartments or *loggie*, with small cupolas, were covered with frescoes by the great master himself and by his pupils after his designs.

What is called "Raphael's Bible" is a series of fifty-two subjects including such scenes as the "The Miraculous Draft of Fishes," "Christ's Charge to Peter," "Paul Preaching at Athens," etc., found in fresco in the cupolas of the *loggie*. These alone would give abundant proof of Raphael's unrivaled versatility and creative genius.

Among his other famous works are the "Cartoons," of which seven of the original ten still exist. These were designed for tapestries for the Sistine Chapel, by order of Leo X. They were woven in Flanders, and are now in the Vatican.

Besides vast mural paintings, his architectural works, and the diligent share he took in the researches then going on amongst the ruins of ancient Rome, Raphael found time to produce a magnificent series of easel pictures, altar-pieces, and portraits, of which we can only name a few.

Of the Holy Families and Madonnas alone there are no less than fifty, evincing his deep religious fervor. It is evident that the Madonna di San Sisto, the greatest treasure of the Dresden gallery, is entirely from the master's own hand, and it is one of the most famous paintings in the world. Of his altar-pieces the most notable are, "Christ bearing His Cross," now at Madrid, and "The Transfiguration," his last and best oil-painting, which was left unfinished at his death and placed on his coffin at the funeral with the colors still wet. Thus he was carried to his grave covered by his own glory. This painting is now a valuable possession of the Vatican. Raphael died of a fever caught in superintending some subterranean excavations and was buried in the Pantheon, but subsequently reinterred with great ceremony.

"Raphael's death, at the age of thirty-seven, threw all Europe into mourning, and for a time the inspiration of painters was gone. Never did one man's death create a greater void; never was a memory more fondly cherished." For a time his works were regarded with almost religious veneration, as if God had through them revealed himself once more to men.

THE NARROWEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

The narrowest house in New York may be seen at the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Eighty-second Street. When Lexington Avenue was cut through some years ago, a strip of land five feet wide and one hundred feet deep was all that was left of a certain lot belonging to a person who did not own the next lot on the street. The strip, while of little value by itself, would be valuable to the person owning the adjoining lot on Eighty-second Street, because it would not only allow him to build a house five feet wider, but would give him windows all along the side of his house on Lexington Avenue. The two owners, however, could not agree as to terms, and a house was erected on the lot adjoining the narrow strip. The owner of the latter had nothing to do but to abandon his lot, or build a house five feet wide upon it. The latter course was perhaps adopted because such a house would shut up all the side-windows of the neighboring build-

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ing and considerably reduce its value. The new building is, therefore, five feet wide, one hundred feet deep, and four stories high. It is divided into two houses, each fifty feet long, and the entrance doors are of course on the avenue, as there is no room for a door at either end of the building. The law allows a building at a corner of a street to have projecting bay-windows along the side, and taking advantage of this circumstance, the architect had managed to plan a house which, while peculiar in inside appearance, and probably very uncomfortable to live in, may find tenants. Without these bay-windows, or square projections, running from the foundation to the roof, it would not have been possible to build a house at all, for no room would have been wider than three feet. Each house has, therefore, two bay-windows, in one of which are the stairs, and in the other one room about eight feet wide by fifteen feet long, upon each floor. The long passage between the stair-well and the room is about three feet wide. Each house contains a kitchen eight by fifteen feet, and four rooms, each of the same size, but on different floors. There are also ingeniously-placed closets at each end of the building and under the stairs.

If the object of the builder of these extraordinary houses was simply to shut out the light from his neighbor's building, he would probably have accomplished the same end at much less expense, by adopting Mr. George Kemp's device of sheet-iron shields. Mr. Kemp did not wish the occupants of the building in the rear of his house at No. 720, Fifth Avenue, to overlook his premises, and so he built an iron scaffolding in his back yard, and placed iron shields against the obnoxious openings, shutting out air and light as completely as a brick wall would have done. This arrangement has been for years the source of no little comment from the neighbors and passers-by.—*New York Evening Post.*

WILD FLOWERS OF MONTANA.

The wild flowers of Montana are as abundant as those of the Alps, and more varied. Choicest of them all, because most delicate and fragrant, is a white, star-shaped, wax-like blossom which grows very close to the ground, and the large golden stamens of which give out an odor like mingled hyacinth and lily of the valley. The people call it the mountain lily. There is another lily, however, and a real one, yellow, with purple stamens, that grows on high slopes in shaded places. The yellow flowering currant abounds on the lower levels, and the streams are often bordered with thickets of wild-rose bushes. Dandelions also grow in great profusion. The common blue larkspur, however, is as well developed as in our eastern gardens, and the little yellow violet which in the States haunts the woods and copses is at home in Montana, alike in the moist valleys and upon the bleak, dry hill-sides. Small sunflowers are plentiful, the blue-bell is equally abundant in the valleys and on the mountain ridges, and in early June there blooms a unique flower called the shooting star, shaped like a shuttlecock. There are a dozen other pretty flowers, but I could not learn their names—among them a low-growing mass the clumps of which are starred over with delicate white or purple blooms.—*Century.*

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SAINT CLOUD.

It is probable that many of my readers have visited St. Cloud, and can readily call to mind the ruins of its stately chateau, its still exquisite gardens and beautiful waters. But how many of you have thought of the time, hundreds of years ago, when there were no gardens, no palace, no fountains, but only a solitary place where lived a solitary man whom the people called St. Cloud.

The story is a sad one, and has more to do with the family of this holy man than with his own personal history; but it is valuable in so far as it teaches us to cherish the blessings of our own time—blessings both national and religious.

It was truly a novel sight to the people of his day, when Clovis and three thousand of his Franks received the sacrament of baptism in the old cathedral at Rheims, and, though a few months after this event many more of these idolaters followed the example of their sovereign, their religion was little more than baptized Paganism, and many years passed before the true spirit of Christianity became a power in the land.

But the wife of this warrior, the good Queen Clotilde, was a truly pious woman, and earnestly did she beseech her husband to turn from his false gods and worship the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

Clovis loved his wife, but he pretended to fear his gods as well, and all the prayers of the sainted queen seemed to be in vain. The warrior knew that his own arm was strong, and that his Franks were faithful, therefore, though he poured out his libations and made his offerings to the gods of his country, he rested not much on the aid of any supernatural being—his own arm, he felt, would get him the victory.

Soon there came the terrible battle of Tolbiac, where his good fortune appeared to desert him. Numbers of his valiant men lay slain around him, and death seemed ready to snatch the scepter from his grasp. Calling to mind how the good queen had spoken of the goodness of her God, and of how He would not forsake those who cried unto him in their distress, the king exclaimed in the midst of the battle, "I will become a Christian and so shall all my army, if the God of Clotilde will give me the victory!"

Scarcely were the words uttered, when his soldiers rallied, the enemy became demoralized and fled, and the conflict was won by the Franks.

True to his word, and greatly to the delight of his queen, Clovis, the first King, not of France but of all the Franks, received the sacrament of baptism at the hands of the holy Archbishop Rémi.

Men say that on this occasion angel hands delivered to the holy man, Rémi, the sacred vial, or *Sainte Ampoule*, brought by them direct from heaven for the anointing of Clovis, and that the miraculously inexhaustible supply of holy oil has served for all time, for the anointing of all his successors as far down the line of French kings as Louis XVI. During the Revolution of 1789, when the Cathedral at Rheims was pillaged, the sacred vial was taken from its place and utterly destroyed.

After the death of Clovis, four kings (his sons) reigned in his stead, dividing his kingdom into four realms, and giving to each the name of its principal city.

Thus in this one country there was a king of Paris, a king of Soissons, a king of Orleans, and a king of Rheims.

None of these princes was remarkable for any prominent virtue; all were more

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or less savage, but the two most cruel were Clotaire, king of Soissons, and Childebert, king of Paris.

Clodomir, their brother and king of Orleans, having been slain in a battle against the Burgundians, left his kingdom to his three sons. Childebert and Clotaire, however, determined to divide this little property between themselves, and they accordingly planned to silence all claims to it which might be made by the three young princes.

Queen Clotilde greatly delighted in the society of her grandsons, and had them all brought to Paris, so that she might superintend their education. As they grew older, she seemed to love them more and more, because each day she discovered new points of resemblance between them and their father, her dear son whom she had lost.

Childebert was naturally so envious and jealous that he could not endure to see his mother show any signs of affection to the three little boys, and he soon communicated his wicked feelings to his brother.

"I can't bear the sight of the little whining things," he said one day to his brother. "Something must be done to put them out of the way. I shall go mad if they torment me much longer."

"Never mind," said Clotaire, "leave the matter to me, and I'll see that your troubles arrive at a speedy termination. But you must promise to share with me whatever I find necessary to attempt. Shall we call it settled?"

"With all my heart," replied Childebert. "Do what you will, and I'll swear to give you all the aid possible, provided you rid me of these stumbling-blocks in my path."

Shortly after this, Clotaire went to Paris to visit his royal brother, and the two uncles announced their intention to take their young nephews to the kingdom which was their inheritance, and to divide among them the treasures left them by their father.

The Queen Clotilde, without the slightest suspicion of the evil designs of her two sons, joyfully confided the two children to their care, and kissing them tenderly, urged them to work with unceasing efforts to become wise and valiant kings as their father, Clodomir, had been.

For a while every thing conspired to make the journey a pleasant one, and the boys were charmed at the prospect of so soon being invested with their rights. Suddenly, they felt themselves roughly seized by armed men, who quickly bound them hand and foot, and prepared to carry them off. Calling repeatedly for help they received no answer, and on looking round they perceived that their uncles were no more to be seen.

"You may as well save your breath, you little brawlers," said one of the men, "there is nobody here who will take you away from us. To prison you go for the present. What will happen to you after to-night I can not say."

Darkness found the poor little fellows each in a separate cell, even the comfort of weeping together being denied them. Many were the groans and sobs which shook each little frame, and bitterly did they repent having left their dear grandmother, who loved them so tenderly.

But it was not enough that these little ones should be thus immured in dungeons deep. Nothing short of their death could satisfy the two ferocious uncles.

One day, when Queen Clotilde was alone in her apartment in the palace of Thermes, whose ruins may still be seen in the heart of Paris, one of the officers of Childebert suddenly appeared before her, holding in one hand a pair of scissors, and in the other a poniard. Terribly alarmed, the old queen's first thought

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was to escape, if possible, from so frightful an apparition. Finding this could not be accomplished, she lifted up her heart in earnest supplication for divine protection, and though her cheek still blanched and her voice trembled, she turned to the man and demanded his errand.

"I come," he said, "in the names of my masters, Clotaire and Childebert, to ask your majesty which of these weapons shall be used in the treatment of your grandsons. Shall they be put immediately to death, or shall they lose their long hair, and thereby be excluded from the throne, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment? You have your choice; which will you take?"

At these words, and above all, at the sight of the scissors and the poniard, the queen grew nearly frantic with grief and fear. In her despair, and not dreaming of the effect of her words, she cried,

"O! my poor children! my little darlings! What have you done that such cruelty as this should be meted out to you! Die immediately or lose your beautiful hair? O! my precious darlings! a hundred times would I rather have you in your coffins, than to see those dreadful scissors cut a single one of the lovely locks without which you could never hope to claim your rights to govern your father's kingdom. Yes, my children, far better to die as kings than to live as slaves!" and, burying her face in her hands, she rocked herself to and fro in a paroxysm of sorrow, deeply moved at the suggestion of such horrors, but never dreaming that her sons could be so cruel as to murder these poor defenseless children, whose only fault was their royal birth.

Taking advantage of the queen's distress, and without waiting for her grief to abate, the soldier departed as suddenly as he had come, and hastened to Clotaire who was awaiting him.

"Well," exclaimed the king, as the ruffian entered, "what success have you had? what does the gracious queen say? how did she take it?"

"She seemed greatly terrified and distressed, but would not listen to the idea of cutting the children's long hair, saying that she'd rather see them dead a thousand times than to have them lose one lock of their beautiful hair."

"Ah! ha! did she say so? then she shall be immediately obeyed. Hist! there, one of you! go to the prison and bring my two older nephews to me. Their grandmother commands that they shall die. I would have saved them, but her word is law. Bring them to me secretly so that no disturbance may be raised."

When the two little princes saw the doors of their prisons open they were filled with joy, especially when they were told their uncles had sent for them, for they felt confident their wrongs would be speedily redressed. When they arrived at the palace the attendants conducted them into the presence of Clotaire and Childebert and immediately withdrew.

"Good morning, dear uncles," said the older of the boys, "we are so glad to see you, and we have so much to tell you. We knew that as soon as you heard of our imprisonment you'd come to our rescue. We—"

"Hush, you little traitor!" cried Clotaire, seizing him by the arm. "How dare you come whining to me! You don't deserve to live a moment longer." And throwing the child on the floor he plunged his poniard to the hilt in his heart, killing him almost before he could utter a groan.

The other boy, almost paralyzed with terror, fell on his knees before Childeberte, and clinging to him, cried,

"O, uncle, uncle! Save me, save me! What has my brother done that he should suffer so? And why must I, too, die? Do you not love us, uncle?"

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Childebert, deeply touched by the child's entreaties, and horrified at the sight of the cold-blooded murder, turned away his face, and for a moment was unable to control his emotions.

"What is the matter with you?" said Clotaire. "Are you afraid of a baby like that? You are a greater coward than I thought you were. Remember, you swore to kill one if I'd get rid of the other; but now I believe you want to wash your hands of the whole business. Come, none of your soft-heartedness—it is your turn now!"

"O, brother, I can not, I can not! Why should we do this terribly wicked thing? Spare this innocent babe! Why must he perish?"

"Give the child to me," cried Clotaire rushing on his brother poniard in hand, "I might have known I could not look for any aid from you. Much you care for your oath!" And snatching the boy from his knees, he speedily laid him beside his brother, stiff and cold.

The little Clodoald was the only heir to the throne of Orleans.

On the night preceding this double assassination, the little fellow fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, not, however, without saying the prayer his pious grandmother had taught him, adding a special petition for help in this, his time of need.

At midnight stealthy footsteps approached his cell, and by means of various instruments, the locks of the prison were made to yield, and the strong arms of some of the vassals of King Clodomir lifted the little prince from his hard bed of straw and bore him away to a place of safety and concealment.

When the news of the death of her two grandsons was carried to the queen, she fell into a deep swoon, and for days her attendants felt that her mind had been hopelessly shattered. But slowly she seemed to recover the use of her terribly shocked faculties, and when she heard of the escape of the little Clodoald her grief was greatly softened. But ever after she led a retired life, and to the day of her death she remained inconsolable for the loss of the two children.

When Prince Clodoald become a man, he turned from the pomps and vanities of the world, and spent his life in succoring the poor and the afflicted. Instead of claiming the royal crown which had been so fatal to his brothers, with his own hands he cut the long hair—distinguishing mark of his kingly birth—and dedicated the rest of his life to God. He retired into a sort of hermitage near Paris where he died, and since that event men have called the place Saint Clodoald, or Saint Cloud.

LOST, A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone
  Only two years ago,
A laughing, rollicking fellow
  It would do you good to know.
Since then we have not seen him,
  And we say, with a nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
  We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
  Comes home to us to-day,

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But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went.
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent;
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we can not help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face.
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we must henceforth miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever with a kiss.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Youths' Companion.*

CASTLES ON THE RHINE.

By Rev. JOHN LEYBURN, D.D.

A somewhat extended tour in Germany was not complete without seeing the Rhine. So an excursion up the river from Cologne and back again through that portion including the finest scenery was determined upon. This arrangement would enable us to see it twice. We took the steamer at the usual hour in the morning, having as fellow-passengers a large number of English and two Americans. The weather was cloudy and chilly, and of course not the most favorable for enjoying the scenery. We took our seats on the deck, and by dint of shawls and overcoats we managed to keep comfortable.

Considering the fame of the Rhine and the fact that some eighty thousand travelers pass along its waters every year, it is not a little surprising that the steamers are so poor. Instead of the floating palaces of our American rivers, these are not equal to one of our fifth-rate boats—small, low, black, and with scanty provision even of the most ordinary comforts. It seems to be presumed that the fine scenery is all one cares for. A railway runs down one of the shores, but those who come sight-seeing would enjoy but little of the Rhine by flying along its banks at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

For about twenty miles after leaving Cologne the scenery is tame and uninteresting. It is not until we reach Bonn that we enter upon the renowned portion

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of the river. In one sense, however, all of it is renowned, as the Rhine is interlinked with a long succession of most important historical events. Its memories embrace Roman conquests and defeats, chivalrous feats of feudal days, the coronation of emperors, and the battles and negotiations of more modern periods. We found along its broken shores traces of these by-gone times.

Bonn owes its celebrity chiefly to its university, comparatively a young institution, having been established as late as 1818, but nevertheless enjoying a high reputation. Among the distinguished men who have adorned its chairs, are Niebuhr and Schlegel. The university occupies the palace of the old electors of Cologne, and has a library of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes; Prince Albert was educated here.

From Bonn there is a beautiful view of Seven Mountains (*Siebenberge*), on the opposite side of the river. This is a grand group, and softened as they are by this cloudy day, their undulating outline and the intermingled shades of green, blue, and brown on their furrowed sides, have a fine effect. They are the highest and wildest mountains on the Rhine, and their picturesqueness is enhanced by the ancient towers and ruins with which they are crowned. The Drachenfels, which is one of them, is frequently ascended by tourists.

Down the Rhine, Cologne is distinctly visible; not far off is Bonn with its university and quaint towers; on every hand are castles and old ruins mingled with the mountain heights, while below are villages, farm-houses, and the gracefully flowing river. Amid the wild mountains in the rear are the ruins of the castles of the archbishops of Cologne. The ruin on the Drachenfels is the remains of a tower, all that is left of the stronghold of a bold and noble race who dwelt on the mountain in ancient times.

Immediately across the river is Rolandseck, an abrupt, precipitous rock, on which rises a broken arch, the vestige of an old baronial castle and a striking object as seen from the river. These mountains of the Rhine not only have their picturesqueness enhanced by numerous old castles, carrying back to feudal times, and the daring deeds of bold robber chiefs, but also have their interest increased by the romantic legends which have been hung around them. Rolandseck is thus invested. According to the tradition, Lord Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, having won the heart of a beautiful maiden and made her his betrothed, went off to the wars. After anxious months the tidings came that the noble young knight had fallen on the battle-field. The heart of the loving maiden was crushed by the cruel stroke, and having nothing left to live for, she took upon her religious vows, and entered the sisterhood of the nuns in the convent on the island just beneath.

Scarcely had she done so when her lover, who had not been slain, but was alive and unhurt, returned to make her his bride. But alas! it was too late; the irrevocable vows were upon her, and she dare not, and could not if she would, retrace her steps. Two fond hearts are now broken, and Lord Roland, disconsolate, as his only resource, builds himself a castle on yonder rock, so that day and night he may at least have the satisfaction of looking down upon the walls which inclose all that he holds dear. Year after year he kept watch from his tower, until at last his eye caught the line of a funeral procession at the convent. The nuns were burying a dead sister, and that sister—his heart told him—was she who should have been his bride.

The broken arch on the mountain top is the only memorial of the touching story. Schiller, as the reader may remember, has appropriated this legend

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and made it the subject of his beautiful ballad, "The Knight of Toggenburg," changing, however, the locality. The Nonnenwerth Convent is still in possession of the Ursuline nuns. It occupies a beautiful site on an island in the mid-river, embosomed in rich foliage. Napoleon, during his campaigns, was about to despoil it, but spared it in accordance with the earnest entreaties of Josephine.

The banks of the Rhine are ground too thoroughly beaten to permit the present writer's detaining the reader by attempts at description, nor did the day's ride include the most striking portion. Not far above the Drachenfels is Sinzig, a village near which tradition says Constantine saw his vision of the cross when on his way to attack Maxentius. Near Bruhl, on the opposite shore, is found a sort of volcanic stone resembling the tufa at Rome. It was formerly used for making stone coffins because of its possessing the quality of absorbing the moisture of the dead body. From this circumstance they gave these coffins the name of "*sarcophagi*"—flesh-consumers.

As the afternoon advanced the cloudy, chilly weather passed off and the clear skies hung brightly over the vine-clad mountains and shining waters. Before evening we were in sight of the magnificent fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, seated in proud consciousness of its resistless strength on the lofty heights, its yellow walls illumined, and its wide-mouthed guns looking all the more grim and black under the rays of the brilliant setting sun.

At Coblentz we tarried for the night. This prosperous town is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine. It drives a brisk trade in the celebrated wines produced in the neighborhood, and in various other products, and is a great rendezvous for travelers up and down the Rhine, across to Paris, to Frankfort, and to the neighboring fashionable watering-place, Ems. We were too late to gain admittance into the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, but in the morning I walked up the hill commanding much the same view with the castle, and a very charming view it is; the bright waters of the Rhine and Moselle, enlivened by a passing boat, or raft, the vine-clad shores, castellated mountains, numerous villages, the town beneath with its fortifications, towers, and bridges, and the vast frowning fortress serving as a striking culmination for this most attractive prospect.

The fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein have been constructed with immense strength, under the direction of the best military and engineering skill, and at a great cost. The fortress mounts four hundred cannon, and is capable of accommodating one hundred thousand troops, though five thousand is considered sufficient for its defense. The magazines will contain provisions for eight thousand men for ten years. The cisterns will hold water enough for three years, and there is also a well four hundred feet deep communicating with the Rhine. The steeps by which it is surrounded, its strong walls, frowning batteries, and vast extent give it a most formidable and almost sublime aspect. Byron's lines about it are no doubt familiar to the reader.

Whilst strolling around Coblentz in the morning I wandered into the public square, on one side of which stands the Church of St. Castor, remarkable for its great antiquity and for having been the place where the sons of Charlemagne met to divide his vast empire into Germany, France, and Italy. In the middle of the square is a monument erected by the French in 1812, on which is inscribed the keen Russian sarcasm so often quoted by tourists. As the French passed this way on their expedition against Russia the French prefect of this department inscribed on this monumental foun-

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tain, "In memory of the campaign against Russia. Prefecture of Jules Doayan." After Napoleon's disastrous retreat, the Russians pursuing arrived here and saw the boastful French inscription, and, instead of erasing it, their commander simply and waggishly used it after the manner of passports, inscribing underneath, "Examined and approved by us, the Russian Commandant of the city of Coblentz, January 1, 1814." If the French ever have the opportunity they will either add another or wipe out one or both of those inscriptions which for years have turned the laugh on them.

Our steamboat trip was resumed after breakfast, carrying us through the choice part of the Rhine scenery, far surpassing that of the day before. The mountain sides in many places are covered to the tops with terraces supporting the vines from which the most celebrated Rhenish wines are produced, and we were scarcely ever out of sight of the ruins of old castles. In the middle ages these castles were the strongholds of chiefs little better than lawless brigands, who helped themselves to whatever they could put their hands upon, levied blackmail on whomsoever they could, and made slaughter and devastation their pastime. To such chieftains these old castles were a watchtower and a fortress, many of them strong as to natural position, and rendered almost impregnable to the means of warfare of those days by means of moat, drawbridge, portcullis, and thick, massive walls. One can almost fancy, even now, as he sails up the smiling river, that he sees the wild chieftain on his tower, and hears his bugle echoing through the mountains, as he summons his followers to arms.

Could some magic art but bring up for an hour those days and their actors, that we might look in upon one of these old castles and see it as it was—the wild, bold chieftain with his warrior band around him ready for some deed of daring, or seated in the banquet hall, making merry over their spoils, it would be a spectacle as well worth seeing as are the charming prospects of the beautiful Rhine.

One of the choicest of the old feudal castles, Stotzenfels, built by the archbishop of Treves, and long a favorite residence with them, was bought some years since by the town of Coblentz, and presented to the then crown-prince. It was restored and fitted up at much expense, and one would think would have proved a most inviting residence, at least during the summer—its commanding position, bewitching views, wild mountain rides and walks, internal comforts and beauties, and its romantic associations, making it all that heart could wish. But somehow the royal owner did not fancy it, and made but little use of it.

Stately and romantic as is this Castle of Stotzenfels, the guide-book tells us that it was once offered for sale for seventy dollars and did not find a purchaser.

Some hard-hearted people inhabited these beautiful shores in the feudal days. On the opposite side of the river from Stotzenfels, and higher up, is the Castle of Marksburg, an unaltered specimen of a stronghold of the middle ages. It abounds in mysterious, narrow passages, curious winding stairways, dungeon-vaults hewn in the rock—one of which is a horrible pit into which the wretched prisoners were let down by a windlass as into a well—and a chamber of torture, where until recently, remained the rack which had extorted so many cries of agony from unfortunate mortals. Such relics of inhumanity show that sadly in contrast were the occupants of these castles with the unsurpassed charms by which they were surrounded. Nature was almost heavenly in its attractions; man was degraded, remorseless, and cruel. His dwelling-place was amid scenes celestial; his spirit and his deeds were diabolical.

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On the same shore, not far from the town of St. Goar, is the vast Fortress of Rheinfels, the most extensive ruin on the Rhine. It was erected in the thirteenth century by a certain count who had an eye to his purse, and who managed to fill it, unmolested for a time, by levying a duty upon all passing merchandise. But as the count's gains increased his tariff became more exorbitant, until the burghers of the neighboring towns rebelled, and for fifteen months besieged him in his stronghold. Though they were not successful, their movement led to another, which resulted in despoiling the castle, and putting an end to the bandit's rich spoils. After various changes the castle was ultimately blown up by the French, and has since served only as an additional romantic ruin to decorate the scenery of the Rhine.

Tourists who have plenty of time at their command, and are disposed for a delightful excursion, can land at St. Goar, and ascending the adjacent heights enjoy some of the most picturesque sights on the river. The saint after whom the town is called was a remarkable person in his way—a holy hermit, who, if we can believe the tradition, once performed the miraculous exploit of hanging up his coat on a sunbeam. A certain St. Elizabeth, however, dimmed the glory of St. Goar's miracle, comparatively at least, by hanging out a whole washing of clothes on a sunbeam.

Not far above St. Goar is a perpendicular cliff remarkable for its echo. The German students in order to amuse themselves, here among the head men of Oberwesel, ask the echo, "Who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?" The echo answers "Esel" (the German for ass).

It is needless to weary the reader even by the mention of the various picturesque old castles that one after another were presented to our view as we steamed up the placid stream, each turn bringing out new candidates for our admiration. After reaching Bingen, the romantic scenery comes to an end, and the shores gradually subside into the same tame character with those below Cologne. We stopped at Bingen and spent several hours very agreeably at its pleasant hotel. The castles seem to thicken on approaching Bingen. The secret of the ruin of almost all these ancient strongholds, is that the depredations and outrages of their robber chieftains became insupportable and the League of the Rhine carried out the sentence of the Diet of the Empire, by storming and demolishing them. The robber chiefs, the Diet, and the League, perhaps, had little idea that between them, they were making an invaluable contribution to the gratification of thousands of wanderers from many lands, who annually drink delight from the fountains of beauty and romance afforded by these shores. What would the Rhine be without its ruined castles? It would still be a beautiful river, flowing between picturesque shores, but the charm of romance, one of its chief glories, would be gone.

As to the mere river and shores—the natural scenery—I must say that in my humble opinion, the Rhine does not exceed the Highlands of the Hudson. True, the picturesque region of the former is much more extended than the latter and the terraced vineyards also add to the effect of the Rhine; but after all the chief element against the Hudson in the comparison is that those grand, beautiful mountains lack the old castles with their dreamy romance.

In the afternoon of the same day we took the return boat for Cologne. The speed of the steamers in ascending the river is about ten miles an hour: in descending about fifteen. The boat

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on which we then embarked was inferior to that on which we had come up, and most of the passengers were Germans. The weather was more favorable than at any time for some days past; it was a splendid afternoon, and the scenery appeared to much greater advantage under such joyous skies.

Night overtook us not long after we had passed Coblentz and sublime Ehrenbreitstein, but not until we had feasted our eyes upon the finest portion of the scenery. Though it was quite dark we still sat on deck, listening to the German jargon, inhaling their vile tobacco smoke, gazing up into the spangled vault above, watching the ever-changing outline of mountain and castle against the background of the sky, or the succession of hamlets, villages, and towns, as their sparkling lights went floating past us. Drachenfels and romantic Rolandseck looked solemn and sublime in their ebon mantles, while a lighted window here and there in the long walls of the Nonnenwerth Convent showed that some of the sisters were still keeping their vigils. Before eleven o'clock we could trace the massive proportions of the Cologne Cathedral, and soon after we had landed, bidding adieu to the Rhine.

"Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is colored by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise,
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attacking maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days."

THE CANTAB.

With two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
Boots bought or boots borrowed, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand; you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipt Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally, for better for worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather,
And in violent haste to go, not knowing whither.
Through the fields and the towns, see, he scampers along,
And is looked at and laughed at by old and by young,
Till, at length, overspent, and his sides smeared with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
In a wagon or chaise will he finish his route?
O, scandalous fate! he must do it on foot!
Young gentlemen, hear! I am older than you,
The advice that I give I have proved to be true,
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're longer about it.

—*Cowper.*

OUR grand business is, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

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THE GRAPHEION.

WEREN'T we in the luck of it," said Scott to Moore, "to have come before all this talent was at work?" If this remark was applicable in that day, how much more so now! Is not the field of literature filled already to overflowing? Is not the finest talent in the land being developed now, and to its fullest?

This is what we felt and what we had reason to fear when we cautiously entered the editorial sanctum.

But a few months' experience has dispelled all forebodings and given us confidence that we have begun the right thing in the right time.

Again and again there has come to us, both in editorial notices and in private letters, the warmest commendation and encouragement. An almost universally acceded opinion seems to be that while vast literary talent exists, and much rich harvesting is being garnered from the many ripening fields of literature, especially periodical, yet there is a soil yet uncultivated into which the good seed of a pure literature may find root with the promise of a rich harvest.

It is with no common sense of gratification that we are made to feel that this rich harvesting may in part be ours, and so paraphrasing slightly Scott's rather humorous remark, we feel like saying, "Are n't we in the luck of it."

OUR contributor, "Stereo," so forcibly presents the need for such a literary publication as the ELECTRA, and its consequent claims upon the attention of our people, that we insert the article in our editorial department. There is herein expressed for us, what we could not so well have expressed for ourselves:

"It is with sincere pleasure, not unmingled with pride, that we have read the first numbers of the ELECTRA, which has come in satisfaction of a great social want most acutely felt amongst the youth, especially of our Southern country. We are well supplied with papers devoted to the business interests of the country and to politics, but there has been an unsatisfied longing for a liberal, progressive, literary periodical, suitable for fireside reading. We have long wanted throughout the South and West literary reviews and magazines. We need them as antidotes to the deadly poison drunk in heavy draughts by the youth of our country from the disgusting record of crime found in the columns of most of the popular papers of our large cities. This constant feeding on the fruit of 'the tree of the knowledge of good and evil' is very destructive of the moral health of the nation, and is in direct violation of the command of God: 'But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.'

"That it is a 'tree to be desired to make one wise' is to this day the inducement offered by the tempter and accepted by the sinner, with the same result that followed the sin that wrecked the world.

"The knowledge of crime is only second in guilt to the commission of it, and the experience of all the world, from Adam and Eve down to the present day, proves the danger to the very strongest and most self-confident, in being merely posted for protection.

> "'Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

"It is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that we may bask in the brightness of a literary light which reveals only the 'true, the beautiful, and the good,' excluding all record of the untrue, the monstrous, and the vicious.

"The ELECTRA is what our rural population especially needs to keep in sympathy with the live, modern world; to prevent mental isolation, and to stimulate the intellectual appetite, being the 'fresh record of the mighty drama of the world,' cheering to young and old of both sexes, and furnishing wholesome and invigorating food for fireside entertainment and instruction.

"The intellectual work of newspapers is not sufficiently continuous or complete to satisfy a certain class of our reading public.

"Then we need, so to speak, intellectual gymnasiums, where minds may be tried, trained, and strengthened by the wrestlings, which alone fit aspirants for literary success, and for the labor necessary to produce substantial results. With thousands of courageous youth of both sexes, willing and ready to enter the lists, we need arenas in which to exercise their talents, incentives to intellectual labor by which alone as a people we can accomplish our highest destiny.

"Furnishing, as we do in the South and

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West, so large a proportion of the subscribers and contributors to the literary periodicals of the North, why should we not give our heartiest support to them at home?"

"I WISH I could be a great musician, a great writer, or a great something," a young school-girl said in our hearing, the other day.

How often we hear such desires expressed, sometimes ending in a deep-drawn sigh that half convinces us there must be talent to generate the ambition. And if one has talent and energy to fill the sails of such a desire, it is well; the ship may ride the waves of life right gallantly; and all will commend the lofty spirit which is satisfied with nothing but the best.

But alas, it is not necessarily so, and when there is nothing but the empty wish, the poor sails flap uselessly—pityfully. But why need we want to be great? Sure it is not always those of great talent who accomplish the most in the world, nor are they, even generally, the most happy. We do not mean to depreciate high aims, by any means. There is a vast difference between holding a high standard before us in all things and working our way as near to it as we can, and, on the other hand, sitting still with folded hands, *wishing* we could be great. Let us, then, curb our desires a little, if need be, and unroll our sails only as we have ability to fill them, with our eyes ever turned to the longed-for goal.

In other words, if we can only be sure we are doing our very best with the good gifts God has given us, we may be just as sure we are filling the highest place that would be good for us, or that we could *really* enjoy.

A story is told of a king who went into his garden, one morning, and found every thing withering and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the gate what the trouble was. He found that it was sick of life, and determined to die because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was out of all heart because it could not bear grapes, like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect, and have as fine fruit as the pomegranate; and so on, throughout the garden. Coming to a heart's-ease, he found its bright little face lifted, as full of cheerfulness as ever.

Said the king, "Well, heart's-ease, I am glad to find one brave little flower in this general discouragement and dying. You don't seem one bit disheartened."

"No, your Majesty; I know I am of small account; but I concluded you wanted a heart's-ease when you planted me. If you had wanted an oak, or a pine, or a vine or a pomegranate, you would have set one out. So I am bound to be the best heart's-ease that ever I can."

THE following is translated from a Danish paper, giving an account of the obsequies of one of Denmark's noblest sons, who on the 14th of February last died in France, whither he had gone in search of health. General Waldemar de Raasloff had served his country, not only as a faithful soldier, but also as minister plenipotentiary to the United States and to China. Some parts of the ceremony were exceedingly novel and beautiful, and may interest our readers.

General de Raasloff's burial took place in Paris on the 17th of February last. Although very quiet, it was none the less impressive. The deceased, during a long period of ill health, and during the last months of his illness, had occupied a charming little cottage at Passy, near to the "Trocadero," and it was from this home that he was carried to his last resting-place. He had expressed a wish that only intimate friends should be present, and that the funeral should be perfectly simple. In the General's room around the coffin were collected the Danish Ambassador, the Count Moltke Hochfeldt, Count Wladimir Moltke, Count Kruth, and other distinguished personages and friends.

The well-known French Protestant clergyman, Dr. Monod, a near relative of the deceased, led in prayer, and the little procession followed on foot after the hearse to the cemetery of Passy. There were many beautiful flowers, sent by the Great Northern Telegraph Company, from the ambassador, the consul-general, and other friends in Paris. All with whom General de Raasloff had come in contact while in Paris, felt affectionately toward him, and held in high esteem his character and rare intelligence. Had not the family very decidedly desired to uphold the General's wish that the funeral might be quite *en famille*, the cortege would most assuredly have been very great. On arriving at the cemetery, the plain oak coffin, wrapt in the Danish flag, was carried to the grave where the pastor of the

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Danish colony, Dr. Larsen, bid the deceased farewell from his country, and thanked him for all he had done for it, after which he repeated the Lord's Prayer; then the young pastor, Monod, led in prayer, and the ceremony ended.

The clear, spring sunshine, and the deep peace which lay over the heights of Passy, gave to this quiet burial of one of the most deserving sons of the far-off "fatherland," a strange, touchingly sweet character. It could not have been more heartfelt if the burial had taken place in the Home, with all the marks of honor which the deceased deserved and had a right to.

"STRIKES," like the unhealthy pulsations of the human pulse, show signs of disease and danger somewhere. While our sympathies are largely with the working classes, we utterly condemn this mode of redress as a species of communism, yet we believe there is a remedy, and that the remedy is to a great extent vested in the hands of the employer.

Large manufacturing establishments and corporations should take such an interest in their employes as to inspire them with a desire to reciprocate this interest. Just so soon as an employe feels that he is working entirely in the interest of the employer, then *his* interest in his employer ceases. A case which demonstrates the idea is given in the history of the Lowell Machine Shops, of Massachusetts. Established in 1824 under the name of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, they have steadily increased until they now occupy with their immense work, thirteen acres of ground, and employ eighteen hundred hands. Yet, in all these decades of years a "strike" has never been known to exist. The reason? Ask their employes, and they will answer, "The uniform kindness of the company to us."

These facts have come to us from those who have been employed in these works for years, and are given to show what return "uniform kindness" to an employe brings. The faithful honest work of a laborer is a treasure when that labor is elicited in your behalf. How, then, can we best secure this interest, is one of the important problems of the hour.

READING CLUB.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Through the Reign of Henry III. in English History.

Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. II.

Scottish Chiefs.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS:

FRANCE.	SCOTLAND.	WALES.
Philip II.	Alexander II.	Llewellin II.
Louis VIII.	Alexander III.	David II.
Louis IX.		Llewellin III.

PERHAPS some of you have discovered, without being told, that it is our plan, while marking out only a short period of English history each month, to make the other books given in the list and the regular historical sketch in the body of the magazine all bear on the same period more or less nearly. Besides this we would like to remind you not to forget that other governments existed at the same time, and while we are making England our specialty for the present, and concentrating our reading, to some extent, on that country, still in Europe where the kingdoms are so close together, with often only an arbitrary boundary-line, and marriages between royal families so frequent, it is like a group of brothers and sisters who can not live and act without having an influence over each other, so it will be well for us to know something of the character and doings of our neighbors.

We have given above the contemporary sovereigns of the countries nearest of kin to England during the reign of Henry III.

In the portion of "Tales of a Grandfather" given in last month's list of books, we read of Alexander II. who married Joan or Jane, daughter of King John of England. Henry III., having at one time occasion to visit his French dominions, committed the care of the northern frontiers of England to this same Alexander, who is said to have repaid with fidelity, the great and honorable trust reposed in him.

This same little Joan, though but a child, had been previously betrothed to Hugh Lusignan. Matthew Paris, an old chronicler, says of her, "Though only eleven years old, her marriages

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had already twice stopped a cruel war. She was a child of angelic beauty and sweetness of disposition, and was surnamed by the English, Joan Makepeace."

Alexander III. also married an English princess.

There were occasional wars and constant enmity between England and the Welsh.

Louis IX., called Saint Louis, was on the French throne most of the reign of Henry III. These two kings married sisters, and Louis, who was one of the best kings France ever had, was also a good and a just man, and sought no advantage for his country from cunning or injustice. He proved himself in many instances a true brother to the English king.

NEW MEMBERS:
Miss Mary Guerrant, Ky.
Miss Phoebe Forman, Ky.

WE have asked permission to give our Club the benefit of a very pleasant letter written to us by the mother of two of our members. We are glad to return our thanks for the encouraging and "Motherly" interest she expresses in us, and beg by unaminous vote that she will let us hear from her soon again, and that she will consider herself an honorary member.

The additions she makes to the reading for the month are excellent, and we heartily commend them to all who have time to keep up with her industrious little circle. They would have been in the regular course but that we have tried *not* to make it long enough to discourage *any body:*

"I am sure you do not fully understand the extent of my appreciation of the reading-course of ELECTRA. I not only fully approve of it, but I, the mother of *eight children*, actually am reading the whole thing—history, novel, etc., out loud to my children. I am going to add Shakespeare's plays and all poetry connected with each epoch of history; *that* was my course when a girl. I am not a member of your Club, but its "MOTHER."

KENTUCKY.

Another letter has come to-day just in time:

Dear Electra: I like the idea of the Reading Club very much, and you may put me down as one of the members. I may not be able to get all the books, but I will read all that I have and will try and get more of them. I have read the *Talisman* and liked it very much; I have *Ivanhoe* and will read that as soon as possible. YOUR LITTLE FRIEND.

KENTUCKY.

BOOK NOTICES.

SURF AND WAVE: The Sea as Sung by the Poets. Edited by Anna L. Ward. 16mo. Pp. 615. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

This is a beautiful collection of sea-songs from the best authors. They are suited especially to those who seek that delightful resort, the sea-shore, these hot summer days. Herein the sad and thoughtful may find poems which seem but the mournful refrain of their own sorrow; the merry and gay within its pages may laugh off many a little joyous ripple in some bright sonnet; while youthful lovers may find some *helpful* verse or line to relieve a painful pause. We would say to our readers who expect to visit that "strongest of Creation's sons" this month, be sure and carry "Surf and Wave" along with you; and to all who are denied this pleasure, take it at home, it will be the next best thing to a dash into the briny surf.

GERMANY SEEN WITHOUT SPECTACLES; or, Random Sketches of Various Subjects, Penned from Different Standpoints in the Empire. By Henry Ruggles, Late United States Consul at the Island of Malta, and Barcelona, Spain. 12mo. Pp. 296. Boston: Lee & Shepherd; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Price, $2.50.

If one wants to take a peep at Germany in its every aspect, and wants to do it, too, without much fatigue of mind, in having to read through long and closely-written pages, we would recommend this volume as the easiest way of accomplishing that end. Here we have not only descriptions of the picture galleries, museums, art-schools, palaces, castles, music, etc., for which the country is famous; but the author turns aside from these familiar scenes, which all travelers write about, and going behind the scenes, gives vivid and truthful pictures of every-day German life; of the degradation of German peasant women, as seen in the fields and streets; of beer drinking; the small remuneration for labor of all kinds; student life; student's duels; German cooking and eating; cost of living, etc. But along with all this, we get pleasant views and sketches of royal life, enlivened with many an anecdote and occasional romance. When we finish this most readable book, we see that Germany seen "without spectacles" has much

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in it to admire, and also much that we would wish to improve.

The English Novel, and the Principle of its Develop, ment. By Sidney Lanier, Lecturer in Johns-Hopkins University. Author of the "Science of English Verse." 12mo. Pp. 293. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.00.

The lectures contained in the present volume, were delivered by Mr. Lanier at the Johns-Hopkins University, and were prepared for the press by Mr. Wm. H. Brown. But it is very interesting to note the development and rise of poetry, literature, and the novel. Herein is attempted to trace the growth of human personality from Æschylus to Dickens and George Eliot. The latter, our author fixes at the head of English novel-writers, and he paints her in most flattering colors. One sees what a profound impression she made upon him, by the number of times he mentions her; not once, or twice, but hundreds of times. We are sure that any one who takes an interest in the rise of literature will be charmed with these lectures. They are written in a most delightful style, and we are led through pleasant pathways. The author stood high as a gentleman and a scholar, and was one of the shining lights in our sunny South. His death was a great loss.

Literary Notes.—Among the most welcome visitors to our exchange-table comes our old favorite, the *Eclectic*, always abundantly supplied with food cheer for those whose minds crave substantial food. The August number is particularly rich and inviting. As you turn the pages of "The Pageant of Summer," even from among the brick walls of the city you can almost see the grasses growing, feel the whirring of the birds' wings about your head, and hear the hum of busy insects. While the "Old Virginia Gentleman" gives you an actual visit to the hospitable country mansion where you may revel by the hour with the birds, the bees, the flowers. There is also a masterly study of the relations of Western Europe with the extreme East, under the title "China and the Foreign Powers," an interesting sketch of "General Chanzy," "The Scramble for Wealth," which ought to give us some serious thoughts, and many other things better read than described.

The midsummer number of *Lippincott*, another charming friend of yore, also comes full-freighted with all that is bright and fascinating, The opening article on "Alpine Dairies," with its beautiful illustrations, savors of cream, mountain-breeze coolness, and the wild jodel music. There are also several pleasant summer storiesand parts of serials with a pleasing variety of sketches and essays both light and substantial, with many things good and true in the "Monthly Gossip."

At Home and Abroad, published in Charlotte, N. C., comes to us with its usual freight of good things. Colonel Charles R. Jones, the proprietor, is a vigorous writer, and gives us in a recent number some thoughts on the "Industrial Problem," that bear with especial interest on the growth and outcome of our present Exposition in Louisville. The articles in this periodical are always good, many of them choice.

HOME SUNLIGHT.

In every Roman household there were certain little deities chosen by the family who were held in high esteem, and were supposed to have a great deal to do with their physical prosperity and best interests.

We can occasionally learn a lesson of wisdom from these pagans of olden times. Suppose, for instance, in imitation of them we choose two penates to preside over the comfort and good of our home. Shall they be Neatness and Order? We could not do better, certainly. No danger but you will recognize their presence and influence the moment you enter the door. No tumbled rugs nor misplaced furniture to impede the progress of your feet, and there is always an unencumbered chair within reach when you want to rest.

The table is especially sacred to the penates, so we find every dish neat and clean and in its own place. Even when necessarily moved away, it seems, by some mysterious power, to get back again. Among the ancients salt was considered sacred to them. We will set apart *water* as our special votive offering, for you know there can be no neatness nor order without cleanliness.

Moreover these penates are kept, not in the parlor and dining-room alone, but in the

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"penetralia," the most private parts of the house; indeed, *every* part shows the touch of their magical wand. In the sleeping apartments, where no stranger's eye perhaps ever intrudes, the furniture may be ever so old and old-fashioned, or new and plain and cheap, but every thing is in its own place, even to the thimble, scissors, and soiled collars. Nor does the power and influence of our chosen penates end here. Examine carefully the personal appearance of each individual of the household. Any buttons off? Any strings untied? Any breaks in the hose, or shoes unfastened? Not one! Well, we thought so; these famous little deities make splendid tirewomen when you submit entirely to their direction. And do you notice how exquisitely the collars fit, and how daintily the dresses are fastened over them? How spotless the shirt-fronts and unbroken the cuffs!

Nor will you ever catch any one with untidy looking hair. If the young ladies use curl-papers or crimping-pins (and such things are distressingly common these days) they manage to keep them out of sight.

Even the boys, from the time they are quite small, do not come into the family circle without a clean face, clean hands, and nice, well-kept finger-nails, so of course they never merit the frown of the penates by bringing mud in on their shoes.

It certainly is a most enjoyable place to visit, and as for living in such a home, it is just the nicest thing in the world; the very cats and dogs seem to appreciate it—every body in fact, unless it be the flies; they grumble a little because there are so few grains of sugar and drops of molasses left about for their convenience that they often have to fly over to the grocery for their dinner, which, you know, in the country, is sometimes a mile or more. Still, we can hardly ever please all at once, and if we must offend any body, by all means let it be the flies.

WANTED, A WIFE.—Yes, I have had a very pleasant life and a happy home up to the time my mother died. We were not millionaires, it is true, but my mother had the faculty of making a little go far, so that I had what I wanted generally, and was, I am afraid, a rather spoiled boy; for I was the only son, the youngest, and the girls were all married and gone. I certainly appreciated the love my mother lavished on me, and returned it in full measure.

I was just finishing my college-course, and had two years more of study before me at the University, when I was summoned home to meet the greatest loss of my life and to receive my mother's blessing. One of the last things she said to me was this, "I would like you to marry, my son; but be careful whom you marry; don't allow yourself to be deceived." Since then, during all these two years, I have never been at home; the winters were spent in study, the summers in travel, but I have come home at last to settle down. Restlessly I wander from room to room; every where it is lonely—dismal. Yes, I need a wife; I never *can settle down* until I find one. Thus musing, I took my seat in the old library, with mother's chair beside me, and listened for a while to the dreary echoes of the empty house with its sigh of "nevermore." Then I began to recall, one by one, the girl friends I had known when a boy. First came Flora Flowsy, who lived next door, a sweet, amiable child, but there was always a tumbled head, a torn dress, or something to spoil the pretty face. Then Nina Rivers, who lived in the big house on the hill; she used to have so many and such fine clothes, and thought so much of them; and Katie May, quick and bright as could be, but entirely the creature of impulse; you never knew one minute what she would be the next. I remembered, too, Posy Prim with her childish face and unchildish, proper ways; and Bessie Hanna, a commonplace girl, not particularly pretty, nor particularly any thing, but we all liked her. This was not all, but this was enough to begin with. I would hunt some of them up and see what kind of young ladies had grown from these beginnings.

The very next night I called on Katie May, and was at once fascinated. She was the most bewitching little body I had ever imagined. I could not but remember how my mother used to shake her head even while she smiled at Katie's fun, but then she could not know what a lovely woman she would be. So I went again and again. By this time I found myself so completely infatuated that I could not wait until after tea, and went around to propose an evening walk. Drifting on a sea of fairy dreams I neared the house. Alas! from the open window there came to me angry, passionate tones, and through the glass door I saw a face that was Katie's, but not the one I thought I knew so well. I turned abruptly from the door and never went back any more. Now I understood why my mother once said, looking at her sadly,

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"She will be the sorest cross to those who love her best." And I had been so nearly in love with the pretty little termagant.

Out of mere curiosity, I think it was, I next went over to see little Flora Flowsy. Perhaps now that she was too old to climb trees and run after the chickens, she would keep her hair tidy and her dress mended, but found that the girl makes the woman as surely as "the boy makes the man," and there is nothing with which a man has less patience than the want of neatness in a lady's dress.

"The third time is the charm," I said to myself, in all seriousness, hoping it might prove so, as I primped myself to the best of my ability and went to pay my respects to Miss Nina Rivers. She kept me waiting a while, it is true; and that is another thing a man finds hard to bear, but she was so handsomely dressed, and looked so well when she did come, that I forgave her and made myself as agreeable as I could. In thinking over my visit afterward, I could not recall any thing we had talked of, but the pleasant smiles and alluring glances had made an impression, and as her father was so well off it would perhaps interrupt no necessary occupation for me to call again in the morning. I rang the door-bell, as in duty bound, and was invited into the parlor, where, to my utter astonishment, and I fear hers also, I found Miss Nina half dozing over a well-thumbed novel, dressed in what I suppose had once been a tasty and expensive morning dress, but was now nothing more than soiled finery, with no collar, and hair up in papers. No smiles or graces could keep the conversation from flagging this time, and I need not say I soon took my departure. Yes, I suppose I was very hard to please; the woman who was to take my mother's place would have to be very near perfect.

I had begun again to grow weary of my loneliness, when a professional call came one day; for you must know I was a young physician. A little child had broken its arm, and the only other doctor was miles out in the country. In an hour the poor little arm was set and the child sleeping quietly. All this time I had been conscious that a dainty, trim little body had been near me, soothing the suffering child with gentle voice, finding whatever was needed without delay, doing every thing with deft fingers and quiet womanly ways, yet had never even wondered who it was. Now as she picked up a bit of stitching thrown aside when the accident occurred, and bent her eyes over it, I easily recognized Bessie Hanna. Pretending to watch the child, hypocrite that I was, I noted the fresh, neatly fitting calico dress, the spotless linen collar, the becomingly arranged hair. The room too, notwithstanding the confusion which had brought me there, was as tidy as could be. All the closets and drawers that had needed to be opened had disclosed nothing but neatness and order. It was all her work, too, for she had sole charge of her motherless sisters and brothers, and of her father's widowed home. And as I drew her out in conversation her ready, artless replies seemed all set to the music of Wordsworth's poem:

> " A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet;
> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

All that was years ago. Once again, to-night, I sit in my old library. Heaven has blessed me and mine. My mother's chair is occupied by Bessie Hanna that used to be.

> "And now I see with eye serene
> The very pulse of the machine;
> A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A Traveler between life and death;
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
> A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of angelic light."

SCRAP BOOK.

The best things are nearest; light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

There is a superstition which originated, it is said, in Poland, with regard to the choice of gems for wearing. It is that the month of the nativity of every individual has a mysterious connection with some of the known precious stones. From this follows the propriety,

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in the selection of presents or for wear, of the adoption of those jewels belonging to the month which fate is imagined to have made significant. To illustrate this, one born in the month of January should wear garnet or jacinth, those stones being understood to belong in their fated character to that month. Subjoined is the list for the year, with the character signification: January—jacinth or garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February—amethyst; peace of mind. March—bloodstone; courage and success in danger. April—sapphire and diamond; repentance and innocence. May—emerald; success in love. June—agate; long life and health. July—cornelian and ruby; forgetfulness. August—sardonyx; conjugal felicity. September—chrysolite; preserves from folly. October—aqua marine or opal; misfortune and hope. November—topaz; fidelity and friendship. December—turquois or malachite; success and happiness in life.

OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance: Both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling oft, and soled,
And both in time turn all to mold.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men dead too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth.
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out—and would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

—*Conference Worker.*

IF thou would'st seek pure companions go to the rivers, the woods, and the fields, for nature hath no contamination for thee.—*M. Frazier.*

IT is not money, nor is it mere intellect that governs the world; it is moral character, intellect associated with moral excellence.—*T. D. Woolsey.*

THE best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.

What is that which nobody likes to have or to lose? A lawsuit.

TEST OF PRONUNCIATION.—The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the black-board at a teacher's institute, and a prize of a Webster's Dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made: "A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope, and a coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptionable caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and a bowie-knife, said that he would not forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular-vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his body. The debris was removed by the coroner." The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, calliope, chameleon, coadjutor, caligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, suite, jugular, and debris.—*Rutland* (*Vt.*) *Herald.*

ENIGMA.—One lovely day, the first of May, grandma put on her 1, 2, 3, and I donned my 1, 2, 3, 4, and calling our little dog, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, we started out for a ramble. Before long we met a son of 4, 5, 6, 7, who was taking a performing 2, 3, 4, to an adjoining town, and he went through many an amusing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, for our benefit. Soon after, I missed my 5, 6, 7, 8. "There!" said grandma, "I thought you'd lose something when you were 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 about at such a rate." And sure enough, retracing our steps 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, found it in the grass near the place where we had stopped.

KIND looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—*Dr. John Hall.*

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BITS OF SCIENCE.

Forecasting Rain.—The following narrative and description appears in the English scientific journals, and will be read with the greatest anxiety by every one whose interests are affected by the weather. Farmers especially will hail this achievement of science with great rejoicing:

"On the 5th of September last, the *Edinburgh Scotsman* contained a letter predicting a spell of fine weather, and on the same day the Meteorological Office issued an opposite forecast. The crops were then in a critical state, and as the weather proved good for harvesting, the prediction attracted unusual attention. It now appears that the prophet was C. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, and it is interesting in no slight degree to learn from him the method and the basis of his prophecy, which were observations of a 'rain-band' in a spectroscope. Meteorologists are therefore armed with another weapon, of a character admirably adapted for general use. The best instruments are necessarily cumbrous and costly, but a spectroscope sufficient for this purpose need be no larger than a little finger. It could be easily carried in a vest-pocket, or could be adapted to a lady's chateline. To understand the use of this weather-gauge it is necessary to premise that there is always in the air a certain amount of watery vapor or gas. By this is not meant clouds, which are visible to the eye, but the raw material of clouds, which escapes alike the naked eye, the microscope, and the telescope. But when the changing temperature begins to form clouds the spectroscope detects it while the sky is still blue. In order to use the new weather-gauge, light should be admitted to it from that part the sky which to the eye is the brightest. There then appears across the familiar spectral rainbow, and between the orange and yellow, a dark, hazy 'rain-band.' Any darkness of that band beyond what is usual for that season and latitude foretells rain; while any deficiency of darkness indicates a lack of material for rain, and consequently dry weather is indicated."

The wonderful instrument referred to is simply that self-same spectroscope that science has heretofore directed toward the blazing sun and distant stars, and through it identified the burning masses of incandescent metals with those of earth. The Directors of the Polytechnic Society of Louisville have had an instrument constructed in London for the purpose of illustrating this peculiar "rain-band." The apparatus is now at the Polytechnic Society and a lecture will be delivered at some future time setting forth its use and application. It will be an exceedingly interesting subject to the general public.—*T. W. Tobin.*

A new skating surface called "crystal ice" has been invented by Dr. Calantarient, of Scarborough. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, and that there is no lack of substances that are crystalline at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantarient experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid as a floor by his plan, can be skated on with ordinary ice-skates; the resistance of the surface is just equal to that of ice, it looks like ice, and indeed when it has been skated on, and "cut up" a little the deception is quite astonishing. A small experimental floor has been laid in the skating-rink at Prince's, and has proved so successful that no doubt a large floor will be laid there or at some other convenient place in the autumn. This floor will obviously have great advantages, both over artificial ice floors, which are very expensive indeed, and over floors for roller-skating. The surface can at any time be made smooth again by steaming with an apparatus for the purpose, and the floor itself when once laid will last for many years. It is interesting to observe that the mixture of salts used contain about sixty per cent of water of crystallization, so that after all the floor consists chiefly of solidified water.—*Journal of Science.*

Dr. Schlieman has completed the excavation of Thermopylæ, but acknowledges that he has been unable to find any trace of the remains of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans.

Americo Vespucci's only living decendants, two women, are trying to get the family pension of one hundred and twenty crowns a year, granted by the republic of Florence in 1690, restored to them.

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CURRENT HISTORY.

THIS month marks one of the great epochs in the history of our southern land, the opening of the great Southern Exposition. The *Railway Age*, a progressive paper published in New York city, says of it:

"The purpose of the Exposition is a general display of the products, manufactures, and arts of the entire country, with the special purpose in view of bringing into honest competition the industries of the North and South. The promoters of the exhibition may rest satisfied that the northern people will most heartily join hands with their southern brethren in their endeavors to make it a success, and the proposed rivalry between the two sections will be a fair, open, and honest one, productive, doubtless, of much good to both competitors. This event will mark the beginning of educational, commercial, and industrial changes which will surprise the wisest; for the forces, which for fifteen years after peace had blessed the land, and have been silently knitting themselves together, will then and there find their best expression. What these forces are—their extent, tendency, and power—but few people appreciate, unless they have carefully studied the currents of trade and manufacture, their ebb and flow, and the direction they have taken. To a young, and yet undeveloped country like ours, iron and cotton are necessarily our most important industries. If the cost of iron and steel be lessened, it means better railroads, constructed at a reduced rate, and better and cheaper transportation, and more improved machinery. On the other hand, cheap cotton means the opening of the foreign markets to the products of American factories.

"The attention of the shrewd capitalists has recently been turned to the South as an iron market. This, it can safely be said, was brought about by the depression in the eastern iron market. It is claimed by southern men engaged in this trade, that they can supply at a much lower rate than the eastern markets, and their claim bears every impression of veracity and correctness. This claim will be put to a crucial test by the proposed Exposition, to which many capitalists will go for the express purpose of investigation. If they find, as they doubtless will, that the South can furnish iron ta a cheaper rate than the East, the Exposition will have resulted in a bounteous benefit to the South; for where these money-bags can buy cheapest, there will they invest."

But, besides the great commercial interests involved, the Exposition will give pleasure and profit, we doubt not, to every visitor. The great electrical display is one of the finest ever made. For lighting the building there are employed 4,602 Edison lights of sixteen candle power each. This is the largest contract ever made for lighting a building with electric lights.

An electric railway one half a mile in length has also been erected across the park, into which the Exposition grounds open. This promises to be one of the most interesting features of the occasion. The committee to secure works of art in the East for the Southern Exposition has been very successful, and the art exhibit rivals the best ever seen in the United States. The art associations of the East, the Federal Government, and many private citizens have loaned freely of their paintings, sculptures, and scientific collections to adorn it. The music is exquisite. The best bands have been engaged from New York City to furnish music—Gilmore's and the Seventh Regiment band.

The grounds around the building, which a few weeks ago were but waste and uncultivated commons, are now beautiful, waving masses of hemp, corn, and cotton, or exquisitely devised flower-beds, intersected with the greenest of grass-plots and gravel walks. But all this must be seen to be fully appreciated.

LEE AND JACKSON.—Valentine's recumbent figure of General Robert E. Lee was unvailed June 28, in Lexington, Virginia, in the presence of six thousand persons. This statue is placed in a mausoleum which has been erected at the rear end of the university chapel, in which the bodies of General Lee, his wife, and daughter are placed. General Wade Hampton acted as Chief Marshal, and General George Stewart as Assistant Marshal. The procession marched to the cemetery and decorated the grave of Stonewall Jackson. It returned and paid a like honor to the grave of General Lee. The exercises were held on the university campus. General Jubal A. Early, the

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presiding officer, after a few remarks, introduced the orator of the occasion, Major John W. Daniel, who followed with a most beautiful and appropriate tribute to the dead. Father Ryan subsequently recited his original poem, "The Sword of Lee."

The monument is a recumbent statue, by Mr. Edward Valentine, of Richmond. It has been finished for several years, but the formal unvailing was postponed for various reasons. The statue is rather more than life size. The portraiture is perfect, no less as to form than to feature. The recumbent figure rests on a sarcophagus, and this rests on a solid granite tomb, beneath which repose the remains of the illustrious dead.

A beautiful tribute to General Jackson was brought by about fifty ex-Confederate soldiers, members of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, under command of General George H. Stuart. Many of these ex-Confederate soldiers were attached to the army of Stonewall Jackson. It is a bronze bas-relief tablet to be placed on the tomb of General Jackson. The tablet is nearly three feet in diameter, and a fac-simile of the great seal of Maryland. On the upper edge is "Stonewall," and in the lower, "From the Survivors of His Men in Maryland."

THE new money-order system came into use the first of last month, since which time the people can obtain any money-order office postal notes in sums of $5 and under, by paying a fee of three cents. These postal notes will be made payable to bearer without corresponding advices. They will be payable at any money-order office within three months of the date of issue. After the lapse of that time the holder can obtain the par value only by applying to the Postoffice Department at Washington. Beginning at the same time, the postoffice will issue a postal money-order for as large a sum as $100. The past limit was $50.

DURING the month of July, a number of "strikes" were inaugurated. Among the most important was the telegraphic strike, which resulted in the cessation of work on the part of the telegraph operators all over the land. The signal of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers sent out from New York on July 19, directing the strike, was, "Gen. Grant dropped dead." On its reception every member of the Brotherhood left his key, and the strike was begun. Though the strike is of an extremely grave nature, the effects are not as serious in kind or extent as anticipated. Sufficient warning had been given to enable the managers to engage other operators not members of the union, and some of the regular hands were not engaged in it. The telegraph company has in advance acceded to a very just demand of one day's rest in the week. To this the strikers add another for a reduction in the hours of daily labor, an increase in wages of fifteen per cent, and uniform wages for men and women. There is evidently wire-working somewhere.

GEN. TOM THUMB, the most noted Liliputian of this century, died the morning of July 15th, of apoplexy, at Marleboro, Mass. He leaves a widow, who has been with him on the stage since 1863. Gen. Tom Thumb, whose real name was Charles S. Stratton, was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1837. His father was Sherwood E. Stratton, a man of ordinary stature. At the age of five years, Charles, the diminutive child, was not two feet in height, weighed less than sixteen pounds, and had grown very little for three or four years. In youth he was a well-formed, almost handsome, man of a child's stature. In later years he grew to an immense size in circumference, losing all pretentions to symmetry or good looks. His wife, *née* Miss Lavinia Warren, is a handsome little dwarf. His remains were interred with great ceremony at Bridgeport, Conn.

WHILE a great, and, possibly, justifiable opposition has been created against the immense pauper immigration into our land, a more dangerous influx is being permitted, which as yet, has created no serious alarm. This is the Mormon immigration. Between four and five thousand imported Mormons have arrived in Utah during the past month. This immigration is the result of Mormon missionary work in Norway, Sweden, and Great Britain. The United States government can never hope to suppress polygamy in the land while these open violators of the law are permitted freely to come among us. As no law now exists to prevent this immigration, it remains with our next Congress to take steps to prevent it.

THE sweeping concessions lately made by Bismarck, clearly indicate his determination

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to stop at no sacrifice of non-essentials in his endeavor to build up a centralized and absolute monarchy. It is, in fact, a voluntary surrender of the rights of control in church matters claimed by Prussia, and restores to the Papacy in large part the power wrested from it, and for the recovery of which it has been struggling for years. As the bill now stands, besides permitting priests to exercise clerical functions on the sole restrictions of a notification to the government of church appointment, bishops can hereafter appoint candidates to priestly offices without notice to the civil authorities, thus practically restoring to the church the control of its machinery. Missionary priests may also administer the sacrament in parishes where priests have been forbidden by the civil authorities to officiate. These concessions virtually remove all the restrictions enacted after the last Vatican Council, by which the government sought to maintain control of the church. It is not likely that even these ample concessions will be accepted as a basis of settlement. The Vatican has not been slow to learn that it has more to gain than to lose from a prolongation of the controversy, and can well afford to wait for a complete triumph. Prussia still reserves authority over the appointments of teachers in Catholic seminaries, and over many questions of discipline and clerical rights, the relinquishment of which, and the disavowal on the part of the State of any intention to regulate ecclesiastical matters, will alone satisfy the Vatican. The abrogation of the Falk laws must be complete, or Rome will make no permanent peace.

FROM the *Berlin Post* is taken the following incident in Bismarck's early career:

"Bismarck's wonderful political career grew from a very trifling circumstance. It was in August of 1851 that he was instructed with the legation of Frankfort. Prince Guillaume, then Crown Prince of Prussia, halted there and took him among his escort when going from Frankfort to Mayence, where a grand review was to be held. Military etiquette is exceedingly strict in Germany. However, it was so hot in the royal car that every officer, and the Prince himself, loosened their uniforms. On arriving in Mayence, the distinguished party were to be met at the railroad station by troops under arms. The Crown Prince buttoned up again his uniform, but he forgot one button. Fortunately, as he was to leave the car, Bismarck, always on the alert, saw the awful infringement of soldierly etiquette, and, rushing to Guillaume, "O! Prince," he said, "what were you going to do?" and, forgetting that no one is allowed to touch a royal personage, he forced the refractory button into its proper place. The Prince thanked the diplomatic young man who had been so rigorous, and whose name and features were now fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant fortune of the "Iron Chancellor."

THE French operations in Madagascar, in bringing the chief port, Tamatave, into submission, threatens a disturbance with England. Rumors have reached England of great indignities being put upon her officials by Admiral Pierre at the time of the occupation of Tamatave. The British Consul was suffering from serious illness, which the political crisis aggravated. His secretary was arrested in his presence. Admiral Pierre, the French commander, ordered the sick man to leave Tamatave within twenty-four hours. The consul died seven hours after receiving the notice. Admiral Pierre also stopped communications between the British man-of-war, Depreve, which was stationed there, and the shore, and her captain was only allowed to make verbal protest against this proceeding. The flags of all foreign consuls were hauled down. Gladstone also stated that an English missionary named Shaw had been arrested at Tamatave, and still remains in prison. The charge against him is not known. Granville demands an explanation, but the French government can not give any until official advices are received from Tamatave. The *Temps* thinks England has magnified a small matter, but the *Journal Le Pays*, commenting upon the latest news from Madagascar, says, "It is impossible to deny that we have entered upon an acute stage of complication with England in regard to the French action at Tamatave." *France* applauds Admiral Pierre: "The arrests at Tamatave, and the stoppage of foreign communication with the shore were just and lawful." The issue is awaited with interest.

ALL interest in France is now centered around the death-bed of the Comte de Chambord, the last of the Bourbon claimants of the throne. Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux and Comte

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de Chambord, designated by his claimants Henri V., is the grandson of Charles X. by his second son, the Duc de Berri. From Louis XIV.'s brother Philippe has descended another claimant to the French throne. The son of Philippe was the Regent Orleans, whose great-grandson, Philippe Egalité, perished on the scaffold in 1793. Egalité's son, Louis Philippe, was king of France from 1830 to 1848. His grandson, Louis Philippe, who was born in 1838, is the present Comte de Paris. With the death of the Comte de Chambord the breach between the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, which opened one hundred years ago about a diamond necklace trial, will be closed. It began with the fifth Duc d'Orleans, who married the granddaughter of Louis XIV. As the duke became rich he became vindictive, and soon was head over ears in quarrels with the court. Most of all he hated the queen, Marie Antoinette, and was one of the first, as the leader of a court party against her, to denounce her when she was accused of being a party to the mysterious robbery of a necklace. His hatred of her carried him into the greatest opposition to the court, and he sympathized with the mob in its assaults upon the Bastile, and finally voted for the death of Louis XVI, who was his cousin. This vote, however, paved the way for the ascent to the throne in 1830 of Louis Philippe, his own son, after Charles X., who was the grandfather of the Comte de Chambord, had abdicated. It was, however, the Duc d'Orleans's vote against his cousin that estranged his son from his Bourbon cousins, after the restoration of the house of Orleans to the throne of France in 1830.

The latest advices state that the Comte de Chambord, after lingering between life and death for so many days, is said to be improving. His physician thinks his ailment is not cancer, but inflammation of the stomach, causing a thickening of its tissues. It is reported that his will commands all royalists to recognize the Comte de Paris as heir to the throne of France. In case of the death of the Comte de Chambord (childless) the Comte de Paris is left at the head of the Orleans house, and the representative of the principle of the hereditary monarchy by divine right, as well as that of a constitutional monarchy founded on the will of the nation. While the hereditary rights of the Bourbons may pass to him as an inheritance from the Comte de Chambord, he is not a Bourbon in spirit. The Orleans princes are known and universally respected as among the best educated and most progressive in Europe, but yet they are not liked in Paris. They seem to lack that personal prestige which is so highly prized by the French people, and without which they would not long successfully hold the throne. The Bonapartists, the Republicans, and the Royalists are eagerly watching the efforts of this count. Should the Comte de Paris lay claim to the throne it may throw all France into a state of civil war. A French paper, *Le Rappel*, says, "The news of the approaching death of Chambord demonstrates the superiority of the republic over the monarchy. This man dies and his political party is buried. The death of Thiers and Gambetta did not disturb the French republic any more than the bullet which killed Lincoln did the republic of the United States."

THE difficulty between France and China in regard to Tonquin, so far from being settled, as reported, assumes a more aggressive aspect. The Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Cabinet recently denounced the Teduc, or Emperor of Anam, as an enemy of France with whom it was impossible to treat amicably. He said France must now resort to fighting, and defer negotiations until victory has been attained. Large reinforcements have been sent to China, but owing to rains and the great heat, operations will not be begun before the end of September.

TIDINGS of Henry M. Stanley, from his station on the Congo, have recently been received. He reports that himself and all the members of his expedition were in good health at the time of writing. Five Belgians of the party died recently. With enterprising watchfulness he prevents the French from gaining control of the main artery of western Africa, and intends to preserve the Congo open for British commerce in spite of efforts made by his opponents. The French officer in charge has a well-equipped party, and has sought to make alliances with the natives to assist him in expelling the renowned explorer. So far, open and secret plans have failed to dislodge the Anglo-Saxon, and it may safely be prophesied the grip of the Englishman will not be loosened. In May, Stanley was preparing to start on a ten-months' journey toward the east coast. He had formed alliances with two upper Congo chiefs, thereby checkmating DeBrazza, the French explorer.

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A LONG-DISPUTED question has recently been decided in the House of Lords by the rejection of the bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The vote, however, was a close one—one hundred and forty-five nays, one hundred and forty yeas.

By the sad mistake of some master ship-builder is added another fearful catastrophe to the appalling list which must be chronicled by the faithful recorder of the events which transpire during our own times. Near Renfrew, Scotland, the steamer Daphne, in process of construction, was run off her stays into the Clyde. So little fear was there of danger that two hundred of the workmen were still busily engaged in different parts of the vessel. No sooner had she reached the water, however, than she reeled over from side to side, and finally capsized. All the workmen on the lower decks were drowned, which, with the number lost overboard, foots up a total loss of one hundred and fifty lives. As the Clyde stands among the foremost in its ship-building industry, it can scarcely be conceived how so grave a fault in construction could have been permitted.

A TELEGRAPHIC cable has been laid between Martha's Vineyard and the Massachusetts mainland by the Western Union Company.

THE project of constructing a second Suez canal has received the sanction of the British government, and an arrangement to that effect has been concluded with M. de Lesseps. The new canal is to cross the isthmus parallel with the present one, and is to be completed by the end of the year 1888. By the terms of the agreement tolls are to be reduced and an English surveyor of customs appointed, thus giving the government a voice in the general management of the enterprise. In return England will lend the canal company $40,000,000 for fifty years at 3½ per cent. interest, and will endeavor to obtain from Egypt a fresh concession of land, and an original concession for ninety-nine years. As England is practically master of Egypt, and the tracts to the right and left of the present canal have never been ceded to the Suez company, but remain Egyptian territory, the concessions may be taken for granted, and the enterprise regarded as fairly launched.

CHOLERA.—A year ago Egypt was groaning under the scourge of war—to-day she is bowed under the fearful plague of cholera. The disease has come at its appointed time, following the great Hindoo festival at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, and by its favorite route, the Red Sea, which it seems to prefer to the old one through Russia. It first made its appearance in Egypt at Damietta, a town at the eastern mouth of the Nile, and a place notoriously unhealthful in its location. From there it has followed the eastern branch of the Nile into the interior. Mansurah, Samanoud, and Port Said have all reported cases. Tantah also, the center of the Egyptian railroad system, and Chibin, only thirty miles from Cairo, where if it once gain a foothold it will sweep off its victims by thousands. With the single exception of England, the various European nations have taken decided measures against the introduction of the disease at their own ports, and a rigid quarantine has been established in the Mediterranean. A suspicious case in East London has caused some dissatisfaction against the government, but it is said to be simple cholera, and not the Eastern plague.

At Malta also the appearance of the disease has caused great consternation, both on account of the British troops, and of the likelihood of the epidemic making its way farther West. Should it break out on the coast of Italy, it may reach New York almost as soon as London.

Meantime, at Swatow in China where the germs remain from last year, it is raging violently. This makes a new point of attack to be guarded against, and from which danger to Europe may be apprehended.

A proclamation will soon be issued regarding the quarantine of vessels from the Mediterranean going to Canada.

"Cholera," in some isolated sporadic cases, appears almost every summer in Northern seaboard cities, partly because typical cases of the disease are not always epidemic, and partly because like other maladies, yellow fever for instance, cholera shades off imperceptibly into other diseases. Solitary cases in London, therefore, mean nothing, nor should the incidental appearance of cholera in this country excite panic or alarm. With modern facilities for disinfection and isolation, the spread of the disease is not likely. Still it will be wise to use every possible precaution and preventive, both general and individual.

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 5.

GLIMPSES OF AN ENGLISH SONG-BIRD.

As I walked this morning through a pleasant, leafy place, I heard a bird singing a high, sweet strain in the branches above. Hundreds of bird-notes were dropping around me, but this song was the sweetest, clearest, most exquisite of all. Naturally, I tried to see the singer, but he kept himself sheltered in the foliage of the tree, and it was only as he passed from limb to limb, that I could catch a glimpse of russet-brown wings, gray throat and breast, and slender bill.

And it is only such a glimpse as this that I can promise you of the sweetest woman-poet that ever sang English verse—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

For even in this day, when lives of public people and private people, important lives and lives of no importance, are given to the world before their graves are green, when nothing seems too trivial to tell, and nothing sacred enough to keep back; when desks are rifled of private notes and painful records; when the blue ribbon is snapped that kept inviolate the treasured love-letters, and all is spread before a vulgar, curious public, even in this day of indecent exposure, we know nothing more of Mrs. Browning than she herself, with her delicate, womanly shrinking from publicity, would have us know.

Sweet thrush among the leaves! Let us be glad that it is so, and hope that it will always be so; that no rude hand will unveil the sorrows that enriched her verses and our lives with their costly experience; or try to bring her life-story any nearer than she has brought it in her poems.

But such facts of her history as were known to her friends, and her appearance and manner as they knew her, we may well seek to be acquainted with, for has she not made friends of us all?

The short memorials of her within my reach, quarrel about the place and date of her birth; one says, "Elizabeth Barrett was born in London, 1809;" another, "born near Ledbury, Herefordshire, 1805;" while still another mentions Durham as her birthplace. These inaccuracies do not specially concern us, and we go on to glean from the scanty records that she was educated in a most thorough and masculine way, more like the boys of Rugby and Eton, and the Oxford and Cambridge students, than even the "college-girls" of our own advanced day.

But while her poetry shows such famil-

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iarity with the language and literature of many lands (especially the Greek), thus proving the intellectual discipline of her school-days, it seems to betray, too, a sweet, close, and life-long intimacy with nature. You can not read *The Deserted Garden*, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*, *Hector in the Garden*, or *The Lost Bower* without being sure that whatever else she learned in childhood, her early and constant companions were fields and hills and woods and streams.

Elizabeth Barrett became an authoress at seventeen, according to one of our dates; at twenty-one, according to the other. And what did she write? Not a love-story in three volumes, nor an ode to the night-wind, but an *Essay on Mind*, and then a translation from Æschylus, of *Prometheus Bound!* No wonder she was so small—"the smallest lady alive," as Robert Browning wrote of one of his heroines, thinking perhaps of this wee wife—no wonder she was so small, with such an unreasonable weight of learning upon her little head!

It was some years after these first publications that Mary Russel Mitford met her, and took her into that sunny friendship which included so many other remarkable people. And later Miss Mitford writes of Mrs. Browning and of the first impressions she had made upon her, as enthusiastically as a girl might do: "She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen; every body who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure with a shower of curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and a look of such youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that this translatress of Prometheus, this authoress of the Essay on Mind, was old enough to be introduced into company."

Miss Mitford then tells, with a tender reticence, of the great sorrow that fell upon the young poetess, from which her sensitive spirit never fully recovered. On account of the delicate condition of her lungs, Miss Barrett went to Torquay, the most sheltered and salubrious spot in all England, accompanied by a party of kindred and friends. "One fine summer morning," says Miss Mitford, "her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one. After the catastrophe no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found."

It seemed as if the grief and horror which overwhelmed the poor invalid, who morbidly felt herself to be the cause of the tragedy, would prove more fatal than disease, for she was carried back to London in almost hopeless ill health.

The biographers ascribe the preservation of her life to the passionate interest she felt in her studies, but the Christian reader of her poems knows it was something higher that brought her sustaining comfort in this hour of darkness.

. . . "Nay, none of *these*,
Speak THOU, availing Christ, and fill this pause."

"Speak to me low, my Savior, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low;"

"O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted!
And like a cheerful traveler take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints; at least it may be said,
'Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God.'"

"And my great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and
praise."

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Borne away from Torquay, where the sight and sound of the waves aggravated her anguish, she returned to London, "and began," Miss Mitford says, "the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family, and a few devoted friends; reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess."

The story of Elizabeth Barrett's first meeting with the poet, Robert Browning, has been told, and contradicted, and told again; but it will find acceptance wherever young hearts beat high with sympathy and romance. One of the most popular of her poems, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, contains a delicately wrought compliment to Browning, whom, it is said, she had never met. You remember the poet-hero of the rhyme takes the fair Geraldine out to the sun-lit hill-side, and reads aloud at her bidding, Wordsworth, or Tennyson,

> "Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Browning, the story runs, called to thank the writer of the verses for his compliment, not knowing that she never left her darkened chamber, and saw nobody but near friends. By the mistake of a new servant who admitted him, he was brought into Miss Barrett's presence, was not refused when he continued to seek admittance, and was soon a victorious lover.

But she tells her own love-story in the most beautiful and touching manner, in the forty-four love-sonnets. The name, "Sonnets, from the Portuguese," is like the veil which save's the bride's feelings without hiding her blushes.

The married poets went at once to Florence, where Mrs. Browning regained such abundant health that she was able to speak to Miss Mitford "of long rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes." Yet she could never have been any thing but fragile-looking, for our novelist, Hawthorne says, after meeting her in Florence, that he wonders how Browning can think he has an earthly wife; to him she seems an elf or fairy, that might take wing and flit at any time.

No wonder she loved Italy and crowned it with wreaths of patriotic verse, for life and love and happiness, wifehood and motherhood, bloomed for her there. One child only was given to her, the young Robert Browning, of whom we now hear promises of distinction in another line of art.

The praise of Mrs. Browning's genius came to her from many lands; not, as she pathetically says in "Aurora Leigh," as to some who

> "Sit still
> On winter nights by solitary fires,
> And hear the nations praising them far off,"

but as a sweet strain of music which floats through the open window of some happy home.

Yet even in this down-lined nest, even in the sunlight of domestic bliss and of unmeasured success, there rested upon her the shadow of a great sorrow. Just what it was we do not know, I trust will not know, since she herself did not name it, ever concealed the cause of her anguish, though she could not hide the sting. It is enough to say as we pass this point in her story with averted eyes, that it came from the unyielding displeasure and coldness of a father whom she passionately loved.

Fifteen years of happy life were lengthened out to her, in the sweet climate of her adopted home, and then

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the delicately fashioned tabernacle gave way about the ardent soul, and left it free to put on immortality. Mrs. Browning died in Florence, June 29, 1861, "half an hour after daybreak," and just as the light of freedom was dawning upon her dear Italy.

Let us away with criticism for the present. Let the high romance, the pure-hearted passion, the eloquent patriotism, above all, the deep piety—which breathe in her verse, have leave to stir us unhindered by questions of form or taste. The poet's work for young minds and hearts is to rouse elevating and inspiring impulses; the trained ear that is offended by the faulty rhyme and rhythm, so often found in the sweetest of poems, will come afterward.

Young readers may not at first find themselves interested in Mrs. Browning's long poems, "*Aurora Leigh*," "*Casa Guidi Windows*," etc., but after reading "*Bertha in the Lane*," "*A Child's Grave at Florence*," "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*," "*A Woman's Shortcomings*," "*Only a Curl*," and others of like tone, they may perhaps agree with what an enthusiastic lover of Mrs. Browning said to me twenty-five years ago: "What a pity that Victoria, the woman sovereign of the age, did not make the woman poet of the age her *Poetess Laureate!*"

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

I mind me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanished quite;
And wheresoe'er had struck the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature laid,
To sanctify her right.

I called the place my wilderness,
For no one entered there but I.
The sheep looked in, the grass to espy,
And passed it ne'ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me!
I crept beneath the boughs, and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar-tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in,
Bedropt with roses waxen-white
Well satisfied with dew and light
And careless to be seen.

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Long years ago it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
  On these the most of all.

Some lady, stately overmuch,
Here moving with a silken noise,
Has blushed beside them at the voice
  That likened her to such.

And these, to make a diadem,
She often may have plucked and twined,
Half-smiling as it came to mind
  That few would look at *them*.

O, little thought that lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
  And silk was changed for shroud!—

Nor thought that gardener (full of scorns
For men unlearned and simple phrase),
A child would bring it all its praise,
  By creeping through the thorns!

To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
  I ween they smelt as sweet.

It did not move my grief to see
The trace of human step departed.
Because the garden was deserted,
  The blither place for me!

Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken
Has childhood 'twixt the sun and sward:
We draw the moral afterward—
  We feel the gladness then.

And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall.
A thrush made gladness musical
  Upon the other side.

Nor he nor I did e'er incline
To peck or pluck the blossoms white.
How should I know but roses might
  Lead lives as glad as mine?

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To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
  And cresses glossy wet.

And so, I thought, my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To 'gentle hermit of the dale,'
  And Angelina too.

For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories; till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
  And then I shut the book.

If I shut this wherein I write
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees,—nor feel that childish heart
  Delighting in delight.

My childhood from my life is parted,
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fairy circle round: anew
  The garden is deserted.

Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are;
No more for me—myself afar
  Do sing a sadder verse.

Ah me, ah me! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laughed unto myself and thought
  'The time will pass away.'

And still I laughed, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was passed away
The childish time, some happier play
  My womanhood would cheer.

I knew the time would pass away,
And yet, beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God, how seldom, if at all,
  Did I look up to pray!

The time is past:—and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
  As well as the white rose,—

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When graver, meeker thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Reminded how earth's greenest place
The color draws from heaven,—

It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for Heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again.

THE SEVENTH DAUGHTER.

Perhaps as many as ten in every hundred of those who visited a certain loan exhibition, lately held in one of our prominent western cities, noticed a large old-fashioned volume, bound in red, which occupied an obscure corner of one of the cases.

The few who stopped to give it a careful examination found it to be a Bible, bearing date 1648, and containing the records of the Wood family for more than two hundred years.

The variety of penmanship in this ancient record tells its own tale. Here is the bold entry of the young man recording his marriage; the punctilious and precise notice of the first birth; shorter and more careless entries of the same kind as this gets to be an old story; then, the feeble, hesitating hand of age registering the death of one and another; until, at last, as page after page is turned, a new chirography meets your eye, and you know that the old generation has passed away, and the story of birth, marriage, and death has begun again.

Among these notices occurs one which reads thus: "Elizabeth, tenth child and *seventh* daughter of James and Martha Wood, born February 18, 1860."

By further consulting the same annals you will find that this Elizabeth, in the seventeenth year of her age, married John Phillips, second son of Edward and Mary Phillips. There is, extant, a letter, written by Martha to the relatives of the Wood family in England, on the day after Elizabeth's marriage, in which she speaks thus of her daughter:

"Libby was married yester-morn. I would fain have held her back a little, for she is full young; but in this new land, there are so few maidens and so many men that no mother need expect to keep even her homely daughters, and my seven are far from plain; but Libby is the bonniest of them all; her face is sweet and her mind is wholesome; she has no troublesome cranks of temper, and no ailments of the body to render her weak and peevish. She is well-skilled in household matters, and I am assured will bear the cares of her new estate with dignity and grace. Her husband is a noteworthy person, who came from beyond the sea about ten years ago; he has a fine faculty for acquiring houses and lands and cattle, so that many who have been here long, but are still struggling in poverty look at him in wonderment, for every thing he touches he turns to account, so we feel easy in giving her up to him.

"Libby wore *my* wedding-gown, of peach-bloom satin, at her marriage, just as the other girls did: all seven of them were married in it, and the stiffening has hardly begun to go out of it yet; it will do for their daughters, and Jane has one who will need it ere long."

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Mistress Martha died about a year after this letter was written, and 'tis said the peach-bloom satin was held sacred to her memory ever after, though in process of time most of the grand-daughters were led to the matrimonial altar. Whether this was because the gown itself was somewhat scant and old-fashioned, or out of respect to the dead matron who had first worn it, no one can tell. The lonely old man, after his wife's death, went to live with his youngest daughter, taking with him his family Bible; and so it fell out that the neat, methodical penmanship of James Wood was followed by the rough, bold, and scrawling hand of John Phillips, in which are registered the birth records, of his children, Eliza, Martha, Jane, Sarah, Ann, Mary—six girls; they fol-follow each other in quick succession—eighteen months or two years between the dates; then five years later comes another entry — "Blanche, seventh daughter of John and Elizabeth, etc."

The careless probably see nothing in these last lines on the ancient page to distinguish them from those above, but the curious can not fail to mark in the penmanship unmistakable signs of agitation.

Tradition says that poor John's arm shook so violently when he came to the word "seventh," that he could scarcely trace the letter, and as he raised his right arm to wipe off the beads of perspiration standing upon his forehead, a great drop of ink fell upon the fatal word, and blurred and blotted it so that you can hardly make it out. There, sure enough, is the blot, bedimmed by time like the writing, but telling its own tale of the advent of the little maid who from the very first took the rose-tint out of her father's life. He had always been a jolly well-met sort of man, who knew how to turn off every annoyance and even graver troubles, by a merry laugh; but now when he looked at his little daughter, with her pale, uncanny face and gleaming eyes, a feeling of faintness came over him and he turned away, muttering to himself,

"The seventh daughter of the seventh daughter."

Elizabeth noted the change which had clouded the face of her husband, and it cast a gloom over her own blithe spirits.

"He wants a boy," she mused, "and no wonder, with all these girls about him; surely he has waited long and patiently enough." Nevertheless, she rallied him upon it:

"Dost wish a little lad, my love, to be always under feet as thou goest about the farm and among the workmen? Thou thinkst not about the rough plays he would invent, nor how he would smirch his clothes and bruise his pate. Thou carest not that he would set our heads to aching by his merry and unthinking racket; and mayhap our hearts too, in later years, by wild and godless pranks."

"Fie, Libby," replied her husband, "thou knowest I am content with my girls; I should love the jackanapes boy no better than thou, I warrant. But dame," he whispered, "thou wert thy mother's seventh daughter, as this is thine, and thou knowest what that betokens."

"Yes, I know," she replied, "I know what the common people say, but I reck not. And why shouldst thou wear a shadow on thy brow in anticipation of an evil which may never come? The Future keeps its own secrets, and *Time* only can unravel thy daughter's destiny." So spoke the fearless Elizabeth, but John shook his head sadly as he made answer:

"Nay, Libby, nay; if thou hadst seen the blood-curdling sights I witnessed in Scotland in my boyhood, thou wouldst chant another song; and I tell thee, we know not what moment the fire may

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burst out even here. But I have no wish to interfere with thy management; only let it be thy care to keep the child as much as possible away from the others."

Still the look of anxious fear did not leave his face, but rather deepened, and when, in due course of time, the babe had vanished and a little lass of ten stood in her place, it seemed to have settled there forever.

"John," said Elizabeth one night, "thou knowest that to-morrow is Blanche's tenth birthday, so I have invited her six cousins to dine with her, and I intend to give them a feast; and, dear love, thou must be on hand for it, or our daughter's little heart will be broken. She comes ofttimes to me to ask the reason thou dost take no notice of her; so slight her not upon her gala-day."

"Nay," he replied, "I can not promise; urgent business calls me to Salem to-morrow morn, and 'twill take hard riding to get back by the time their young stomachs will demand thy good cheer. I hope 'twill go right merrily, but wait not for me, though I will be here if my old nag's flanks be not too thick-skinned to feel the spurs."

What mattered it to Blanche that the sun forbore to shine upon her tenth birthday? She had never had a bright one yet; but that was natural, since it came in the dark and foggy November.

The six cousins were brought in a covered cart, and a goodly party they made.

The morning was spent in merry games and laughter, and Blanche was queen of all the sports.

If the little fairies of the modern kindergarten could be suddenly transported into that nursery of a bygone age, no doubt they would consider those plays crude and rough in comparison with their own graceful and lovely games.

No philosopher of that time had thought it worth his while to spend a life in digesting and arranging the sports of children so that they should cultivate at once the physical, mental, and æsthetic parts of child-nature; still the unconscious simplicity of childish motion lends a grace and charm even to weird and uncouth antics, and these little ones of the olden time made a pretty picture as they formed a magic ring around the black-eyed Blanche, dancing and singing,

"A witch, a witch is old dame Crow,
A deadly potion she gave her foe;
Beware, old witch! ere morning break
Nine men shall bind thee to the stake."

The game was at its height, and poor Blanche, flushed and excited by the distinguished honor paid her as the witch, was performing her part with all the ardor which we bring to new experience, when her father stepped behind the door to watch, unseen, their childish play; but when he saw the mimic witch crouching and mumbling and muttering within the ring, he turned away and staggered into the next room. The strong man had fainted, and, as he came back to consciousness, his white lips framed a single word, "Doom," murmuring it over and over again. Then, as his strength returned, he put the frightened household from the room and called his wife, Elizabeth, close to his side.

"I have heard heavy tidings this day, sweetheart," he said. "The witchcraft has, at last, broken out, even here in this haven of the persecuted. The children of Master Goodwin, of Salem town are under the spell of one dame Glover, lately come from Ireland. When brought to trial yesterday she was put, for test, upon the repetition of our Lord's prayer, first in Irish, then in Latin, and then in English, but she failed in each attempt, as every witch is sure to do; and now her body dangles from a gallows in yonder town.

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"We have fallen on evil days. This is no time for children to be singing such songs and playing such games as that we saw but now. O, love, my heart misgives me for our *seventh* daughter!"

Elizabeth drew a long and sorrowful sigh, but only said:

"She must bide her fate; and let not this day be darkened by to-morrow's storm," and thenceforth bent every energy, though with a heavy heart, to the amusement of the little flock gathered within her doors; and well did she succeed, for that day was like a gleam of light in the life of the lonely child, and its memory often warmed her heart when, in bitterness, she tried to solve the problem of her life.

"Why am I always shunned? Why does my father turn so pale when I come near? He seems to dread the very sight of me, and once or twice I have heard him tell mother not to let me play much with the other children, and 'tis plain enough they don't like to have me about; all the girls look at me out of the corners of their eyes, as if they expected to see me turn into some sort of a foul beast. No one loves me but mother, only mother. What can the reason be? Am I so different from all my sisters? To be sure my cheeks are not red like Ann's, but then they are no whiter than Mary's; she has golden hair, though, and blue eyes, while mine are black, like the night. Jane says Mary is all harmony, while *I* am all contrast. I wonder if it is wicked to be so. She finds fault with me because I talk to myself, and if I look at her long at a time she tells me to take my eyes away, that they burn her: what can she mean? Nobody's eyes ever burnt me."

So the child lived on through those darkest years of New England's history, without companionship, almost without love, her own morbid fears and fancies enshrouding her as a vail. What wonder, then, that as the days lengthened into months and the months into years, the bud grew and grew, but never burst into a blossom, all for want of the sunshine.

At last it came, the woman's sunshine —love, and the glad bud turned toward it, and lo, a beautiful flower!

It was over again the old, old story, only the waking of a heart at the kiss of a fairy prince, albeit the prince was just a manly youth wearing the sailor's blue; but his eyes were dark and tender and looked things unutterable; his voice was deep and sweet, and its cadences full of fond persuasiveness; his touch was magnetism, she could not turn away from it; and his lips, ah, his lips had sealed her promise with a kiss, one of those kisses which no woman ever forgets, though they seem to pass from the memory of men as the mist from the hills on a summer morning.

All the household knew that some brightness had come into the life of the listless Blanche; it was in her eyes; it was on her brow; you heard it in her blithesome laugh; you saw it in the happy smile that lay upon her lips; her very step said, I am walking on rose-leaves, on rose-leaves.

Elizabeth smiled, "And now Blanche will be happy, after all," she said, but John sighed; the ban lay upon his daughter still, and this was only the rifting of the clouds before the bursting of the storm. His sleep went from him, and he grew more and more restless as he looked forward to the private interview which he anticipated with the man who was seeking the hand of his daughter.

It was one June morning that the sailor-prince passed into the best parlor and asked to see John alone. The sky was blue, the birds were on the wing, the flowers were blooming in purple and red and gold.

Nature herself seemed to echo the

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voice of the lover calling to the maiden to come

> "Across the hills, and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim."

The interview was very long, Blanche thought, as she sat at her window above stairs listening for the step of her sailor boy.

"Prithee, methought 'twas only a matter of give and take, and that need not occupy so many moments; my father has never seemed so fond of me that he should feign to part with me reluctantly. Why comes he not, I wonder?"

O, loud sing thy trill of joy, fond heart, for it is thy last. Thy moments of bliss, even now, are numbered! Darkness is descending! She looked forth from her lattice; the man who had won her was going away, "across the hills" *alone.* He cast no look back to the maiden he was leaving; he staggered somewhat as a man will who is recovering from a blow which has stunned him; but on he went, steadily toward the horizon, until he was lost amid the purple clouds, and then the darkness fell.

She heard a step on the threshold, but it was not the joyful, bounding step for which she had listened; it was painful, slow, and measured; the step of her father, come to tell her of her doom; and to her disordered fancy it sounded like the trampling of many feet to the mournful music of a funeral dirge.

At last her father stood beside her; she clutched his arm:

"Where went my prince, my sailor-boy?" she said; "why have you driven him from me?"

The father looked a moment on the girl, and in his eyes the gathering tear-drop stood; then bending over her, in whispered tones he spoke a single word—a word which in those cruel times brought trooping forth to every mind vague visions of the stake, the gallows, and the headsman's ax.

"Now, God be gracious unto thee, my child," at length he said, "and help thee to bear thy lot, the lot of a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. But how could I let your sailor lad wed thee, knowing that the ban of Heaven rests on thee?"

"And that is the mystery of all these years, is it?" she asked; but she made no cry or moan; her face only whitened till it wore a withered look, such as we see in the aged, or those who have borne great physical pain.

"I am the fated seventh daughter, and so am destined to bring misery to any who dare to love me; it is a hard lot."

Then silence fell between the father and his child. She turned her face toward the window, and fixed a strained gaze upon the scene without.

The trees seemed joyful in their rustling foliage; the sky was at its bluest; and far beyond, the gleaming sea lent its charm to the landscape.

"I will walk," at last she said; "mayhap the song of the birds will help me forget for a while that there is no more music in life for me;" and with that she was gone.

Her father did not try to stay her. "It is best for her to be alone," he thought, "and where can one better find consolation than in the waving forest?"

Yet he marveled somewhat that she had made no fiercer moan over her fate.

Ah, blinded father! thou didst not see the set face and wild eyes of thy daughter, as on and on she sped, crushing the wild-flowers under her feet, never seeing their beauty nor scenting their sweetness; hearing no sound of bubbling brook nor twitter of bird-song.

'Twas the hiss of burning fagots she heard, and the cries of an angry mob; and from them she was fleeing for life.

At last she rested for a moment beside the roaring sea, her frenzied

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mind calmed by the benign majesty of the waters; but, haste thee! haste thee! why standest thou thus? The jeering throng press hard behind; the flames of the stake leap higher and higher! Escape! Escape!

Even the splashing waves drown not the horrid cries, "The witch! the witch! Stay her! let her not pass! Drag her to the witches' doom!"

Faster and faster she hastes; the white sea-foam dashes higher and higher.

She is safe now, the hoarse sea mocks her pursuers.

SOME DAY.

The moon is softly stealing
Across the eastern sky, with radiant feet;
The sad sea, gladly feeling
The dawn's faint breath, breaks into murmurs sweet.

The white gulls shrilly screaming,
Flit back and forth along the rocky shore,
And, wakened from my dreaming,
I swiftly rise and scan the waters o'er.

O, on those billows sailing,
Do ships I long have watched for rise to view?
Does fond hope, never failing,
Point out the snowy sails against the blue?

Each radiant morn's awaking
Brings faith, fresh pinioned, watching for the prize,
And all the bright waves, breaking,
Send up their silent promise toward the skies.

And every night, descending,
With no fair ship to meet my eager gaze,
Beholds the watch unending,
And teardrops mingle with the moon's calm rays.

Some day, with glad heart-thrilling,
We'll see our ships come sailing o'er the sea,
And joy, our whole souls filling,
Will make amends for all our agony.

THE ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.

Great men of science, literature, and art—apostles of great thoughts and lords of the great heart—have belonged to no exclusive class or rank in life. They have come alike from colleges, workshops, and farm-houses—from the huts of poor men and the mansions of the rich. Some of God's greatest apostles

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have come from "the ranks." The poorest have sometimes taken the highest places, nor have difficulties apparently the most insuperable proved obstacles in their way. Those very difficulties, in many instances, would even seem to have been their best helpers, by evoking their powers of labor and endurance, and stimulating into life faculties which might otherwise have lain dormant. The instances of obstacles thus surmounted, and of triumphs thus achieved, are indeed so numerous, as almost to justify the proverb that "with will one can do any thing." Take, for instance, the remarkable fact, that from the barber's shop came Jeremy Taylor, the most poetical of divines; Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny and founder of the cotton manufacture; Lord Tenterden, one of the most distinguished of Lord Chief Justices; and Turner, the greatest among landscape painters.

No one knows to a certainty what Shakespeare was; but it is unquestionable that he sprang from a humble rank. His father was a butcher and grazier; and Shakespeare himself is supposed to have been in early life a wool-comber; whilst others aver that he was an usher in a school, and afterward a scrivener's clerk. He truly seems to have been "not one, but all mankind's epitome." For such is the accuracy of his sea-phrases that a naval writer alleges that he must have been a sailor; whilst a clergyman infers, from internal evidence in his writings, that he was probably a a parson's clerk; and a distinguished judge of horse-flesh insists that he must have been a horse-dealer. Shakespeare was certainly an actor, and in the course of his life "played many parts," gathering his wonderful stores of knowledge from a wide field of experience and observation. In any event, he must have been a close student and a hard worker, and to this day his writings continue to exercise a powerful influence on the formation of the English character.

The common class of day-laborers has given us Brindley the engineer, Cook the navigator, and Burns the poet. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket, Edwards and Telford the engineers, Hugh Miller the geologist, and Allan Cunningham, the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones the architect, Harrison the chronometer-maker, John Hunter the physiologist, Romney and Opie the painters, Professor Lee the Orientalist, and John Gibson the sculptor.

From the weaver class have sprung Simpson the mathematician, Bacon the sculptor, the two Miners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson the ornithologist, Dr. Livingstone the missionary traveler, and Tannahill the poet. Shoemakers have given us Sir Cloudesly Shovel the great admiral, Sturgeon the electrician, Samuel Drew the essayist, Gifford the editor of the "Quarterly Review," Bloomfield the poet, and William Carey the missionary; whilst Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe-lasts. Within the last few years, a profound naturalist has been discovered in the person of a shoemaker at Banff, named Thomas Edwards, who, while maintaining himself by his trade, has devoted his leisure to the study of natural science in all its branches, his researches in connection with the smaller crustaceæ having been rewarded by the discovery of a new species, to which the name of "*Praniza Edwardsii*" has been given by naturalists.

Nor have tailors been undistinguished. John Stow, the historian, worked at the trade during some part of his life. Jackson, the painter, made clothes until he

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reached manhood. The brave Sir John Hawkswood, who so greatly distinguished himself at Poictiers, and was knighted by Edward III. for his valor, was in early life apprenticed to a London tailor. Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom at Vigo, in 1702, belonged to the same calling. He was working as a tailor's apprentice near Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, when the news flew through the village that a squadron of men-of-war was sailing off the island. He sprang from the shop-board, and ran down with his comrades to the beach, to gaze upon the glorious sight. The boy was suddenly inflamed with the ambition to be a sailor; and springing into a boat, he rowed off to the squadron, gained the admiral's ship, and was accepted as a volunteer. Years after, he returned to his native village full of honors, and dined off bacon and eggs in the cottage where he had worked as an apprentice. But the greatest tailor of all is unquestionably Andrew Johnson, ex-President of the United States—a man of extraordinary force of character and vigor of intellect. In his great speech at Washington, when describing himself as having begun his political career as an alderman, and run through all the branches of the legislature, a voice in the crowd cried, "From a tailor up." It was characteristic of Johnson to take the intended sarcasm in good part, and even to turn it to account. "Some gentleman says I have been a tailor. That does not disconcert me in the least; for when I was a tailor I had the reputation of being a good one, and making close fits. I was always punctual with my customers, and always did good work."

Cardinal Wolsey, DeFoe, Akenside, and Kirk White were the sons of butchers; Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket-maker. Among the great names identified with the invention of the steam-engine are those of Newcomen, Watt, and Stephenson; the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine-fireman. Huntingdon the preacher was originally a coal-heaver, and Bewick the father of wood engraving, a coal-miner. Dodsley was a footman, and Holcroft a groom. Baffin the navigator began his sea-faring career as a man before the mast, and Sir Cloudsley Shovel as a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band, Chantrey was a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper. Michael Faraday, the son of a blacksmith, was in early life apprenticed to a book-binder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruse points in natural science.

Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy, we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Kepler, the son of a German public-house keeper, and himself the "garçon de cabaret;" d'Alembert, a foundling picked up one winter's night on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond at Paris, and brought up by the wife of a glazier; and Newton and Laplace, the one the son of a small freeholder near Grantham, the other the son of a poor peasant of Beaumont-en-Auge, near Honfleur. Notwithstanding their comparatively adverse circumstances in early life, these distinguished men achieved a solid and enduring reputation by the exercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased. The very possession of wealth might indeed have proved an obstacle greater even than the humble means to which they were born.

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The father of Lagrange, the astronomer and mathematician, held the office of Treasurer of War at Turin; but having ruined himself by speculations, his family were reduced to comparative poverty. To this circumstance Lagrange was in after life accustomed partly to attribute his own fame and happiness. "Had I been rich," said he, "I should probably not have become a mathematician."

CHANGE.

Summer has gone, and her robes of green
  Autumn has changed to a russet hue;
Broidered her bodice with golden sheen,
  Purpled the hem of her garments, too;
Woven a wreath for her beautiful crown,
  Scarlet and crimson and flecked with gold,
Every thread of the veil let down
  Tenderly over us, fold on fold.

Still glides the river, and brooklets play,
  Babbling as if it was summer time,
August took all of their sparkle away,
  Covering their pools with a poisonous slime.
Autumn came bringing cloudtroops in her train,
  Fruitage grew golden, and pale asters bright;
Music of waters and patter of rain,
  Earth groweth younger, skies beam with delight.

Gentians drop spray from each beautiful fringe,
  Golden-rods burn in the cool autumn haze;
Maple-leaf turns on her beautiful hinge,
  Dancing when ever old Boreas plays.
Summer, farewell! Sun-scorched was the tear
  Gathered to drop on thy lips growing dumb;
Flowered and leaf-shorn, and dusty thy bier,
  Nature is glad of the change that has come.

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

There is scarcely a lonelier feeling to be experienced than to find one's self for the first time, alone in a foreign land, where not a familiar face greets the eye. Especially is this true if not one word of the language spoken can be comprehended. But Harry Push was not a boy to give way to such feelings. So after bidding Captain Henry adieu, he walked bravely across the gang-plank from the steamer to the quay in Havre.

Harry had studied French a few months at home, and thought he had a comprehensive vocabulary at his com-

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mand, but no sooner had he reached the custom-house on the shores of France, than he found that while he could ask a few questions in French, not one single word could he comprehend in reply.

His only resort then was to do as other people did. His ticket, which had been bought from Baltimore to Paris, he knew would designate his course, and he found that by showing it to the *gendarmes*, who every where guard your footsteps in any public place in France, it would be impossible for him to go astray.

Harry's interview with the custom-house officer about his baggage was a brief one. He presented him his key and they opened upon him a volley of incomprehensible French, to which Harry could only reply,

"Je'ne vous comprend pas."

The officers looked casually into the the trunk, smiled, and bowed him politely on, and a *gendarme* then showed him a carriage that would convey him to the depot indicated on his ticket, and called his attention to the rate of tariff, printed on a little card and tacked up in a conspicuous place in the carriage, to insure the stranger from imposition, an example which might well be followed in America.

The drive across the city was a rapid one, and Harry received but a vague impression of Havre and its surroundings. Upon arriving at the depot for Paris, Harry found himself utterly bewildered by the driver, who demanded a "*pour boire*" besides the franc designated by the tariff. He had not learned that there is always expected in France, by every subordinate who attends you, a few *sous* "for a drink. How long this incomprehensible parleying might have lasted it is impossible to state, had not a lady who understood both English and French passed just at the moment, and seeing Harry's dilemma, suggested to Harry to pay the man a few *sous*, about three cents, and dismiss him.

She then kindly informed Harry that this demand would be made and expected at almost every turn in his stay in France, and as in many instances it was the only compensation the poor fellows received, every one paid it. Harry soon found that the slightest attention was supplemented with a request for a *pour boire*, until he began to suspect that the polite bow of a Frenchman was a hint in that direction. But the minuteness of the sum demanded prevented its being a very heavy tax.

The lady thus accidentally thrown in Harry's pathway was *en route* for Paris also and traveling alone; so they were mutually pleased to accompany each other. Her ticket was soon purchased, their baggage weighed, and the additional charges for heavy weight paid for, and Harry and his unknown friend found themselves seated side by side in one of those little sections of a railway coach always found in European railway travel. Although the section accommodates eight persons comfortably, they found only one other companion in theirs. This was a cadaverous-looking man, apparently asleep in one corner, who carried with him numerous curious packages and bundles, which seemingly consisted of books, surgical instruments, charts, and maps. Scarcely had the *gendarmes* securely locked our travelers in the section and the train started swiftly on its course than the man sprang up as if greatly incensed, clasped his hands over his brow for a moment, as if in painful meditations, then wringing them violently, exclaimed vociferously in French, which Harry's companion translated for him:

"I am a Heaven-appointed physician to an incurable evil. This fearful persecution of the Jews in Spain can never be redressed. No; not with all my skill and wisdom. Sent, yes sent on this mission, but the Jews are now scattered to

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the four quarters of the globe, and while both steam and electricity have been invented to aid me in my work, yet it is hopeless! hopeless! hopeless!"

He then shrunk back into his seat completely exhausted. The lady told Harry quietly in English the purport of his words, and the truth flashed upon both of them—*they were shut up with a maniac.* Their ride, as it was an express train, would be at least an hour, perhaps two, before there would be any possible relief.

Their one comfort was that they could confer together in a language unintelligible to their companion. Harry, ever ready for an emergency, entreated the lady to show no signs of fear and leave the rest with him. He felt sure that a cool, collected manner and a fearless eye would be a safeguard should the maniac become violent. So he conversed with the lady on various topics, inquired of her concerning her nationality, trip, etc., then related to her his experiences of the previous night on the channel, and finally proposed that she should share his lunch with him, which Capt. Henry had thoughtfully provided him with that morning before leaving. The lady was quite surprised at her own composure, and they both thought that possibly there would be no real danger after all, when the crazy man suddenly sprang forward and, shaking his fist in Harry's face, inquired if he was a Jew or a Spaniard. He then drew back and exclaimed, "If a Jew, I will furnish you with a chart which will guide you safely to a haven of eternal rest, but if a Spaniard, I hold here the instruments of torture which will but initiate you into future tortures."

Harry's flesh might have quivered at the sight of the glittering blades he then displayed had he comprehended the maniac's words, but not knowing the full meaning helped his composure, and he coolly offered him a part of his lunch. This action on the part of Harry seemed to turn the current of thought in the crazy brain of the man into an entirely new channel, which he demonstrated by deliberately folding up his case of surgical instruments and eagerly clutched the food, which he ate ravenously.

Harry's quick and ready wit again served him, and while the man was devouring the food he adroitly changed his seat, so as to conceal the case of instruments under his own coat, and now he felt comparatively secure, as he possessed the weapons of war.

His lady companion was all this while watching these movements with intensest interest, and when she saw that Harry had captured the most dangerous accouterments of war from their foe, the sudden relief was too much for her, and she fainted away, entirely unconscious.

The need of action seemed to temporarily restore the maniac to his right mind, and he sprang to Harry's relief. Harry saw at a glance that his movements now were not dictated by a frenzied brain, and he graciously accepted the proffered aid.

Locked up in a section of a coach, there was no possible exit from their imprisonment, and no help to be obtained elsewhere, and the train was whirling along with one continuous rattle as if it would never stop. At this juncture Harry might have given up in despair had not the timely aid of his companion restored to him a feeling of confidence.

Together they placed the lady prostrate in the aisle of the section, then loosening her apparel, Harry bathed her face with camphor furnished by the stranger, while he used one of his charts as a fan. Thus carefully tended she was soon restored to consciousness. Her first question when she opened her eyes, was:

"Where are those instruments?"

To which Harry quietly replied:

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"Thrown out of the car-window."

"Then we are safe," she added, faintly.

"Entirely so," said Harry.

His calmness reassured her, and she soon permitted herself to be lifted up by Harry, and set upon the seat once more, all the while keeping a watchful eye on the crazy man.

"Our companion seems no longer excited," said Harry, "your need of assistance has apparently restored his mind for the time."

He then suggested that she should speak to him kindly, as their talking thus might excite him. The lady turned and thanked him cordially for his kindness. This led into a conversation, in which she learned that the poor fellow was a doctor and one of the persecuted Jews being driven from Russia. He with his family had resided in St. Petersburg, where he had a large practice among his own people. His family had been murdered, and he was fleeing, he knew not whither—"To redeem the lost tribes of the House of Israel from their fearful bondage in Spain," he muttered at the close. This wandering of his mind she recognized at once as but a prelude to another attack of insanity, and she was trembling at the possible consequences of his madness when the engine whistled, the train gradually slackened its speed until it stopped entirely, and a *gendarme* unlocked the door of the section and called out:

"Twenty minutes' stop here!"

The man had fallen back into one corner, and was seemingly unconscious of all that was transpiring around him. Harry and his lady friend lost no time in getting out on the platform, and going to another coach they selected a section well filled with women and children, and although Harry had to carry one little fellow, a bright-eyed French boy, on his knees all the way to Paris, he did not once regret the change.

No other incident of interest occurred on their ride of five hours, two of which had been so exciting. The train made only one other stop, when they all got out on the platform and stretched their tired limbs, and refreshed themselves with a glass of cool water, for which each one paid his three *sous*.

At five P.M. they arrived in the depot in Paris. Harry had by this time made up quite a pantomine acquaintance with the younger members of the party, especially the one on his knee. He, in a very gentlemanly manner, assisted them into carriages, then took the little slip of paper which checked his own trunk, had the trunk placed upon a carriage, and directed his hackman to drive to the American consulate, where he hoped to receive his first letters from home. But alas! he was doomed to disappointment. The consulate was closed! Poor Harry hardly knew where to turn next, nor what to answer his polite driver who was bowing him into the carriage. Just then he remembered that his uncle, when he bade him adieu on the steamer at Locust Point, had given him the address of a hotel where he had stayed when in Paris. Opening his memorandum-book, he found on the first page the address, "Hotel de Rivoli, Rue de Rivoli." He answered the driver's inquiries by pointing to this address, and was quickly driven there.

Harry's comprehension of his surroundings that night were very vague. He had now but two objects in view—one was to get a comfortable meal, for he was very hungry, and the other to retire at once to his room and go to sleep. He had not slept one moment for forty-eight hours, and with the fatigue and exertion and excitement of the intervening time he was well nigh exhausted. Upon arriving at the hotel he was taken at once to the desk to register his name, where he learned to his relief that this was just the hour for dinner. Accompanied by

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a porter who carried his trunk, Harry was ushered up four long flights of stairs to a beautiful little apartment. The bed and deep recesses of the windows were cosily draped in lace curtains, while the snowy whiteness of the linen sheets and pillow-cases, most temptingly invited him to forego the pleasure of his dinner and retire at once.

He, however, resisted temptation, and determined to go down, but was somewhat detained by his inability to comprehend from the porter that soap and a candle would be furnished if he desired them, but at extra cost. Finally, they were brought; and his bill a few days later unraveled the mystery.

Harry placed his candle and matches conveniently on a writing-table in the room, bathed his face and hands, and locking his door, went below to dine.

Soup, fish, goose-liver patties, and half a dozen other courses, besides the rich pastries and fruits, seemed to Harry an endless chain of good things, to which he was prepared to do ample justice. At the close he took a cup of strong French coffee, as he wrote his mother, "to give his nerves strength to go to sleep." On leaving the table he was accosted by the clerk, who asked, "Voulez vouz des lettres, Monsieur Push?"

Harry, whose ear was not yet trained to Parisian French, supposed the clerk was politely asking him if he wished any thing more, so was trying to decline just as politely, when another voice, in good, solid English, said, "We have some letters for you, sir; they reached Paris *via* London two days ago!"

Harry's heart throbbed violently at this unexpected surprise, and he clutched them tremulously, fearing just a little, as we are wont to do, that some evil might have come over his home and loved ones. He glanced at the envelopes and saw two were from home—one from his father on his way home, and one from his uncle in Baltimore. He then hastily inquired of the English-speaking clerk the hour for breakfast; found that it was from eleven A.M. to twelve M., but that if he wished it, coffee, bread, and butter would be furnished him at an earlier hour in his room. Harry declined that, for he felt the need of at least fifteen hours' sleep, and hastily ascended the many flights of stairs which now seemed to him endless in his eagerness to be alone with his home letters.

A TRIP UP THE ST. JOHN'S.

The lower and upper St. John's would never be taken for the same river, if one could be transported by magic from one to the other. Near Jacksonville the river is three miles in width, the water appearing almost black, and as the boat hugs one shore, the other is seen in the dim distance, nothing remarkable except the color and size of the river; but one on his first trip is so intently watching for "orange-groves" and alligators, and so busy listening to wonderful accounts of Florida, that they seem to have entered another land. One soon learns to know the groves, as they appear in sight, looking like nurseries of small evergreens from six to twenty feet in height, set in rows, and trimmed to rounded, compact heads. The orange-tree is not a large tree, unless of great age; those fifteen or twenty years old are not more than twenty or twenty-five feet in height. The farther you ascend the river, the more numerous the groves. Mrs. Stowe's place looks very much like the pictures you see of it, a house with

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gable ends and dormer-windows, almost hidden by great oaks draped with moss, and a large orange-grove at one side. The river by moonlight is beautiful; and on the guards of the steamer one finds a feast for eye and ear, as one looks and listens to the marvels of Florida, as told by the old residents to the new comers. In the morning truly "the early bird catches the worm," for the sunrise even surpasses the moonlight, and we could easily imagine ourselves in other lands, for the breadth of waters are gone and in their stead a dark, narrow river, on either side dense swamps of great cypress and palmetto trees, and vines and flowers; here the moss is in its glory, covering and draping the tree-trunks until its fringes touch the waters, and as you look a great blue heron or water-turkey or some other "foreign" bird flies lazily along the shore and lights.

One never tires looking. The river is so narrow and the turns so sudden that at times we can not see an outlet for the boat, occasionally, the rudder not acting quickly enough, we swing against the shore and have to be poled off. Among other singular sights are the islands of bonnets, or water-lilies, which seem floating on the waters, and tripping across them are small white cranes, little beauties, out on their fishing excursions, and balancing beautifully as they rise and fall with the ripple of the waves. The shores have disappeared and the black waters rush far back into the swamps, carrying back and forth with them the deer-lettuce, and watching closely as we pass we fancy we see the deer in the distance, feeding upon the dainty, floating morsels. When the swamps appear the groves disappear, but whenever high land is seen we find groves on it. Where the river-banks are low the towns are several miles inland, on the high, healthy lands, having wharves and warehouses on the river for the reception of freight and passengers. Lake George and many flourishing cities and objects of interest we pass during the night, and by noon the day after leaving Jacksonville we reach Sanford, on Lake Monroe.

One wishing to go further must take a smaller boat, on which to explore the farther mysteries of the beautiful river, but we found in Sanford, on the lovely lake, a pleasant terminus to our journey on Welaka, or "The Chain of Lakes," as the Indians called that river from time immemorial.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN.

In Kenilworth castle there lived once an English maiden, Eleanor by name. Not altogether English, either, for her father had come from across the channel. Yet his mother had been an English woman, and it was to claim her inheritance that he first came to England.

Eleanor knew right well the story of his coming, when his handsome face, graceful bearing, and winning address gained for him the favor of King Henry III., and the heart and hand of King Henry's sister, the fair young widow of the Earl of Pembroke. From that hour Simon de Montford became an Englishman, and threw himself so thoroughly into sympathy with the country and the people that no home-born noble of the land was more admired or beloved than he.

To the young Eleanor fell the rich inheritance of her mother's fair face, with her father's dark eyes and southern

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tongue, a Saxon modesty that gave tone and softness to the grace and vivacity of the southern blood.

Kenilworth castle was a bonny home for the bonny maid, and the abundant hospitalities of the countess of Leicester, with the earl's increasing popularity and the fame of the fair Eleanor's charms, drew around them friends both noble and great, among whom the daughter of their host would surely not want for suitors, but none seemed to touch the heart of the damsel.

It was in the height of De Montford's prosperity. The name of the Earl of Leicester was on every tongue. To him the people looked for help and counsel amid the misrule and distress incident to a weak King's reign, and he had stood conspicuous among the barons who extorted from Henry's fears the right of the people to be represented in the government at least in a time of national exigency.

The earl knew he had enemies. He knew he had need of friends, but the demon ambition had not yet showed its face, and if it lurked among the ruling motives of his public actions it wore the garb of an honest love for his adopted country, and he was himself, as far as we can judge, unconscious of its presence.

"Daughter, hearken," he said to her one morning. "An honored guest will be here to-night, and I would have you treat him with due courtesy."

"It shall be as you wish, sire," the maiden answered demurely, but her bright face was alight with interest and curiosity.

"Thou wouldst know whom? Ay, daughter?" and he patted the fair cheek and laughed until she blushed and hung her head in confusion.

"Nay, save your blushes, lass, for some other than your old father, even though he have the trick of reading thy simple mind. And now listen, it is none other than the Lord of Snowdon, Prince of Wales by right, who is to be our guest, and a braver prince lives not. They say he is handsome, too; perhaps—he may take thy wayward fancy."

The maiden blushed again, but threw back her dainty head with a half defiant look that was so bewitching the earl could not choose but kiss the rosy lips.

"If you look at him but half so sweetly, you saucy chit, I'll answer for it he'll ask no other wages when I need his help."

"But, father, what comes he for?" asked Eleanor, "and tell me somewhat more of him."

"He hath small love for King Henry, I can tell you that," replied the Earl, smiling with satisfaction. "Why? Well, for one thing, a Welshman's first breath is born with a twin hatred for the Saxons, who have, as they aver, driven them into the very corner of their rightful fatherland."

"But, father, he is no friend of ours if he would take from us the land our fathers fought for and won by their good swords."

And the dark eyes flashed with the fire that arms soldiers to dare and die.

"Nay, foolish girl, be not so hasty. Long have they dwelt content among their native wilds, their courage as invincible as their mountains are inaccessible, and ask now but to be let alone. As for this Prince Llewellyn, his subjects are loyal and brave, his castle among the impregnable fastnesses of Snowdon is rude but strong, and did King Henry but know how to keep a good neighbor he would leave him in peace to enjoy the small honor he sets such store by, of being prince in full right of his own small domain. This doing homage for it is a galling yoke to him and but small profit to us."

We may well imagine two dark eyes were watching for the anticipated visitor.

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and when the party rode gaily into the court, Eleanor singled out the gigantic figure with the long mustache and the fiery eye as the hero of her sire's discourse even before she noted the ring of gold intermingled with the princely locks of brown hair, and the chain of twisted gold links, with which the Celtic tribes were wont to decorate their chiefs.

An aged bard, the most honored member of his household, had accompanied the prince, and as they gathered around the blazing fire that night, the harp was reverently place before him by an attendant. Bending over the instrument, the aged poet swept the strings with a master's hand, and looked up as if about to burst into a tide of song such as was wont to enchant his hearers, but the muse slumbered and no words came. The Welshmen looked at each other a little apprehensively, as if this might bode trouble, but at that instant Eleanor made her appearance. As if by magic the tone of the harp changed to one of wild enthusiasm and "White as the apple-blossom or the ocean's spray is the lady fair; her face shines like the pearly dew on Eryri; the glow of her cheeks is like the light of sunset;" "whoso beholdeth her is filled with her love," sang the enraptured bard. "And her lover is the eagle of men that loves not to lie nor to sleep." "Towering above the rest of men, the sound of his coming is like the roar of the wave as it rushes to the shore, that can neither be stayed nor appeased."

Then the bard, with his eye fixed upon the maiden's countenance, sang of the brave Welsh boy who, taken by guile and malice, was immured within prison-walls and treated with cruel hardships by Henry III. "But the full-grown eagle hath flown to his native mountains, and woe be to the foe who seeks him in his eyry, or falls in his path when he comes forth to seek his prey."

Thus he sang, and the English maiden listened, the Earl of Leicester looking on, nothing loth to see, in his princely guest, the impulsive delight of the first moment kindling into a pure reverential admiration for his daughter's beauty. It scarce needs to tell the end of it all. We learn that about this time the Prince of Wales pledged his hand to Eleanor. Alas, it was a weary waiting before the pledge was redeemed, and many and tumultuous were the changes that passed over the bright head.

Once, under the king's displeasure, her father was obliged to withdraw from the country, next the battle of Lewes left the king and Prince Edward, with Richard, king of the Romans, and his son all prisoners at the mercy of Simon de Montford, and the power of the realm in his hands. This success, however, did not last long.

Prince Edward escaped from confinement, and rallying the loyal to his standard, sought his enemy near his own castle.

Roused from her slumbers by the sound of strife, from the turrets of Kenilworth Eleanor saw the discomfiture of her brother's forces, watched the victorious army gather up the spoils, and after resting a short while get into order of march once more. And now—will Prince Edward be satisfied with this victory? He evidently knows the earl's movements and—starts exactly in the direction of his approach. O, will *he* be ready! will he know he can not hope for any succor! In an agony of apprehension Eleanor watched with straining eyes the royal army disappear in the distance, and then a dark cloud began to gather, it came nearer—grew darker until it hung like a midnight pall over all nature. Then the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the air became dense with a dismal horror, and a strange foreboding seized her and cowed

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her brave heart, for not only her father and brother, but her lover, the noble Welsh prince was there. Almost she could hear the clash of arms — the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying.

But maidens born in those troublous times knew how to ease their anxious hearts with warlike activity, and so the light figure of Eleanor was soon flitting about through the castle by her mother's side, tending the wounded who had been brought in and preparing for siege, defense, or sally, whatever might need to be, while alternate hope and dread held possession of her and paralyzed or nerved her hands by turns.

The hours seemed days, but the news came at last, and bitter news it was.

Deserted by the very barons who had spurred him on beyond what his own judgment dictated, with only a little band of his faithful followers and a host of half-armed Welshmen, who away from their mountain fastnesses could not stand against the disciplined knighthood of the royal army, the earl recognized at a glance the hopelessness of the struggle, yet he fought to the last, and died with the cry, "It is God's grace."

The Countess of Leicester, "desolate and confounded at the death of her husband," by permission of the king and prince, retired beyond the sea, but young Eleanor, the expectant bride of a soldier, could not so quickly yield. She knew Prince Edward had caused the bodies of her father and brother to be brought into the abbey church of Evesham, wept over the playfellow of his childhood, and honored the burial with his presence. Still his success had brought disaster and disgrace to her house, so for months she and her fierce brother, Simon, held out against him at Kenilworth, and only surrendered when famine stared them in the face. Then she joined her mother in France.

And what of the Welsh prince, her betrothed? History saith, "Throughout the barons' war Llewellyn remained master of Wales. Even at its close the threat of an attack from the now united kingdom only forced him to submission on a practical acknowledgment of his sovereignty. The chieftain whom the English kings, had, till then, scrupulously designated as 'Lord of Snowdon,' was now allowed the title of 'Prince of Wales,' and his right to receive homage from the other nobles of his principality was formally allowed.

"Near, however, as Llewellyn seemed to the final realization of his aims, he was still a vassal of the English crown, and the accession of a new sovereign (Edward I.) to the throne was at once followed by the demand of his homage.

"During two years Llewellyn rejected the king's repeated summons till Edward's patience was exhausted."

And had Prince Llewellyn forgotten the English maiden to whom he had pledged his love at Kenilworth?

Nay, verily, true nobleman that he was, he "kept that faith to the poor and exiled orphan which he had vowed in the days of *her* prosperity."

In 1275, with her mother's sanction, they were married by proxy. Yet it was almost a year before that mother's death left her free to repay the faithfulness of her lover. In 1276 she sailed with her brother, Almeric, to join her affianced husband in Wales. They had had a pleasant voyage, and were nearing the Scilly Islands. Almost home, thought maid Eleanor, as she began to look about if perchance the prince should be coming to meet her. Alas! it was not a Welsh boat, but an English vessel that intercepted them and bore Eleanor and her brother off prisoners to their cousin Edward.

It mattered not that her dark eyes flashed, that the spirit of her dead father

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burned within her, King Edward only smiled at her petty fury.

"We must needs submit to the necessities of war, fair cousin," said he, "and I fear thou must e'en rest content as my guest until that husband of thine bend his proud spirit to my terms."

The news of his bride's capture came to Llewellyn as he was on his way to meet her, and like a wounded lion he raged in his despair and sent an indignant demand for her release. King Edward's only answer was a claim for his homage. His offer of ransom was met in the same way. When Edward found nothing was to be gained from his high-spirited neighbor, he declared the land forfeited and led an army into Wales. Still this invasion might have shared the fate of many another, but that David, the brother of Llewellyn, was seduced by Edward to forget the cause of his country in revenge for some personal injury in the matter of his patrimony. Thus Llewellyn, beset by foreign foes and domestic treachery, his heart torn with anxiety and suspense for the fate of his bride, was at last induced to throw himself on the royal mercy.

Edward claimed only that the country as far as Conway should be given up to him, and that the title of "Prince of Wales" should cease at Llewellyn's death.

One more act of generosity remained to the king, or rather one of simple justice.

"Fair cousin, I would have you deck yourself in your best to meet a friend in our court to-day, and if you be not well provided consult with Queen Eleanor and receive her help."

"I have no friend in the English court," replied Eleanor proudly.

"Sayest thou so? Take care lest thy words come back to thee. Nay, maiden, nurse not thy wrath so long. I meant no harm to thee."

She noted the mirthful gleam of his eye, and his face looked kinder than usual, so she thought best to heed his injunction, and when in obedience to his summons she stood before him in the presence of his court he could not forbear an exclamation of admiration.

"Thou art wondrous fair," he said extending his hand, "and worthy to be wedded to my noblest ally."

With an indignant start Eleanor raised her flashing eyes and tried to withdraw her hand, but the king held it fast and placed it in that of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

The gray sea and the long, black land,
And the yellow half-moon large and low,
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane; the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

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KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Kenilworth, or as it has been sometimes written, Killingworth Castle, in Warwickshire, about midway between the towns of Warwick and Coventry, and within five miles of each, is one of the most magnificent ruins in England. The town of Kenilworth appears to have had its castle even in Saxon times, but no part of the present building was erected till after the beginning of the twelfth century, in the reign of Henry I.

Its founder was Geffrey de Clinton, said to have been a person of humble origin who raised himself to importance by the superiority of his talents.

In 1165, in the reign of Henry II. the castle seems to have come into the hands of the crown, but soon after the accession of King John it was restored to Henry de Clinton, the grandson of the founder.

When or how it again became the property of the crown does not appear; but in 1254 possession of it was granted for life, by Henry III. to Simon de Montford, who had that year married his sister Eleanor, the countess dowager of Pembroke, and whom he soon after created Earl of Leicester. This nobleman having some time after headed an insurrection of the barons, was slain at the battle of Evesham on August 4, 1265.

Henry, upon thus obtaining possession of Kenilworth, bestowed it upon his second son, Edmund, Earl of Derby, to which title was soon after added that of Earl of Leicester and Lancaster. On the attainder and execution of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, son of Edmund, in 1322, his castle of Kenilworth again reverted to the crown. In the latter part of the reign of Edward II. it returned to the family of Lancaster which also now obtained the superior title of duke; and it remained in their hands till it fell to John of Gaunt by his marriage with Blanch, the daughter and heiress of Duke Henry.

His son, Henry IV., brought it once more back to the crown, from which it was not again separated till Elizabeth, soon after her accession, conferred it on her favorite, Robert Dudley, the celebrated Earl of Leicester. From him it passed to his brother, and shortly after to Sir Robert Dudley, Leicester's son by the Lady Douglas Sheffield, to whom it has been generally believed he was married.

It was again confiscated in the commencement of the following reign. At this time, according to a survey which was made of it, the ground within the walls was found to consist of seven acres. The castle itself is described as built all of hewn freestone, the walls being from four to fifteen feet in thickness. The circuit of the entire manor was not less than nineteen or twenty miles. The magnificent pile had been reared by the labors of four centuries, almost every proprietor having added something to its extent, beauty, and grandeur. John of Gaunt, in particular, and Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had spared no expense to make it what it was acknowledged to be, the noblest mansion in England.

Mr. Britton, in his "Architectural Antiquities," has given a ground-plan of the building, from which a good idea may be formed of what it was in its prouder days. Every thing essential to it, either as a residence or a fortress, seems to have been contained within the ample sweep of its encompassing battlements. Its south, east, and west sides were surrounded by a broad belt of water which could also be carried round the north. Out-jutting towers of defense guarded it at every point. The interior comprehended two ample courts, named

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the upper and the lower wards, a large garden, and a tilt-yard, surrounded with splendid galleries for the accommodation of the spectators. At the end farthest removed from the chief building stood the stables. Near them was the water tower, and not far off another erection, probably used as the prison of the castle.

The inhabited part consisted of various suites of apartments, many of which seem to have been of the most superb description. The great hall, which was built by John of Gaunt, and the walls of which are still standing, was eighty-six feet in length by forty-five in width, and its walls are perforated by a series of lofty windows on each side, and spacious fireplaces have been formed at both ends. Another remarkable part of the ruin is a tall, dark-colored tower, near the center, supposed to have been built by Geffrey de Clinton, and to be the only portion now existing of his castle. One of the gate-houses, the work of the Earl of Leicester, is also still tolerably entire.

The noble moat, or lake, as it might more properly be called, in the midst of which it once stood, and which in former times used to be stored with fish and fowl, is now almost dried up; but over the crumbling walls the ivy and other clinging shrubs have clambered and hung, intermixing their evergreen beauty with the venerable tints of the moldering stonework, rendering it picturesque in the extreme.—*The Penny Magazine.*

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ruby's first thought on arriving at the cottage was to see if she could find out any thing further about the mysterious parcel, which naturally enough had greatly excited her girlish curiosity. She could not, however, discover any thing more than she had done from her talk with Bessie's mother. The impression of the whole family had been that it was a present from herself, and they could cast no light upon the matter. Ruby examined the string and brown paper of the parcel, which had been left lying about after the things it contained had been put away; but they were simply the most commonplace string and brown paper in the world, and Ruby tossed them down with a little petulant movement—the whole circumstance was utterly incomprehensible to her.

The parcel and every thing connected with it were soon, however, quite forgotten, when Ruby sat beside the dying girl, and looked into her face, moonlike in its sweet serenity. Bessie knew well enough that she was quickly gliding away out of this world, but she had firm hold of the eternal Hand, and she was not afraid.

The cottage formed a touching picture that winter evening, as cottage homes are wont to do under such circumstances. Propped up with pillows on a sort of bench with a high back, called in West-country houses a settle, lay the sick girl on one side of the fire; on the hearth stood the mother, by turns wiping away her tears with her apron and attending to the family supper; in a cradle, close to where Bessie lay with her bright, feverish, wakeful eyes which seemed to have no more earthly sleep left in them, slumbered her little sister, and smiled as some pretty baby dream flitted by. Near the door stood the father, a rough, weather-beaten laboring man, just come in from his work; how the hard, bronz-

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ed face quivered as his eyes turned eagerly, wistfully toward his dying child, and how much of the Christian hero was in the tone in which he whispered, "Thy will be done!"

Ruby sat silently by, and watched the whole scene, and her young heart took in its high and solemn teaching.

"O, Miss Ruby! I 'm glad you are come! I shall like to carry the remembrance of your face with me over to the other side," said Bessie, between her labored breathing. "I don't think that even when I am in the midst of the fullness of joy, gazing on the King in His beauty, the dear Lord himself would have me forget those whom I have loved on earth."

"I shall always remember you, Bessie," said Ruby, gently.

It was the first time she had ever sat by one who was dying, but, somehow, she was not at all frightened; on the contrary, a feeling of deep peace seemed to be with her. She thought of her own mother who was where Bessie was now going, and she said softly:

"Bessie, when you meet my mother in heaven, will you tell her about me?"

"Ay, that I will, Miss Ruby, dear, and tell her, too, of all your loving kindness to me; it will be sweet news for her, I 'm thinking."

"Tell her, O! tell her, Bessie," went on the girl, her voice trembling, as the rising tears made their way into her sweet eyes, "tell her, I love her, though I never saw her face; tell her, I strive so hard to be brave and true for God."

"Yes, I'll tell it all, Miss Ruby."

"Are you in pain, darling?" asked the father, now drawing nearer. "God knows, I wish I could bear it for you."

Bessie looked up with a smile as sweet as that of the sleeping child.

"Don't grieve, father, dear," she said. "He is making it all so light and easy for me, as light and easy as it used to be when I ran home from school, and I am going home now, too."

"But you were coming home, in those old days, to your mother and me, Bessie, and now you be leaving us."

"O, father, that's just the hard part of it, leaving you and mother; but you'll come after me, both of you, wont you? You'll try to live so that we shall all be in heaven together. And then think what a dear Lord and Friend I 'm going to; no one that has read His holy book can fear to go to be with Him."

"Ay, child, He is a Friend; your mother and I found Him one, sure enough, in the time of sickness and scarcity of work when you were born; your mother said, when she first looked upon your face, 'See John, God has sent an angel to help and comfort us in our trouble,' and an angel you have been to us ever since, my Bess."

"And father, mother," went on Bessie (they were both bending over her now, grasping each other's toil-worn hands the while), "bring up little Annie as you brought up me, to know the dear Lord who bought us, the Lord who took the little children in His arms, and she will be your joy and brightness as years go on; He, who is doing well I know for us all in taking me, though we can't see how yet, will make her His own child."

"It will be a rare long while before she takes your place, Bessie," sobbed the mother.

"And mind," began Bessie again, "you take care of my hymn-book for Annie, and the three little books I won as prizes at school; my Bible, that I should like Ben to have, if he would but prize and read it."

Ben was Bessie's only brother, and, strange to say, considering the honest, God-fearing family from which he came, one of the wildest lads in the parish. Ruby, who was especially fond of teaching boys, had coaxed him sometimes

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into the Sunday-school, and she and his sister had a certain good influence over him; but it was a power that often grew faint, and died altogether.

Bessie was silent after she had made her little will, looking in turns at Ruby and her father and mother. At first her face was very calm and bright, but gradually an uneasy expression came into it, and she began to cast restless glances toward the door. By-and-by she said:

"If only Ben would come; I am so afraid he won't be in time," and her breath began to come and go more heavily and slowly.

After that, there was a great stillness in the house, a stillness broken only by the sound of that same weary, labored breath, and the faint sighing of the wind at the window, and the ticking of the tall clock which had belonged to Bessie's grandmother, and had been ticking just the same when Bessie's mother was born. The father's lips were moving all the time and once a fragment of prayer broke from him, as if he could not hold it back:

"Help us, Lord, who died on Cavalry, help us in Thy mighty, everlasting love."

Once, too, the mother spoke, spoke beneath her breath in her husband's ear:

"John, I'm thinking that when any good thing comes to me I shall grieve and weary so to tell it her."

"Very like, Mary, the Lord in heaven will let her know it," he answered in the same soft tone.

And Bessie, too, once broke the silence to say:

"Mother, I had forgotten one thing, I should like you to have my warm shawl to wear on Sundays."

Those were the only words uttered for a long time in the cottage, and still the slow breath struggled on, and the wind sighed on, and the clock ticked on, but the brother did not come. Those wistful, shining eyes of Bessie watched ever the door, but the pale lips breathed no impatient sound. Ruby wanted to say something to comfort them all, but her young spirit could not find exactly the right words; and, besides, she knew that a better comfort was with each one of them. She pressed Bessie's hand from time to time, and the girl's face showed that she thanked her for her sympathy.

Hark! What was that sound? It was only the little child stirring in her cradle, and murmuring something in her lisping baby talk. The mother bent over her to soothe her.

"She is dreaming," she said, "and saying something about the angels."

"I have often heard Bessie telling her beautiful stories about them," answered the father in a whisper. "Mayhap, who knows, she can see them coming for her sister."

The minutes sped on, the trembling breath grew weaker; the sister's eyes grew piteous in the anguish of their long watch; would he, or death's mighty angel be there first?

"Could you not go out to look for him?" asked Ruby in a low tone, turning to the father.

"It's a chance where he may be, Miss Ruby, and, besides, I do set such store on every minute with her now."

At length there was a patter of quick feet on the frost-hardened road outside, and a ring of shrill, boyish laughter; an instant after a handsome, but resolute-faced lad of about fourteen burst into the cottage, calling out "Good-night" to some companion as he entered. Bessie raised herself, a great, joyful light flashed across her face, and her voice, which had been lately very low and weak, rang out sweetly as she cried,

"Ben, dear Ben!"

When the boy came in, eyes and lips were all dancing with mischievous smiles, but the moment his glance fell upon his sister a deep, sad, softening shadow fell

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upon his face. At first he stood still, as if half shy and abashed, as if he were on the threshold of some holy place which he feared to enter. But when she held out her arms toward him, and fixed upon him those earnest, pleading eyes, he drew nearer slowly, and knelt at her side, and her weak embrace clasped him closer.

"Ben, dear Ben," she whispered, with her head resting on his shoulder, "come and trust in Him. He is making me feel so safe and happy now."

Then there were some moments again of solemn stillness, broken only by great sobs from the boy; and all the while the breath came weaker and weaker. After that there was one long, quivering sigh, and Bessie had gone to join the waiting angels.

Ruby left the cottage with heart and mind all thrilling and stirring with the scene she had just witnessed. It was little wonder that it was so; she had never stood beside a death-bed before, and she who had just left earth for a brighter land, was but a year older than herself. Then Bessie had gone with such a radiant halo around her, there had been nothing in this death to fill with fear or even to startle those who had stood around her; she had been most evidently one who was leaving her friends below to go to a better Friend in another country. Ruby was more full of this last thought than any other as she bade the sorrowing family "good night," and a strong prayer went up within her that her departure from this world might be like Bessie's whenever it came, and that she might so live as to attain such a death.

But, like all the rest of us, Ruby found that the commonplace cares and claims of life still keep imperatively their hold upon us, even when we turn away from some sweet and solemn scene in which we have stood, perchance with some departing dear one, on the very threshold of eternity. She had glanced at the cottage clock on leaving the house, and had seen, to her surprise and uneasiness, that it was nearly a quarter past six; time had fled quicker than she had supposed, as she watched at Bessie's side. How should she ever get back to the Priory, and appear at dinner with her dress changed and her hair neatly arranged, as Miss Nancy esteemed it to be a most incumbent duty for her to do? She knew that even her friend Mr. Lindhurst would not stand by her on this point, for he was always very strict with both her and Ella about dressing for dinner; his old-fashioned creed on this subject with young ladies was inexorable.

In wild haste, therefore, Ruby sped along the piece of road which she had to traverse before she reached the gate of the Priory avenue; it was really only a short distance, but it seemed very long to her to-night. All at once a new feeling was added to her haste and uneasiness; it was a feeling of real, sudden, sharp terror. She had happened to glance back along the moonlit road, and it had seemed to her that she saw a tall, dark figure following her, lurking in the shadow of the hedge. Now Ruby was not in general timid in her walks; she was naturally a very brave girl, and she had always lived in quiet country neighborhoods, where ladies can go abroad alone without any thought of receiving the slightest insult or annoyance; this is the case throughout all the west of England, out of which she had not been since her earliest childhood. As Ella went out so seldom, Ruby was used to walking by herself, and she had often, lately, run home in the winter twilight without a notion of alarm.

This evening, however, Ruby was most undoubtedly and decidedly frightened. Perhaps her nerves had been rendered a little unsteady by the scene she had just left; but to say the truth, there was some

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thing singular in the way in which this figure seemed to be following her.

Along the road she hurried in her fear, her feet moving every instant quicker and quicker, her feeling of vague dread growing stronger and stronger. It was an undefined terror, but that made it all the worse. The wind came rushing past her with a long, dreary wail; the leafless branches of the trees rattled beneath its rough touch, and creaked and bent as though they were things in pain. Great black clouds were flung hither and thither across the sky, now and then hiding, for a few moments, the face of the moon, so that a deep shadow lay upon everything around.

There was nothing very reassuring in all this for poor Ruby, and most heartily did she wish that some one would pass by that way, for she felt as if any substantial human presence, whomsoever it might be, would just now be most pleasant and desirable companionship. But the Bryants' cottage was much nearer to the Priory than any other house in the village. There were not many dwellings in the parish of either farmer or laborer lying in this direction, so that few people were generally found in this road after dusk.

Every now and then as she went Ruby glanced over her shoulder with a quick, anxious movement, not, however, in the least diminishing her speed as she did so. The fact was, she would, in her heart, have far preferred not to have looked that way at all, but an irresistible fascination seemed to compel her to turn her eyes toward the object of her dread.

There it was still whenever she looked. Now lingering in the shadow of the high hedge, and appearing, seen from the distance at which she was, like nothing but a dark, shapeless something; now gliding out for a brief space into the moonlight, when it stood out evidently enough a tall, black form. The person, whoever it might be was plainly following and watching Ruby; for the figure kept at exactly the same distance from her, as if it wanted to keep her in view without overtaking her.

What could possibly induce any one to take such an extraordinary line of conduct toward her? she asked herself wonderingly and hurriedly, as she flew along, and her entire inability to answer the question only increased her fear. Such a thing had never happened to her before in all her many solitary walks. What should make it happen now?

At length the welcome trees of the Priory avenue came in view. Poor Ruby hailed them with a delight such as she had never experienced at their sight before. The wind was playing rude, unkind tricks with Ella's fur cloak which she wore, and doing its hardy best to keep her back, and take away her breath, and impede her swift progress; but she heeded it no more than if it had been a summer breeze. She hastened on, and a minute after, to her great joy, she had turned into the gate of the Priory.

When she had gone a little distance up the avenue, without slackening her pace, she ventured to make a slight pause, and to look back once more, the idea that she was near the house giving her a feeling of partial security. To her inexpressible relief she saw that the figure had not turned into the gate after her. She could no longer perceive any thing of it following her. She stayed for a few moments to see if the dreaded form would pass across the broad patch of moonlight just outside the gate; but it did not appear, and she hurried on again. She felt as if she longed to have more light around her, and familiar faces and voices.

The door of the house was reached at last, and, with a glad cry, she found herself standing within its friendly shelter.

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Her joy was, however, somewhat short lived. What should first meet the eyes of poor Ruby, dazzled by the brightness of the lamp in the hall, when she had just entered from the pale, silvery radiance of the moonbeams, but Mr. Lyndhurst, leading, as was his wont, in state on his arm, his ward, Ella Ringwood, arrayed in a delicate white evening dress, into dinner, and followed by Nancy in grim majesty, robed in stiff black silk, and crowned by a wondrous cap of awful proportions. There stood Ruby, her face as brilliantly red as her name, what with her late fright and brisk exercise in the frosty air, and the awkward embarrassment she felt at the unlucky meeting for she had half hoped to slip upstairs unnoticed; there stood Ruby confronting the whole party and feeling terribly uncomfortable, as she glanced at her outdoor costume all disordered by the wind and hurried walk, and then at the faultless evening dresses of the other two ladies. She saw that Miss Nancy looked as stern as the frost that stiffened the trees and hedge-rows, and that Ella was half tittering; then she glanced timidly at the old gentleman, but did not gain much comfort from his face. Then she made up her mind that she would speak some grand, defiant words, but before she could well decide what they should be, she found that she had given way ignominiously and had burst into tears. Why she did it she could not have told herself; probably she was half worn out with fear and excitement. Ruby was still in some things little more than a child, and she had gone through a good deal that evening, with the watch at Bessie's side and the sudden terror she had experienced on her way home.

"Ruby Stanton, you must be losing your senses," began Miss Nancy, staring at her as though she had been some newly discovered foreign animal; "first you stay out in the most unladylike and unwarrantable manner, and then you come in and behave in this silly, affected way."

"O, please forgive me," sobbed poor Ruby; I have been with Bessie Bryant —that was what kept me; she is dead, and perhaps that's what it is makes me cry."

"To think of making all this piece of work because a laborer's daughter is dead," cried Miss Nancy scornfully, the camelias on the topmost summit of her cap quivering with indignation; "don't the daughters of kings and queens die too, I should like to know?" and Miss Nancy gave a triumphant sniff, as though she thought this latter fact ought to be most superabundant consolation for any ordinary mortal in their affliction.

"Ruby, dear, has any thing happened to you?" asked Ella, leaving her guardian's arm and going and putting her arm around Ruby's waist.

Her good nature had soon overcome her first mischievous amusement at Ruby's discomfited appearance and her lazy sympathies were now roused into real concern for her friend.

"My dear Ella," began Miss Nancy, reprovingly, "you surely can't mean to encourage Ruby in the unladylike, ridiculous way she goes on, visiting among the common people, and making them think themselves as good as the classes above them, with all the foolish, sentimental interest she takes in them, and putting all sorts of strange, unsuitable ideas into their heads."

"I don't know, I'm sure, about ideas or any thing else," answered Miss Ringwood coolly, "but I'm sorry for my little Ruby."

"Quite right, Ella," said Mr. Lindhurst, coming forward and speaking for the first time since Ruby entered; his face had been gradually thawing as he watched the group of the two girls.

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"Nancy, I won't have Ruby harassed and worried when she is overdone and over-excited, as I see she is to-night. Ruby, child," he added, turning to her, "I should not like you to make a practice of staying out in this way, but I don't think you will, as you know I object to it; it was not wrong for once, as that poor girl was dying."

"O, no, I will never do it again," cried Ruby, brightening up at his kindness through her tears. "I should not have behaved in this silly way, guardian, if it had not been that some one followed me and frightened me as I came home."

"Some one followed you and frightened you?" repeated Mr. Lindhurst, in great surprise.

"Yes, a tall, dark figure; I could see no more than that in the moonlight."

"O, how strange!" cried Ella.

"Nonsense," sniffed Miss Nancy, "your over-strained fancy must just have imagined it."

"The old gentleman stood in thought for a few moments, then he said—

"Well, yes, I think, Ruby, you must have magnified some very commonplace person into a mystery; how is it possible any one would have been following you, child? But run up and take off your things, and come down to dinner; the soup is cooling all this time."

He spoke shortly and crossly, and as if he was tired suddenly of the matter; Ruby supposed he was, and ran meekly upstairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FROG KING.

In the old days of enchantment there once lived a king. All his daughters were beautiful, but the youngest was so lovely that even the sun himself, though he had seen her so often, wondered afresh at her beauty every time he shone in her face.

Near to the king's palace lay a great, dark forest, and in the forest, under an old linden, was a fountain. When the days were hot and sultry, the young princess would go into the forest and seat herself on the edge of the cool fountain; then she would take from her pocket a golden ball and amuse herself by throwing it into the air and catching it again. This was her favorite pastime.

Now it happened one day that the golden ball slipped from her hand and rolled into the water. The princess followed it with her eyes as long as she could, but the ball soon disappeared, and the water was so deep that no one could see the bottom. Then she began to weep, and wept louder and louder, and would not be comforted; and as she wept a voice called out, "What is the matter, O, princess? You cry so bitterly that even the stones would pity you."

She turned to see from whence the voice came, and perceived a frog stretching his head out of the water.

"O, so it is you, old splasher!" said she. "I weep for my golden ball, which has fallen into the water."

"Don't cry," said the frog, "I can help you; but what will you give me if I bring back your beautiful plaything?"

"I will give you any thing you want, dear frog," said the princess; "my costly dresses, my pearls and precious stones, and even the golden crown which I wear."

The frog answered, "For your clothes, your pearls and precious stones, and your golden crown, I care not, but if you will love me and make me your playmate, and let me sit near you at the table, and

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from your golden plate and drink from your own goblet—if you will promise me all this, I will dive down and bring back your golden ball."

"O, yes," said the princess; "I promise you all that you ask if you will only bring back my ball." She thought, however, "How absurdly the frog talks! He sits in the water by his mates and croaks, but he can never be a playmate for me."

The frog sank under the water, but soon appeared with the ball in his mouth and threw it on the grass.

The princess was full of joy when she saw again her loved plaything, and hastily picking it up, she sped away to the palace.

"Wait! Wait!" cried the frog, "take me with you. I can not run so fast as you," and he began to croak as loud as he could. But it was all of no use, for the princess did not hear him, and, by the time she had reached home, the poor frog was quite forgotten.

The next day when the princess was sitting at the table with the king and all the courtiers, something came plitch, platch, plitch, platch, hopping up the marble steps, and, when it had reached the top, there was a knock on the door, and a voice cried, "Youngest of the king's daughters, open the door to me!" She ran to see who was there, and when she opened the door there sat the frog! The princess hastily shut the door, and, very much frightened, took her seat again at the table. The king soon noticed her fright and said, "My child, what has terrified you so? Was there a giant at the door ready to seize you?"

"Ah, no," she answered; "it is no giant, but an ugly frog."

"And what does the frog want?" asked the king.

"Ah, dear father," replied the princess, "yesterday when I was sitting by the fountain in the forest playing with my golden ball, it fell into the water; and while I was weeping for it, the frog brought it back to me. Then he made me promise that he should become my playmate; but I did not think he could get out of the water, and now he is here and demands to come in with me."

Again the frog knocked and cried, "Youngest of the king's daughters, open the door. Don't you remember what you promised me yesterday by the cool fountain?"

Then the king said, "What you have promised you must certainly perform. Go, now, and open the door."

The princess obeyed, and the frog hopped into the room, keeping close to her feet till she reached her chair; then he sprang upon the chair and from thence to the table, and said:

"Now, give me some food from your golden plate."

The princess pushed her plate toward him, and when he had helped himself to the food he said:

"Now I have eaten enough and am tired; carry me up to your chamber and I will rest on your soft silk bed."

The princess began to cry, for she did not like to think of the frog sleeping in her beautiful, dainty bed. The king seeing this, said:

"Do not cry, my child, but remember how kind the frog has been to you and show your gratitude by doing as he wishes you."

Then the princess dried her eyes and went kindly to the frog, and just as she was going to take him in her hand he sprang to the floor, and there was no longer a frog, but a prince with beautiful, gentle eyes. He soon explained that he had been enchanted by a wicked witch, and condemned to live in the fountain, and until the beautiful princess came, no one had been able to deliver him. "And to-morrow," said he, "you shall go with me to my kingdom."

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The next morning as the sun rose there came to the palace a chariot drawn by eight white horses in golden harness, with long, white plumes waving from their heads. Behind them stood the servants of the young prince who was soon to be made king.

There was a grand wedding and great rejoicing as the prince carried home his beautiful bride. As long as he lived he was called the "Frog King," because he had once been a frog; and as beautiful sons and daughters grew up around the queen, she told them the story of the Enchanted Prince, and taught them never to despise or look with contempt upon those, however humble, who had helped them in their need.

A STRANGE COUNTRY.

. . . WHAT are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—*Macbeth.*

One who is born and bred in a quiet, country town usually gets strange ideas of that mysterious region beyond the circle of his native hills which is called the world. He hears homesick letters from uncles and older brothers, and thinks it a cold world; he studies geography, and his eyes grow large with wonder as he tries to explain to his little sister that this is a large world; he reads the newspapers and concludes that it must be a wicked world; but in my own case one idea absorbed all the others. The blue letters of my distressed kindred, the interminable circles and semi-circles of geography, the social evils and political crime of the daily paper all grew dim before the hectic flush of poetic romance and romantic poem, and it came to be settled in my mind as an unquestioned fact that the regions beyond my native hills were a very strange world. For some time I was like a young robin, which peers curiously and anxiously over the edge of his nest—hops and peers, longs and hesitates —finally settles back into the snug, safe home, saying to himself, "If ever I do get so I can fly, I'll find out what's on the other side of that spruce tree."

Finally the time came for my first flight. We rode away into the dusk of the morning. There was a choking in my throat (perhaps I had overheated myself the day before in packing and taken cold); there was a strange sinking feeling about the region of my heart (probably due to the fact that I had risen very early with no appetite for breakfast); my father would leave me at the station, and I was about to wander out into that mysterious unknown—that strange world outside. But, after all, that strange world was like the mirage of the desert. I couldn't find it. The academy was our village high school enlarged and improved. College was an academy grown older. Men and places had their local peculiarities, but nothing startling. Even the ocean, which in geography stretched from pole to pole, when viewed from the shore, was only a few miles in extent. I trod the deck of a deep-water steamer, and, like the traditional secretary of the navy on his first inspection of a man-of-war, I was surprised to discover that "the thing was hollow." It was, in fact, very much like a crowded hotel. Yet no alchemist ever had stronger faith or more perseverance in searching for the philosopher's stone. The strange world was somewhere, and I determined to find it.

With Scott's tales for warp and Dickens's queer people for woof, I had woven a kind of mental tapestry containing

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an imaginary picture of England. But alas! Liverpool was not unlike New York. "Liverpool is a town of modern growth," I said; "I must seek some ancient place." So I started for Kenilworth. I had read books of travel; I remembered Joseph Cook's "Night on the Acropolis," and had high ideas of the way a traveler ought to feel when visiting historic spots. It was a little cooling to my imagination to see part of the old wall utilized in forming a sheep-fold; but I climbed on the ivy-covered towers and wandered about trying to conjure up the scenes of the past. My soul broke away (or I pushed it away) from the commonplace realities of the present. The bleat of the sheep was the sound of the war-trumpet; the white geese were distressed damsels; the ivy climbing the half-fallen wall was the scaling ladder of the enemy; and—I turned the corner and stood face to face with a young man and a young lady. The man was not clad in helmet and mail, but in plug hat and "cork-screw." He was not kneeling at his mistress's feet, like a respectable knight of yore, but had his arm around the lady's waist, after the degenerate fashion of the vulgar present. "This strange world is not England," I said, and crossed the channel.

I was still doomed to disappointment. The people on the Continent spoke in a strange tongue; yet they were men and women, very much like those of my native village. Still I did not despair. Patience and perseverance will work wonders, and mine were at last rewarded. At length the brown hills of Asia rose before me. On a warm August afternoon, our steamer glides into the generous harbor of Smyrna.

Smyrna is not purely oriental in outside appearance. A French company has built a long stone embankment next the water, for the landing of merchandise; and back of this is a "boulevard," along which runs a horse railway. One meets many Europeans in the city who are residents there, and also many natives who are adopting European dress and manners; but at the time of my first visit, Smyrna was full of very queer people, refugees, as they were called, who had been driven from their homes in the interior of Turkey by a hostile army. The costumes of that motley crowd would make the fortune of American tailors and milliners who were trying to fit out a company for a masquerade. I do not wish, however, to convey the impression that those people were attractive. Women with their faces modestly veiled to shield them from the unholy gaze of man, sounds well in books, but often the veil was a thick, dirty towel, neither comfortable nor ornamental. Old Turks marched (or waddled) around with high turbans, and large belts stuck full of old knives and flint-lock pistols. Men often got to quarreling and smote their hands together with insane wrath, but never came to blows of a more offensive character. I saw one draw a knife, but contrary to the American custom, he put it back again without attempting to injure his opponent. Off to one side I beheld a saw-mill. A log was propped up on two blocks; a man stood on the top of it, sawing it up into boards. My heart ached to do him a kindness, to teach him a better way, to say to him, "My friend, would it not be better to move that log into the shade, or wear a wide-rimmed hat?"

Little donkeys went pattering by with saddles almost as large as the donkeys, and riders who seemed still larger; there were loads of long plank, not on a civilized, Christian cart, but having one end fastened to the pack-saddle of a horse, while the other end dragged on the ground; a large cargo of coal was being transported up into the city in wicker

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baskets, borne on the backs of men. All this could be seen from the deck of the steamer; but stranger yet was what occurred at the landing-place, where every passenger was obliged to show his passport. Among the Turks are a few negroes, who are treated as equals, if they only embrace the Mohamedan faith, and the officer who examined our passports happened to be one of these negroes, while his subordinates were all white men. One of the latter was not prompt enough in obedience to some order of his superior, and got his ears soundly boxed. Was it possible? Could there be a world where a negro boxes the ears of a white man? I rubbed my eyes, it was real. There stood the angry son of Ham and the dejected descendant of his lighter-skinned brother. Truly I was in a strange country.

A little later came a new feature of the country; new to me, yet older than history. A long train of camels with a turbaned driver came down to the shore. Their heads seemed elevated above all knowledge of their surroundings. They moved like automatons, not like living things. I had given up ever feeling a real historic sensation, such as travelers describe, but I felt one then. There before me was the real genuine camel, not the broken down menial of an American showman, but the camel at home, the hero of the "Arabian Nights," the servant of Abraham, the companion of Noah, the patriarch of the East. His every motion spoke of antiquity. He was not a living thing, but a ghost, or rather a wandering Jew, forced to live and *travel*, but unable to mingle in the current of modern life. Other things around seemed in harmony with this fancy. The beggars, with their frightfully distorted limbs and sightless eyes were like beings of another world, or enchanted men under the influence of malignant genii, like the heroes in the time of Haroun al Raschid. I was recalled back to life, however, by a boy who offered, in five different languages, to black my boots, including some very profane English caught from the sailors.

About sunset I returned to the steamer, and soon heard from the nearest minaret, "Allah Acbar," the Muezzin, or Mahomedan call to prayer. And, as I retired to my hot, narrow bed, I murmured, softly, "Yes, Allah is great. It is a large, strange world, after all."

DRESS AND CLOTHES IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

The writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries bitterly complain of the extravagance and luxury of dresses and fashions at that period. As this has at all times afforded matter of satire and animadversion, such censures would not demand particular attention were their justice not established by particular statements. Matthew Paris states that at the marriage of the eldest daughter of Henry III. with Alexander III. of Scotland, in 1251, the king of England was attended on the day of the ceremonial by a thousand knights uniformly dressed in silk robes, and the next day the same knights appeared in new dresses, no less splendid and in a following reign it is stated that Sir John Arundle had no fewer than fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold. This costly material is scarcely now an article of European consumption, though in considerable use in the East. The modern cynic thus finds somewhat to censure in our ancestors.

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REMBRANDT.

Each school of painting has its distinguishing features; with one, it may be the perfection of form; with another the charm and depth of coloring; with another, the force and beauty of expression; or with still another it may be the mysteries of light and shade.

The southern school arose in Italy not long after the close of the Dark Ages, whose gloom and ignorance some of you, perhaps, are now studying, and with its burst of glorious color it made full sunshine of a new day of art and learning. Sunny Italy of sapphire skies, with her poetry-haunted atmosphere, her vineyards and groves of citron and olive, was the fitting mother of this new school of art, full of vigor, yet warm with beautiful imaginings.

But the Flemish school, like the land that gave it birth, was colder, less imaginative, more rigid in its laws, yet, like the German character, brave and unconquered by difficulties.

Two of the great lights of the Northern school were Rubens and Rembrandt. The life of Peter Paul Rubens, from its beginning to its close, was like a triumphant march, brilliant with cloth-of-gold and floating pennons, and rich with the sunshine of royal favor. He visited and studied in that southern school of which Raphael, Corregio, and Titian were masters, so that, dipping his brush in Italian sunsets, he united in his style the excellencies of both schools. His character was as finely rounded as his colors were soft and glowing; if, as some writer has said, "every poet ought himself to be a true poem," so it should be that every artist ought himself to be a noble picture. This, Rubens was, for he was both great and good.

And now I want to tell you something of another great master of the northern school, very unlike Peter Paul Rubens in his character and in the style of his art. His name was Paul Gerrity Rembrandt. He was born in the year 1606 on the banks of the Rhine—not where it flows swiftly between vine-clad hills and castle-crowned crags, but down near the river's mouth in the lowlands of Holland, where the sea claims the country as its own, and the sturdy Hollanders have for centuries fought for every foot of land.

His father, old Herman Gerrity, a prosperous miller, was ambitious that little Paul should rise higher in the world than he had done; and doubtless many a day, as he handled the heavy bags of grain, the noise of the great wheels sounding in his ears, his mind was busy with proud fancies of the day when his son should fill one of the learned professions, and become a famous doctor or lawyer in the old city of Leyden, near which they lived. In accordance with these hopes, the boy Paul was put to studying Greek and Latin, the foundation of a profession.

Now, it is a well-known fact that the practical fathers of many of our great poets and artists have endeavored to put genius into a straight-jacket by compelling their gifted sons to smother all fancy between the leaves of heavy law-books; but just so often have they rebelled; for genius, like the current of a river, will find for itself a way. Thus old Herman soon found that his son did nothing at his classical studies, but spent the most of his time dabbling in colors. With true Dutch energy, he at once took him to Amsterdam, where Paul was placed under the training of an artist, one Jacob Van Zwanenburg. In Amsterdam he remained for several years, studying under three different masters.

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Amsterdam is a very old city, unlike any cities with which we are familiar in this country. It is situated in the western part of Holland, where the sea runs into the land an angry elbow called the Zuyder Zee. The houses are built on piles driven into the soft, marshy ground, and are five and six stories high, with steep, sharp-pointed roofs, the gable ends of which face the street. The streets are narrow, and run in curved lines parallel with the wall which surrounds the city, while in the center of each street is a canal bordered with trees; up and down these canals slow, heavy boats of merchandise ply their trades and make the commerce of the city.

Here in the cold and fog of this sea-city, under what seem to us most uncongenial skies, the young Rambrandt steadily advanced in the study of his art, now become the idol of his heart. During his life in Amsterdam he had been laying up in his mind material, which in the future his genius was to shape with surprising power. In his twentieth year he returned to his father's house, there to continue the practice of his art. But the thrifty Dutch home was no place for such strange tools as easel, palette, and brush, and sent the young artist to explore the old mill for some spot he might call his own, where he might labor undisturbed.

Perhaps never before or since did genius find so odd a workshop as the Rembrandt studio in the attic room of the tall Holland mill. The light came in only through one small window; an occasional craning in roof or wall allowed a long, dusky ray of sunshine to shoot athwart the cob-webbed gloom of some one of the dark corners. Here he began his life-work, and while he steadfastly loved art, and possessed that wonderful creative faculty which we call genius, which led him to the accomplishment of marvelous effects in painting, yet he had not that grace and delicacy of imagination which have so often peopled the canvas with forms and hues of beauty. Nature, not imagination, was his mistress; so he worked with his eyes earthward not heavenward.

The wierd duskiness of the old mill chamber began to have a strange fascination for young Rembrandt, as he sat hour after hour at his canvas, his back to the dim window, his eyes wandering ever and anon from his easel to the distant corners where the shadows seemed to pile themselves in dense masses; his mind became filled with the mysterious charm of their gloom, and from them he began to make his studies of light and shade, thus laying the foundation of that peculiar style for which he is so well known, and which the very mention of his name suggests.

After four years of life at home, during which time his fame had spread with the sale of his pictures, he removed to Amsterdam, and there opened a studio to which pupils soon flocked from all parts of northern Europe. His pictures at this time commanded immense prices, and honors began to flow in upon him; princely doors were thrown open to him, his society was courted by the rich, and the great, and the learned. He might have risen, as did Rubens, into that higher atmosphere of refined culture for which the courts of Europe were noted in his day; but he found nothing congenial in it; his social tastes were low, and he was ill at ease in the brilliant *salon* and the company of polished intellects.

Refusing to make of himself a noble picture, he formed no friendships in that sphere, and turning his back upon it, found more congenial companionship at the ale-houses of Amsterdam; and as he chose to gather the subjects for his pictures from the world about him, rather than from the children of his fancy, his human figures are heavy, coarse, and awk-

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ward, such as one might expect to find in the beer-cellars of Holland. So that it is his unapproachable preëminence in the handling of light and shade which makes him one of the greatest masters of the Flemish school.

You are all familiar with the strange shadows cast in a dark room on entering it with a lighted candle; the darkness before you seems the denser for having been driven backward before the advancing light; and if you stand still, looking steadily into the obscurity, you know how the objects hidden there will gradually grow distinct in form and outline, while the light on your own face is one of strongly marked shading. Now it is just these effects which Rembrandt so delighted in bringing out upon his canvas, the secret of which was learned in his old mill attic; you may look into his pictures, as into a dim chamber, and see at first nothing perhaps but a low light in the foreground.

One of his pictures of an ale-cellar, has in the foreground a group of men about a table, on which is a flaring candle; they are intent upon a game of cards; some of them are leaning over on their elbows holding the cards close to the light that they make no wrong choice for the next play. They wear the low, broad-brimmed Dutch hat partially shading their faces, while the close light throws over their features strong, dark lines of shade; at first nothing else is discernible in the picture; the candle seems almost to flicker, so perfect is the illusion of the light and shadow; but, as your eyes become accustomed to the gloom, slowly there dawns upon your vision indistinct forms from out the deep shadows, and you see ranged round the walls in the background the enormous beer-casks.

I once saw in an art-gallery one of Rembrandt's gloomiest pictures hanging side by side with a fine copy of one of Guido's loveliest. Guido was one of that fair Italian school, and his picture was his celebrated one of Aurora opening the Gate of Day, where, in her chariot, attended by the Hours, flying nymphs scattering opening flowers in her pathway; the beautiful goddess is represented as driving through the golden portals of the Dawn amid rolling clouds of amber light, while the whole picture glows with rosy hues of morning. A greater contrast in art could not have been arranged than these two works presented—the one wrapped in murky darkness, the other breathing music like the south, and alive with the tints of the opal.

A curious story is told of the artist's well-known avariciousness: wishing to rid himself of a number of partly-finished pictures—to him mere lumber of his studio—and knowing a dead artist's works command higher prices than those of a living one, he had the report of his death circulated far and wide. His widow went into mourning; he chose for his living tomb a high back-room of his tall, Amsterdam house, where he worked on with no thought of dying. His plan was a success. For the few days that his body was supposed to be awaiting burial, the house was besieged by applicants who wished to secure some work of the artist's hand in etching, sketches, or oil, before public sale should be made of the same. Having thus well-cleared his work-rooms of refuse material, he announced himself as returned from the land of ghosts, and ready for new labors. I can not vouch for the truth of the tale, but that the painter's greed of gain should make it appear probable, proves that even the great sons of genius can be capable of great weakness.

Rembrandt's masterpiece remains in Amsterdam. Some of his works are in the British National Gallery, some in Berlin, others in St. Petersburg, while Queen Victoria owns several of his best.

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Like the other great masters of painting, he sometimes chose his subjects from scripture history, but not even divinity itself could animate his pencil to forms of grace, and his human figures remained to the last grotesque, badly formed, and often impossible specimens of flesh and blood, while the glory of his style rested solely in the richness and depth of his shadows, and the glow and tone of his light.

Now, as the long, winter nights are drawing near, when in the gloaming, that dream-hour of the twilight, between nightfall and lamplight, you sit before a dancing fire, making pictures in its embers of knights in armor, noble ladies, and dissolving palaces; or weaving happy visions of the great future you mean to live at some not-far-distant day; steal your thoughts from these things, and looking about you, watch the fire-glow burnishing the picture-frames to gold, gilding the book-shelves yonder with tongues of flame, softening and deepening the shadows about the room, and laying them in mantles of grace over the meanest of objects, brightening your own face as the human spot in the picture—highest and best of all—and you will have a living Rembrandt study, and yourself in the midst of it!

WOMEN HERE AND THERE.

"Woman owes much to Christianity." This is a remark both trite and true. But how true it is, and how great the debt, few in this favored land have realized or can, and fewer still, perhaps, have ever thought of the reasons of this indebtedness. The fact is, woman does owe to Christ the blessings she enjoys and the position she occupies in this and other Christian countries. The work and teachings of Christ have elevated and blessed her wherever that work has been made known and those teachings have been received. He has, indeed, "done great things" for man, but Christ has lifted woman from a lower degradation and has freed her from a bondage more severe and a slavery more hopeless than than ever man endured. From this "deeper depth," He has brought her up and granted her, equally with man, the blessings of this life and of that which is to come.

The proofs of this, if proof be asked, are varied and abundant. It will, however, be sufficient for our purpose simply to note the contrast in the condition of woman in Christian and non-Christian countries.

The contrast here is very strong. One of the most marked differences between the nations of the earth, and that which usually strikes the traveler as the most obvious, is found in the character, position, and influence of woman. Not only so, but the condition of woman—intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual—is an excellent and accurate test of the kind and degree of Christianity prevalent in a land. Illustration of this could be found almost without limit. Out of many, two examples will be given; two with which the writer happens to be somewhat familiar:

Among the Mohamedans of the Turkish Empire until very recently no woman was ever taught, indeed it was considered doubtful whether she could learn, or even whether she had a soul at all! and when immortality was granted, the highest prospect of bliss held out before her in the other world was the possibility of being turned into a man.

In that country every one can have

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four wives, who can be "put away" at the husband's option; the number of wives is usually determined by the rank and wealth of the man, and the size of the harem is often in fact a sort of social barometer, by which a man's position in society is judged. The Sultan, however, is allowed to have just as many as he pleases, and is expected, if not required, to add one at least to his household annually, upon every birthday.

But no Mohamedan woman is allowed to show her face (unveiled) upon the street, or to hold communication of any kind with any man save a blood relative of near kin, or even to jest with her own husband or father. And to-day no greater insult can be offered to a Turkish gentleman than to ask after his wife—or wives! Woman's condition among the followers of the False Prophet can easily be imagined, or rather it can not be even imagined.

The other instance is modern Greece, the kingdom of Greece or "free Greece" as the Greeks love to call it. This is a nominal Christian country, where all the inhabitants are members of the "Eastern" or Greek Church, and where education is largely diffused. In the kingdom, there is a complete system of public instruction, with "Lancasterian" and "Hellenic" schools every where; "Gymnasia" in the larger towns and cities, and the University at Athens. And it is claimed that the percentage of those unable to read and write is quite as small as any where in Europe or the United States. Yet here, even in Athens, now as of old "the eye of Greece," women are not regarded as equals and companions of men; every where the unmarried have little or no freedom—no real voice in the question of marriage; the whole matter of betrothal is often a mere business arrangement entered into between the parents or other friends of the parties, proposals being made and rejected equally by either side, and the result being determined largely by the occupation and standing of the bridegroom that is to be, and especially by the amount of *dowery*, to be paid by the bride on the wedding-day. I knew a young Greek of Athens, but educated at Malta, who refused a number of eligible, if not tempting offers, and at last married, "for love," a young Swiss lady.

Out of the cities, among the peasants, in Greece, the women are in thorough and complete subjection; they do the work both in and out of doors, and are literally "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," the "lords of creation" meantime being shepherds, soldiers, merchants, sailors, or politicians—gentlemen of leisure, who spend their time in the coffee-shops or market-places in nothing else but either to "tell or to hear some new thing."*

A Greek friend who had spent some years in America, and who had carried back with him a good many Western ideas, went on a visit several years ago to his own people in the southern part of Greece. The port where he landed was several miles from the town, and for that part of the journey his "muleteer" happened to be an elderly woman. For a while he rode and she walked, trudging along in the mud and over the rocks, but presently he could stand it no longer, and so stopped, dismounted, and insisted that she, as a woman, and the older of the two, should ride and let him walk. But she was annoyed, almost horrified, and would none of it, saying that such a thing was never heard of in her country as a woman's being preferred to a man, and above all a man who had graduated at the university and had visited the United States.

*In modern Greek the wife's name is always the genitive of the husband's, indicating possession, property, etc., with the prefix Kuria (Mrs or Miss), *e. g.* the wife of Zapherius is Kuria Zapheriou; of Xanthos, Kuria Xanthou, etc.

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And another friend, traveling in the Peleponesus, but two or three years ago, toward evening met a family returning from their work in the field; first came the father of the family, jogging along on the back of a little donkey, which is just tall enough to keep his feet off the ground, while the tassel of his red fez bobs gaily in the evening breeze. He smiles and says, "a good hour," to the strangers as he passes. But drearily and slowly follows in the rear the mother on foot. She is carrying a child of two years old in her arms while on her back she has strapped a bundle of fagots with which to cook her evening meal. On top of this bundle stands a three-and-a-half-year-old boy, holding on with might and main to his mother's shoulders. But this is not all yet, for hanging down and a little to one side is a curious looking bundle hung from a strap over her shoulders. This is no less than a portable cradle with the baby, six months old, in it! And this is a professedly Christian land, but where the Bible is but little known and read among the common people.

Similar instances, or much worse, in heathen lands, could be multiplied indefinitely. But there is no need.

It is a fact, then, that in Christian countries, and among a people who generally read God's word and receive Christ's teachings, and only there, does woman attain her rightful station, exhibit her true character, and exert her proper influence. Her present exalted position, with all the blessings of this life which she enjoys in this and other Christian lands, as well as the riches of the inheritance above, *all she owes to Christ.*

A CITY IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

At Quito, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock the year round. Your clock may break down, your watch get cranky, but the sun never makes a mistake here. When it disappears from sight for the night it is six o'clock, and you can set your watch accordingly. In one part of the city it is the summer season and in the other part it is winter.

The present dwellings in Quito, in architecture, have degenerated and fallen far short of that old, gigantic race of Indians, who with the Incas of Peru, joined their cities by massive and grandly constructed highways. There still exist vacant remains of colossal buildings on this roadway, of palaces and fortress with walls so finely cut and closely joined together that between these massive stone blocks there is not space sufficient to insert the edge of the thinnest paper. In one old royal palace of the Incas, gold or silver was used for cement.

If the journey is long and difficult to reach this old Spanish town, there is much to compensate one's troubles in its interesting structure. It is ten thousand feet above the sea, and contains some sixty thousand dwellings. This ancient city dates far back in the dark ages when the "memory of man goeth not to the contrary." When you realize that every thing of modern invention found here has been brought a six days' journey through difficult mountain passes, on mules' backs, then you understand how highly luxuries are appreciated. In this way, all the supplies from the outer world and all their exports are carried. There are in Quito scores of beautiful pianos, brought by ships to Guayaquil, that have been carried on Indians' backs three hundred miles over the mountains.

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READING CLUB.

Books for the Month:

Through the Reign of Edward I.,
in English History.

Tales of a Grandfather,
through Chapter VIII.

The Sea-Kings of the Mediterranean,
By Rev. Geo. Tyler Townsend, M.A.

Contemporary Sovereigns.

Scotland.	Norway and Denmark.	France.
Alexander III.	Eric VII.	Philippe III.
Margaret.	Eric VIII.	Philippe IV.
Baliol.		

There is one melancholy little link of history that connects three countries during the earlier part of this period, and greatly excites our sympathies. It is the little Maid of Norway, Margaret, granddaughter and heiress of Alexander III., of Scotland, betrothed to the son of King Edward, of England, and having her first home in Norway, over which country and Denmark her parents ruled.

There is something pitiful in the thought that such a burden of interest rested on that one poor little life, and it is still more distressing to remember how much real trouble and sorrow and sin came, in consequence of her early death.

Those of you who have read the history carefully for each month, with the side-lights thrown on it by Scottish Chiefs of last month's reading and the historical sketch of this number, will no doubt have formed an opinion for yourselves of the character of Edward I. But you must be careful not to let your interest in the Scotch and Welsh heroes prejudice you too strongly against him, for he was one of England's wisest and best kings and possessed many noble and generous qualities, though like a great many others he was led by his ambition to do many things he ought not to have done. The idea of uniting the whole island of Great Britain—England, Scotland, and Wales—under one government seemed to take possession of him to such an extent that he came almost to feel any thing was right which looked to that end.

Hence much of the cruel fighting, both in Scotland and Wales, which would not have been if Edward had possessed the keen, discriminating sense of justice, not only between man and man, but between country and country, which distinguished his uncle, Louis IX. of France.

Any English history will tell you that after Edward had conquered Wales, he, as it were, caught them with guile, promising to give them a native prince, and then presenting his own little boy who really had been born in their own Caernarvon Castle and was ever after called "Edward Caernarvon" or "Prince of Wales."

The throne of France was occupied during the reign of Edward I. by his cousin, Philippe III. and his son, Philippe IV. The latter is spoken of as "wily and unscrupulous," the "pest of France," "the oppressor of the church," "fair-faced but false-hearted."

Many hostilities occurred between the English and French, but the two kings, for reasons of their own, did not particularly care to make war on each other. Even when war was declared a truce was speedily brought about. Edward was too intent upon his pet project of uniting the home island to take much interest in foreign wars.

We would fain hope all our club members have been able to get the reading of Green's History (or Short History) of the English people on the last two or three epochs. He gives such splendid sketches of Roger Bacon and Simon de Montford, both conspicuous and influential men each in his own sphere and way.

There, too, you will find a very true and just outline of the character of King Edward I.

The third book given in the list for this month is not connected with English History, as has been the case heretofore, but it is very pleasant reading, and will give you an insight into some things that were going on in another part of the world about the same time, which it will be very well to know.

We hope all our readers will enjoy as much as we do the following letter:

Dear Electra: It is impossible to tell you how much delighted I am with Electra, and especially with the Reading Club. I think it is a splendid plan to read history and fiction together, and I am finding it very pleasant.

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"From Strength to Strength" and "Harry Push" are both very nice, but I like particularly the historical sketches; they are the most interesting I ever read and are as charming as a novel. Wishing ELECTRA the greatest success and the Reading Club the popularity it deserves, I am your devoted reader,

W. I. L.

WE hope our young friends who are about to re-commence their studies will not feel they are, therefore, obliged to give up the Reading Club. While it is true your time will be more fully occupied, it is also true that we often find less difficulty in *making* an extra hour when our time is systematically portioned out. For instance, if you have a regular night for writing letters, while at school, you can sometimes finish two or three in the specified time, while, somehow, at home, when there is nothing much to do, *one* often proves a day's work. Is it not so?

Besides, especially in the large schools and colleges, where there are generally good libraries, you will have much greater facilities for getting the books. So we earnestly hope, as all of you who have tried it acknowledge it to be both pleasant and improving, you will not only keep it up yourself but try to interest your school friends also.

AND a word to teachers, especially those who have classes in history. Each one of you has, and ought to have, your own ideas and plans about the work for your classes, but we would be very much gratified if you would examine carefully the methods we have proposed for our club, and see if you can not profitably combine it with your own instructions, as several eminent and successful instructors have already signified their intention of doing.

Our Reading Club has been most highly commended by many as a valuable help[illegible]t in the cultivation of the minds of our youth. And as we are laboring for the same end—you as teachers and we as editors—why not work in harmony?

That our own careful toil in searching out and arranging in attractive form profitable reading for the young, may aid the devoted, self-sacrificing teacher in his daily work, is our earnest wish.

The Current History is also a department which we hope will prove specially helpful to teachers.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE: **The Sultans, the Territory, and the People. By Rev. J. T. Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S., author of "Universal Geography," etc. London, 56 Paternoster Row. Sold by A. C. Caperton & Co., Louisville, Ky.**

The lazy Turk, as he sits cross-legged in his shop in an Eastern Bazar; or throttles ferociously an unprotected infant in fiendish cruelty; or resides near you a seemingly quiet, honest citizen; or marches in dignified order to and from his camp in soldier-clothes, presents to the student of anthropology a many-sided character, puzzling and interesting in the extreme. Nor is the history of this strange people any the less interesting than their individuality. The Turkish Empire, now in its decline, once held a powerful sway over Europe and Asia. As this power was in its infancy in the twelfth century and rapidly increased during the periods of history covered in our historical chart, we would call attention to this little volume. It gives in brief detail the Turkish Empire from 1289 to 1876.

DOOR-YARD FOLKS AND A WINTER-GARDEN. By Amanda B. Harris, author of "Wild Flowers and Where they Grow," etc. Illustrated. Small 16mo. Pp. 202. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co., 32 Franklin Street. Price, $1.

In "Door-Yard Folks," the author gives some most agreeable and entertaining chats about the things which are common to our country door-ways—moles, toads, and squirrels; and short chapters on fox, bird, and trout life, which are really charming. We think our young people would be highly entertained with this book, learning the habits and peculiarities of some of these dumb folk, how they live, and many curious anecdotes about them. Each chapter is a study in natural history. "A Winter Garden," though different in study, is very interesting. It presents the result of a winter's study of buds, of maple, chestnut, cherry, and whatever else could be gotten during the snowy season. The instruction given is very minute, and any one who follows it could be as successful as the author was. The volume is well illustrated.

SPANISH VISTAS. By George Parsons Lathrop. Illustrated by Charles S. Kleinhart. 8vo. Pp. 210. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square.

Many of our readers are already familiar with "Spanish Vistas" through the pages of Har-

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pers' Monthly. Italy is much visited and consequently written about by tourists, but Spain offers itself now as scarcely more explored than Italy was forty or fifty years ago. So that the glimpse that we get of this country, old in its history, and full of old castles, and palaces, and cathedrals, is very refreshing, and offers a *new-old* field for exploration. This book is full of charming illustrations, which add greatly to its interest. The peeps we have at peasant life, in all its native primitiveness, is simply delightful, and makes one wish to see this land where the rush of civilization has not crowded these old fashions of life out of existence. But the author thinks the current of travel is setting vigorously in this direction, and with the extension of railroads and incursion of sight-seeing strangers, much that is entertaining, and many of the interesting peculiarities of the people will undergo modifications, and at length disappear. The volume is elegantly bound.

LITERARY NOTES.—We find so many old friends and new on our exchange-table this month that we scarcely know where to begin to pay our respects, so we will give them all a most hearty welcome, and then—just take them as they come.

First *St. Nicholas*, deservedly popular among all its young readers, and full from lid to lid of things new and fascinating. Like the veritable sleigh of St. Nicholas, each article as it comes gives a pleasant surprise to its little friends.

Then comes *Wide Awake*. Surely the young folks of this land have no cause to complain of want of good literature. Among its contributions we note as particularly interesting the "Lights of Paris," showing how the city groped in darkness for many a long decade, then the gradual rise from torch-lights to the oil-lamp-on to the introduction of gas, until at last over the Arc du Carrousel bursts forth a flood of electric lights.

The *Eclectic* for this month contains the following table of contents: "Count Rumford," by Prof. John Tyndall; "Spontaneous Combustion"; "The Coming of the Friars," by Augustus Jessopp; "Asses and Apes," by Phil Robinson; "South Kensington Hellenism"; A Dialogue, by H. D. Traill; "Without God, no Commonwealth," by Cardinal Manning; "The Death of the Shameful Knight," by Violet Hunt; "The Little World, a story of Japan," by Rudolph Linden; "Robert Browning, Writer of Plays," by W. L. Courtney; "Supernaturalism, Mediæval and Classical," by W. S. Lilly, with other shorter articles and its usual "Miscellany" of interesting stories.

Lippincott has its own variety of the pleasing and useful, giving it a well-deserved place among the best literary periodicals of the day.

The Century opens with a quaint-looking picture of Robert Burns, engraved from an old daguerreotype by T. Johnson. From this frontispiece the reader is introduced to Cape Cod, as it is, in brief review—as it was, in illustrated detail. Passing rapidly over "A Woman's Reason," which is now advanced to its twentieth chapter, the reader is unexpectedly landed in the ice and snow of the North Hudson Bay vicinity, and is summarily plunged into an exciting "Musk Ox Hunt." Scarcely recovering from this episode, he finds himself all amazed in the "Tragedies of the Nests," but more profoundly perplexed at the astounding question, "Will New York be the Final World Metropolis?" Resting quietly for a brief moment "At Castle Hill, Newport, R. I.," he is again invited to the fields of danger and even bloodshed in the "Indian Wars in the Colonies." But he proves himself a deserter, and adroitly passing over this he enjoys a congenial recreation in the "Ornamental Forms in Nature"; then sits for maturer thought in "Prof. Agassiz's Laboratory." Fain would he rest, but "Wonderland," "A Burns's Pilgrimage," "Live on Old Clothes," and "Uncle Remus," all flit before him to attract and interest him. He considers the "Feast of Reason" amply sufficient for one day, but this leaves much that is pleasant and profitable yet unexplored. Nor will his goal be attained until another month passes in quick succession and he finds to his delight the opening lights of another "Century" bursting upon his vision!

Among the most interesting historical events of the past few months was the Lee memorial held in Lexington, Va., in June. There old and young, rich and poor, politicians of all phases, and soldiers who twenty years ago wore the "blue," as well as those who fought bravely in the "gray," met to do honor to the illustrious dead. Of this event the best record made is the August September number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, published in Richmond, Va., by Dr. J. Wm. Jones. This is a very beautiful and attractive number, containing as it does a full description of the unveiling of the Lee statue at Lexington. The introductory remarks of General Early and the

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grand oration of Major John W. Daniel, with the beautiful poem of Father Ryan, are given in full. The beautiful and accurate cut of the "Recumbent Figure," as the frontispiece, and other matter make this number a souvenir which all would like to preserve. We would, therefore, advise all either to send three dollars for a year's subscription, or fifty cents for the number, to Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary, Richmond, Va. It will be a good investment.

And last but not least, Brainard's *Musical World*, the original miscellany of which contains many brief articles that interest all, even those who have no music in their soul. Among others we notice an ingenious "Dream," a little gem on "Heritage of Song," another "Speech and Song," a touching tribute to "Sacred Music," and "The Organ in Westminster Abbey," besides sketches of prominent musicians, both living and dead. Many helpful and suggestive items for teachers and students of music, with the musical news from the whole world. It will prove a most entertaining visitor to any home and of inestimable value to lovers of music.

The *Medical Herald*, edited in this city by Dudley S. Reynolds, M.D., and published by Gleason & Skillman, comes to us an exchange. This journal publishes regularly all the matters of professional interest occurring in Louisville, including clinical lectures by the ablest and best known teachers in all the schools of this city, and also national society discussions.

HOME SUNLIGHT.

It was not the work, as some have supposed, that was given as part of the penalty for our first parents' sin, but the *weariness* caused by the work. Adam himself was not created to be a gentleman of leisure, but was placed in the Garden of Eden to "dress it and to keep it," by the labor of his own hands, too, for he had no hirelings under him.

There are few things that make more difference in the happiness of home than this question of industry or idleness.

To mothers we would make the first appeal on this point, as on most others connected with the home circle, for mothers are the *hearts* of our homes, and the healthful circulation of the whole body is according to the impulse *she* gives. In other words, most homes are what the mother makes them, and we would ask of every mother whose eye we may reach, will you make your home a hive of happy, busy bees, or a nest of discontented, useless drones?

Just like the bees, most children are born with a craving for activity, an instinct for work, which only needs to be wisely guided. It may take all the ingenuity you are gifted with, especially while the children are young, but the restless little hands, feet, and mind *must* be kept busy, and if *you* do not furnish them with employment, the evil one will; there never was any thing truer than the old adage, "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do."

Nor will it prove such a worry and waste of time as you may at first imagine. Try it some morning when you have a pressing piece of sewing before you; give your little four-year-old daughter a needle and thread with a scrap of cloth, and send the next younger to help the cook shell peas or shuck corn for dinner, and see if you do not accomplish more than if, begrudging these few moments of thought, you had left them fretting around you all day out of mere *ennui*, or teasing each other for want of something better to do.

There are numbers of things children can learn to do astonishingly young, with only a little patient watching and help, and they will reap tenfold benefit from the employment if the idea is allowed that they are *helping*, especially helping mother; for children are never so happy as when they imagine themselves useful.

We could tell of a little girl five years old who kept herself as contented as she was busy for two hours sewing up long rips in the nursery carpet; it was very nicely done, too. And of a little boy about the same age who one autumn carried from the garden to the house, in his little wheelbarrow, the whole winter's supply of potatoes.

Another important thing to remember is to let your suggestions of what to do chime in as far as possible with the natural inclinations of the child; for instance, those who are fond of animals should be allowed to have the care of

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[illegible] otherwise they will be apt to spend their [illegible] in tormenting them. One with an eye for pictures should have a pair of round-pointed scissors, and paper to cut, then afterward a scrap-book and paste, or else drawing-slates, or painting material. We might add, teach them always to clear up the trash they have made; this detracts nothing from the pleasure they have had, furnishes occupation for a few minutes longer, and gives them an idea of neatness and order.

It is impossible to estimate the value in after life of these early *habits* of industry. Look around among your friends and see if the happiest homes are not those where all have been taught from childhood that it is no hardship to be profitably employed.

"I WONDER what is the matter with our children," sighed the poor, tired mother. "They have quantities of playthings, yet don't seem to care for them after they are a day old. They get a great deal more confectionery than is good for them, I am sure, yet they are always begging for more. Their father and I give them every possible pleasure, and after all they are never satisfied."

She thought of the merry set among whom she had grown up in the little village home. "Not nearly so well off as we are," thought this puzzled mother, "for we all had to work in those days; each of us, big and little, had our own work, sweeping the porches and walks, keeping the grass out of the pavements, mending our clothes and putting them away, besides our daily task of sewing or knitting to learn how, and in school-time our lessons to study. Yes, we were a right busy little set, and yet—there never lived a happier family of children in the world, I know. Could it have been, I wonder, *because* we were busy? How much we did enjoy those two hours of play we had every evening! What might-and-main romps we had, no matter how tired we were. While our children have all the time to play, and don't enjoy it at all. I sometimes fear they have some physical weakness which saps their energies, and so I spare them all I can, even from the little things about the house which the older ones might do to help me. Yet, Dick is as discontented and uninterested as the rest, but certainly does not lack energy for mischief.

Suddenly, by some mysterious influence, the words of the Apostle seemed borne in upon her mind, "This we commanded you, that if any would not work neither should he eat." But that was not intended for children; at least our children do not need to work. If I should set such tasks to them, as we at their age had to do from necessity, it would surely be to the utter ruin of both children and servants.

Wearied of the subject, and hopeless of any solution to her difficulties, she picked up a book for diversion, and the first sentence that caught her eye was one from Sidney Smith: "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable," and just below, "Train up a child in the way he should go." I do want my children, both boys and girls, to be energetic and industrious after they are grown, no matter how wealthy they may be, and the life they are leading now certainly is not preparing them for any sort of activity. But what shall I give them to do? This question led to a long train of serious thought. But those who earnestly seek to do their duty will most surely find a way.

The next morning her first waking thought was of the resolve she had made the night before. And I must not wait either until they are tired of doing nothing, but take them while they are fresh, and forestall the spirit of discontent.

It was a beautiful bright morning in the early spring, one of those of which the very air is suggestive of flowers.

"Who wants to go with me to the florist's, this morning?" the mother asked, when the first greetings were over.

Children are always eager for any thing new, so they gathered closely about her to hear what she had to propose.

"Would you all like to have a nice, pretty yard?"

"Yes, yes!" came in chorus.

"Well, Adele and Hester must help me wash the dishes, while Alfred and Frank go out and see how much ground we had better give to flowers, and then we will talk it over and plan it all out."

"Mother, what are you going to do?" they asked, as she came to the council with pencil and paper in hand.

"Why, we are going to have a regular agreement as to what each one's duty will be in cultivating the flowers, and a penalty for any neglect of it. Your father and I will bear all necessary expense," she added, "and give you whatever instruction you need."

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"I suppose, as Alfred is the oldest, he will have to attend to the preparation of the soil whenever any thing is to be planted, with the other boys to assist in busy seasons. Do you agree to that?"

He nodded assent, and she went on:

"Frank must learn to do the pruning. Dick is a good carpenter; he must have a box of tools and make frames for the vines, etc. Eugene shall have a nice little watering-can and water them every evening. Adele must trim off the old blooms, and cut, plant, and attend to slips, while Hester can watch and save the seed, and both together arrange flowers for the house."

She found from their prompt agreement that she had judged pretty well of their inclinations.

"Now for the penalty: There will be a goodly number of cut flowers to be disposed of every day, for we are determined to have an abundance; these shall be given to each one of you in turn to use as you please; keep them, give them away to some friend, or turn them over to the girls for the house supply; but if any body fails in duty, he forfeits his next claim to the flowers.

The arrangements were all pleasantly carried out, with the encouragement and co-operation of mother and father, and furnished a wonderful fund of interest the summer through, and the plan of giving them something to do worked so well that the gratified mother determined never again to allow idleness and discontent to gain a footing among her little flock.

It did cost her much thought, ingenuity, sometimes invention, and always time, but it paid good interest in a variety of ways, as in the increased happiness and improvement of the children, and, after while, in real help to her. What did they do in winter? Well, some of the flowers which had been taken up still required care. Then there were hours for study, hours for reading, and sewing, etc. The boys learned to do little helpful things about the house, such as mending locks, fitting keys, driving nails, etc. And the girls gradually appropriated so many of the household cares that the mother at length began to fear *she* would grow idle herself.

It scarce need be told that no brighter set of young faces was to be found any where than in this home where every body was always busy.

SCRAP BOOK.

BY AND BY, AND NEVER.

[A Spanish proverb says that "By the road of By-and-by one arrives at the house of Never."]

There's a dangerous little Afrite who accosts us day by day,
Upsetting every person in a soft, enticing way,
Saying, "Rest from this, I pray you, for to-morrow you can try;
If hard work is to be done, you can do it by-and-by."

Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

His voice is like a siren's, and he always aims to please;
He's as idle as a zephyr, and he bids you take your ease.
If your spirits seem to falter, at your elbow he is nigh,
Saying, "Wait a little, brother, you can do it by-and-by."

Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

He commands an endless future, and has youth upon his side,
So he makes your little horoscope magnificently wide;
Quite disturbed by earnest plodders, he appeals with witching eye:
"What's your hurry? wait a little, you can do it by-and-by."

Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

He's a tricky little prompter, and he always lingers near,
Knowing just the proper moment when to whisper in your ear;
He can span your pretty rainbows, and make fanciful your sky
With his magical proviso of the golden by-and-by.

Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

On your eyes he presses poppies, on your will he puts a break—
Just to keep you soothed and idle, any trouble he will take;
When he trains you to his harness—O, so mischievous and sly!
Then you'll doze away the present in a dream of by-and-by.

Though he tell you not to do it,
Mind him not, or you will rue it,
For his words so smooth and clever
Take you to the house of Never.

—*Christian Standard.*

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REMEDY FOR IRELAND.—Remove the *Ire* and let the *Land* alone.

OF all fortune's daughters, which one should a young man avoid? Misfortune.

WHEN is a pugilist like a man with four hands? When he doubles his fists.

KILLING.—An Englishman being recently obliged to travel in Ireland, was startled on hearing a fellow-passenger in the railway carriage remarking to another, "I'm just afther bein' over to Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other, "am afther bein' over to Kilmary." "What murderers they are," thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassinations so publicly!" But the conversation went on. "And whare are you going to now?" asked assassin No 1. "I'm going home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd betther be comin' along wud me to Kilumaule." It is related that the Englishman left the train at the next station.

THIS VERY HOUR.

O years gone down into the past,
  What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
  And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
  Where life's most pleasant valleys lie,
Nor wheel the planet of the day
  Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
  My youth itself went with them too;
To-day, aye! even this very hour,
  Is the best hour I ever knew.

—*Phœbe Carey.*

A SOUTH-END woman keeps only one servant to do her work instead of two. She says help is always leaving, and when you are left alone it is much easier to do the work of one servant than of two.

GLIMPSES INTO NATURE.

BRIEF NOTES ON FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS.—*April 10th.* A few butterflies flying wildly past as if they had a far-off object in view, no flowers to tempt them to stop.

14th. Found a large cocoon on the calycanthus to-day. How it escaped my observation before I can not tell. It was an exquisite bit of pleasure, and I immediately removed it to my upper room, placing it among my other cocoons and chrysalids.

19th. Frank, the plough-boy, sent me a large chrysalis he turned up—I think one of the sphynx tribe. Put it away in a cup of damp earth to await its transformation, which will be about the middle of June, or earlier, when the honeysuckles bloom.

24th. The girls, with I—— S——, have been taking a walk, and brought home to me a chilled *Calosoma calidum.* We could examine closely its strong jaws and bright golden spots. It was put in alcohol.

25th. The first humming-bird in the fragrant blooms of the Missouri currant. If it had tarried and given heed, I would have liked to ask it where it spent the winter, where it rested, and what company it had on its way back hither.

26th. Went out gypsying to-day, and as I could not undergo the fatigue, went in the buggy, the girls driving by turns. Got a new supply of plants for the rockery—linen leaf, walking fern, and other species of ferns, with a number of mosses. The late spring has not grown the foliage sufficiently to cast a shade, but the sun was pleasant, and on the old dry leaves we threw our oil-cloth cushions and rugs and had a delightful rest. Made a cup of coffee to accompany our lunch, and it was exceedingly grateful—fully repaying the little trouble of making it—as our caterer had so wisely and so neatly ordered every thing in regard to it. As we were reclining on our rugs, I looked up into the ash tree beside us, and there, deftly hidden among some old leaves as if casually caught, I discovered a large cocoon. It probably is that of the Cecropia moth. With some tall reaching, after driving the buggy under, we secured it, and now it awaits "a sudden impulse," along with my collection.

30th. This afternoon our little E—— begged for a walk to a beautiful ravine, or "leafage," as we call it, some few hundred yards from our house. Our companions were a dog and

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cat with six pet lambs. I could hear E—— call occasionally, as one or the other ventured too near the precipice, Triplet, Metebe, Attilie, Latikos, Lottie Lee, etc. They enjoyed this walk with their mistress very much, cropping the young leaves of the wild raspberry along with the fresh grass and clover. But what, I may ask, comes amiss to a sheep or lamb? It is well they can relish so many things, for there are so many mouths in the fleecy flocks. Their only trouble was, that the dog, in his circles after rabbits, came now and then upon them too suddenly for their equanimity. The cat was not afraid of the lambs, nor they of it. E—— stopped to take a violet from the grave of a favorite little dog to put with the handful she had already gathered. We found the wild strawberry in bloom, the great patches of podophyllum pushing their heads up through the soil, the flower-bud sometimes preceding the two large one sided leaves; the fragrant monander, and the young helianthus and asters that gave no promise of their later bloom. Looking up into the tall elms, we saw that crows had repaired their old nest, and from their frequent visits during the morning, and their clatter of bills, we had no doubt some eggs had already been deposited. Four young birds were reared on that bunch of sticks last year, and we wonder how they contrived to keep their places in rocking winds and sometimes fierce tossings. We brought our charge safely back, with no reward of cocoons this time.

May 1st. Passing around the house to-day, I saw up in the Virginia creeper a great quantity of moss, fibre, and dry grass. Thinking some child had put it there to tempt a bird, I put my hand up to it and out darted a little brown wren. The very spot selected by a flying-squirrel more than a year ago, who finding itself discovered by the dog and cats, abandoned it or was devoured by them. If this wren is allowed to lay its eggs and hatch, I fear no better fate awaits them. What shall I do? It has already been driven from one position, and must I disturb it again? A very strong love it seems to have to man; repulsed so often it yet seeks to rear its habitation where he dwells. If some one would invent a *safety nest* where this little "house wren" might, secure from cats and all other enemies, feed her fledglings, it would be of more benefit to the farmer than all the poisons ever used for destroying insects. A brood of six—I believe the usual number—of such industrious insect-hunters would rid trees and plants in a large space of all destructive parasites.

2d. Started out to meet the buggy on its return from U——. Going down the walk, looked up into a clustering cedar, and there on its nest was a little chipping sparrow. I trust it may escape feline and other enemies. Wandered over the hillside, but it had been too closely pastured by stock to afford many flowers. Some buttercups and violets, cinquefoil, and the mouse-ear life-everlasting were all I gathered, excepting one solitary pea-vine in the crevice of a rock. I heard the first notes of the wood-robin, so sweet and cheering. No cocoons, although I nearly strained my neck looking up among the yet almost entirely bare branches, but a friend from U——, sent me one, found on a peach-tree in her garden.

3d. The little negro girl brought me the small black beetle, or perfect insect of the buffalo-moth. Her eyes are rather microscopic, and since she has found out that I am interested in insects, brings me every creeping and crawling thing she sees. In its destructive form, this moth—falsely so called – is a brown larva or hairy caterpillar about half an inch long, which we find in our woolens. You see occasionally another variety of moth, a white worm encased in a little tube, which it constructs for itself out of woolen fiber, and after a while transforms into a small moth with silvery wings, flying about so noiselessly in search of a proper place to lay its eggs to produce another crop of these white grubs. By the way, I have a little story of this buffalo moth. Examining some woolen garments one day I found a larva, and determined to put it under a net and watch its transformation. It survived through the summer months and through winter on a piece of flannel alone. A friend from a tropical climate sent me a beautiful moth five or six inches from tip to tip. On the downy thorax of this moth I discovered one of those brown caterpillars. I put it in with mine, feeding on the rich pasture of a piece of white flannel, wondering if they would recognize that they were brothers. Some time after I examined the glass containing them and could find no trace of my tropic stranger. I found two or three cast-off skins, some of which I had seen before it was put in there, but only the living occupant that had been feeding there for months. Was he a cannibal, and did he eat the stranger? When the full time came I saw in the dust and debris on the bottom of the glass the wee black beetle.

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THE GRAPHEION.

It is well that a country should do honor to its chief. Whatever he may be as a man, to us ordinary mortals he is the representative of law and order, and to them, in him, we owe duty and respect. And so the pulse of Louisville, whether stranger or native born was, on the 1st of August, one big throb of anticipation, growing in strength and intensity with the August sun, until, as that luminary reached its noonday heat, it counted thousands of pulsations in one, then suddenly hushed an instant as the low murmur of satisfaction breathed through the throng, "He comes! he comes!"

The President had arrived in the city the evening before by special invitation, to grace with his presence the opening of the great Southern Exposition. So, on the eventful morning, from the hotel to the Exposition grounds every house was gay with our country's colors, and at night brilliantly illuminated, with word of welcome hung from many a door and window.

In the building a handsome platform had been erected for the accommodation of himself and party, and beautifully adorned with flowers. As the eagerly-looked-for face appeared under the arch of evergreen, a burst of enthusiastic cheers greeted him from the crowd.

President Arthur was then most appropriately welcomed by Mayor Jacob, and also by Governor Blackburn, in answer to which the President made a brief and graceful reply. As he took his seat the deep tones of the organ rolled through the building in accompaniment to the many voiced "See the conquering hero comes."

After a procession through the building, the distinguished party partook of a most elaborate and delightful lunch prepared for them at the residence of Mr. DuPont, within the bounds of Central Park.

There are two elements never wanting in Kentucky entertainments—plenty to eat and drink, and good music. The famous Seventh Regiment Band, of New York, with occasional treats from Louisville's own Oratorio Association, did themselves full justice on the occasion.

There was too much excitement on this, the grand opening day, including as it did the President's visit, to admit of much attention to the exhibits, though some visitors who had come for this day only very dutifully went round and examined as far as they could.

Many very beautiful and tastefully arranged displays attract attention, besides the *solid* evidences, as coal, iron, etc., of American productiveness, and a liberal and interesting collection of machinery, but we will have to defer all description to some future time.

Perhaps no greater loss could come upon our city and whole community in the death of one man than has come in the death of Professor Thomas W. Tobin, who died at five minutes past seven o'clock A.M., Saturday, August 4, at the St. Joseph's Infirmary, in this city.

To be a great man, a renowned scientist, a profound scholar, and yet preserve the sweetness and gentleness of character of a child, the artless and modest simplicity of youth, combined with great affability and readiness to oblige others, seems almost incompatible in the composition of one man. Yet, such was Professor Tobin. When the intelligence went abroad that day that he was dead, every voice was tremulous as it repeated the sad refrain, for each one felt he had indeed lost a friend, and the community a great light. To him the student would go, and Professor Tobin, from the great wealth and richness of his own mind would unfold one and another intricate phase of science; the farmer, desiring to know the value or productiveness of his land, would receive from him an accurate statement of the composition of the soil, and its effects on the various agricultural productions; the chemist would have from him the most careful analysis of every chemical compound; the artist would obtain from him the varying influences of light and color and shade – all could learn from him. Even a little child would approach him with the implicit confidence which is ever inspired by a great and noble nature, and feel assured of help. All felt in him that superiority of mind which insures an appreciative hearing. Yet there was not in Professor Tobin one iota of self-superiority or self-conceit, so often indulged in from the teacher to the taught. To learn from Professor Tobin was but to feel that he was receiving, not conferring the pleasure. An invention or great thought which sprang from his mind was imparted with much of the same simplicity and joy that a child displays to others a beautiful toy which he wishes another to enjoy with him.

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Though a native of England, Professor Tobin had made the State of Kentucky the home of his adoption for the past twelve years; first as professor in Central University in the chair of chemistry, and later as the scientic lecturer of the Polytechnic Society of Louisville. His life among us was quiet and unostentatious. Owing to his remarkable reticence in speaking of his own personal honors or distinctions, few knew his past history and how full of interest it was. These facts will be collected by the officers of the Polytechnic Society here, and appropriate memorial services will be held. We shall then be enabled to publish a detailed account of his life and its brilliant successes.

To us, his death is our first great loss. We gratefully remember his cordial and prompt acceptance of our proposition to him to aid us on the ELECTRA by contributing monthly a scientific article to our editorial department. A list of subjects which he had promised to unfold to our readers lie untouched on our desk. While the hand that would have penned them is cold and pulseless in the grave, the mind that would have developed them is, we trust, expanding and unfolding in a brighter and better world than this.

A GLIMPSE into the beautiful city of Chicago, with its great panorama of stately mansions, beautifully decorated parks, river and lake reviews, came within our grasp in an unexpected and pleasant manner during the past month. In this day, when a special train is appointed to take the President of the United States from place to place, and presidents of great railroad corporations, reclining in their crimson and gold-lined, velvet and damask-cushioned palace cars, are transported almost unconsciously from one great city to another, those of humble stations in life are more than content to jostle along in an upright seat or recline perchance for a night in a sleeper.

But, in this instance, Col. Bennett H. Young, President of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad, opened his big heart, and out of it came stores of good things. On the morning of August 2d his beautiful palatial car "Monon" was *en route* from Louisville to Chicago with the august personage of the President of the United States and his distinguished party as guests. Ten days later a faithful missionary, from the far off "land of Sinim," returning to her chosen field of labor, had bestowed upon her by President Young the same distinguished honor, and, as her guests, we found ourselves partakers of it.

Our party, unlike the President's, was not formed of great statesmen and generals, but a president of one of our Southern colleges, a pastor of one of the Louisville churches, and one or two lesser lights, gave sufficient vivacity and interest to make the enjoyment of the excursion complete.

A city with half a million inhabitants, forty miles of area, thousands of acres of park, and seventy miles of street-railway, could not be comprehensively taken into one's brain in twenty-four hours. Yet, here again, President Young's kindness was unceasing, and at the depot in Chicago, at eight A.M., his superintendent was awaiting the arrival of the "Monon" with hacks to take its occupants hither and thither over this wonderful city. Not one half of Chicago can be seen in a day, nor could we here give an idea to our readers of the beauty and grandeur and the magnificence of this mighty city of the West.

But one thing transpired to mar the unalloyed happiness of the whole, and that was the parting with our loved friend, Mrs. A. E. Randolph, who goes alone to China. Yet we set our faces homeward, feeling that this pleasure given her by President Young and through her to so many others, would remain a bright spot in her memory to cheer, comfort, and encourage her in those dark regions of the earth where love and duty call her.

"BITS of Science" this month is supplanted by "Glimpses into Nature," from the pen of one who is a devoted student of Natural History. One who, with children and grandchildren, spends many an hour in profitable recreation in the woods and dells surrounding a country home, studying the beautiful.

Other new contributors are introduced to our readers this month, all of whom we shall hope to "meet again."

"The Seventh Daughter," by Benjamin Blythe, is the first of a promised series of stories illustrating the old colonial times or earlier history of our own country. This one gives a sad but true picture of the cause and consequence of many of the so-called witchcrafts that at one time so greatly agitated a part of the country.

No other letter has reached us from Dr. Sterrett, owing, doubtless to the intricate mazes of Turkish postal arrangements. The only fear

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is that some of his letters will be lost altogether in their meshes. The interior of Asiatic Turkey is a portion of the earth difficult to get into and possibly still more difficult to get out of, yet we hope that Dr. Sterrett and his letters will both be preserved from any entangling alliances therein.

A wonderful discovery is the finding of the Ark on Mt. Ararat, a large wooden structure, which has been buried in a glacier for four thousand years! The discovery was made by the Turks. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "A party of Americans were soon collected on the spot negotiating for its removal to the United States." Having resided for several years in Turkey; we would whisper into the ears of our readers that the Turkish Empire rejoices in the presence of newspapers and newspaper reporters, and we base our expectations of seeing the original Ark accordingly.

We see a suggestion in a Chicago paper to have the Ark located there and converted into a publishing house.

We have made an arrangement with Messrs. Gleason & Skillman, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., for the management of our advertising department. Letters referring to advertisements can be addressed to them, or to office of ELECTRA.

We are exceedingly gratified that the question of opening the Exposition on the Sabbath has been decided in the negative. The managers of the Exposition have, contrary to the decision of the common council, taken a firm stand against it.

CURRENT HISTORY.

OUR great Southern Exposition is proceeding with all the *éclat* that could be desired The Art Gallery is open and is a particularly interesting feature. The Electric Railway is running, the machinery is in motion, and the attendance is increasing. Music every day, cut flowers on Tuesday, and fireworks every Thursday night. One of the attractions is a big tree that required four cars to bring from Escambia County, Alabama, to the Louisville Exposition. It is one hundred and seventeen feet long, and is used as a flag-pole in front of the Exposition building.

A Northern paper remarks of the Louisville Exposition that "it is literally an exposition of what the South is doing, what it promises to do, and what it will do. It is an evidence of the growing prosperity of that section, and should be hailed with universal satisfaction, for the prosperity of the South means the prosperity of the whole country."

RAPID preparations are in progress for the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which will open in New Orleans, December, 1884. Major E. A. Burke, manager of the *Times-Democrat*, New Orleans, has been appointed and confirmed Director General of the Exposition. Major Burke has twice declined the appointment, although tendered a salary of $20,000. He, however, finally deferred to the wishes of the public, but upon his suggestion the salary was reduced to $10,000 a year. In accepting the appointment he subscribed the amount of the salary to the stock of the association, and gave the stock to the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Louisiana.

THE regular State election of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, took place as usual on the first Monday in August, and resulted as follows the Democratic ticket winning by about thirty-five thousand majority: Governor, J. Proctor Knott; Lieutenant Governor, Jas. R. Hindman; Attorney General, P. W. Hardin; Auditor, Fayette Hewitt; Treasurer, James W. Tate; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Jos. Desha Pickett, and Register of Land Office, J. G. Cecil. The Legislature will stand: Democrats eighty, Republicans twenty. The Senate has thirty Democrats and three Republicans. The General Assembly will elect this winter a successor to United States Senator John S. Williams, whose term expires in March, 1885.

THE much-talked-of project of a ship-canal across the State of Florida is taking definite shape. At a meeting of the board of directors

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of the company having the project in charge, a report was made by General Stone, the chief engineer, which shows the project is entirely feasible and practicable. According to his report the canal will be one hundred and thirty-seven and one half miles long, and can be made deep enough for sea-going vessels at a cost of about $46,000,000. The advantages of this great water-way are that it enables vessels to avoid the great danger of navigation through the Florida straits, and shortens the distance between New Orleans and New York some five hundred miles, between the former city and Liverpool four hundred and twelve miles, and between New York and Pensacola, six hundred miles. In time it would shorten the trip between New York and New Orleans about forty-five hours. The dangers of navigation of the Florida straits are greater than is generally supposed, and the records of the past five years show that the loss from wreckage in the straits averages about three million dollars annually. It is one of the greatest works ever undertaken in this country. Prominent capitalists are forming a construction company, and if the plans of such an organization, which are to be submitted to the canal company at the next meeting of its directors, are accepted the work will begin immediately.

THE telegraphers' strike is virtually ended; many of the operatives have returned to work on the same salary they received before the strike occurred. This is the usual result of all strikes.

THE first treaty which the government of Corea has ever made with any nation has recently been formally ratified with the United States. For centuries Corea has been known as the "Hermit Nation," repelling all overtures from other powers, and not even permitting their representatives to land on her coasts. It is said that shipwrecked seamen who were so unfortunate as to be thrown into the hands of the Coreans have usually been murdered. This exclusiveness led to the belief, and the belief to reports, that the country abounded with untold wealth of gold and diamonds, and that its people were living in great splendor. It is found that Corea is comparatively poor and the people semi-savages. The royal capitol is a one story adobe building with thatched roof. The houses of the better class are small and inconvenient. The roads are nothing but bridle-paths, and the farming lands are poorly tilled. It is to be hoped that contact with other countries will awaken enterprise in the Corean mind.

A DEPARTMENT circular, relative to the reduction of postage on first-class mail matter, has been issued from the Post-office Department, office of Third Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., July 18, 1883:

On and after the first of October, 1883, the rate of postage on domestic mail matter of the first-class will be reduced from three cents to two cents per half ounce or fraction thereof, as provided by the act of Congress approved March 3, 1883.

The two- and three-cent stamps and stamped envelopes of the present design will continue to be valid after the first of October, and must be accepted in payment of postage whenever offered in appropriate amounts. The three-cent stamps may be used in combination with other denominations on letters requiring more than one rate of postage and on parcels of third- and fourth-class matter.

The department will be ready to issue two-cent adhesive stamps on the 15th of September, and stamped envelopes on the first of September, in anticipation of their use on the first of October.

Requisitions for stamped envelopes may be made after the first of September, under the new schedule which takes effect the first of October.

The drop-letter rate of postage will remain the same as now, that is, two cents per half ounce or fraction thereof at free-delivery offices, and one cent at all other offices; and no changes are made in the rates of postage on second, third, and fourth-class matter.

A. D. HAZEN,
Third Assistant Postmaster General.

A number of prominent persons have passed away in the last few weeks. In this country, Hon. Montgomery Blair died July 27th, at his residence, Silver Springs, near Washington City. He was born in Franklin County, Kentucky, May 10, 1813. His father was Francis Preston Blair, an eminent journalist of Virginia. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1835, and served in the Seminole war. Since 1843 he has been a prominent politician.

Judge Jere. S. Black died at his home, near York, Pennsylvania. His last dying words

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typified his life, "O, thou, beloved and most merciful Heavenly Father, from whom I had my being, and in whom I have ever trusted, if it be thy will, grant that my suffering end, and that I speedily be called home to thee; and O, may God comfort and cheer thee, my Mary" (his wife). These were fitting and beautiful words on the verge of eternity for one who had in life so ably met and refuted the taunts of an infidel jester.

Judge Robert Hewitt Brown, a well-known Mason and author, died recently at Albion, New York, aged fifty-three.

From England comes the intelligence of the death of the German critic and philologist, Wilhelm Dindorf. He was born in 1802, at Leipsic, where he was educated, and where he distinguished himself by his ability and zeal in the study of classical literature, and was afterward appointed Professor of Literary History. He has published critical editions of Demosthenes, Aristotle, Athenæus, Procopius, of the Greek Scholiasts, to Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Æschylus; the Poetæ Scenici Græci, Lucian, and Josephus. His editions are the received text-books of the Greek tragedians, as well as of Aristophanes and Aristotle, at Oxford.

THE President's party which visited Louisville August 1, it would seem "while on pleasure bent," were like Mrs. Gilpin of old, "of a frugal mind." Their tour in the far northwest has resulted in the initiatory step toward a definite Indian policy, which, it is hoped, will permanently settle the relations of the government to these early aborigines of our land, and place them upon the status of citizens, dealing with them as such. This step is the proposition to transfer the control of the Indians from the Interior Department to that of the War Department whose supervision of them will be of a police sort, and the only relations they will hold to the government will be that of bondholders, while the government will be in an excellent position to counsel them and look after them.

The Indians, by this arrangement, will be obliged to take up homesteads, and they will have the interest on their bonds and the products of their farms upon which to live. Should this change transform a now warlike and expensive element of our population into quiet, self-supporting citizens, it will be an end greatly to be desired.

IN the three years past there has been built in the U. S. 28,019 miles of railroad, costing more than a million dollars a day.

IRISH vengeance brings a swift and sure destruction. This has just been exemplified in the murder of the informer James Carey.

It was James Carey who two years ago organized the Phœnix Park murder of Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke. He was foremost in seeing that the plan was thoroughly executed, and most active in secreting the murderers. But like the cowardly villain that he was, when arrest and punishment could no longer be evaded, he turned informer and secured the hanging of his comrades. After the completion of their trial, he was protected for a few weeks by the British government, then, with his family, was shipped with all secrecy to South Africa, and on the way, between Table and Algoa Bays, was shot by a fellow-passenger. This man, O'Donnell, confesses that he committed the crime, and says he was detailed to do it.

There may be in this murder a more important significance than the simple murder of one Irishman by another. The London *Times* pronounces the death of Carey a public misfortune. It says that Carey had been an instrument of justice; that his murder is calculated to encourage more alarming acts of violence, and that the bonfires which illuminated Dublin, and other general expressions of joy, when the news of the murder of Carey was received, are all indications of danger from Ireland. Nor are such indications wanting elsewhere. In the House of Commons the same spirit is manifested. On a recent occasion Gladstone undertook to rebuke the "habitual violence" of language used by Healy (Home Ruler), member for Monaghan County, as they were calculated to stimulate national hatred, which has been his (Gladstone's) desire to mitigate, and, if possible, extinguish. He was frequently interrupted by Bigger (Home Ruler), member from Cavan County. The chairman finally notified Bigger that if he did not desist, he would name him to the House. Healy, in responding to Gladstone, was very defiant. He declared there was a state of war between England and Ireland which would become physical warfare if the Irish had the power to engage in the struggle. Ireland wanted justice, and not appeals to fine sentiment.

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THE difficulties between France and England in Madagascar seem far from a settlement, though no decided crisis has yet arrived. The French, it seems, will not retire, and the English men-of-war are yet at Mauritius. Then, beside the difficulty between Commodore Johnstone, of the English navy, and the French Admiral, Pierre, the Hovas (natives) seem determined to hold out against French occupation

Rear Admiral Galiber has recently been appointed the successor of Admiral Pierre of the command of the French fleet in Madagascar waters. He will go to Tamatave and open negotiations with the Hovas. He will insist upon French protection over northwest Madagascar, the abolition of the law relating to the tenure of land by the Europeans, and the payment to the French of one million francs indemnity. This last demand may be waived, however, if the others are complied with. What the end will be is not yet manifiest.

THE Count de Chambord died at Frosdorf August 24. Complication of political questions in France occasioned by his death will be presented in our next.

NEGOTIATIONS between France and China, in regard to Tonquin are in a disturbed condition. A peaceful solution of the difficulties is now considered impossible. The French have attacked the enemy and captured Haiduong with one hundred and fifty cannon. They now await reinforcements before making further attacks.

STANLEY'S work on the Upper Congo appears to be prospering. Stanley himself is well, and has formed several important native alliances in opposition to De Brazza and his annexation projects. He is now engaged on a ten months' trip on the Upper Congo to Stanley Falls, with a flotilla of three steamers and numerous light canoes, and after founding a new station—Bololo—hopes to reach the east coast in February. Meanwhile M. De Brazza has taken possession of the Loango territory, as the natives had pillaged his vessel, the Oriflamme, while the sailors were out of the way.

ONE of the most appalling and fearful calamities ever recorded took place July 29, on the little island of Ischia, just twenty miles from Naples, and scarcely from under the shadow of the "Devil's Kitchen," as the natives call Vesuvius. The island is a fashionable summer resort and was at that time visited by thousands of people. On the evening of this day there was an earthquake, or sudden subsidence of the earth, destroying at Cassamiciola and several other smaller towns entirely, and causing the death of from five to eight thousand people. The island of Ischia will probably be visited with another earthquake before many days. The springs near Serrara are drying up, while smoke is issuing from fissures in the ground. The minister of public works has issued an order for the immediate erection of huts for the accommodation of the people in case they are compelled to vacate their homes. With all these warnings the people are going to work to rebuild. In the town of Cassamiciola, one hundred and fifty-four wooden houses have already been erected. At Forio, another of the desolated towns, houses have been erected for the accommodation of fifty-two families.

In our land the list of terrible disasters yet increases. The recent cyclone at Rochester, Minnesota, destroyed one third of the town and caused the death of a number of its inhabitants, while the falling of a pier at Patapsco, near Baltimore, on which were congregated two hundred excursionists, resulted in the death of nearly half of that number. The loss of life from accident in this country since the beginning of the year already reaches over one thousand six hundred. Tornadoes and floods have swept off no less than five hundred and eighty-six victims, or nearly twice as many as perished from the same causes in the whole of last year.

THE King of Zululand, Cetewayo, seems to be possessed with as many lives as a cat. A few months ago, for undertaking to resist the power of England in his behalf, he was captured by them, taken to England, lionized for a time, and then reinstated by them on his throne in South Africa. No sooner did they leave him than the tribes around made war on him and severely wounded him. The report of his death was then sent abroad over the world, but he has turned up alive and well, and now makes a formal request to Queen Victoria, that she will order a full inquiry into the treatment he has received at the hands of the people who are under her protection.

LATEST advices from Egypt are encouraging in the prospect that the fearful scourge of cholera is at last abating.

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// ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1883. No. 6.

OCTOBER.

Fair buds of promise have yielded their treasure,
Autumn has crowned all the bountiful year,
Filling with plenty the o'erflowing measure,
Glad'ning our hearts with its fruit and its cheer;
Beautiful, golden October is here.

Nature may wear garments gorgeous or sober;
Snow-drifts or blossoms may cover the earth;
Spring's dainty buds, or the leaves of October,
Still we *may* gather sweet garlands of worth
From even the gloom of earth's desolate dearth.

ATOLLS.

The hardy seaman, as he breasts the waves of the Indian or South Pacific sea, following one of those great thoroughfares of commerce that have been ploughed by thousands of keels before him, comes ever and anon to a singular natural phenomenon. Upon the broad open sea, where the water is a thousand fathoms deep, and no land of continent or island has for days or even weeks been in sight, he discovers a long line of foam breaking upon a narrow ledge of white stone that glistens in the sun. As he comes nearer he perceives that the ledge is only a few yards, or at most a few rods in breadth. It rises at no point more than a few feet above the water's edge. Its upper surface has a margin of low green foliage, while here and there groups of cocoanut palms, bananas, or bread-fruit trees lift their tall fronds toward the sky. For miles and miles this narrow ledge of white, with its green border and its sentinel palms, stretches away on either hand. Its sweep is that of a graceful curve, which either brings the two ends together and unites them on the distant horizon, so as to inclose a circle of many miles in diameter, or rounds off to the far horizon

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on either hand, so as to show that a much larger circle—one of many leagues in diameter—is walled in from the ocean by this strange and verdure-crowned dyke.

As the massive inclosing wall is broken ordinarily only at a single point, and that to leaward of the trade-winds and the ocean-storms, it follows that however tempestuous the sea may be without this charmed inclosure, within is unbroken quietude and unruffled calm. Under the tall cocoanut palm that overshadows the ledge the native Maldive builds his hut, and while to seaward the never-ceasing roar of the surf is in his ear, and the white spray forever lifted with rainbow tints toward the sky, within the charmed circle of his *atoll*, or *atollon* as he calls it, his frail bark canoe sleeps as quietly as on some inland lake. In the interstices of the rocks which the fury of the tempest has broken and strewn upon the ledge, the wild sea-fowl build their nests and rear their young—and over the quiet waters of the lagoon the fledglings make first essay of their wings ere they put forth to sea. And here, when the mariner's vessel is disabled, or the fury of the tempest is upon him, he runs his ship in through the single gate that leads to the sea, and, securely anchored as in a quiet haven, "rides through the terrors of an equatorial storm."

You will readily agree with me that there is nothing more wonderful, more beautiful, more interesting than these atolls or atollons of the South Seas, lying so thickly strewn along the great thoroughfares of East Indian and Australian commerce.

They are wonderful first of all as to their origin; for this Titanic wall—in comparison with which the dykes of Holland and the great wall of China are but as the work of pigmies—this adamantine buttress, rising thousands of feet in height and hundreds of miles in length out of the bosom of the tempestuous ocean, "humbling man's most gigantic buildings into insignificance by the contrast," is all the work of a tiny sea-polyp scarcely more than visible to the naked eye—a soft, gelatinous, fragile-looking creature that the first wave that beat upon it might be expected to destroy, and yet the successful builders of massive structures that dot the seas as Archipelagoes—as islands leagues in circumference, as ledges hundreds of miles in length, or as atolls inclosing in their lagoons many square miles of sea.

A little insignificant polyp extracts from the sea-water the lime that has been brought down from mountain ranges by the rivers, and carried by ocean currents to its door, and with these secretions piles its lofty structures that withstand the ocean in its wildest rage, and serve as the bases of islands and continents for the habitation of the races of men.

These atolls are wonderful also as to their history. It is a well-ascertained fact in natural history that the coral insect can not live at a depth of more than a few fathoms beneath the surface of the sea. As you look down there and see the white wall gleaming as far down as the eye can follow, and as you let down the plummet and find it still striking against the perpendicular face of the wall, when you have reached many hundreds of fathoms, you know that those foundations that lie so far below, and upon which the coral structure rests, must have been once very near the surface of the sea. In the shallow water the wall was begun, and brought up to the water's edge; but there was a gradual subsidence of the underlying floor. Inch by inch it subsided, and layer by layer the atoll builders increased the height of their dam, so as to keep even up to the water's edge, until, as the ages

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of old, the deep foundations were far down amidst the silent, uninhabitable depths, but the patient toilers were at the surface, in the sunshine, happy in their toil.

Here, then, is a chapter from the history of those far-gone days, when what are now high mountains were beneath the waters of the sea, and what are now great ocean-depths were flowery islands or portions of continental mains.

The atolls are wonderful again in their combination of beauty and strength. Professor Dana compares them in their landscape beauty to "garlands thrown upon the sea." But this surface beauty is as nothing compared with that which rewards a look into the crystal depths beneath the quiet surface of the lagoon.

The atoll builders who have kept the inclosing walls level with the sea, have also kept the floor within, up to a point at which it is easily visible. This floor is of purest white, composed of carbonate of lime deposited by coral remains that have fallen, disintegrated from the walls, and have become solidified into firm, white stone. And now above this marble floor we have nature's elaborate aquarium, or, as has been more properly said, her beautiful "garden of the sea."

Here along the upper tiers of the encircling walls are the living masses of coral—the tireless builders still at work, their bright, variegated colors flashing in the sunlight with all the hues of the rainbow. Beneath this living wall, constituting its deep foundation, is the white coral framework after the living creature has passed away. What exquisite forms of beauty—the "graceful meandrina," the "domed astrea," the branching madrepore, and the other multitudinous forms that make the stem-work of these submarine flowers. And then the flowers themselves; what tongue can describe the beauty of "the gorgeous sea anemone, with colors brighter and contrasts richer than those of gaudiest tulips or gayest peony," as it clings to the crevices of the coral wall, its rich hues contrasting with the pure white from which it depends; or, "the beds of starry forms, some small, others large, the daisies and dahlias of the place"—"branching masses reaching to the very surface of the water, with tints of orange, yellow, red, and pale blue;" "beautiful parterres of branching, rounded, flat, or leafy masses of colors, yellow, orange, gray, and gold;" "fish of gaudiest colors moving gracefully from point to point, browsing upon the live coral, as cattle upon the daisies in a mountain meadow." No wonder that poetic fancy has peopled these coral groves with sea-nymphs and fairy creatures too beautiful for any less favored portion of this dull, cold earth on which we dwell.

But these atolls are interesting also for the lessons of instruction they have for us in reference to our daily life. If Agur, the son of Jakeh, had been a seafarer, he might have added to his list of things which are "exceeding wise," these little toilers of the sea; and Solomon, if he had ever visited the South Seas, might have followed his "Go to the ant thou sluggard," with a "Go to the coral-polyp, thou laggard," for there are at least two lessons of life which these little workers impress most vividly upon us.

The first is a lesson of victory over adverse circumstances in life. Go with me to the windward side of the atoll. Let us stand where the surf is beating day and night with reverberating thunder; where the sea is ever dashing with ceaseless but impotent wrath upon the living wall. Look down now as yon great wave recedes! What is that clinging in apparent helplessness to the perpendicular face, exposed to the merciless assault of each advancing wave? A soft,

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gelatinous substance, it would seem that the lightest wave might wash it away; and yet, when the boisterous surge has broken with a shock that would have dashed the mightiest ship to atoms, our little toiler not only remains uninjured, but out of the very wave that has beaten so pitilessly it has extracted the elements of its own consolidation and development. A few days more of this stormy warfare, and what was once a pulpy mass that the hand of a child could have crushed, is now a mass of stone, as exquisite of structure, as delicate of chiselling as some masterpiece of the sculptor's art, as strong as it is beautiful, as enduring as the everlasting hills. And so the man whose lot is cast on the windward side of fortune, whose mission it is to buffet the waves of adversity in their ceaseless flow, may with the help of God not only successfully withstand their fury, but wrest from them the very elements of patient endurance, manly fortitude, and high-souled courage, which give to character unfading beauty and immortal strength.

The second lesson lies in a different direction. If without the atoll all is stir and commotion, within is a quiet which to many may be suggestive of stagnation. And so, around us are many who lag, not because the waves are high and the storm is fierce, but because their lot is cast in seclusion, and they see not what great thing there is to do. Go then and look down into the quiet depths of the lagoon, observe those forms of exquisite symmetry and beauty, and learn that in the most quiet walks of life there are beauties of character to develop, graces to cultivate, a modest sphere to fill, life's quiet pathway to adorn with flowers; and though only a stray vessel passes here and there, and only a chance eye look down with wonder and admiration now and then, there is an infinite Eye that always sees. Whether up amidst the play of the bright sunshine, or far down amongst the shadows of the deep, deep sea, that life is a grand life, worthy of the angels of God, which has been so lived that to "faith has been added virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance patience, to patience godliness, to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

CELEBRITIES.

A group of bright-eyed critics
  Are looking at famous men;
Those who have won their laurels,
  Must run the gauntlet again.

"Girls, pray, who may this be?"
  "You goosie, do n't you know?
He wrote a book—or something,
  Ever so long ago."

"This is an Irishman, surely."
  "Now, Amy, you 're over bold;
That was David Livingstone,
  Before he grew nice and old."

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"If here is n't Russian royalty,
And a-smiling at his wife
Like any respectable party
Who is n't afraid of his life."

"Chaucer 's perfectly lovely!"
"What did he write? Now, come!"
"Girls, you all know this one."
"O, yes, indeed! Tom Thumb."

"Look on the back—'Beethoven.'"
"He need n't look so grim."
"Lou, here is General Sherman!"
"I do n't think much of him."

I do n't know how the pictures
In such disorder came,
But, O! the fates preserve us
From such promiscuous fame!

LED BY A CHILD.

Daisy Graham was a quaint little maiden with a pair of questioning brown eyes and a winsome way with her that made her perfectly irresistible. Often have I thought, when looking at her, of the child who, on being asked how it was every body loved her, replied, "I don't know; perhaps it is because I love every body!"

Eight years have passed since I paid a long and memorable visit to my cousin, Henry Graham, who had lately bought a small estate in one of the eastern counties. It so happened that I arrived at Mildenham a day or two before his daughter Daisy's ninth birthday, and as it was the "leafy month of June," and exceptionally warm weather for the time of year, we agreed to celebrate the important event by a family picnic.

Very early in the morning the whole household was astir, and after the usual exciting preliminaries, the packing of hampers, the arranging and re-arranging of crockeryware so that it could not possibly break, the filling-in of corners and crevices, so that nothing could possibly shake—we started. Our picnic was to be a very unsophisticated affair; we were not going beyond our own domain. The earlier hours were spent in the hayfield, afterward we roamed about in an adjacent wood until our appetites warned us it was time to make our way to the spot we had chosen for a dining-hall, a part where, the trees having been somewhat thinned, we had both shade and air, whilst the glad gleams of sunshine peeped down upon us here and there between the branches, as if to do honor to our sunny-hearted Daisy.

Our banquet was soon spread, the soft green turf our table, the wild flowers we had gathered its appropriate decoration.

"I wonder if Joe Simpson enjoys his bread and cheese as much as I do my dinner," said Harry, the elder boy, to whom this part of the day's proceedings seemed especially interesting.

"Enjoy!" exclaimed his father. "I

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am inclined to think he never enjoyed any thing in his life; grumpy individual!"

I looked up, wondering who could have called forth such a remark from my good-natured cousin, and saw an old man seated a short distance from us, whom I recognized as a laborer whom I had met with in my walk the day before.

Now, I am afraid that, though sincerely desirous of being helpful and useful, I rather prided myself on my tact in speaking to the poor. Being fond of old people, I stopped to say "Good morning" to Joe Simpson. A kind of grunt was the only response. Slightly daunted, I ventured, in orthodox English fashion, upon a few original remarks concerning the state of the weather, No answer all this time. "Ah," I thought, "I'll try a little praise," for I could see he was very careful over his work—clipping stray shoots from the hedges.

"What a neat hedge you are making!"

"Much a fine Lunnun lady knows about such things," grumbled he, with such a sarcastic expression on his really good-featured face that I felt considerably—well, were I relating this to *boys* instead of *girls* I might use the ugly, but expressive word—*snubbed.*

Still I persevered. "O, but I often stay in the country, and like it much better than town."

No remark; and after another trial on my part and sullen silence, persisted in on his, I turned away, feeling completely defeated.

I had just finished recounting my yesterday's experience to my cousins when the Rev. Herbert Shalders, the curate at Mildenham, made his appearance; he was a special favorite with the Grahams, and had promised to make one of our party as early as he could. After mutual introduction, for he and I were strangers, he was told of my ineffectual efforts to win a civil word from Joe. Turning to me, he said:

"Had you been successful, Miss Graham, I should have felt quite jealous, for ever since I came to the village I have tried to win his confidence, but hitherto in vain."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Graham. "After all, he is to be pitied; trouble seems to have soured him. He lost both wife and daughter within a few weeks of each other, and since then has lived alone; his only other child married and went to Canada." During our conversation Daisy had remained silent, but now, jumping up, she whispered something to her mother, whereupon Mrs. Graham, smiling, piled a good supply of chicken and ham on a plate, which the little girl carried off to old Simpson.

"Why!" exclaimed Harry, "if Daisy isn't going to take some dinner to Joe! I'm sure I would not take the trouble to do it—she will get no thanks!" We watched Daisy as she offered the plate with the simple grace born of self-unconsciousness. It was not taken; she placed it, however, on the grass beside the old man, and then came tripping back to us.

"Well, Daisy, what did Joe say?" inquired her father.

"He said he did not want it; bread and cheese was good enough for him."

"Then why ever did you leave it, Daisy?" cried her brother, no doubt thinking it a waste of good things.

"O, I told him he must take it to oblige me, because to-day is my birthday, and so I left it."

"Didn't he say 'Thank you?'" asked the younger boy, Philip.

"N—n—o," answered his sister, hesitatingly; "but I don't mind that!"

Ah! Daisy, your unselfish way of doing a kindness taught me a lesson which I scarcely knew I needed. Had not some of my failures been due to my

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thinking about the thanks!—the craving, at any rate, for some modicum of appreciation of the *doer* of the kind act?

This visit proved an eventful one for me; when the next birthday came round I had become the wife of Herbert Shalders, and we were on our way to India, there to take up a work very dear to both of us—that of missions. At the end of seven years it was considered necessary for us to return to England for change, and soon after our arrival, finding that a clerical friend of ours was anxious to travel for two or three months, my husband offered to take duty for him. Hence it is, we are now domiciled within twenty miles of Mildenham.

We had not been here many days when Herbert, returning from the village where he had been making some calls, greeted me with—

"Little wife, I have just had the day of our first meeting most vividly recalled."

"Indeed! what a painful reminiscence!" said I. (The conversation which ensued for the next minute and a half between "married lovers" may be easily supplied by the imaginative reader; to the unimaginative it might prove uninteresting.)

"Pray what brought it to your remembrance, Bertie?" I asked.

"I have met with an old friend of ours who shared that birthday dinner."

"Do you mean that cross-grained old man? I forget his name."

"Yes, Joe Simpson. It seems that his daughter and her husband came back from Canada last year, and the son-in-law took the blacksmith's place here. He appears to be a very respectable man, and the old father is living with them."

"It is to be hoped his temper has improved—they are not enviable."

"Indeed, Louey, he seems quite altered. I was noticing him as I stood talking to his son at the forge. The old man was seated on a wooden armchair in the porch of the cottage, a little girl, a grandchild, sat on the doorstep reading from a large Bible which she held on her knee. When I heard who he was I went up to him, and, wishing him good-day, said I was glad to see him taking pleasure in hearing the best of books read. 'The best of books,' he said, with emphasis, '*that's true*, sir, but I sadly grieve that I have only begun to think so at the end of my days. Ah, sir, I used to think it wasn't meant for such as me. I was that hard, I was, I used to say that God Almighty didn't care for me, or He wouldn't ha' sent me such a peck o' trouble.' 'What makes you think differently?' I asked. 'It was all through a little lady not bigger than Lizzie here,' pointing to his grandchild. 'She had such a pretty way of asking me to let her read something out of the Bible because it made her so happy, and she would like me to be happy too, and so it made me feel kinder like, and my hard heart got softer, and now, sir, I *know* God is love, and that He gave His Son to die for me.' He said this so reverently and with his eyes filled with grateful tears, I could not but contrast him with his former self. After a moment's pause I said, 'Don't you remember me, Joe?' Fixing his eyes on me, 'Why, sir,' he exclaimed, 'baint you the young parson as was at Mildenham, and that married Miss Daisy's cousin? I'm sure I ask your pardon for not knowing you;' and then he was profuse in his apologies for all his former rudeness."

Very soon after hearing this interesting account of my old acquaintance I went to see him: and for several weeks seldom allowed many days to pass without paying him a visit, he so thoroughly enjoyed hearing little anecdotes of our life in India, and never tired of talking of Daisy's goodness. Three days ago,

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when I was with him, he told me he had been reading the fifth chapter of Matthew, and when he came to the forty-fifth verse he thought "Miss Daisy is a real child of our Heavenly Father—good or evil, just or unjust—all the same to her, she is ready to do a kindness for every body;" and then he went on to say in his amusing way, "Excuse me, ma'am, for saying so, but some gentlefolks talk to us poor people as if they felt they was doing something extra out o' the common—and because they're up there and we're down here, they'll ask us all sorts o' questions that they'd think themselves real impudent to ask one another."

I could not help laughing, as I expressed my hope that was not true of many. "No, no, ma'am," he replied; "though I once thought they were all alike; but I was very highminded then."

As I bade him good-bye, I told him I hoped Daisy would come to see me soon.

"I shall be rare pleased to see her once more, if so be it should be God's will," he said.

But this was not to be.

Yesterday morning we were summoned to the dying bed of our old friend. He had been failing for some time, but was suddenly taken worse in the night. When we entered the room he appeared to recognize us, but was evidently sinking rapidly, though quietly. His daughter and I sat by the bedside watching him and trying to catch the few words which he murmured now and then. Presently a shower came on, one of those heavy, sudden showers that are not uncommon on a sultry day. I rose to partly shut the lattice window; the movement aroused him, for his hearing was unusually acute. Opening his eyes, he smiled, and bending over him, I heard —"just, unjust—Our Father in Heaven"—evidently the rushing sound of the rain had brought to his memory the last words he had spoken to me. Closing his eyes again, he appeared to fall into a peaceful sleep, and thus he passed gently away to the home prepared for him by his Heavenly Father.

HALLOWEEN.

Many were the curious ceremonies once widely observed throughout Great Britain on the night of the 31st of October, or All Hallow's Eve. While most of them have fallen into disuse, some are practiced at the present day, particularly in Scotland, and of the ancient superstition there still lingers enough to invest the night with something of a weird, supernatural character. It is then that fairies of all sorts, and especially the elves and goblins bent on mischief are unusually active, and hold, as it were, a yearly jubilee. Even humanity itself is supposed on this night to be capable of assuming a spiritual form, and of appearing as an apparition in places quite remote from its bodily habitation. Children born on Halloween are believed to be endowed with the mysterious power of perceiving and communicating with supernatural beings.

Beside the mystic associations of Halloween, it is a time of great merriment among the young people who meet together to celebrate its rites, the first of which is that of pulling kail-stocks. The merry-makers go blindfolded into the garden and each pulls the first kail-stock with which he or she comes in contact. When all are supplied they return to the fireside to examine their

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[roots], and as the stalk is large or small, crooked or straight, so will be the future wife or husband of its owner. The quantity of earth adhering to the root indicates the fortune; and the taste of the pith or *custoe* foreshadows the sweetness or acerbity of the temper.

In the north of England the night is known as *Nut-crack Night*, for great quantities of nuts are cracked and eaten, and they are used as well, as a means of determining love affairs. Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, says:

"It is a custom in Ireland when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts on the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married."

Still another way of deciding one's destiny is with the three dishes or *luggies*. One of these is filled with clean water, one with foul water, and the third is empty. They are placed in a row, and the inquiring party is led up blindfolded and dips his finger into one of the dishes. If he dips into the clean water he will marry a maiden, if into the foul water a widow, and if into the empty dish he is destined to remain a bachelor.

Apples contribute an important part to the Halloween festivities, and ducking for them in a tub of water makes great sport. The apples are set floating in the water over which each one bends in turn and tries to seize an apple in his teeth. A somewhat comfortable innovation on the old custom is the taking a fork in the teeth and with that piercing the apple. This is a scarcely less difficult task, but keeps the head a little more out of the water. Another practice is to throw raisins into a large, shallow dish, the bottom of which has been covered with brandy. The brandy is then set on fire, and while it is burning the raisins are plucked out with the fingers.

A rite in ancient use was that of going alone with a candle to a looking-glass and eating an apple before it, combing one's hair all the while. During this process the face of one's future partner would be seen in the mirror as if peering over the shoulder.

Those who resorted to this and other spells for making apparitions appear were regarded as very presumptuous, and cases are known of such persons having lost their reason, either through the effects of their own highly wrought imagination, or the practical jokes of incautious friends.

We recall a Halloween at the house of a Scotch gentleman, when the merry-making narrowly escaped a serious termination. The servants and some of their friends had assembled for the usual sport, and we all went to the kitchen followed by a pet dog with long, silky hair, who stood quietly by and looked with wonder at the unusual proceedings. The genial master of the house entering into the spirit of the occasion, took his turn at ducking, and deftly speared an apple with the fork. After taking several raisins from the flaming brandy, his eye fell upon the little dog, and catching him up, with the dog's paw he drew out a raisin. It was quickly done, but not so quickly as to prevent the fine, soft hair from taking fire, and poor Frisk's paw was in a blaze, much to the distress of his mistress. The fire was speedily extinguished, however, and the little dog, frightened though quite unhurt, quickly left the room, evidently having learned all he cared to know of Halloween.

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PEEPS INTO A ROYAL FAMILY.

No doubt many a young student, in conning the daily lesson for the history class, having had all the hero-worship so natural to youth wrought up to white heat while studying the life of Edward I., has felt the utmost wonder and disappointment to find in Edward II. such a degenerate son of a noble sire. Perhaps these "peeps into a royal family" may help us to understand it better; may help us to see how the amiability, the clinging affection and dependence, lovely and attractive enough in the boy, were fostered and strengthened until they grew into monstrous faults when the boy became a king, and this sweet, pleasant amiability had no manly strength or principle to rest upon. It was like a human body, every tint and color perfect and lovely, but without bone or muscle.

Yes, it is King Edward himself, he who has conquered Wales and set his foot so ruthlessly on the liberty of Scotland. Yet there is no ferocity in his countenance now, as he sits in his palace watching two boys engaged in knightly sports in the court below.

As we see him now in this unwonted quietness, we can note the majestic stature, the broad chest, the long limbs that make him so graceful a horseman, so agile in the use of the sword, and the face with its ample forehead, and strong, prominent features. Those eyes can burn with a fierce, relentless fire, but that is only when opposition has roused the lion in the man. Now it is a father looking at his son, who is to succeed him on the throne—all the interest of father and king are concentrated in the gaze, which, though gentle and anxious, is as eager as that which scanned the battle-field.

The rapid transition of good-natured smiles and impatient frowns tempts us to seek an interpretation in the movements of the two boys, as the king murmurs, "I fear he has missed his mother's wise care, but I did well to secure that Gascon lad for his companion." Truly, two handsomer boys it would be hard to find than Edward Caernarvon, then about twelve years of age, and his friend and companion, Piers Gaveston, a few years older.

Prince Edward's face is not altogether unlike his father's when, as to-day, in its gentler aspect, only the lines and angles of the features are all toned down—softened to such an extent that we know at a glance it can never express the stern strength and resolute spirit of the father.

A slender, graceful boy is Prince Edward, skillful in his sports too, but hardly so graceful as his handsome playfellow, the youth of Guienne, and far less skillful. "But he is younger, he will learn," the king says to himself reassuringly, and smiles with satisfaction as some cunning thrust of Edward takes advantage of the Gascon's over-confidence.

A clearer view would have shown in each face even then, the lines of self-indulgence and love of pleasure, and in Edward the want of will or judgment save that of the friend who had won his heart, that most surely foretokened the direful future of both. But if the king saw them it was through a father's partial eyes, and he hoped for the best.

A few years pass, and we claim the privilege of invisible eye-witnesses, and look in upon a festive scene in the Tower of London. Gloomy memories clustered around the grim old fortress even then, yet strongholds were needed for kings' castles in those war-like times, and here in that very year king Edward I. brought and left his bride of a week, the young Margarite of France, when he departed in such hot speed to crush the fresh

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efforts of the Scotch for freedom. This feast which draws us thither is given by the young prince and Gaveston to the royal sisters who loved and admired their brother as sisters are apt to love an only brother. As both the young entertainers were keenly sensitive to all that was tasteful and beautiful, and as, through the indulgence of the king they had never learned to deny themselves any wish, you may be sure no expense was spared to make every thing perfect. Every variety of food and wines which the times could furnish was there with "spiceries" in abundance, and all manner of foreign luxuries; and what if they were served by candle light; even the exquisite taste of Gaveston could suggest nothing better then. There was an abundance of gold and silverware in such vessels as were at that time in use, including spoons and silver forks,* but the pride of their hearts was the crockery, in the selection of which a vast amount of time and taste had been expended, and though even their choicest pieces might appear crude now, it had all the charm of novelty to them.

And now if we could but peep into the great gathering hall where ladies and gentlemen were assembled. The ladies with their rich quintises, as the costly robes of that day were called, and their long trains, a few wearing the hideous gorget, a most unbecoming head-arrangement which consisted of a piece of white cambric or lawn out of which was cut an opening for the face. Happily, for our enjoyment of the feast, Queen Eleanor so decidedly discountenanced this absurdity that not many of the "muffled chins" appear in the company. We may confidently look for three of the royal sisters there—Joanna, Mary, and Elizabeth. Joanna is a matron of twenty-seven years, married in fact to her second husband, but as lively and high-spirited as ever, with a beauty and wilfulness that few could resist, and her father never. Within a year after her first husband's death she had secretly married his squire. This made her father very angry when he found it out, for he had promised her to some one else, so Monthermer was imprisoned. But Edward was always an indulgent father, and yielding to Joanna's pleading, her husband was not only released from prison but allowed to bear for the rest of his life the title of Earl of Gloucester, which properly belonged to Joanna's young son. Yes, Joanna is there, and none enjoys more than she the graceful manner and sparkling wit of her brother's friend; somewhat of a wit herself, with her father's eager impetuosity of character, we can easily imagine the brilliant sallies that enliven the company, as the handsome couple move around among them, her piquant charms enhanced by royal robes of velvet, silk, and gold cloth, doing the honors of her brother's entertainment.

Not far off is Edward. He is never of his own choice far from his beloved friend, who by ceaseless tact and policy ministering to the amusement, selfish gratification, and general entertainment of the prince, has so woven his influence around him, that it seems as if every thought, feeling, and act of Edward is guided by the stronger nature of his friend. With him was Elizabeth, his favorite sister. She also is married to the Count of Holland, but for some reason appears not yet to have left England, and probably never did, as her husband died soon after. She is of a more quiet style of beauty than Joanna, with her mother's simple dignity and gentle mein. Yet when this idol of a brother is concerned she too can show something of her father's spirit.

*Record Commission, page 78, where forks are enumerated among the items of Edward I.'s domestic utensils.

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Mary, the nun of Fontivraud, was, we are told, as fond of pomp and display as any of them, and was seldom absent from court pageants. She could not show her taste in royal robes, but she never moved without twenty-four horses; perhaps it would have been better if her mother's judgment had been followed and some other one of the maiden band been devoted to the cloister.

If we look among the guests we may also find another sister, Lady Margaret, duchess of Brabant, and perhaps the young queen herself. Of one thing we may be sure, the roof of the grand old hall rang with the sounds of minstrelsy—the harp, the dulcimer, and the viol, and if Gaveston pointed his reckless sarcasms and jests at the dignified peers of England, it was still regarded as merely the harmless fun of youth, and Edward and the royal sisters laughed and made merry, heedless of the sullen looks of the discontented nobles.

The scene changes again—this time to "the proud keep of Windsor," as Burke has well characterized it, which was often the residence of the royal family.

We do not hear Joanna's gay laugh now, nor see Elizabeth moving about with gentle grace. Neither do we find Queen Margaret there with her two little prattling boys. Prince Edward is there alone, not even his beloved Gaveston with him. Impossible! you exclaim. So one would have thought, as he seemed incapable of existing without him. Yet it is true, and that might satisfactorily explain the dejected appearance of the prince. But if he would only *think* there would be sufficient, besides the loneliness, to make him sad—perchance wholesomely sad.

It is all only what might have been foreseen.

"How noble and generous hearted he is," the sisters would exclaim when he bestowed upon them the most costly and elegant presents, while on Gaveston he lavished every imaginable prodigality, yet always without denying himself any ornament or elegance of dress or surroundings. By and by, generosity became profusion—love of pleasure ran into dissipation. Grave men grew anxious at the unchanging levity of the prince and his want of principle and steadiness.

In 1305, being reduced to need by his own and Gaveston's extravagance, the prince applied to the Bishop of Litchfield, the king's treasurer, to supply him with money, but was refused, and in his angry indignation is said to have spoken disrespectfully to the prelate and even to have joined Gaveston in the wild frolic of breaking into his park and stealing his deer. At any rate shortly after, the bishop took occasion seriously to reprove him for his idle life and love of low company, and the prince replied with such hot words that the king in extreme displeasure sent him to Windsor Castle in a sort of captivity, no doubt hoping the enforced seclusion and meditation would be profitable.

Ah! if he would but *think* seriously and earnestly on the duties of the life before him—the responsibilities that rest upon him. His sisters, unfortunately, do not give him much encouragement of the right kind. Loving—idolizing—him as they do, there is quite a storm of indignation among them over what they consider their father's uncalled-for severity. Elizabeth writes a letter of warmest sympathy; the high-spirited Joanna sends her seal that he may procure whatever he desires at her cost; and Mary sends him a pressing invitation to waive his father's command so far as to visit her at the convent. Their well-intended but ill-advised kindness, however, finds no touchstone of malice in young Edward's amiable good nature, and to

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them all he replies that his father is acting quite rightly by him; but begging them to intercede that he might only have Gaveston and young Gilbert de Clare to alleviate his loneliness.

Such dutiful submission soon reconciled him to his father, and for a while all went well. But when, not very long after, the young prince presumptuously asked for his ambitious friend the earldom of Cornwall, the richest appanage in the kingdom, the king's eyes were opened; he knew at last the inordinate power which Gaveston had acquired over his son, and he immediately exiled Gaveston from the kingdom, requiring both from him and the prince a solemn oath that they would never meet again.

If this measure had only been resorted to ten years earlier it might have been effectual. Now alas, it was too late, as even king Edward himself with all his blind paternal partiality must have felt, ere he resigned his ambitious projects and noble plans for his country into such feeble hands.

LET YOUR LOVE BE SPOKEN.

Kind words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

God only sees the heart,
  We judge by word and deed;
Through them, like tiny rivulets,
  Flow joys for all life's need.

The deed of love done for you
  By no kind word repaid,
Saddens the loving heart,
  Yearning for the word unsaid.

Could you pass the wounded sufferer,
  In pain and anguish lying,
Hiding the precious ointment
  That ease and joy would give him?

Then gladly speak the kind words
  That in your heart are welling,
For they the precious ointment are
  Given for the spirit's healing.

What are ocean's fairest pearls
  If in ocean's bosom lying?
What are kindest thoughts and feelings
  In the heart's deep recess dying?

The dewdrop in the darkness
  Is not the dewdrop bright,
The diamond in the casket
  Glitters only in the light.

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Then let your love be spoken;
For words, like dewdrops bright,
Will sparkle back each kindness,
Giving ray for ray of light.

From heaven falls one sunlight
On rock and rain-drop bright,
The one in darkness takes it,
The other gives it light.

So little words of tenderness
Like dainty sunbeams, trembling,
Flash back with added loveliness
Joy for the heart's remembering.

ALEXANDER COUMOUNDOUROS.

FROM OUR ATHENS CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Coumoundouros, whose death occurred in Athens on the 9th of March, was one of Greece's ablest statesmen of modern times, having been in his public career for thirty years or more. He was a native of Mani, that spot which never was trodden by the Turk's foot during the long period of Greece's slavery. Coumoundouros entered upon his career first as a humble clerk in the office of the provincial governor, and rapidly rose. He was finally elected as a representative of his county in the Greek parliament, where he so distinguished himself that he was called to a place in the cabinet, and served as Minister of Finances during King Otho's reign. When King Otho was dethroned (in 1862) Mr. Coumoundouros was a member of the provisional government, and since then had a party of his own, as he aspired to the premiership. And then, at irregular intervals, he occupied the position of Prime Minister, though for not a long period at a time, for, on account of the many candidates for the premiership, each of whom had his own separate party in parliament, no one held the reins of government long.

In 1878, Mr. Coumoundouros was a member of the so-called ecumenical government, which consisted of all the different party-leaders, allied to each other for a short time. Four years later, on the 25th of January, 1882, Mr. Coumoundouros's government fell for the last time, and was succeeded by Mr. Tricoupis's, the present Prime Minister of the Greek kingdom.

Mr. Coumoundouros had been dying slowly for the five months before his death, on the 9th of March.

It was about quarter past nine that the news went forth that he was dead. Half an hour later the king heard of it, and sent one of his chamberlains to express his sorrow at the event. Next morning parliament was summoned together, and it was there decided, upon Mr. Tricoupis's proposal, to postpone the funeral till the 12th, to adjourn for five days out of respect to Mr. Coumoundouros's memory, and to lay a wreath on his coffin, on the part of the Greek parliament.

During the three days that intervened before his burial many distinguished persons visited the deceased's house, as the Cabinet Ministers, the Foreign Am-

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bassadors, the French Admiral at Piraeus, the Mayor and City Council, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court.

Early on Tuesday morning, the day of the funeral, the city was on foot, the streets through which the procession was to pass were draped in black, the gas-lamps were muffled in crape and were lighted, and the cathedral was appropriately fitted up.

The different military corps began arriving at the square in front of the house accompanied by the two City Guards' bands, and all the officers of the army and navy.

We set out for the cathedral, where we awaited the arrival of the procession, which was to have been there at eleven A.M., but did not get there till half past twelve. At half past eleven His Majesty, the King, accompanied by his brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, his father-in-law, Prince Constantine Nicolaevitch, and his brother-in-law, Constantine Constantinovitch, arrived and stood waiting for the procession. Finally it came, headed by the bands playing beautiful and solemn marches, and the military cadets in their bright yellow plumes and trim uniforms. The Metropolitan, of Athens, attended by four archbishops, three bishops, and some fifty priests, preceded, chanting solemn, but not beautiful dirges and litanies. Then came all the officers of the army and navy, forming one glittering mass of color, plumes, and burnished arms.

Just in front of the bier marched ten naval officers, bearing on blue velvet cushions the ten grand orders of knighthood, which Mr. Coumoundouros possessed.

The coffin itself was very simple; it was borne on the shoulders of six Laconian students, and the four ribbons were supported by Mr. Tricoupis, Prime Minister; Mr. Valaorites, President of Parliament; General Soutsos, and Mr. Lombardos, Minister of Public Instruction.

The service at the cathedral lasted for about an hour and a half, and then the procession, headed by gentlemen bearing the ninety-three flower wreaths which were sent to be laid on the deceased's coffin, proceeded slowly up Hermes Street and on through the square of Jupiter Olympus. It was indeed a pretty sight to see it winding through the plains, gorgeous in bright uniforms and flags, the sun flashing on the glittering muskets and swords, and the low but thrilling funeral march sounding so distinctly across the square.

All the plains and hills around the cemetery were covered with crowds of people; it is said, in fact, that over forty thousand persons were out there. The grave had been chosen, not in the cemetery itself, but on a hill just outside the wall. Six funeral orations were delivered at the grave—the first was by Mr. Valaorites, on the part of the Hellenic House of Representatives; then came Mr. Tricoupis, on the part of the government; then Mr. Deligeorges, Mr. Delyannis, Mr. Capetanakes, and Mr. Bourdoubaki, of whom the last spoke on the part of the Cretans, for whom Mr. Coumoundouros had fought as a volunteer in the Cretan war.

Finally, about five P.M. the volleys of musketry, followed by the thundering boom of artillery, closed the ceremonies, announcing that the aged patriot was laid in the grave.

The people followed the soldiers, marching silently back to the town, and by night a few only lingered still about the grave of the old Mainote.

Of the ninety-three funeral wreaths presented on this occasion, eleven were from different literary societies and institutions, some fifteen or twenty from different cities and towns of Greece, some twenty or twenty-five from [illegible] and

their families, one from the sufferers from the last earthquakes at Scio, one from the Cretan people, and numerous ones from the towns and provinces of the recently annexed territory in Thessaly and Epirus. Her Majesty, the Queen, also sent a beautiful wreath of immortelles, tied with blue silk and gold ribbons, and borne on a blue velvet cushion.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER IX.

No light came to Ruby either about that parcel which was sent in her name to the Bryants' cottage, or about the figure which followed her home that evening; she made all the inquiries she could among the village people, but they could tell her nothing that she wanted to know. Mr. Lindhurst and all the family at the Priory still continued to look upon her story about being watched as she went along as a fancy born of her overwrought nerves, and so they were not likely to give her any help in clearing up the matter. Ruby at length gave up thinking any thing more of the subject, because there seemed to be not the slightest profit in doing so; if, however, she chanced to be out at all late alone, an uncomfortable feeling would always creep over her; she would almost involuntarily hasten her steps, and would glance anxiously behind her, but the tall, dark figure never appeared again haunting her footsteps; so gradually her fear wore off.

Ruby visited the Bryants frequently after Bessie's death, and did her best to bring them comfort; but the lesson of calm, cheerful resignation to God's will she learned beneath that humble cottage roof did more for her young mind than she could possibly do for them. That father and mother had lost their dearest, best prized earthly treasure; but with what bright faith, even before their tears were dry, did they trust their jewel to the Lord who gave her; how bravely did they strive to make Christian music in their home, which should be in tune with the songs she was learning from the angels round the throne. Ben, too, seemed softened and changed somewhat from his former self, and gave his parents less cause for uneasiness, though still the old wild leaven in him would at times rise to the surface.

One morning, when the winter days were beginning to grow longer, and when the first message from the coming spring was arriving on the wings of a soft south wind, a very singular thing happened to Ruby Stanton. She had been out for an early walk before breakfast, as was her wont, and was just re-entering the house with her little hands full of violets and snowdrops which she had been gathering, when the postman came up the avenue. She waited for him at the door, for she had a half childish pleasure in taking the letters, and delivering each one of them to its owner. She was a good deal surprised when she found among them a letter to herself, for, as has before been said, no one with whom she had lived before coming to Larcombe Priory cared enough about the poor orphan ever to write to her. She turned the letter curiously over and over, but she did not in the least know the hand; she looked at the post-mark, which was Exeter, but that did not enlighten her any further, she had no correspondent that she knew of in that town, so at last she broke open the envelope.

It was fortunate for Ruby that she was

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alone out of doors, not sitting at the breakfast-table when she opened that letter—such a troubled wonder came into her face as she looked at it, such a sharp cry of startled astonishment broke from her; the paper she held between her trembling fingers was written in the handwriting of her mother.

She had some scraps of old letters from her mother to her father in her possession which she had always preserved most carefully, and often read and re-read, for every thing concerning her parents was of sacred interest to the orphan girl; thus her mother's handwriting was quite familiar to her, though she had never held that mother's hand in hers.

The instant she glanced at the paper which came by the post this morning she thought that the writing before her bore a strange, close resemblance to the beloved characters; and the longer she looked at it the more certain she became that she was not mistaken. Yet how could it be really true? How could a letter come to her from one who had been so long in another world? Her brain grew dizzy at the question, her whole frame quivered, her eyes filled with tears, tears that prevented her, for some time, from reading a word in the written paper, the sight of which was causing her so much disturbance of mind.

At length with a strong effort (Ruby was a girl with a good deal of decision of character, and she was learning to make good use of that quality in gaining rule over herself) she conquered her emotion sufficiently to be able to read what was before her. The first words which met her wondering, eager view were these—"If I should die at my child's birth, and that child should be a daughter, I should wish her to read this as soon as she is beginning to pass from early girlhood into womanhood; what I have written here is the only legacy I have to leave her."

These words were written on an envelope which had been enclosed in the other which came by post directed to Ruby in a handwriting, as has before been said, quite unknown to her. This second envelope, with the superscription given as above in Ruby's mother's hand upon it, was open; inside of it was a written paper, also in Mrs. Stanton's hand. That was what Ruby's still half-tear-veiled eyes were now resting upon. It ran as follows:

"My child—When you read this I shall have been for several years with God. I have no earthly heritage to bequeath you, but I can at least leave you these few words of love. In the first place, my bird, my flower, my jewel, my Ruby (I shall tell them to call you Ruby, for it was my own mother's), anchor your young heart firmly at once upon the Rock of Ages, then shall it be well with you whatever are the storms and trials of your future life. Let one thing be the star of your whole story, and let that thing be love, love of God and love for man. Be all truth, my Ruby. Even in your looks, let there never be a false point about you, even in your dress and outward appearance; my gem must be in every thing a real stone. Recollect that a Christian woman must be at once the bravest and the tenderest thing on God's earth; very brave and uncompromising in standing up for the right, very tender and gentle in raising up those who have fallen: she must stand as a queen on a lofty pedestal, but a queen who is never weary of stooping and stretching out her strong, soft hands to lift up those who have sunk the lowest. Always be ready to believe the good in others, for a suspicious temper is a very dark shadow in the fairest female character where it exists: it is an especial disgrace to womanhood, even more than it is to manhood. Remember, it is never thought a disgrace to be cheated and de-

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ceived. My Ruby, when women ministered to our dear Lord, He showed thereby His sacred will and pleasure that Christian women should do good work for Him in all time; be a bold, large-hearted worker for Him, Ruby. Such are the last words to you of your mother.

LUCY STANTON."

Who shall tell the mingled feelings that were in the girl's mind as she read? What words can paint the flood of joy, and fear, and unutterable wonder that rushed over her whole being? It seemed to her as if a great incredible thing had happened to her; as if the curtain between this world and the next had been drawn aside by a friendly angel's hand, and a voice from beyond it, had reached her.

She stood there in the morning sunshine, feeling like one who has been surrounded by a radiant cloud, and who half exults in the brightness, and half dreads its excess of splendor; and then the question went whirling through her brain, From whence did this letter come? In what strange, incomprehensible way had it reached her to-day, this message, this legacy from the dead? She was completely unable to find any reply, though she sought after one until her head was giddy, and the trees in the garden seemed to be spinning round and round.

After that she returned again to the letter, and covered it with kisses, and dwelt upon each single word until, at length, her over-full heart and mind found relief in a shower of tears.

"Ruby! Ruby! where are you?" cried a sharp, very imperious voice at the window.

It was Miss Nancy calling her to breakfast. The sound made her start, but it also recalled her to the actual, every-day life around her. She dried her eyes, thrust the letter hastily into her pocket, for she had an instinctive feeling against saying a word about it at the breakfast table, and hurried in.

"Why, Ruby, how pale you look!" cried Ella. "I think your morning walk must have disagreed with you. I always thought it would. It is such a foolish habit getting up so early and going out. You have not half the appetite that I have."

And the young lady helped herself most complacently to a slice of ham.

"O, it's just like all the rest of her ridiculous whims," grumbled Miss Nancy, behind the tea-urn.

Ruby took all these and like remarks, many of which were bestowed upon her that morning, with the meekest patience. Her whole mind was far too entirely wrapped up in the subject which had occupied it before she came in to heed what was going on around her. She did her best, however, to eat her breakfast much as usual, and so escaped further notice. When she left the table she crept quietly into Mr. Lindhurst's study, and, with all her former agitation coming back into her face, said, showing him the letter:

"Guardian, look at this. Can you in the least imagine who could have sent it me? It came by this morning's post."

Surprised by the emotion and earnestness of her manner, he fixed his eyes curiously upon the letter, and his face first was a face of wonder, then a face of deep thought as he read it. Then he folded it up very gently and slowly, and turned to the window, while he said, with nothing of the astonishment in his tone which Ruby had, of course, expected:

"My child, I would not trouble myself if I were you with trying to guess or discover who sent you this letter. There is not the faintest clue by which you can find out any thing about it. I would think of it, Ruby, only as a precious

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treasure which God has sent you to cheer and light you throughout your whole life's journey, to show you the way into the highest paths."

"Yes, it is indeed all that to me," cried the girl, clasping her hands. "But, guardian, I should like to know how it could have come to me in this strange way."

"I can not bother myself, Ruby, with making all sorts of fruitless inquiries for you about the matter," he answered, with a sudden severity in his tone.

"Guardian," cried Ruby, as a thought suddenly flashed across her, "can this letter have any thing to do with the mystery which, you said a little while ago, would very likely now and then approach me in different ways?"

"Perhaps it has, little Ruby; perhaps it has not," he replied, with a half smile. "Now run away to your books or your music, and wear the words of that letter always on your heart, as a sacred talisman to guard you from all evil."

Ruby did not ask any more, for she saw it would be useless to do so: but she put on her hat and went for a long walk alone through the fields and woods, and came back looking very calm and bright.

Ruby did not strive any further to learn where that sweet, mysterious letter came from; she saw plainly, from Mr. Lindhurst's manner, that it had something to do with the secret which surrounded her young life, and which she was beginning to think of, quite calmly, as we do of most things when we get used to them. She could not, by any amount of thought, form the slightest probable conjecture on the subject, so she wisely let her mind dwell upon it as little as possible. That letter was, however, what Matthew Lindhurst had said it was to be—her most precious treasure; she carried it about every where with her, and read it over and over, and laid it beneath her pillow at night, and often covered it with kisses; it seemed to her as if she had really spoken with her dead mother.

One evening, when spring was fully come, and was working a million silent spells in garden and field, hedgerow and woodland, Ella and Ruby went to spend the evening at the house of a neighbor who lived some three miles off. There were several girls in the family of about their own age, and this made them not unfrequent visitors there. The aunt of the young ladies, who kept their father's house (their mother was dead), was an old ally of Miss Nancy, and so she was graciously pleased to allow her own two charges to be seen oftener under her roof than any other in the neighborhood.

The two girls drove alone in Miss Ringwood's pony-carriage. They had strict orders from Miss Nancy to be back in good time, and as it was a fine moonlight evening, and the road they had to go was a very quiet one, they were allowed, to Ruby's delight—for Ella always, partly from idleness, partly from good nature, let her act as coachman—to drive themselves without even the stable-boy in attendance.

They kept their promise to Miss Nancy, and started early to come home. Ruby was in high spirits as she drove along; the moonlight was so brilliant; the night breeze was so fresh and sweet; the woods, just waking into young green, slept so softly in the tender, silver glory; the pony trotted away so freely and merrily. Ella leant back in her comfortable seat in easy contentment, and laughed a little now and then at Ruby's lively sayings and fancies, either about the people they had just left, or the different objects they passed, and enjoyed herself in her own way very much too.

But very pleasant things sometimes come to an end before they are expected to do so, in sudden, unpleasant

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ways; and such was the case of this evening drive, and the happiness of the two girls. On going down rather a steep hill—there are plenty such in Devonshire—the pony thought fit to take sudden exception to a little pool of water at the roadside, which gleamed with especial brightness in the moonlight. Ruby strove by coaxing to make him get over his prejudice, but all in vain; he would do nothing but walk steadily backward instead of forward.

"Jump out and take him by the head, Ruby, and lead him by," cried Ella, who was not exactly comfortable with the existing state of things.

But Miss Ruby chose to consider this course as far beneath her dignity, and gave the pony a sharp cut with the whip —a proceeding which he resented by coolly running the wheel of the carriage up on the bank, and overturning its inmates into the middle of the road.

Ruby fell as lightly as a rose-leaf; she was up again in a few seconds, half angry at the ignominious failure in her coachmanship, half laughing at the whole situation. Her laughter, however, was not of very long duration. It was soon changed into a cry of pain; she found that she could not stand on her right foot, her ankle had been badly sprained in the fall. By this time Ella also was on her feet. She was a good deal inclined to make a long and solemn lamentation over her best silk dress, which had not been exactly improved by its late close acquaintance with the muddy road, and a little disposed, as far as it lay in her placid disposition, to scold Ruby for having brought about the catastrophe, but she was physically quite uninjured. The carriage was in a mournfully dilapidated condition, with one wheel off; the harness was broken; the pony was standing by very calmly, by turns eating out of the hedge, and surveying the unfortunate girls and the carriage with an air of cool, triumphant superiority, which, put into words, would have said, "You just see what you get by not letting me have at once my own way."

But what was to be done? That was now the question. If it had not been for Ruby's sprained ankle their course would have been plain enough; they would have left the disabled carriage, and have both walked home, leading the pony. They were only about a mile from Larcombe Priory. This was, however, quite impossible with Ruby's injured foot; so it was at length settled that Ruby should be enveloped in all the rugs and wraps, and should remain seated on the carriage cushions at the roadside, holding the pony, who now seemed to be in a most gracious and peaceable mood, while Ella should make the best of her way home, and send the big carriage for Ruby. Miss Nancy had an old barouche in which she sometimes made grand progresses to pay state morning calls. It was the only course they could take under the circumstances. There was no cottage much nearer than the Priory, so it was impossible for Ruby to sit in any house till the carriage came for her; it was, however, a very fine, warm night, so that, wrapped up as she was, there was not much hardship, after all, in the vigil which she would have to keep at the roadside.

Ella, indeed, was inclined to think that Ruby had the best of it. There was nothing that Miss Ringwood disliked so much as having to hurry along her little round person and superfluity of always-rich draperies in a quick walk; and very rapid this night walk of hers she knew must be, for poor Ruby's sake, whose ankle was beginning to swell and be very painful.

er good nature, therefore, and her concern for her friend made her resolve to reach the Priory as speedily as possi-

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ble, and to move briskly for once. She was quite strong, and as well able to walk as any one if she chose.

"O, Ella, I am so sorry you have to go!" cried Ruby. "I know you don't like it."

"Never mind, dear; it's better, I suppose, than your sprained ankle. It will be very nice when we are both comfortably in bed, as I hope we shall be some time to-night."

The young lady gave a pathetic little groan at the thought that this happy consummation was as yet very far distant, gathered up carefully her well-loved train, and prepared to depart.

"Mind you take the short cut through the churchyard," cried Ruby after her, as she went. "It will save you ever so much."

Ella was not near as well acquainted with the walks round about as Ruby was. That was why she gave her this parting piece of advice.

On went Ella down the road, heartily wishing her walk was ending instead of beginning. She hated the bodily exertion, and she was more than half frightened at finding herself thus out at night alone. She was far more uncomfortable in such a situation than Ruby would have been. or, indeed, was at the roadside, for she hardly ever walked by herself, even in broad daylight.

She walked, however, well to-night, partly from this feeling of alarm, and partly from a real, kindly wish to keep Ruby waiting as little time as possible. The clump of elms was passed, which, before she came up to them, looked so uncomfortably like a group of tall human figures in the moonlight.

The creaking gate was left behind, which made a noise unpleasantly like a groan as the wind shook it; the narrow plank bridge was safely crossed, though not without a little shiver as she heard the cold waters flowing below. This bridge brought her into the lane that led to the short cut which Ruby had spoken of.

Ella had resolved to take it for quickness's sake, though she did not but half relish the idea of passing through the churchyard alone in the moonlight. Miss Ringwood was not quite free, if truth must be told, from superstitious terrors.

And now the little side wicket gate of the churchyard was reached. Ella gathered together her courage, and went boldly through it. How gray and shadowy and mysterious the old gray church looked in the moonlight; and how much taller and grimmer the tomb-stones appeared to-night than they did in the daytime! And why was it that the figure on the old monument—the figure of the knight in armor—seemed to be pointing with his extended arm at her, and at nothing else?

Ella redoubled her speed, for most certainly none of these were comfortable, reassuring ideas and fancies.

Ella had gone about half way through the churchyard, when all at once she stopped; her heart began to beat so violently that she could not go on; her eyes wide open, and with a look of extreme terror in them, fixed themselves on a distant corner of the sacred enclosure, the corner where Bessie Bryant's grave was. Was there not a white object there, a something that glimmered pale and ghost-like in the moonshine? There were never any sheep, she knew, allowed in the neatly kept churchyard; what could it be? She had hardly had time to frame this question in her very uneasy mind, when the object began to move, and she saw, to her dismay, that it looked like a tall form in human shape, and yet in no earthly garb. The apparition was clothed in loose, white robes, that waved in the night breeze, and shimmered dimly in the uncertain

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light. It glided across the grass to the main walk through the churchyard, and passed out through the gate opposite to the one by which Ella had entered.

Ella's blood was literally chilled wi h horror as, in overpowering fear, that was too excessive to allow of her even giving vent to it with a cry, she watched it. She did not exactly believe in ghosts, but like many people she had a vague, unreasoning dread of the supernatural; and besides, her mental powers were never of the strongest, never resolute to overcome any sudden impression. When the spectre had passed out of sight, however, her spell bound limbs resumed their faculties of movement, and with a desperate effort she hastened on; anything seemed better than remaining longer alone in that fearful, solitary place. She made her trembling way to the gate, and turned into the road beyond: but what was her terror when she saw the apparition moving on in front of her.

Again fear chained her feet to the ground where she stood; the whole moonlit landscape on each side seemed to be whirling round her; but still her eyes were fastened on that mysterious form. At length it reached the Bryants' cottage, where it passed through the door, and thus vanished from her sight.

A terrible notion now got possession of poor Ella: she must have seen Bessie's ghost: the drops of cold anguish stood on her forehead, the very power of thought forsook her; with feet, that now seemed to be winged, she flew down the road and up the avenue. Soon after that, Mr. Lindhurst, Miss Nancy, Mrs. Tredwell, the housekeeper, and the whole bevy of servants were standing in the hall of the Priory, with faces of blank consternation, around Miss Ringwood, who lay there insensible. She had fainted with sheer terror the moment she entered the house, and before she could speak a word of explanation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KEPT PROMISE.

In the Moslem city of Khorassan,
Adjudging the people from his divan,
Sat Omar, the pitiless, haughty Khan.

He had sentenced assassin, knave, and thief,
And he called to his guard with order brief:
"Now bring to me hither the Vizier Chief,

"Who dared to defy my bidding. He
Who let from his camp my foe go free,
Because he had shared his salt, shall see

"That the man who can break his promise, led
By a fancied duty, nor risk instead
Life rather than do it, must lose his head."

The Vizier was summoned. With hurried words
He told how a chief of the hostile Kurds,
Who seemed but a shepherd of flocks and herds,

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Had come to his tent, his eye-balls dim
Through hunger, and gaunt in every limb;
"What could I but break my bread with him?"

The face of the Khan grew wroth; his eye
Flashed fire; he deigned but curt reply:
"The soldier who breaks his word must die!"

No pallor the Vizier's cheek o'erspread;
On his bosom he only dropped his head;
"It is Fate, it is Fate!" he grimly said.

"I am ready, O master, to meet the worst,
But not till your kindness grants me first
A vessel of water to quench my thirst.

"Shall the scimiter stay till I drink?" Quick o'er
The forehead of Omar, so harsh before,
Dawned something like pity: "*Till* then: no more!"

The water was brought. The Vizier's brow
Shone brighter: "We all of us heard you vow,
'*Till* then.' Your promise is pledged me now!"

Then he dashed on the ground the goblet! "So
You have snared me, knave!" said the Khan. "But, no—
I never will break a promise. Go!"

THE ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.—II.

The sons of clergymen and ministers of religion generally have particularly distinguished themselves in our country's history. Amongst them we find the names of Drake and Nelson, celebrated in naval heroism; of Wollaston, Young, Playfair, and Bell, in science; of Wren, Reynolds, Wilson, and Wilkie, in art; of Thurlow and Campbell, in law; and of Addison, Thompson, Goldsmith, Coleridge, and Tennyson, in literature. Lord Hardinge, Colonel Edwardes, and Major Hodson, so honorably known in Indian warfare, were also the sons of clergymen. Indeed, the empire of England in India was won and held chiefly by men of middle class—such as Clive, Warren Hastings, and their successors—men for the most part bred in factories and trained to habits of business.

Among the sons of attorneys we find Edmund Burke, Smeaton the engineer, Scott and Wordsworth, and Lords Somers, Hardwick, and Dunning. Sir William Blackstone was the posthumous son of a silk-mercer. Lord Gifford's father was a grocer at Dover; Lord Denham's a physician; Judge Talfourd's a country brewer; and Lord Chief Baron Pollock's a celebrated saddler at Charing Cross. Layard, the discoverer of the monuments of Nineveh, was an articled clerk in a London solicitor's office; and Sir William Armstrong, the inventor of hydraulic machinery and of the Armstrong ordnance, was also trained to the law

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and practiced for some time as an attorney. Milton was the son of a London scrivener, and Pope and Southey were the sons of linen-drapers. Professor Wilson was the son of a Paisley manufacturer, and Lord Macaulay of an African merchant. Keats was a druggist, and Sir Humphrey Davy a country apothecary's apprentice. Speaking of himself, Davy once said, "What I am I have made myself; I say this without vanity, and in pure simplicity of heart." Richard Owen, the Newton of Natural History, began life as a midshipman, and did not enter upon the line of scientific research in which he has since become so distinguished, until comparatively late in life. He laid the foundations of his great knowledge while occupied in cataloguing the magnificent museum accumulated by the industry of John Hunter, a work which occupied him at the College of Surgeons during a period of about ten years.

Foreign not less than English biography abounds in illustrations of men who have glorified the lot of poverty by their labors and their genius. In Art we find Claude, the son of a pastry-cook; Geefs, of a baker; Leopold Robert, of a watchmaker; and Haydn, of a wheelwright; whilst Daguerre was a scene-painter at the opera. The father of Gregory VII. was a carpenter; of Sextus V., a shepherd; and of Adrian VI., a poor bargeman. When a boy, Adrian, unable to pay for a light by which to study, was accustomed to prepare his lessons by the light of the lamps in the streets and the church-porches, exhibiting a degree of patience and industry which were the certain forerunners of his future distinction. Of like humble origin were Hauy, the mineralogist, who was the son of a weaver of Saint Just; Hautefeuille, the mechanician, of a baker at Orleans; Joseph Fourier, the mathematician, of a tailor at Auxerre; Durand, the architect, of a Paris shoemaker; and Gesner, the naturalist, of a skinner or worker in hides, at Zurich. This last began his career under all the disadvantages attendant on poverty, sickness, and domestic calamnity; none of which, however, were sufficient to damp his courage or hinder his progress. His life was indeed an eminent illustration of the truth of the saying, that those who have most to do and are willing to work, will find the most time. Pierre Ramus was another man of like character. He was the son of poor parents in Picardy, and when a boy was employed to tend sheep. But not liking the occupation he ran away to Paris. After encountering much misery, he succeeded in entering the College of Navarre as a servant. The situation, however, opened for him the road to learning, and he shortly became one of the most distinguished men of his time.

The chemist Vauquelin was the son of a peasant of St. André-d'Herbetot, in the Calvados. When a boy at school, though poorly clad, he was full of bright intelligence; and the master, who taught him to read and write, when praising him for his diligence, used to say, "Go on, my boy; work, study, Colin, and one day you will go as well dressed as the parish churchwarden!" A country apothecary who visited the school admired the robust boy's arms, and offered to take him into his laboratory to pound his drugs, to which Vauquelin assented, in the hope of being able to continue his lessons. But the apothecary would not permit him to spend any part of his time in learning; and on ascertaining this the youth immediately determined to quit his service. He therefore left St. André and took the road for Paris with his haversack on his back. Arrived there, he searched for a place as apothecary's boy, but could not find one. Worn out by fatigue and destitution Vauquelin fell ill,

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and in that state was taken to the hospital, where he thought he should die. But better things were in store for the poor boy. He recovered, and again proceeded in search of employment, which he at length found with an apothecary. Shortly after he became known to Fourcroy, the eminent chemist, who was so pleased with the youth that he made him his private secretary; and many years after, on the death of that great philosopher, Vauquelin succeeded him as Professor of Chemistry. Finally, in 1829, the electors of the district of Calvados appointed him their representative in the Chamber of Deputies, and he re-entered in triumph the village which he had left so many years before, so poor and so obscure.

England has no parallel instances to show, of promotions from the rank of the army to the highest military offices, which have been so common in France since the first Revolution. "La carrière ouverte aux talents" has there received many striking illustrations, which would doubtless be matched among ourselves were the road to promotion as open. Hoche, Humbert, and Pichegru began their respective careers as private soldiers. Hoche, while in the king's army, was accustomed to embroider waistcoats to enable him to earn money to purchase books on military science. Humbert was a scapegrace when a youth; at sixteen he ran away from home, and was, by turns, servant to a tradesman at Nancy, a workman at Lyons, and a hawker of rabbit-skins. In 1792, he enlisted as a volunteer, and in a year he was general of brigade. Kleber, Lefèvre, Suchet, Victor, Lannes, Soult, Massena, St. Cyr, D'Erlon, Murat, Augereau, Bessières, and Ney all rose from the ranks. In some cases promotion was rapid, in others it was slow. St. Cyr, the son of a tanner of Toul, began life as an actor, after which he enlisted in the Chasseurs, and was promoted to a captaincy within a year. Victor, Duc de Belluno, enlisted in the artillery in 1781; during the events preceding the Revolution he was discharged, but immediately on the outbreak of the war he re-enlisted, and in the course of a few months his intrepidity and ability secured his promotion as adjutant-major and chief of battalion. Murat, "le beau sabreur," was the son of a village innkeeper in Perigord, where he looked after the horses. He first enlisted in a regiment of Chasseurs, from which he was dismissed for insubordination; but again enlisting he shortly rose to the rank of colonel. Ney enlisted at eighteen in a hussar regiment, and gradually advanced step by step—Kleber soon discovered his merits, surnaming him "The Indefatigable," and promoted him to be adjutant-general when only twenty-five. On the other hand Soult* was six years from the date of his enlistment before he reached the rank of sergeant. But Soult's advancement was rapid compared with that of Massena, who served for fourteen years before he was made sergeant; and though he afterward rose successively, step by step, to the grades of colonel, general of division, and marshal, he declared that the post of sergeant was the step which of all others had cost him the most labor to win. Similar promotions from the ranks, in the French army, have continued down to our own day. Changarnier entered the king's body-guard as a private in 1815. Marshal Bugeaud served four years in the ranks, after which he was made an officer. Marshal Randon, the present French Minister of War, began his military career as a drummer-boy; and in the portrait of him in the gallery at Versailles his hand rests

* Soult received but little education in his youth, and learned next to no geography until he became foreign minister of France, when the study of this branch of knowledge is said to have given him the greatest pleasure.—"Œuvres, etc., d'Alexis de Tocqueville. Par G. de Beaumont." Paris, [illegible]

upon a drum-head, the picture being thus painted at his own request. Instances such as these inspire French soldiers with enthusiasm for their service, as each private feels that he may possibly carry the baton of a marshal in his knapsack.

The instances of men, in this and other countries, who, by dint of persevering application and energy have raised themselves from the humblest ranks of industry to eminent positions of usefulness and influence in society, are indeed so numerous that they have long ceased to be regarded as exceptional. Looking at some of the more remarkable, it might almost be said that early encounter with difficulty and adverse circumstances was the necessary and indispensable condition of success. The British House of Commons has always contained a considerable number of such self-raised men—fitting representatives of the industrial character of the people—and it is to the credit of our legislature that they have been welcomed and honored there. When the late Joseph Brotherton, member for Salford, in the course of the discussion on the Ten Hours' bill, detailed with true pathos the hardships and fatigues to which he had been subjected when working as a factory-boy in a cotton-mill, and described the resolution which he had then formed, that if ever it was in his power he would endeavor to ameliorate the condition of that class, Sir James Graham rose immediately after him and declared, amidst the cheers of the House, that he did not before know that Mr. Brotherton's origin had been so humble, but that it rendered him more proud than he had ever before been of the House of Commons, to think that a person risen from that condition should be able to sit side by side, on equal terms, with the hereditary gentry of the land.

The late Mr. Fox, member for Oldham, was accustomed to introduce his recollections of past times with the words, "When I was working as a weaver-boy at Norwich;" and there are other members of Parliament still living whose origin has been equally humble. Mr. Lindsay, the well-known ship-owner, until recently member for Sunderland, once told the simple story of his life to the electors of Weymouth, in answer to an attack made upon him by his political opponents. He had been left an orphan at fourteen, and when he left Glasgow for Liverpool to push his way in the world, not being able to pay the usual fare, the captain of the steamer agreed to take his labor in exchange, and the boy worked his passage by trimming the coals in the coal-hole. At Liverpool he remained for seven weeks before he could obtain employment, during which time he lived in sheds and fared hardly, until at last he found shelter on board a West Indiaman. He entered as a boy, and before he was nineteen, by steady and good conduct he had risen to the command of a ship. At twenty-three he retired from the sea and settled on shore, after which his progress was rapid; "he had prospered," he said, "by steady industry, by constant work, and by ever keeping in view the great principle of doing to others as you would be done by."

The career of Mr. William Jackson, of Birkenhead, the present member for North Derbyshire, bears considerable resemblance to that of Mr. Lindsay. His father, a surgeon at Lancaster, died, leaving a family of eleven children, of whom William Jackson was the seventh son. The elder boys had been well educated while the father lived, but at his death the younger members had to shift for themselves. William, when under twelve years old, was taken from school and put to hard work at a ship's side from six in the morning till nine at night. His master falling ill, the boy was taken into the

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counting-house, where he had more leisure. This gave him an opportunity of reading, and having obtained access to a set of the "Encyclopædia Brittannica," he read the volumes through from A to Z, partly by day, but chiefly at night. He afterward put himself to a trade, was diligent, and succeeded in it. Now he has ships sailing on almost every sea and holds commercial relations with nearly every country on the globe.

Among like men of the same class may be ranked the late Richard Cobden, whose start in life was equally humble. The son of a small farmer at Midhurst in Sussex, he was sent at an early age to London and employed as a boy in a warehouse in the city. He was diligent, well conducted, and eager for information. His master, a man of the old school, warned him against too much reading; but the boy went on in his own course, storing his mind with the wealth found in books. He was promoted from one position of trust to another—became a traveler for his house—secured a large connection, and eventually started in business as a calico-printer at Manchester. Taking an interest in public questions, more especially in popular education, his attention was gradually drawn to the subject of the Corn Laws, to the repeal of which he may be said to have devoted his fortune and his life. It may be mentioned as a curious fact that the first speech he delivered in public was a total failure. But he had great perseverance, application, and energy, and with persistency and practice he became at length one of the most persuasive and effective of public speakers, extorting the disinterested eulogy of even Sir Robert Peel himself. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Ambassador, has eloquently said of Mr. Cobden that he was "a living proof of what merit, perseverance, and labor can accomplish; one of the most complete examples of those men who, sprung from the humblest ranks of society, raise themselves to the highest rank in public estimation by the effect of their own worth and of their personal services; finally, one of the rarest examples of the solid qualities inherent in the English character."

In all these cases strenuous individual application was the price paid for distinction; excellence of any sort being invariably placed beyond the reach of indolence. It is the diligent hand and head alone that maketh rich—in self-culture, growth in wisdom, and in business.—*Samuel Smiles's Self-Help.*

OMAR PASHA AND THE TWO ARAB GIRLS.

When a tribe of Bedouin Arabs goes forth to fight, it mounts one or two young maidens on the best mares, and puts them in the post of honor in the forefront of the battle, delighting in their encouraging gestures and warlike songs and cries. If they are captured or fall, the cavaliers lose heart, and give up the battle; while they advance, the chivalry of the desert is bound to follow. It is therefore a great object in these encounters to capture or kill the young lamsels whose voices and example influence the ardor of the charging enemy. *Grattan Geary's "Through Asiatic Turkey."*

I.

Sheik Ibrahim bowed his turban'd head
  And gripped his palms in stern dismay,
For there before him, widely spread,
  The waters of Euphrates lay.

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II.

And to the right confluent floods
Pour their black waves a chilling tide,
And straight behind him grim and fierce
The hosts of Omar swiftly ride.

III.

"Send Lira, of the diamond eyes,
And Zeta, light of Ibrahim's sky,
Like flaming brands of light they lead
Where cowards quail and brave men die."

IV.

Forth from the parted ranks there flashed,
Like twin stars through the cloud's deep rift,
Two daughters of the hard-pressed chief,
On milk-white chargers sleek and swift.

V.

On milk-white chargers lithe, they sat,
And joyed to lead the deadly fray—
Smiled on the sheik with beams of hope,
Then turned their steeds and sped away—

VI.

Sped like an arrow from the bow,
Or like a bolt from out the sky,
Straight at the Pasha's central ranks
A living avalanche they fly.

VII.

As well might filmy wreaths of mist
Against the fierce sirocco stand;
Their ranks are rent, and through the cleft
Speed Ibrahim and his gallant band.

VIII.

But, not the daughters of the sheik,
Whose chargers spurn the yielding ground:
"Seize on their reins!" the Pasha cries,
"Who holds the maids hath Ibrahim bound."

IX.

Their reins are seized by stalwart hands,
Their barbs are quickly turned aside,
While Ibrahim, struggling to return,
Is hurried onward by the tide.

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X.

Alas! for Lira's deep-heav'd sighs
  That pride hath only half suppressed;
The storm of inner rage breaks o'er,
  Swells to her lips and heaves her breast.

XI.

And, too, alas! for Zeta's sighs,
  For beauteous Zeta's half-shed tears;
The Turk hath seen their sore distress,
  And kindly seeks to calm their fears.

XII.

"Daughters of Ibrahim," Omar cries,
  "We hold thee hostage for thy tribe,
Yet, with the largess of our grace,
  Thy gentle confidence would bribe."

XIII.

"Be banished, all thy maiden fears,
  And stilled the tempest of thy grief;
No harm may come where Omar's sword
  Doth guard the daughters of the chief.'

XIV.

"Now haste we back to court and friends,
  To distant Bagdad's pleasant shades,
Our willing steeds must thread her streets,
  Ere from the west the daylight fades."

XV.

O'er wastes of sand, o'er fields of bloom,
  By dike and hedge, they swiftly speed,
And ere the west hath lost its blush
  In Bagdad's fares, each draws his steed.

* * * * * * * *

XVI.

What though brave Omar seeks to cheer
  With dance and song their lonely state,
No gilding of the prisoner's chain
  Can cheat it of its galling weight.

XVII.

Like birds that beat their prison-bars
  To join some loved and far-off mate,
They sigh for those far-distant palms
  Where Ibrahim sits disconsolate,

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XVIII.

For Selim and for Saladin,
Their milk-white steeds of purest strain;
And O, with them for one brief hour
Of freedom and the open plain.

XIX.

Omar hath sought with jewels rare
And many a gown of silken sheen,
Their faithful hearts from kindred friends
And Ibrahim's tented home to wean.

XX.

"Give up," he cries, "your wild, rude life
Among the lonely wastes of sand;
Choose from my train a fitting lord,
And he shall wed at my command."

XXI.

"Rest in seraglio closely veiled
From prurient gaze of vulgar eyes,
While in divan without there pass
The chivalry I most do prize."

XXII.

"Heroes that wear their battle-scars,
Won at the hand of Hun and Frank,
And hold them in their gen'rous minds
Above all outward show of rank."

XXIII.

And forthwith in the outer court
Assemble Omar's chiefest friends—
Warriors in whom the grace of youth
With grace of strength and beauty blends.

XXIV.

With cold disdain they turn their back,
The hateful sight they will not brook,
Curl their proud lips in angry scorn,
And firm refuse to give one look.

XXV.

But, one, fair Lira's lids are moist,
And heaves her breast a gentle sigh,
And quick beneath the Pasha's gaze
The blushing maiden droops her eye.

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XXVI.

Omar hath seen her downcast eye,
Hath read her bosom's soft desires,
Melts into pity at the sight—
Then kindles into answ'ring fires.

XXVII.

"Lira," he said, "be mine the task
To win thee from thy native plains;
Though captive thou hast Omar bound
A pris'ner in love's silken chains."

XXVIII.

"Come, gild his morrow with thy beams,
And bid its shadows all depart;
Reign in his thoughts and waking dreams,
As thou dost reign within his heart."

XXIX.

Ah! wondrous witchery of love,
The maiden yields her to its charms,
Yields to the magic of its words,
Finds home and heaven in Omar's arms.

A GRECIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

In my recent musical readings I happened upon a description of a musical festival held in Greece just twenty-five hundred and ninety-two years ago, contained in the pages of the *Harmonicon*, a reputable and very ably conducted magazine, devoted to music and published in London in 1823. The account of the festival is in the form of a translation of inscriptions graven upon a metal tablet and unearthed near the site of the ancient Ephyræ, subsequently known as Corinth. They are preceded by the following titular legend: "Lasus, the son Eupolis, of Hermoine, recounts to posterity the music feast of Ephyræ." In passing, I may say that Lasus, our historian, was one of the most ancient of writers upon the theory of music, was skilled in the practice of the art, and was an excellent poet. He seems to have been an early Wagner, for much complaint was made of his abrupt intervals and the license he took with rhythm, though all his contemporaries praised him for his calculations of the exact ratio of concords. So much for our hero who is to tell us of the festival in which he played no small part. I propose to give the readers of *Brainard's Musical World* the exact text of the inscription, inclosed in parenthesis, with running comments and explanations so far as I can furnish them. The inscription commences:

[In the third year of the fourth Olympiad, in the reign of King Telestes, the Heraclite, there was in Ephyrae, a meeting of many men and maidens skilled in song. There were also many actors there and players on the flute and cithara, for the people and the king were joyous

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and loved in their hearts the God-like art of song.]

The date of the festival, therefore, was about seven hundred and nine years before Christ. We have, as the elements of the festival, a large mixed chorus for song, players upon the flute and cithara and many more instruments, as we shall shortly see, for instrumental work, and actors for dramatic and poetical recitation, a happy king and happy people, and an enthusiastic love for music on the part of all. Our festival, as will be seen, was given under the most brilliant of auspices.

[But there was also present at Ephyræ Pherekydes, of Patræ, the giver of the rhythm, and Damon, of Cyrenæ, who instructed the scholars. But Damon also gave instructions in the hypocritic music.]

This short installment informs us that Pherekydes was the conductor of the festival, while Damon occupied the position of chorus-master. The reference to hypocritic music means gesture, which the ancients regarded as essential to every musician's knowledge.

[There was besides in Ephyræ, Pyrene, the daughter of Teresias, skilled in song and admired throughout the whole of Hellas and the Peloponnesus. When the Choragi had spoken she sung in the Hypolydian and Hypomixolydian modes. Pherekydes had improved the Epigonion.]

We have in the above the great solo singer of the festival, a favorite all over Greece, who followed the choragi, or declaimers of the recitative, and sang in the two modes or keys mentioned, the former being the key of B minor. We shall hear more of the great songstress after the festival opens. The Epigonion which the conductor had improved was an Egyptian harp with forty strings which was introduced to the Greeks by Epigonos, and was not unlike the psaltery. King Telestes, it appears, sent for celebrities on all sides, not only singers but actors and dancers, poets and composers, and all who enjoyed musical con tests. Here are some of them:

[But soon there came Terpander, from Antissa, Ibykos, from Rhegium, Kypsiles, from Mitra, and Thamyras, the Thracian, to assist at the feast. And Terpander was the inventor of the barbiton and of the new signs of tone. Ibykos was the inventor of the sambuca, and Thamyras, the inventor of the Dryopian mode.]

The most celebrated of these four was Terpander. The barbiton, which he invented was the seven-stringed lyre, that instrument before his time having had but four strings. He wrote for the lyre and flute and performed upon each so beautifully that he is said to have quelled a sedition at Sparta with his seductive strains. He also invented a notation for preserving melody, which had previously been intrusted to memory, and gained many prizes for his compositions at the Carnean and Pythic games. The sambuca which Ibykos invented was a little triangular harp, which was the highest sounding of all the lyre family. Thamyras invented the Dryopian mode, which is the same as the Dorian, or the key of D minor, which was associated with severe, firm and manly words and was considered by Plato as the only true Greek style. We are now ready for our festival, and the inscription says:

[Telestes had caused an amphitheater to be erected in a meadow near the town for the entertainments. The same was extremely spacious and had room for the many thousands of men that had assembled. But on the Kathedras sat the maidens and matrons. Now, when Pherekydes had arranged every thing, as had been commanded him, the people hastened there and the feast lasted from that time forward full eight days.]

The inscription from this point on is occupied with the entertainments of each

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day, and the programmes, as will be seen, were laid out upon a grand scale, and in their performance were attended by certain scenes and incidents which go to show that human nature in music was substantially the same in its enthusiasms and its weaknesses nearly three thousand years ago as it is to-day. The inscription says:

[Now the feast took place as follows: On the first day the Hymettian dancers performed and the priests sang the Nomoi, for the feast was sacred.]

The Nomoi, or Nomes, were in the nature of prayers to the gods. They were very simple but very severe chants upon a few light notes and these so high that but very few could sing them, says Plutarch; and he also says that they must not be transposed, which leads to the conclusion that the priests who sang them must have been very robust first tenors. As to the dances, it is to be supposed that they were religious also, as Jupiter sometimes had the appellation of Hymettian. Dances in honor of Jupiter, and religious songs chanted to Apollo, for the Nomes were always addressed to him, occupied the first day. The second introduces us to the distinctively musical features of the festival:

[On the following day the players and the dancers and the performers on the flute and cithara acted a tragedy. This was called Theseus. For the performance of the Strophes Damon had invented new modes for the flute-players, and Kallias of Ephyra, for the antistrophes, for the players on the cithara. The part which was to be spoken by the Choragia was sung in the Phrygian mode, this having been first preluded to them by the cithara and flutes. Pherekydes lived in the greatest enmity with Damon, for the one envied the other, for both were celebrated. Now, while the flute-players were playing to the strophe Pherekydes flattered the people and they whistled upon little pipes, but Damon went forth and wept.]

It will be observed that the tragedy was not altogether spoken, and that besides the actors and dancers, the chorus as well as the flute, and cithara-players had much to do. The chorus in the Greek tragedy often declaimed its explanatory part, but in this case it both sang and chanted, not only accompanied by the instruments, but with interludes which gave out the themes in the Phrygian mode, or the key of E minor, which was regarded as well adapted to the brilliant and enthusiastic dramatic style. I may say, in passing, that the cithara was a lyre, the lower strings of which were played by the fingers of the left hand, while the higher strings were struck by the plectrum, a little stick of ivory held in the right hand. There were two kinds of flutes, or at least two genera, with varying individuals, the monaulos, or single flute, resembling our flageolet, and the diaulos, or double flute, each one having a separate mouth-piece and six finger holes, five on the upper side and one underneath. The most characteristic feature in the day's performance was the mean treatment of Damon by Pherekydes, especially when we remember that the latter was the conductor and Damon the drill-master, who had probably done all the hard work in drilling the chorus. But have we improved upon the ancients? Have we not the same jealousies among artists, the same cabals, the same tricks to gain popular favor, the still meaner tricks to deprecate a rival. Alas! Damon only went out and wept. Our musicians fight back. On the third day there was another tragedy, and the soprano soloist, Pyrene, made her debut with wonderful success. The inscription says:

[The chorus consisted of men, youths, boys, and maidens. Pyrene sang a mode which had never been heard before, since it lies five tones higher than the Hyperbolaion. And all the people clapped their hands aloud. But King Telestes caused to be presented to the

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divine songstress a costly set of jewels as a gift, for the like had never before been heard.]

The brief allusion to the chorus affords a hint that the Greeks were well acquainted with vocal capabilities, for such an arrangement would indicate that the boys sang the soprano, the maidens alto, the youths tenor, and the men bass. However this may have been, we are left in no doubt as to Pyrene's success, though our modern sopranos would make nothing of her feat, and even go her an octave better as the note she reached was only E in alt. Let us not discount her success, however, the enthusiasm of the people, or the generosity of the music-loving monarch. The highest note captured the Greeks as it does our modern audiences. It was not Tamberik's general singing but his high C; it is not Patti's easy flights but the final piercing squeak that takes the people off their feet. It is absurd, but such is human nature. We fancy that we idolize singers, but the Greeks twenty-five hundred years ago were just as enthusiastic, and Pyrene was probably just as proud of her set of jewels as Cary or Nilsson of any of the tributes that are now reminders of royal favor.

On the fourth day there was a musical contest, which had a curious result. Pherekydes began the friendly strife and played the Epigonion, which I have already described, with such skill that the people shouted for joy. Our weeping musician, Damon, came next, and he sang with his scholars, and with such effect that the people who had whistled at him on the second day now paid him the tribute of their tears. Could there have been a grander success? Then Kypsiles touched the strings of the lyre and there was joy again. Next came Ibykos, who sang to the Sambuca, which I have already described. Then Thadmis played the krotalon, an instrument closely resembling our castanets. Terpander, who, as I have said, invented the barbiton, played that instrument and was enthusiastically applauded. The judges could not decide upon the victor and gave to each of the six contestants the same prize—a golden laurel wreath.

The inscription describing the events of the fifth day, which was the great day of the festival, is too long to be copied entire, but I will give you the substance of it. Pherekydes had his triumph with his new method for the flutes and citharas, and no less than eight hundred of these players assembled, besides players of other instruments. The list is given as follows: Lydian, Dryopian, and Phrygian flutes, the salpinx, or long, straight trumpet, which is imitated in the representations of "Aida," where the procession occurs; the syrinx, or pan-pipes; the bombyx, a reed instrument, whose tone was not unlike that of the clarionet; ten different kinds of lyres, one of which, the simicon, was played with a bow; the krotalon, the tympanon, a small hand-drum, something like our tambourine, and the sistron, which corresponded to our cymbals. Pherekydes arranged his great orchestra in a circle and appointed secondary givers of the time. He himself sat on a high seat in the center "waving a golden staff." The result I will give in the language of the inscription:

[Now when Pherekydes gave the signal, all the art experienced men began in one and the same time, so that the music resounded afar, even to sea. And Pherekydes had arranged it so that tones differing from each other came together in such a manner that therefrom a harmony arose. This music sounded very masterly, for when all had played together, the flutes singly took their turn, and then again the citharas alternately. Now, while all this was going on, the Rythmagos beat with his staff up and down. At the conclusion they all sounded together, and the Rythmagoi beat with the staves in equal movement in order that they all might keep together."]

Except in the matter of numbers, this

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would be a very correct picture of our modern orchestras, and even the secondary givers of the time were seen in Gilmore's Peace Jubilee, at Boston, many years since, though it is to be hoped that the Grecian helpers of Pherekydes were more successful than Gilmore's lieutenants. The fifth day closed with a performance by an unknown prodigy, who played upon the most powerful flute ever known, called the pomora, which is thus described:

[The same was made like a slender hollow column. At the top was a large golden opening, and the sounding head was artificially inlaid with golden chased work and formed like the capital of a column. Now, when Korinthos had intoned it there resounded an unknown tone, deep and strong, even as when the waves of the sea beat upon the shore.]

Have we in this instrument the prototype of the bassoon? We now return to the inscription:

[On the sixth and seventh days the method of Pherekydes was repeated, for the people would hear nothing else, and they threw down to the youth wreaths of flowers. But Korinthos upon that disappeared and left his pomora behind him in Ephyræ. On the eighth day the Hymettian dancers performed, as at the commencement of the feast, and the priests repeated the Nomoi, in order that the feast might finish in a sacred manner. And the people remained yet a long time at Ephyræ, till at length they dispersed themselves. Now, thus was the music feast at Ephyræ, in the third year of the fourth Olympiad of the reign of King Telestes, the Heraclite.]

And thus ends the picture of a week's pleasure in the meadows of classic Greece. Telestes, the music-loving king; Pherekydes, the conductor, and Damon, the chorus-master, who made all the people weep by the beauty of his singing, have passed away. The divine songstress, Pyrene, has been silent these twenty-five centuries. Kypsiles, Terpander, Ibykos, Thadmis, and the mysterious Korinthos no longer sweep the sounding strings. The eight hundred lute- and cithara-players and the vast chorus, for it must have numbered many thousands to have coped with such an accompaniment, have returned to their kindred dust. The joyous crowds who swarmed into the natural amphitheater that week and "who loved in their hearts the God-like art of song" are gone. Even great god Pan is dead, and nymph and faun have fled from their sylvan haunts. The centuries have rolled over them, buried them, and obliterated almost every trace, but the divine art has come down fresh and glowing, untouched by time, unchanged except in beauty. That great festival, nearly three thousand years ago—in how many of its outlines does it resemble the festivals of our own Pherekydes, Theodore Thomas? Does any one see in that remarkable combination which entered into the tragedy of Theseus the fountain head of Richard Wagner's inspirations? Does any one see that the musician of to-day and the musician of classic Greece are brothers in strength and weakness, wisdom and folly?

He who holds the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great;
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

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GRANDMOTHER'S RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PLACES.

Sitting in my easy chair, surrounded by a bevy of young girls, one of them said:

"Tell us something about the persons and things of fifty years ago."

"If you will let me ramble among the fields of memory, and pick up stray thoughts as they come, I may, perhaps, amuse you for half an hour."

A very important item in the education of young ladies and gentlemen in those days, was the folding, sealing, and addressing of letters, there being no envelopes. Wax was used for sealing letters, and wafers also, but the former material was considered so much more elegant that some great man challenged another for sending him his saliva! Delicate seals with appropriate mottoes were indispensable for letters and notes, and when one really possessed a family "coat of arms," it was *the* thing to use the seal. Postage on letters was twenty-five cents, always paid by the recipient. What a boon to letter-writers is the postal-stamp of to-day; and yet I never heard of grumbling at the receipt of a letter. The heart gladly opened the purse-strings! My summers were spent generally at Pikesville, and were full of social mirth and jollity. Picnics and evening-parties were in the ascendant. One charming evening was spent with Mrs. Mary Carroll, and is remembered for the presence of Mrs. Caton, who amused me by her account of her visit to her daughters in Europe. Mrs. Caton had a habit of sitting on a sofa with *her foot under her*, which may appear at first sight to have been eminently ungraceful, but, when the hard, slippery, horse-hair sofa is considered, it really enabled one to sit with dignity and ease. She said, one of the first things in which she was *drilled* by the *Marchioness* of *Wellesly*, was to sit on a sofa, for "Mother," said she, "you must not sit with your foot under you, as you do at home." I believe Mrs. Caton liked "home" the best.

Vocal music was much cultivated, and a better teacher could not be found than Mr. H. N. Gilles. Mr. Gilles gave me lessons also, and I enjoyed Italian music particularly, but not understanding the language, I requested my father to allow me to employ an Italian teacher, that I might learn the meaning of the songs I sung. Accordingly, Mr. Depuis was engaged to give me private lessons. He came on Monday, and on Wednesday assigned me a lesson for Friday, part of which was to repeat this conversation: "Do you speak Italian?" "I can say a few words which I have learned by heart."

But on Thursday came a summons from my Philadelphia cousins to hasten to their city, for weddings, parties, and a general season of gaiety. I forgot Mr. Depuis, packed my trunk, and was off!

It so happened that the young Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon III. was traveling through this country with Madame Achille Murat, and visiting Philadelphia was invited to a party at my cousin's, Mrs. Keppele, of Philadelphia. I presume I had given some little evidence of being proud of my intention to take Italian lessons—possibly exaggerated my little knowledge—(how apt we are, in youth, to "put the best foot foremost.") However, this may be, my friends, James Biddle and William Meredith, the former connected with me by marriage, the latter *soon to be*, mischievously concocted a plan to bring down my self-laudation. They brought up

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Bonaparte (as he was called then), and introduced me, as a young lady who spoke Italian. Then they retired to a little distance to see the fun. I was near a corner in which rested a guitar. Of course Bonaparte's first question was in Italian. Instantly taking in the situation, I replied with apparent self-possession, "Posso dir aleuna parole, que so amente." (I believe I have written it right.) How his eyes sparkled! He stood with his hands behind him, and poured forth a volley of words, not one of which, could poor I understand, but I had read somewhere that to listen well was a compliment to a great talker, so I watched his countenance, smiled when *he* smiled, nodded intelligently, and he went on. But the thought came, "suppose he asks me a question?" So, I made a bow of assent to some imaginary person in the crowd, and seized the guitar, reasoning this way, he will think some one has asked me to sing, and others will think he has asked me; so. I sang a little Italian air, and immediately after I was asked for an English ballad, and the spell was broken. The two mischief-makers were nonplused, and I had the satisfaction of hearing that Bonaparte said, "He had met with a most accomplished young lady from Baltimore who *spoke Italian fluently*." Pardon the garrulity of age, but this little incident of my young days, still has its charm to me. Don't you think I had the best of it?

The Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad ran horse-cars as far as Green Spring. I was very anxious to see a railroad, and after much discussion about the *risk*, and whether we could go without the protection of my father, my mother consented to this little trip of twelve miles; but if the truth must be told, our anxiety overbalanced the pleasure. Indian wars troubled the nation not a little at this time (1830), but gave opportunity for army-officers to distinguish themselves by bravery in the contest.

Black Hawk was taken prisoner, and, with a retinue of chiefs and squaws, was conducted through the principal cities that he might see and feel the power of the government. Standing at my window I saw the long procession of carriages in which the Indians sat bolt upright. In the first carriage was Black Hawk and his chief, Keokuk, with two of our townsmen—probably the mayor of the city—and behind came many Indians dressed in their war-costumes, and squaws in dirty blankets. It was a unique procession, and I stood wondering what they thought. Were they envious? Or did they look with contempt on the luxury of the "pale faces," and sigh for their own forests and the chase? Little did I think that the very hunting-ground of Black Hawk would be my own home and Keokuk my visitor.

In the year 1831 I visited the South with my father, and was received in the pleasant city of Natchez by the name of the "Baltimore Oriole." Witnessing the fine display on the 12th of September last, I was reminded of these pleasant memories, and regarded myself as "part and portion" of the demonstration, and the "winged spirit of the night" my personality.

I hope I have not wearied you, my young friends. Should you desire another recital of the pleasures of other days, call again on

GRANDMOTHER.

Be loving and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.—*D. M. Mulock.*

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WYCKLIFFE.

In the little village of Wyckliffe, about six miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire, John Wyckliffe is supposed to have been born about the year 1324. Here, at least, resided a family of wealth and distinction, and, while their record bears not the name, which is five hundred years after his death, remembered and known by all; still it is supposed he was one of them, and it has been conjectured the "spirit of the times, the zeal for the established heirachy may have led to disclaim the only person who has saved the name from absolute obscurity." Left thus, in doubt as to his birth and parentage or early childhood, we find him at college, for a brief period at Oxford, but quickly removed to Merton, "a society more ancient and distinguished and adorned by names of great ecclesiastical eminence."

We can well picture the thoughtfulness of the earnest face which portrayed the depth of expression in one who easily won the soubriquet of "The Evangelical, or Gospel Doctor," and these few words give us an index to his life and character; they proved a prophetic title. Doubtless he was then giving the bent of his mind to the study of the book, the unfolding of whose treasures called forth the powers of his manhood.

As a man of forty we see him again, "the spare, emaciated frame weakened by study, but quick in temper," contending against the friars in favor of the parochial clergy. And for seven years disputing his own right to the office of the wardenship of Canterbury, which was as strongly contended for on the opposite side by the monks.

In 1372 he received the degree of Doctor of Theology, and immediately availed himself of the rights this conferred by lecturing at Oxford, still in opposition to the friars. His earnestness of purpose and, perhaps, some love of contention, seemed to have brought him into royal service, for in 1374 he was sent by Edward III. as one of an embassy to negotiate with the delegates of Gregory XI. regarding the papal reservations in England, which, being held by foreigners, diverted the revenues to Rome. The part he took in this embassy soon brought him into displeasure with the Pope.

We next find him arraigned before the English convocation for heresy, now not fighting alone his battles as formerly, but under the patronage of a powerful ally, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. After a long and varied contest Wyckliffe was released and again permitted to resume his pulpit discourses, lectures, and various writings.

In 1381, when he must have been about fifty-seven years old, Wyckliffe took his boldest step by lecturing at Oxford against transubstantiation, but it was not until the following year that he was again arraigned before a convocation of clergymen. This time, while no sentence was pronounced upon him, he was forbidden to lecture again in Oxford.

Then, until his death, in 1384, he lived a comparatively quiet and retired life at Lutterworth, engaged in preaching and writing. Active and diligent until the last, when, worn by incessant labors, and anxious, perhaps, at his inability longer to remain at Oxford, he was attacked by paralysis, which ended his days.

To us it would seem that Wyckliffe's life must have been fully occupied in his active and aggressive work, but his literary labors were vast. Of brief tracts he is said to have produced an innumerable

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number (two hundred were burned at Bohemia), while his "select English works" have been edited and form three large octavo volumes. But his great literary work was his translation of the Bible into English from the Latin vulgate. This he completed in 1383, just the year previous to his death.

No more cogent proof of the greatness of his labors could have been shown, than the intensity of opposition against him and his works after his death by his opponents.

In 1415 the Council of Constance condemned forty-five of his articles of faith and ordered his bones to be taken up from consecrated ground and cast out as refuse. This order was not executed till 1428, nearly fifty years after his death, when Clement VIII. ordered that his body should be burned and the ashes cast into the Swift, a branch of the Avon. Fuller very pertinently remarks of this, "The brook did convey his ashes in Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wyckliffe are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed the world over."

WEDDING PRESENTS IN CHINA.

A lady writing from China to a friend in America gave the following description of customs in the Celestial Kingdom on the occasion of the marriage of a Chinese merchant's daughter, a small-footed "lady," to a gentleman belonging to a wealthy and aristocratic family.

Several days before the wedding many foreigners were invited to see the presents of the bridegroom to his bride.

Noticeable among the numerous articles were eight hundred large pies, a kind of mince pie—a most indigestible compound prepared expressly to give the partakers thereof the most violent dyspepsia. On each pie two persimmons were placed. There were ten varieties of pastry.

Some time before the wedding day the groom had sent to the bride several dress patterns, some were of elegant brocade, others of the soft crape silk, others of delicate gauze.

There were numerous pieces of rich and costly jewelry for the hair, the neck, the ears, the arms, and the ankles.

The goods sent by the groom were to be made up at the expense of the bride's parents. This expense is often very great, as they must be elaborate with embroidery of silk and gold thread and costly jewels.

When the bridal outfit was completed we were again invited to see the bride "dressed on trial."

All day long the poor little bride must be ready to receive guests to be talked about and inspected, but she must not speak a word.

The elegance of her trousseau is almost beyond description with the many, many dresses of silk and satin and fur, the exquisitely wrought bridal collar, the dainty bridal shoes, the embroidered bed hangings and lovely bed-clothes of silk and satin. Then there were her peuter furnishings, such as would answer to our silver cake-baskets, decanters, teapots, fruit-baskets, and the like. There were also her wooden tubs, painted red, and the wardrobes for her clothes and her many trunks, also painted red. Red being the "joyful color," is found every where on the wedding day.

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THE MAID OF ISLA.

O, maid of Isla! from the cliff
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steeped her leeward deck in foam;
Why does she war unequal urge?
O, Isla's maid! she seeks her home.

O, Isla's maid! yon sea-bird mark;
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray
Against the storm-cloud, lowering, dark,
As to the rock she wheels away.
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff exposed to wind and wave?
O, maid of Isla! 'tis her home.

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

In the fourth story of the "Hotel de Rivoli," in Paris, in his pleasant sleeping apartment, seated by a little table on which stands a lighted candle, we find Harry On the table lie his open letters, each of which has been read and re-read. His first letters from home! how precious they seem. He can scarcely realize that but little more than two weeks have elapsed since he bade them all adieu in his own sweet home in the mountains of old Virginia. Each member of the family has contributed to the letters. First comes his mother's, full of love and good cheer; then Mabel's, his sweet sister-counselor, with just a little touch of sadness, for she can not be quite happy without her brother, her childhood's playmate and girlhood's companion; then the letters from the little sisters, which were written within twenty-four hours of Harry's departure, but they had gotten over all traces of sadness, and were filled with joyful anticipations of his return, perhaps a year hence. Little Helen wrote, "We miss you *so* much, dear brother Harry, but we will be *so* glad when you come home. Be sure and bring me the parrot and the French doll you promised, and make haste and come home." Eloise wrote much in the same style, except that she told him about his horse and dog, and emphasized and recapitulated more strongly her desire to see him.

Harry's letters from his father and uncle were both brief and business-like. And last, but by no means least, was one from old "mammy." It read:

"DEAR MARS HARRY: My own dear chile, for such you is. I know, honey, you'll never forgit old mammy, nor all them sleepless nights she's rocked you on her knees, when you was a baby. Mammy knows she'll never see her boy no more in this world, but she'll meet him in heaven. Mars Harry, if you is in Paris when you git this letter, don't forgit mammy's black silk dress. There's many a Sunday she'll outshine these country niggers in that

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coat yet, if she lives till you git home, so don't forgit it nor your own old mammy."

Mabel had written the letter at mammy's dictation, and had followed her vernacular just enough to make it seem natural to Harry.

By the time Harry had finished his letters he was too wide awake to feel like sleeping, so he got out his writing materials, and wrote long letters to each one of them at home.

He then looked at his watch and found it was nearly midnight, so he hurriedly retired, but not to sleep. The excitement of the day had been too much for him. He thought over its stirring events, the encounter with the crazy man on the train from Havre, and for the first time he remembered that he had parted from his lady companion at the depot in Paris without ascertaining her address or even her name, and he rather painfully regretted that he must thereby let her pass as one of the transient, casual acquaintances one makes so frequently on an extended tour like his. But so it must now be, he feared.

Then, visions of his home and his childhood kept flitting before his mind; the voyage from Baltimore to Havre, his pleasant companions on the way, Mrs. Lynn and her two daughters, and—well, he could not now help regretting just a little that he had been so firm in deciding to follow what seemed duty, instead of pleasure. The excursion in the mountains of Switzerland, in company with the Lynn girls, seemed so much more attractive than this month or two alone in France. He almost decided to take the train to Geneva Monday morning and join them there.

Musing thus, he was soon unconscious, and continued so until eight hours later when a confusion of mingled sounds, started him suddenly from his bed. He rubbed his eyes, still half unconscious, for it was some moments before he could realize his surroundings. He went to his window and looked down from his lofty heights into the streets below, from whence came the strange sounds. What an endless succession of omnibuses, cabs, equestrians, and pedestrians; brave dragoons dashing by and odd-looking zouaves marching along to the sound of the bugle; long lines of priests in their sacerdotal robes and strange looking hats, and nuns in somber attire returning from their morning prayers; market-men and bare-headed market-women pushing through the crowd with what seemed to be their stalls of fruit or vegetables on wheels; fish mongers of both sexes screaming at the top of their voices; French bons in their white caps stepping briskly along, suggestive of a late hour and fear of dismissal; while others were sauntering out with their little charges gaily dressed for the morning in the Tuilleries; beautiful flower-girls with rich and gorgeous bouquets in baskets on their heads or in their hands; all this, and much more greeted Harry's eye and presented a spectacle adapted alike to gratify curiosity and awaken reflections both pleasing and pensive.

The window, too, faced the Tuilleries, looking immediately into that part occupied by the flower-beds and fountains. Nothing can be more lovely and gay than when the garden is thronged with promenaders, and hundreds of children and their nurses are filling its walks and retreats; and although it was now a comparatively early hour, there were numbers already collected there.

Harry was fascinated with the novelty and variety displayed in this living tableau, so he dressed himself and went out on the little balcony which projected from his window. Here, too, new charms awaited him, for the prospect then included the Place de la Concorde, or a portion of it, the Champs Elysee, the Legislative Chambers, and as a fit terminus, on the

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eminence above, the splendid Arc de Triomphe.

But Harry gazed most intently on the Palace of the Tuilleries. The sad ruin wrought by the Communists was plainly visible, though the new part, built by Napoleon III., was uninjured.

This disposed him to musing on the strange mutations of the once occupants of that palatial abode, and he thought sadly of that wonderful man who a few years before had occupied it, who by a famous *coup d'état* had gained for himself the title of Napoleon III. by an almost unanimous voice of the people; the great advances of France in her natural resources under his rule, then his inglorious downfall and his sad death; and his beautiful queen, the ex-empress, she now a widow and childless. Harry mused long and thoughtfully on these subjects, so naturally suggested by the scenes he was looking upon. He had entirely forgotten the day or the hour, and was greatly surprised when he looked at his watch to find that the time for breakfast, eleven A.M., was nearly upon him.

Readjusting his toilet, he proceeded to descend to the dining-room below. Here he dispatched his breakfast very much as any hungry boy would do. On ascending the stairway after breakfast his attention was attracted through an open window by a lively scene in the court below, around which the hotel was built. This court was adorned by the loveliest growing flowers in pots all around it, and over the whole was a gaily colored canopy. Under this canopy was a long table, at which were seated a French breakfast-party. Harry thought they presented the very personification of French vivacity and good cheer as they laughed and chatted, threw nut-shells or bits of candy at each other, and he was highly entertained when a matronly-looking dame of threescore and ten or more put in her appearance, to see the general scramble first to be her honored escort to the table, then to have her seated near them. She seemed to be the honored guest, and the seat nearest her, the seat of honor. Harry watched the whole proceedings with interest. He was, that evening at dinner, informed that this was the birthday of the landlord of the hotel, and this was a family gathering given in honor of the occasion, the old lady being the mother and grandmother.

Harry's meditations when he regained his room after dinner that Sabbath afternoon were rather painful. Paris seemed so bright, so gay, so merry-making, so fun-loving, and yet withal there was no appearance of a Sabbath rest or a Sabbath's holiness. True, he had not seen much of the city, yet from his balcony he had witnessed crowds of passers-by and he had noticed but few apparent church-goers. Paris on Sunday appeared to him one big fun-loving holiday, though not a rest-day, for he had noticed all sorts of traffic and trade going on in the streets below him.

He took his hat and went out. With the help of his guide-book and a few directions from the English-speaking clerk at the office of the hotel, he found a chapel where services were held in English at four P.M. Slipping in quietly he took his seat and enjoyed intensely his first service and sermon since leaving home, and a cordial greeting from the minister at its close, added to his gratification and pleasure.

We could scarcely follow Harry through each day of his sojourn in the beautiful capital of France. The following morning was occupied in delivering some letters of introduction to Americans residing there, calling at the American consulate and leaving his address for letters which might come to him, and getting identifications at a

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bank in order to cash a check which he needed. In the afternoon he took a carriage and drove to the Bon Marché, that palatial mercantile establishment of Paris. Harry's wardrobe certainly needed no replenishing so early in the action, but his steps were drawn thitherward by his earnest desire to begin the purchase of his home presents. His little sisters' letters seemed unanswered until he could write and tell them he had bought them some presents and what those presents were. Then too he had ascertained from the American consul that morning that he could easily deposit his trunk or any other valuables there, and he had concluded to take with him on his further journey only a valise, which would be much more convenient and less expensive than a heavily-laden trunk, for which he would have to pay extra, over the continent at least. So he purchased a valise of suitable size and dimensions, and set himself to work to select at least some one article for each member of the home-circle. But after taxing his wits to their utmost capacity he could not decide on a single present but old "mammy's." The variety and display of rich and beautiful articles were so great that for his life he could not tell what to buy, so after purchasing a pattern of black silk for the old woman, he took his valise and drove back to the hotel.

The next morning Harry set out in earnest to see Paris. He decided first to make himself acquainted with the topography of the city, for two reasons—one, that he might take it all in systematically, and the other, in order to save numerous carriage fares. He soon found a judicious use of the street-car lines and short walks would convey him to and from all of the most important places of interest, and contented himself with indulging in a carriage-drive only occasionally for an afternoon recreation.

His greatest desire was to visit the Louvre, that magnificent palace, the creation of a series of luxuriant rulers, now used as the great public museum of Paris, or rather the great public museums. This immense building, or succession of buildings, is situated on the bank of the Seine, which passes through the center of the city, and near to the palace of the Tuilleries, with which it is connected on the north side. It is built around a quadrangular square or court opening out to the streets through archways in each of the four sides of the building, through which throngs of carriages and foot-passengers pass to and fro from morning till night.

Here in these great halls of the Louvre are arranged, in most beautiful order, the choicest works of art of every description, and here our young friend found an endless source of joy. With the help of his guide-book and catalogue he studied out its different departments in order, and would then spend a whole day or more in some one gallery, sometimes of painting, sometimes of sculpture, etc. The Louvre alone seemed to him a fathomless source of pleasure, and when he left Paris a few weeks later it seemed he had but scarcely begun to comprehend the extent and magnificence of this wonderful collection.

One of the most pleasant excursions around Paris which Harry made was one to the manufactories of the Sevrés porcelain and Gobelin tapestry. Those who have seen only a few specimens of the Sevrés and Gobelins exhibited here and there in some private collection or museum can scarcely conceive of the richness and beauty of these art treasures. The manufactory of the porcelain was visited first by Harry, and his admiration of this exquisite work was intense. There, portrayed on vases of most artistic and graceful form were beautiful bouquets of flowers, the most charming landscapes, portraits of great personages

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so lifelike that Harry almost feared they would be offended at his gazing at them so intently. It seemed to Harry, work worthy of the masters in the schools of painting. His first thought was to buy some exquisite little vase for his mother, but he found that even a very small one would far surpass the capacity of his purse, so he contented himself with a visit to the rival establishment, the Gobelin factory. Here were richly-tufted rugs, which he dared not ask the price of, for he felt sure only royal feet could tread on such; and most exquisitely wrought coverings, intended, he supposed, to hang only on the walls of royal state-apartments. Harry was particularly interested in learning how the celebrated Gobelin tapestries are made, and stayed for hours watching the workmen who stood (their patterns hung beside them) behind the vertically suspended frames, into which the warp of the tapestries were placed, like threads in a loom; with large wooden needles threaded with bright-colored silk and worsted, the men plied their needles back and forth, concealing entirely the warp of the picture, and bringing out on the opposite side the perfect imitation in design and color of whatever picture they were imitating. It was wonderful to Harry, and he felt that he should ever after bear a respectful memory of old Jean Gobelin, the dyer of wool, whose name was being thus transmitted through more than two centuries, in so beautiful a record, even if he was not the inventor of the art, but simply the original owner of the premises occupied by the factory.

Nor was sight-seeing the only charm of Harry's life now. His letters from home came regularly, which were ever fraught with loving words, expressing the intensest interest in all his happiness, so that in return it was almost as much of a pleasure for him to write home of his jaunts and experiences and wonderful sight-seeings as the actual enjoyment of them.

He had, also, made one or two very pleasant acquaintances at the hotel where he was staying—one Mr. and Mrs. Richards, an English gentleman and his wife, with whom he made many excursions here and there over the city. They were rather elderly people without children and seemed to have taken quite a fancy to our young traveler, and upon parting with him gave him a most cordial invitation to visit them in their home in England. Their cordiality and friendship were rather unusual for English people to a mere traveling acquaintance, and we can only account for it by Harry's attractive and gentlemanly manner.

Another special pleasure to Harry was his almost daily letters from Mrs. Lynn and the two girls. They were now in Geneva and the young folks had kept up quite a lively correspondence. Fannie wrote Harry, in more than one of the notes she had added to her mother's letters that they were "almost dying" to have him join them again as a traveling companion.

Harry was quite overcome with joy one evening upon opening a letter from Mrs. Lynn which read

"Dear Harry: I am almost afraid to tell you for fear you may be disappointed, that there is now a possibility, at least, that Alice, Fanny, and I may join you in the Mediterranean this winter. The physicians here strongly advise my going to a more southern climate. Mr. Lynn will soon make us a visit and we will then decide. I may return to the United States and go to Florida, but if his business necessitates his residing in Europe this winter, we will in all probability be your traveling companions at least a part of the time. The girls are delighted at the prospect, and are already planning donkey-rides on the plains of Attica, and moonlight strolls on the Acropolis. Keep us well informed of your plans. If you remain in France two months, we may be able to join you when you set sail on the Mediterranean, or perhaps later somewhere in the Levant."

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THE GIRL AT NUMBER TEN.

Mrs. Thompson with her six noisy, troublesome children, had, at last, moved out of Number Ten, and quiet reigned where tumult and discord had shocked the sensitive nerves of those who resided in the immediate vicinity.

Tall, handsome houses stood on either side and across the way; but Number Ten had been a disgrace and an annoyance to those who inhabited them, for some time. It was a low, dingy, unsightly building, and having once gained a position on a respectable street, held the place in spite of persuasion or bribery. The man who owned the house and rented it for a mere pittance was one of those narrow-minded men who never forget a wrong or forgive an injury, and, though abundantly able to build a more respectable structure, he chose to consider himself, in some way, injured by the inhabitants of Park Street, and, as a means of revenge, refused to sell the property which marred the beauties of the street, and generally brought a low class of people into our respectable neighborhood.

My two sisters and myself felt the disgrace most keenly, because our home stood in such close proximity to Number Ten, whose over-crowded rooms and noisy inmates caused Belle's aristocratic lip to curl in scorn, while the filth and squalor in which the most of the inmates seemed to delight were almost unbearable.

We attended the Seminary on the hill, and many a detailed and exaggerated account had we given to groups of interested listeners about the annoyance we daily encountered, and the mortification we felt at having our pleasantest parlor-window overlook the rubbish-strewn yard of Number Ten.

The ready sympathy of our school-girl friends, together with the habit we had formed of recounting our trials, and enlarging upon the most trifling circumstance of unpleasantness which the situation afforded, finally engendered a feeling of disgust for any one who became an inhabitant of the despised house.

Number Ten was rarely allowed to stand empty for any great length of time, and one morning a few days after Mrs. Thompson's departure we noticed the usual bustle attending the process of moving.

Although the cottage and its surroundings underwent a most thorough cleaning at the hands of its new occupants, still, nothing could mitigate our indignation or disguise the fact that, to us, no one respectable or worthy person would dwell in Number Ten.

As we girls stepped out of our gate on our way to school one morning, a tall, slight girl came out of Number Ten and walked rapidly down the street in advance of us.

"Humph," said Belle, tossing her head disdainfully, "it's the new girl at Number Ten."

"I wonder if she expects us to cultivate her acquaintance," I remarked, imitating my elder sister's example with the motion of my head.

"She's got the most beautiful eyes I ever saw," said Floy pulling a rose in pieces, and scattering its scarlet petals on the pavement at our feet.

"Floy," Belle turned upon her sharply, and her voice sounded stern and indignant, "don't disgrace yourself and us by noticing *her* in any way whatever."

"I'd give a good deal to have such beautiful eyes," was Floy's only rejoinder.

When we reached the school-grounds we were joined by several girls who had

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seen us as we entered the gate, and had come to sympathize with us on account of our new neighbors.

"Have you seen them yet?" asked Jennie Ferris, slipping her arm through Belle's as she spoke, and walking along beside her.

"I've caught a passing glimpse of the young lady," sarcastically remarked Belle, "and I really hope that she understands her true position, and will keep at a proper distance."

"*Such* people are generally *so* presuming, and I fear that you will be annoyed as much, perhaps more than you were with Mrs. Thompson's children," said Jennie.

"O girls," cried Margery Williams, coming down the path in a flutter of excitement, "*what do you think?* that new girl at Number Ten has had the audacity to make an application for admittance to the seminary, and she is in the reception room with Madame Cheeny this very minute."

"Ridiculous!" "Can it be possible!" "How bold of her!" and other similar expressions of disapproval were uttered by the group of indignant girls.

"I wonder how she'll manage to pay her tuition?" said one of the girls, after we had exhausted our indignant exclamations. "They must be *very* poor, or they would not have moved into Number Ten."

"Probably she will take Bridget O'Larey's place, and care for the rooms," said Margery, scornfully.

"Girls, suppose we make a petition requesting Madame not to allow her to enter the seminary," suggested Belle.

"It's the very thing!" exclaimed Jennie. "We'll get it ready and present it before Madame has given her a decided answer. You know she always takes a day or two to ponder every subject before acting upon it."

Without once pausing to consider the heartlessness of the course we were pursuing, we all agreed to the proposal at once—all but Floy. She had not spoken during our animated discussion. Now she threw back her head with a queenly gesture so natural to her, and said, while a flush of indignation spread over her fair face:

"Girls, I'm ashamed of you all, so there. Who knows but that she may be more worthy and lovable than any of us. No; *I* shall not sign that petition."

Without waiting for a reply she turned and walked quickly away.

"The idea of *her* comparing that Number Ten girl to us," said Belle, indignantly.

The petition was soon made out in Belle's delicate hand-writing, and signed by all of us; but when it was presented to Madame Cheeny, it failed to produce the effect we had hoped for. She told us that she had already given Madge Wilmont the privilege of attending the school, and she hoped that we, as ladies, would not forget the demands of true courtesy in our deportment toward the friendless girl.

She seemed to look upon the affair as trifling, thinking, no doubt, that our ill-will toward Madge Wilmont would soon disappear, but the chagrin we suffered at the apparent indifference with which she regarded our petition only increased our dislike for the innocent cause of it all.

From that time we treated Madge Wilmont with the most cruel indifference and disdain. Looking back through the years whose cares and disappointments, trials and sorrows, have made us more thoughtful of others, I wonder how we could have been so unkind to that poor girl, for our young hearts were generally filled with sympathy for suffering in any form; and yet, we caused the most intense suffering to one whose sensitive nature made her feel most keenly our neglect and unkindness.

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One morning just before school hours, as we were standing in the upper hall chatting merrily over the prospective picnics for the coming season, Madge Wilmont entered the hall at the farther end and came directly toward us. The merry chatter ceased and we all glanced up in surprise, for Madge never, willingly, sought our society. Down the long hall she came with a quick, nervous tread. Her face was unusually pale with a single dash of red across either cheek, and her large brown eyes turned solemnly, reproachfully upon us, were misty with unshed tears. Coming straight to where we were standing she laid a slip of paper on the broad window-sill near us and said in a voice which quivered pitifully:

"Girls, I believe this slip of paper belongs to you. It was in a book which Madame Cheeny lent me yesterday. I glanced over its contents without once guessing at the hidden sting it contained. *I wish that I had never seen it.* I knew that you disliked me, but I never realized the extent of your dislike before."

Turning quickly, she left us before we could recover from the astonishment occasioned by her words and actions.

Reaching out I took the paper, and my own cheeks flushed with shame as my eyes fell upon it.

"Girls," said I huskily, "it is the petition."

For a moment a look of consternation spread over the faces gathered about me, as we realized how cruel this act of ours had been, and I think we would all gladly have recalled it had it been in our power to do so. Why Madame Cheeny had neglected to destroy it, we could not tell; but unworthy acts generally bring humiliation and shame to the actors at some time.

"At any rate," began Belle, who was the first to recover her self-possession, "she is nobody that we need care for, and I, for one, am not sorry that she has seen the petition." Belle's looks of chagrin and mortification; her very tones, as she talked on rapidly, the words fairly tripping over each other, belied her assertion. "I learned a little scrap of her family history to-day," she continued, "and it wasn't very flattering, to say the least. Her father died amid the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and her only brother is in prison for *larceny*. So what right has she to expect that young ladies of respectability will care to associate with her."

"And yet," said Floy softly, her blue eyes all ablaze with the emotions she was trying so hard to hide, "*her* heart and her life may be as pure and as worthy as any of ours. She has the manners of a true lady, and *I* believe that she has known better days."

"Her father and her brother were *so* respectable, you know," laughed Margery uneasily.

Our conversation was interrupted by the bell summoning us to our studies.

When we reached home that afternoon we learned that father and mother intended to spend the night with our grandparents in a neighboring village, and we at once obtained permission to invite our two most intimate friends to spend the night with us.

After an evening of merriment and singing, we retired to our rooms. Margery and Belle, Jennie and I occupying rooms together, while Floy, who complained that her head was aching badly, and said that she must get to sleep as soon as possible, chose the "blue room" at the rear of the house.

We lay awake for some time talking, but after a while our voices grew drowsy and indistinct, and finally the conversation ceased altogether.

"Suddenly I was aroused from a deep slumber by the sound of the door-bell ringing violently. The other girls

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were already awake, and we were about to inquire into the meaning of the untimely summons when a crash from below revealed to us the fact that some one had broken one of the large panes of glass in order to gain a speedy admittance to the house.

By this time we were out of bed and Belle with trembling hands was unlocking the door of our room. As she threw it open a dense cloud of smoke rolled in and the white, frightened face of Madge Wilmont framed in its billows appeared before us.

"This way, girls," she cried quickly, leading the way to the lower hall. In less time than it takes to relate the circumstance we had gained the porch through the broken window at which Madge had entered.

The fire must have gained considerable headway before Madge had discovered it, for the flames seemed to leap out of every part of the house in their maddened fury.

Instantly we remembered that Floy was not with us and we began calling her name frantically.

"Which part of the house is she in?" cried Madge, confronting us with a white, determined face.

"In the 'blue room,' O Floy, Floy," moaned Belle, wringing her hands in despair.

Madge Wilmont turned, and before we had guessed her intention, or a hand could be put out to prevent, she had reentered the burning building.

"They will both perish!" wailed Margery. "O, save them!" she entreated, as a crowd began to gather about us in front of our burning home.

"She is a stranger to the house, and will never find the 'blue room,'" I sobbed, as thoughts of my golden-haired sister, and the awful death that awaited her flashed through my mind. In that moment of suspense and anguish, such as my life had never known before, there crept into my heart a feeling of intense love for the girl whom I thought had gone to meet her death with Floy.

Amid the noisy tumult of the fast increasing crowd, whose discordant voices mingled with the crackling flames which were devouring our beautiful home, we four girls stood huddled together, shivering with cold, while the awfulness and terror of the situation nearly deprived us of our senses.

As soon as the men arrived, some of them instantly entered the burning building in search of the two girls; but being strangers to the house they failed to find the "blue room," and the flames soon drove them back.

It had been but a short space of time since Madge returned to seek for Floy—the suspense made it seem ages in duration—when she appeared bearing Floy's insensible form in her arms. A dozen pairs of hands were reached out to them, one of the men dashing into the building and returning with the nearly suffocated girls. Yes, they were safe at last; but Madge's beautiful dark hair was a crisped, unsightly mass, and her face and hands were badly burned.

Immediately the cry went up that Number Ten was in flames. Madge, whose strength was already spent with her exertions in Floy's behalf, struggled to her feet and vainly endeavored to reach her home.

"Her mother!" cried Jennie, hysterically.

"She is already safe," said one of the men, lifting Floy's insensible form in his arms, while another assisted Madge. "And now, young ladies," he added, addressing us, "I think that you've had quite enough excitement for one night, and if you'll come with us, we'll try to find a shelter for you."

We gladly accepted his invitation and soon found ourselves in a cosy sitting-

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room where kind, motherly hands administered to our wants. Floy had come out of her swoon not much the worse for her adventure, and Madge's burns were being cared for in the next room.

"When I realized that the house was on fire," said Floy, relating her adventure, "I instantly started for the door. The flood of smoke that met me as I opened it must have stifled me, for I knew no more until I opened my eyes in Mrs. Stuart's sitting-room. Madge must have found me where I had fallen. *She saved my life.* O, girls, can we ever forgive ourselves for our unjust, shameful treatment of her.

"I only wish that I had no more to regret than you," said Belle, humbly.

When father and mother returned a few hours later we at once moved into a small house belonging to father, which, fortunately, was empty at the time. The shock which Mrs. Wilmont received on the night of the fire proved too much for her, and she never recovered her health again.

One day she sent for Floy, who remained in the room with her for a long time, and when she came out she at once seated herself at a writing-desk and began a hasty letter. Belle asked her what she was writing, and she answered:

"I can not tell you now, because I want to get this ready for the early mail, but if you will have all the girls who signed *that petition* under the maple, at recess, I will meet you there and will then tell you all about it."

We were under the maple at the appointed time, and a solemn hush seemed to have fallen upon the unusually merry group, as they waited for Floy, and wondered what she would tell us. We had only a few minutes to wait, for soon she came to us, our fair-haired, gentle sister, the only girl in our class who had not signed the petition.

"Girls," she began, "the woman who is dying at Mr. Stuart's is not Madge's mother, she is only her uncle's wife. She told me all about it this morning, and girls, there never was a nobler and more unselfish girl than Madge Wilmont. Has it not seemed strange to you that she was so familiar with the interior of our house?"

"Yes," answered Belle, "I have wondered at it."

"Well, it is not strange at all," continued Floy, her eyes aglow with excitement, "because it was once her own home. You remember father once told us that the former owner had been unfortunate and was obliged to sell the place. That former owner was Mr. Wilmont, Madge's father, as noble and honorable a man as ever lived. He died after a few years, leaving his daughter nearly penniless; but he had paid his debts and his name was free from dishonor. It was about this time that Mrs. Wilmont, Madge's aunt, began to have a great deal of trouble, her husband died a miserable drunkard, and her only son was sent to jail for larceny. Her sorrow and disgrace nearly broke her heart and completely destroyed her health. Then it was that Madge's true nobility of character asserted itself, and she who had only her strong young hands and brave young heart, together with a mere pittance to rely upon, took the lonely, homeless woman and cared for her as if she had been her own mother."

"This alone is enough to make us bow at Madge's feet in shame for the manner in which we have treated her." The color came and went on Floy's cheeks in quick succession while her bosom heaved with emotion. "I know," she added, as one of the girls was about to speak, "I did not sign that hateful petition, but I stood aloof, and was shy of her who was a queen among us, and she might have occupied a higher position than the one in which she lives, if she had chosen. Mrs. Wil-

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mont told me that only a few days ago in repairing one of Madge's old dresses, she found in the pocket a letter from her mother's sister, written months ago, in which she offered to adopt Madge as her own daughter, providing she would have nothing more to do with the lonely woman she was caring for. Madge's aunt is very wealthy and she would have had a beautiful home, but she chose to remain with the one who needed her loving care so much."

"O, Floy," moaned Belle, dropping her face in her hands, "how we have wronged and misjudged her."

"This morning," continued Floy, "I wrote to Madge's aunt, telling her all about the brave girl who had risked her life to save mine. I begged her to come to Madge, for the woman who stood between could live but a short time."

Floy's letter must have touched the aunt's heart, for she came in a few days and took not only Madge, but Mrs. Wilmont also, to her own home, where the poor woman's life passed away with Madge's love to brighten its last days.

We all asked the dear girl's forgiveness for our unkind treatment before she went away, which she readily granted, and now we claim her as one of our dearest friends.

MEMORIES.

They come as the breeze comes o'er the foam,
  Waking the waves that are sinking to sleep—
The fairest of memories from far away home;
  The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,
  That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep;
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,
  And I welcome them all while I wearily sleep.

They come as a song comes out of the past,
  A loved mother murmured in days that are dead,
Whose tones spirit-thrilling live on to the last,
  When the gloom of the heart wraps its gray o'er the head.

They come like the ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,
  And they follow our footsteps on life's winding way,
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves
  That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come sad as tears to the eyes that are bright;
  They come sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale;
They come dim as dreams in the depths of the night;
  They come fair as flowers to the summerless vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
  Though far we may stray from the scenes of the past;
Its memories will follow wherever we go,
  And the days that were first sway the days that are last.

—*Father Ryan.*

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READING CLUB.

Books for the Month :

Through the Reign of Edward II.,
in English History.

Tales of a Grandfather,
through Chapter XI.

Castle Dangerous,
by Sir Walter Scott.

Contemporary Sovereigns.

France.	Scotland.	Spain (Castile).
Louis X.		Ferdinand IV.
John I.	Robert Bruce.	Alphonso XI.
Philippe V.		
Charles IV.		

All the romance of history seems to center in Scotland during this period. And it will always be so whenever a people rouse themselves thoroughly, to throw off the yoke of tyranny, there courage and daring vibrate through the nation's every nerve, and each man, woman, and child becomes an embodiment of heroism. It needs no fiction to make the story of Wallace or Bruce, of Douglas or Randolph thrill the heart and enchain the interest of any who can appreciate true patriotism—a patriotism which gives endurance fearing no hardship; courage heeding no danger.

The inactivity of Edward II. enabled Robert Bruce, with the help of such heroes as we have mentioned, to secure the throne his bravery and indomitable perseverance had already won, and to bring the country into a state of prosperity equal to any it has ever known.

In France, the first small cloud appears on the horizon which ended in the desolating wars with Edward III. of England. After the death of Louis X., his only son, a babe of a day old, was proclaimed "King John I." and four days after died. Then Philip V., who had been appointed regent, and who was a brother of Louis X., became king. He, dying without a son, was succeeded by Charles, another brother. A few years of irregular succession like this is almost sure to engender ambitious thoughts and desires in somebody, that would perhaps never have existed if the crown had descended from father to son in the ordinary way.

There is another State that is beginning to come forward, and will soon, when united under one sovereign, for a while take its place among the front ranks of European nations.

Poor Spain has had a hard struggle for life. In the eighth century almost the whole country had fallen under the conquering power of the Moors coming across from northern Africa. A small band of unconquered patriots under Pelagius retired to the mountains of Asturias and founded a kingdom. Here they held their ground with a patient endurance seldom exceeded in the history of nations, and, watching for the opportunities given them by disunion among the Arabs, won back, almost foot by foot, the land of their forefathers. This took centuries of time, yet now when Edward II. sits upon the English throne this little seedling of Asturias has grown into the three kingdoms of Castile and Leon, Navarre, and Aragon.

The Moors, like a thorn in the side, still hold possession of some of the fairest portions of the country in the south, and there is constant warfare between the antagonistic creeds, Moslem and Christian.

As our readers will probably remember there have already been several intermarriages between the royal families of England and Spain. Richard I. (Cœur de Lion) married a princess of Navarre, and Edward I. brought his beloved Eleanor from Castile, she being sister of King Alphonso X., while an Eleanor of England, daughter of Henry II., was married to Alphonso III.

We find then at this time that Spain is divided into three kingdoms, Castile and Leon (including the little mother kingdom of Asturias) under the kings given above. This was the largest and most powerful of the three; Navarre at the north bordering France; and Aragon. Jane, heiress of Navarre, had in 1284, married the king of France, Philippe le Bel, and for some years the little kingdom has remained under the protection of that country. The kings of Aragon, Alphonso IV. and Peter IV., have devoted themselves for the most part to the conquest of three large islands which lie temptingly near their coast, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica, the latter succeeds in uniting them to their dominions in 1343.

Castle Dangerous, given in list of books for this month, was probably the last novel written by Sir Walter Scott. It may perhaps add something to the interest of the book to think of this.

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THE September number of ELECTRA with the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Browning on its first page, is splendid. I am carefully preserving the engravings for my scrap-book, and some day hope to have my "ELECTRAS" bound. I think the reading club is delightful, and am so glad you take such an interest in the youth of to-day.

I would gladly join the club, but it is difficult for me to get the books; we have no library here. I am fond of reading and like the course of study marked out by you in "ELECTRA."

Wishing you abundant success in your laudable enterprise, I am, very truly, L. V. B.

We would like to refer our young friend to the suggestions given in the June number for starting a circulating library; hope she will try some one of the plans, and thus benefit others as well as herself. We feel confident she can find some of her companions who will unite their efforts with hers for mutual pleasure and good. And we will be glad to hear of her experiment and success.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE JEWS; or Prediction and Fulfillment. An Argument for the times. By Samuel H Kellogg, D.D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Penn. 12mo Pp. 70 New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Price $1[illegible].

Frederick, the Great, once asked a Christian minister to give him an argument, brief and conclusive, for the truth of the Christian religion. The answer was, "The Jews, your Majesty!" This work consists in the exact agreement of the history of the Jewish people with the record contained in books professedly written by prophets of their own. These books, whatever may be the precise date of their composition, were indisputably published to the world centuries before the predicted experience of the nation had been fully realized, or could have been possibly anticipated by human foresight. After a clear exposition of this argument, the author proceeds to show that as the prophecies concerning the dispersion of Israel have been literally and minutely fulfilled, so also will be those prophecies which speak of the return of Israel to the true faith of the Scriptures, also to their restoration to the land of their fathers. No one can read this excellent little work without having his convictions deepened as to the divine inspiration of the Bible. Nor can we look at the array of facts which this author places before us, in regard to the present condition of the Jews, and resist the conclusion that they will not lose their nationality; that they will be a nation forever. "God has not cast away his people whom he foreknew." Their "blindness is not forever, but only until the fullness of the gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved."

LITERARY NOTICES.—We have just spent a few hours over the *New Century*, and laying it aside find we have had a stroll through South California, London, New York, and Florence. A pleasant introduction to Thackeray, Luther, and Longfellow. Have taken a few lessons in snipe shooting, and passed unhurt through a water-spout and typhoon, with sufficient romance and poetry along the way to keep up the wings of our imagination.

Lippincott's Magazine for October is especially rich in articles on travels. "Spin-Drift from the Hebrides," gives an interesting reminiscence of a tour through regions with which many have been familiarized by Wm. Black; "The Giants of the Plain," describes the largest race of men in North America. Then we have a sketch of the "Highlands of North Carolina," "A Trip to Ischia," the scene of the recent volcanic eruption, "In the Hands of the Mob," "The White Fish of the Great Lakes," etc. "The Jewel in the Lotus" is as interesting as ever, with other short stories by Elizabeth Cumings and Mabel S. Emery.

The September number of *Brainard's Musical World* is at hand, and its contents, musically or otherwise, can not fail to please every lover of good music and interesting miscellany pertaining to the art. The illustrations this month are very pleasing. A striking life-like portrait of Remenyi is one of the attractions, and also a portrait and brief biography of Arthur Sullivan. Good music, good reading, spicy correspondence, and, in fact, general excellence, make the *Musical World* the best, as it is also the oldest, magazine of the kind in this country. Subscriptions $1.50 per annum; single copies 15 cts. S. Brainard's Sons, 341 and 343 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

The *Eclectic*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Wide Awake* have come to us too late for other than a word of cordial greeting. We welcome them all each month as friendly visitors to our exchange table.

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HOME SUNLIGHT.

Does Work Ever Kill Any Body?—"Yes, plenty of people," somebody exclaims opening wide eyes at our stupidity. "Many and many a woman has sacrificed her life, working like a slave for husband and children, and I don't believe in it."

Nor do we; but let us look a little more closely at the question. Is it the *work* that kills? Is it not rather a well-known fact that the longest-lived people have been steady, almost unremitting workers from early youth. Our very idea of an old, old lady pictures invariably the knitting in hand. It is no new saying, but certainly a true one, that it is not the work but the worry which kills.

"But then," some one will ask, "how can we help worrying?"

We answer, work systematically and avoid the occasion for worrying. It is said system is to work what oil is to a machine; without it there must be friction and fretting every where.

Here is another thought, try to do just what it is your duty to do, and nothing more, for God has given us a certain length of time to live and something to do, of work or rest in each moment of time. We have strength given us for our own work, not for our own and somebody else's too.

Again, do every thing in its own time, then duties will never conflict. If they seem to do so, one or the other is not a duty—either needs not to be done, or belongs to our neighbor.

One thing more, fence off carefully the resting times God has given us; the night for sleep, the Sabbath for a quiet time with Him. So doing, you may be as busy as you choose, and we can assure you, your life will not be shortened but lengthened thereby. And as we have said before, the busier the happier, especially if the habit of industry is formed early. Even quite young children can be taught that God gives them time by moments and days, because He expects them to use it carefully, in hearty play it may be, but not to throw it away.

"Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."—*Franklin.*

We find a paragraph in Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's "Complete Home" which is very much to the point and we can not forbear quoting it.

"Considering all this, I do not think that work or activity is other than man's natural condition, and so it is likely to be a healthful condition. People do get injured by severe work, but if you will look into these cases you will see that the injury-doing work was not of the Lord's ordering. Persons hurt themselves by the fierce kind of work they do to hurry up a fortune, to grasp too soon or too much what is going in the way of money."

Other people wear out from the overwork of pride; they must have ornaments, fineries, elaborate dress, or furnishing to outdo their neighbors, and they kill themselves for that. Other people still are working double shares, doing the work which some idle member of their family has left undone; the conscientious and busy one becoming the victim of some sluggard's selfishness.

Making Wrinkles.—"O, dear! every thing always comes at once," said Mrs. Unready with a helpless sigh.

"What is it now?" asks a sympathizing neighbor.

"Why, here's my husband's sister coming to pay us a visit next week, and the whole house is out of order and needs to be cleaned and straightened up before she comes. The children never will let any thing stay decent for an hour, and I had resolved not to let Tom and Lettie go to school another day without my looking after their lessons, for the examinations are almost here and I fear they will not pass if I do not take some notice of them."

"You have not much time left for that."

"I know it, but I have been so busy I did not realize how much of the spring was gone. And to make matters worse, here is the sempstress in the house to do the spring sewing, engaged for two weeks and not a thing ready for her. I wonder if any body ever did have to work as hard as I do."

"Do you always live in this irregular way?" her visitor asked gravely with the privilege of an old friend.

"How do you mean?" asked Mrs. Unready, in some surprise.

"Having no fixed time for any thing; it seems to me you would always be in hurry and confusion."

"So I am, but if I could only get good help for once I am sure I could catch up with

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my work." Here she was interrupted by the noisy incoming of Tom and Lettie, who threw their bags down in one place, bonnet and hat in another, and began clamoring for something to eat.

"Run and see if Harriet put away your dinner for you, I forgot it; and if there is none there, you will just have to take whatever you can find." Exit two discontented faces, which are scarcely out of sight when the mother exclaims in a tone of vexation, "There the children have gone without putting away their books, I must begin and see that they do it regularly every day. If any body should come to pay us a visit they would think it was a dreadfully careless household."

SMOOTHING OUT THE WORRIES.—"Lou, I wonder if you did think we would let you pass us in that cool way with a mere shake of the hand at the station."

"Well, cousin Hattie, I knew you were sick, and much as I wanted to stop I thought Lucy would have her hands full with you and the children, so I would not impose on her."

"I enjoy having my friends too much not to be always ready for them, and you know I never make any elaborate preparation."

"That is the part I do not understand, while every thing about you is always so nice and comfortable."

"Don't you know, dear, it is a great deal easier to keep things in order by a little care and trouble along the way, than to get the better of it after it has had time to grow and gather interest?"

"Please tell me just how you manage?"

"Well, in the first place when I began housekeeping, I wrote out, as far as I could, a list of the big jobs of work that would probably come in the year, and kept it by me to notice when it would be best to do each one, and how to fit them together so as not to jostle. With some modifications I soon had it all fixed and regular, and could easily arrange the little things between times. It is astonishing, too, how much can be accomplished in these between-times."

And Lou thought to herself as she watched the systematic working of the household, day by day, where even seven children produced no continuance of disorder, truly this works like well-oiled machinery.

SCRAP BOOK.

MRS. TOM THUMB'S grand piano is four feet two inches long, and two feet ten inches wide. It was made twenty-seven years ago, by Kirkman & Son, of London. It was ordered by P. T. Barnum for the wife of General Tom Thumb, and was played upon by Mrs. Thumb during her travels in Europe, and finally brought to America, where it was sold for $1,000. Since then it has been owned by a wealthy citizen of New York, until purchased recently. It is 6¾ octaves, and the case is made of solid French ebony, with gilt moldings. It is in perfect order and possesses a tone and power that seems hardly possible in so small an instrument.

CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS.—The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters of the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow-bags."

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, "unquestionably."

EVEN the snow-flake lets a shadow fall,
As to the earth it softly sinks to rest;
So may the whitest, sweetest souls of all,
Seem sometimes wrong to those that know them best.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with discretion; yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

"I'M going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he had successfully ruined the one he was on.

SAID a wee little girl looking at the morning-glory vines one evening, "O, mamma, just look, all the glory mornings have gone to feep (sleep) with their pink night-gowns on."

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ANAGRAM. — The lines in each couplet rhyme. The omitted words are all formed from the ten letters omitted in the last line.

O! who could help loving our wee baby ****?
She's sweet as a rose, and as blithe as a fairy.

She thinks of her brother as almost a ***,
And sounds forth his praises to dear Auntie ***.

And yet I am sorry to say, brother, ***
Sometimes is much tempted the child to *****.

They live at the foot of the high Alleghany,
Where often in spring gather clouds black and *****.

One day, with her brother and big cousin ***,
She took a long ride with old Dobbin, the ***.

When in the thick woods, they to tease her be ***;
Then left her with Dobbin and far away ***.

But steady old Dobbin, who loved not to ****,
Left them in the lurch, and soon brought her safe home.

"I'm sorry I couldn't stop Dobbin," said ***,
When the others reached home at the close of the day.

But their words to the child were "cross in the *****,"
For they had to walk home through a shower of ****.

But whether they're naughty, or whether they're ***,
Still she never changes—our dear little ***;
And though of their tricks she has many a warning,
She's always as sweet as a sunny **********.

—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. NETTLE was recently married to Miss Thorn. That's what you might call a "prickly pair."

THE beginning of faith is action; and he only believes who struggles, not he who merely thinks a question over.

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibits, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

GLIMPSES INTO NATURE.

BRIEF NOTES ON FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS.—*May 4th:* Had a pleasant walk to the woods; saw butterflies and flowers, but nothing was so sweet and interesting as the mellow song of an oriole, in his bright Baltimore colors, from the top of a tall tree. Perhaps he had preceded his mate, and was spending the time till she arrived, in sending these beautiful notes across the forest.

6th. Saw the first gay turnus to-day come sipping at our lilacs, and in my walk down the stream some bright green tiger-beetles—*Cicindela sexguttata*—enjoying the capture of unwary insects, glinting their wings in the sun, and in their rapid movements well-deserving the name they bear.

9th. Saw on one flowering shrub to-day, fifteen butterflies of eleven different species, a number of bumble-bees, and a great many smaller bees of different kinds. It was truly an animated bush, bobbing in and out of the flowers, and darting at each other with more spirit and a greater display of passion than I could imagine of butterflies. It was here as in so many other places in this world, the strongest had the precedence

10th. The little negro girl came in saying, there was something "strange looking in the kitchen, she didn't know what it was." I went to see, and there moving at a slow pace was a veritable snail, that had been brought in with the wood, its protruded eyes turning this way and that, trying to reach some place more congenial to snail-life. It was a pretty-looking creature, and if I had told her of the queer position of its eyes, and the mythical precious stone it carried in its head, she would have thought it a stranger creature still.

11th. Let me count how many bird-nests our yard and garden contain. In the hedge, a red-bird, two sparrows, and a wren; in the Virginia creeper, one sparrow in a small cedar; in a tangle of raspberries in the garden, a cat-bird; a pe-weet in the roof of an out-house; another wren close at hand, and I feel assured a good many others up in the maples and cherry-trees. I had the comfort of their songs this morning before dawn, as I lay on my bed

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in great pain. Their music never seems so sweet under any other circumstances. The redbird has given pleasure both to the eye and ear all spring, as he was here some weeks before his mate, flying in and out our trees, in his gay cardinal coat, often remaining long enough to give us some of his mellow notes. I heard snatches of song from the cat-bird all through the night. It—*Mimus carolinensis*—is one of our sweetest songsters, very much of a mimic, and but little inferior to the thrush. Its note of alarm is very disagreeable and has given to it its name. What will become of these birds? I fear they will never be the happy parents of a full nest of fledglings. Cats are so wise and they seem to wait till they can obtain both mother and young. I would make artificial nests for them could they be induced to occupy and allow me to carry them off to a place of safety. But you can never get a bird to believe you can make a better choice than himself. It is like putting on a boy's cap—do it ever so carefully they must give it a nudge to make it set easier.

12*th*. They have been to the ravine and brought me a large bouquet of trilliums, phlox, and two or three varieties of ferns. The beautiful osmunda not yet having attained its giant size, but showing midway in the frond its fertile portion, which when I first saw, years ago, I thought were blighted leaves. Like so many things in nature requiring close observation ere we perceive or understand their beauty or interest. Sweet phloxes! just made for a child's hand to grasp to the full, but dearer to them when called "Sweet Williams"

21*st*. Saw the sparrow coaxing her little ones to their first flight. I put my hand into the empty nest, so desolate after the departure of all this bird-life. It was a cold, rainy evening and I wondered where they would shelter and rock them the first night from home. Leaving home, it seems to me, must be a sad thing even for birds.

23*d*. Twice have I been roused from my letter this morning to see wonderful things; one of them a bright orange lizzard, spotted with black; so alert and looking too much like a serpent to examine with much familiarity, but still very beautiful, and I suppose harmless; differing from both the newt in our ponds and streams and the salamander that flits along our fences.

24*th*. My heroine, my black Minnie Susan, was sent to the garden to pull weeds, and in her simplicity or stupidity destroyed my golden-rod and little blue aster. I had cherished these for years with more cultivated plants, and, among them all, perhaps, none gave so much pleasure. The love that I felt in childhood for these wildlings seems to have returned; a sight of them moves me as of yore. And what a misfortune their destruction was to me. It required all the forbearance and resolution I possessed to look upon it with any sort of equanimity. Truly things considered small in this world often have power to move the most profoundly.

25*th*. To-day, looking down into one of my jars, I saw, on the side, a beautiful gray and white moth. The label on the jar said, "A velvety-brown larva from Cockspur Thorn, near Pond." I remember distinctly its appearance—an inch long, slight protuberance on last segment. I thought it the pretty grub of a butterfly, and gave it no earth in which to make its transformation. After a few days it became restless, and left its food. I then threw in a piece of soft cotton cloth—this it drew together and concealed a slight cocoon. I had thought it winter-killed, and was well-pleased to see this very pretty moth. Carried it into the garden and taking the netting from the mouth of the jar, gave it liberty. It flew over my head, and I soon lost sight of it altogether. The appearance of my first moth is a pleasant event for my birthday.

27*th*. Last night my cecropia crept from its weather-blackened wrapping, and hanging to it, magnificently dilating its wings, first struck my vision as I entered the room in the morning. It measured seven inches across; the largest specimen I ever saw. We feasted our sense of beauty upon it through the day, and as night came on, took it to its appropriate feeding-ground in the grub state, to lay its eggs for a future generation. I preferred this to retaining it, as I had already a fine one drawn and colored by a now "vanished hand" and so long an interested partner in this pleasant employment of rearing and sketching insects.

31*st*. This morning the birds are very lively, flying about as if they had been washed and cooled off in the storm of last night. The pair of sparrows that have their nest in the honeysuckle over the door, are so busy keeping their little house, they seem to think it as important a business as the similar task of the big robin-redbreast or the thrush. Four little brown-headed sparrows are as much citizens of the Commonwealth, in their estimation, as the other's younglings. Their nest was too close

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under the eaves to have been much disturbed by the wind and rain of last night. I fear there were others less fortunate. The poor redbird's nest was either thrown from its place by some of the strong winds we have had, or, which I more suspect, by the cruel cat's paw. I hear its sweet notes in the distance, and once saw it fly into an apple-tree, but it has lost its faith in man's surroundings, and comes no more near us. I am afraid, as I did not see its sober-plumaged mate, that she fell a victim to her feline enemy.

BITS OF SCIENCE.

Silk Spiders.—French silk manufacturers are reported to be very hopeful as to the capabilities of a big spider lately discovered in Africa, which weaves a yellow web of great strength and elasticity.

Among the treasures of the museum at Boulak, Egypt, is the mummy of King Huni-en-raf, of the third dynasty. He is the oldest authenticated sample of a dead man in existence. He dates back forty-five hundred years B. C. according to the scientists, and therefore must be about four hundred years older than Adam! unless, indeed, there be a mistake in the record.

The London *Lancet* has made the discovery that there is "no more powerful apparatus for the conveyance of disease than a book." It mentions measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other ills to which the juvenile community are especially prone as being easy to catch from books. The germs of disease may lie for months, or even years, between the leaves of books that are seldom handled.

Georgia Water-power.—Experts say that Broad River, at Anthony Shoals, Ga., has a volume of nineteen millions cubic feet of water per minute, and its velocity is one hundred and seventy-five feet per minute, its fall in a mile and a quarter being ninety two feet. The horse-power is calculated to be thirty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-six, while Lowell, the finest developed water-power in the United States, has only sixteen thousand horse-power.

The Population of the Air.—Ancient Pantheism animated all nature. Gnomes in caverns, naiads in springs, sylphs in the air represented life, pervading every thing. Twenty centuries having passed, science has resuscitated these elementary genii under the form of organic germs; and we are forced to day to recognize that the reality surpasses all the bold conceptions of the fable. From pole to pole the atmosphere transports myriads of microscopic animals and plants. They are counted by hundreds in each cubic metre of air that we breathe in Paris. Developing themselves in the organic infusions into which they fall, they soon determine their complete decomposition; and they play their parts in virulent diseases and in fermentations. No doubt is permissible on this point after the admirable labors of M. Pasteur; and every day a new workman brings his stone as a contribution to the grand edifice of which this illustrious physiologist has drafted the plan and himself laid the impregnable foundations.—*M. Louis Olivier, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Power of the Heart.—This important little organ of the body is the primary source of the movement of the vital stream. As with each stroke the heart projects something like six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times every minute and four thousand two hundred times in an hour, and it does the same thing one hundred thousand and eight hundred times in twenty-four hours, thirty millions of times every year, and more than two thousand five hundred millions of times in a life of seventy years.

The mechanical force that is exerted at each stroke amounts to a pressure of thirteen pounds upon the entire charge of blood that has to be pressed onward through the branching network of blood vessels. This gives an exertion of force that would be adequate in another form of application to lift one hundred and twenty tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to do this, and

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do it without a pause for three score and ten years, without itself being worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of flesh that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces.

It must also be remembered that this little vital machine can not at any time be stopped for repairs. If it gets out of order it must be set right as it runs. To stop the action of the heart for more than the briefest interval would be to change life into death.

A Pleasant Experiment with Salt.—Do you want to grow salt and at the same time have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by any one. Says the Troy *Times*: Put in a goblet one tablespoonful of salt and one spoonful of bluing; fill the goblet two thirds full of water and set it in position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing day by day until the outside of our goblet will be entirely covered over with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off and fasten it in the center of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square, or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall-bracket and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little and in reality adds to the bric-a-brac of a room.

The Teachability of Oysters.—It is common to quote the oyster as the lowest example of stupidity, or absence of any thing mental, and, as it is a headless creature, the accusation might not seem wholly unfounded. Yet the oyster is not such a fool but that it can learn by experience, for Dicquemase asserts that, if it be taken from a depth never uncovered by the sea, it opens its shell, loses the water within, and perishes. But oysters taken from the same depth, if kept in reservoirs where they are occasionally left uncovered for a short time, learn to keep their shells closed, and then live for a much longer time when taken out of the water.

This fact is also stated by Bingley, and is now turned to practical account in the so-called "oyster schools" of France. The distance from the coast to Paris being too great for the newly-dredged oysters to travel without opening their shells, they are first taught in the schools to bear a longer and longer exposure to the air without gaping, and when their education in this respect is completed, they are sent on their journey to the metropolis, where they arrive with closed shells and in a healthy condition.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

In a series of papers on the northern part of the continent, contributed to an Australian paper under the somewhat odd title of "*Northern Lights*," the writer mentions a curious feature of the creeks and lagoons in the north of Queensland. This is what is called "floating grass." It is a tall aquatic grass, which, while growing in the mud when within reach, is quite independent in that respect, and extends its creeping stems into the deepest water; and by the interweaving of these, and of the roots emitted from every joint makes a dense mat of verdure, which, at first sight, seems to have its origin on solid ground. It is, however, quite possible to walk on it without risk of entanglement. The method is to keep going, lifting the feet well, and with the body in as flat a position as possible. Horses and cattle are fond of this grass, and it is said that the masses of it are sometimes so dense, although with twenty feet of water underneath, that horses have been known to cross on them.

Electricity on the Suez.—At a banquet of electricians last week, De Lesseps appealed to the persons present to compete for the prize to be awarded for the best means of lighting the Suez canal by electricity.

A Work of Art.—One of the finest workmen in the famous needle factory at Redditch made for and presented to Queen Victoria, a needle representing the column of Trajan, on which is represented all the principal bas-reliefs that adorn the column. On the same needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

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THE GRAPHEION.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Since our last issue the purchase of another magazine, *At Home and Abroad*, has been consummated by the proprietor of ELECTRA.

At Home and Abroad is a literary periodical published in Charlotte, N. C., by Colonel Chas. R. Jones, and edited by Miss Lisette C. Bernheim. This magazine, now in its fifth volume, has a large circulation, especially in the Southeastern States. In making this purchase we do not change the character of ELECTRA. We have endeavored to make it a first-class literary magazine, suited to the capacity of the older students in the land. Therefore it is not a children's periodical, as some have supposed, and we believe the former readers of *At Home and Abroad* will find it well adapted to take the place of their old friend as a family magazine.

We can not claim the same interest and affection, as yet, but like the new preacher or a second love, we shall hope some day to find a cordial greeting at every fireside, and a loving welcome at every hearthstone. Nor do we come as strangers. The kindly introduction of Colonel Jones in his last issue of *At Home and Abroad*, foreshadows, we are trusting, a warm reception for us, which we shall try ever to prove ourselves worthy of. To you, our new readers, we extend a most cordial greeting. The modern Greek, in greeting what is pleasant, says "To many years," implying, may this pleasure or happiness or goodwill continue to you for many years. We now extend this greeting to you, hoping that you in return may continue our friends "to many years."

In a business standpoint, we insert the following from the former proprietor, which will serve to alleviate any perplexities:

TO THE OLD SUBSCRIBERS OF AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By the terms of the sale of *At Home and Abroad*, to Miss I. M. Leyburn, the proprietor of ELECTRA, she has contracted to carry out all the unpaid subscriptions to *At Home and Abroad* by supplying ELECTRA for the time paid for.

All subscriptions due on the subscription books of *At Home and Abroad*, and remaining unpaid September 1, 1883, must be paid to the new proprietor, Miss I. M. Leyburn, *Courier-Journal* building, Louisville, Ky.

CHAS. R. JONES,
Late Proprietor "*At Home and Abroad.*"
CHARLOTTE, N. C., September 1, 1883.

TO OUR READERS, OLD AND NEW.

In making the purchase of *At Home and Abroad*, we do not propose to change our price. The ELECTRA, it is true, is the more expensive publication of the two, as can be seen by comparison of the paper, composition, etc., of the magazines. The steel engravings of the ELECTRA are, in themselves, worth the price of the magazine. But we have put the price at the lowest figures possible in order to place the ELECTRA within the reach of all.

We will, however, now make the following statement that our terms, $2.00, *must be strictly in advance.* When not paid within the first three months the price will be $2.50, nor can any premiums be claimed unless payment is made within that time.

And a word of explanation about our premiums. We offered them simply with the intention of inducing others to work, in soliciting subscribers for us. This has been mistaken in a number of instances and the premium has been asked for by the original subscriber. In order to make it perfectly clear in future, we now state that no one can receive a premium who does not at first become a subscriber to ELECTRA.

All subscribers to *At Home and Abroad* or ELECTRA, old and new, if their subscription is paid, can send us two dollars cash for a new subscriber and claim a premium, which must always be asked for at the time of making payment.

With our agents we make special terms, and allow them a commission.

With the "combination" of the *Courier-Journal* and ELECTRA, we give no premium or commission. Subscribers to this must send direct to us $2.75, always and strictly *in advance.*

HERE AND THERE IN THE EXPOSITION.—The crowd of visitors which throngs the Exposition building increases almost daily, and none, we are sure, go away dissatisfied with the treat they have enjoyed. Ministers, whose busy brains and hearts have, for a whole year or

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more, scarcely been allowed to wander for a moment from the needs of their own home and people and labor, are here throwing off the shackles of work and weariness, and drinking in with eager refreshment the world of wonders and new interests.

Farmers are here in holiday attire who have, it may be, *stolen* a few days from the summer's pressing work, but go back more than repaid by a few strolls through the machinery halls where every variety of helpful, labor-saving agricultural, and farming instruments are fully displayed.

Multitudes of summer excursionists stop in passing merely to see what is to be seen, and freely acknowledge "the half has not been told," and only regret that they have not left themselves more time for this last best treat of the summer.

It is needless to say there is something to suit every taste.

Midway between the Fourth and Sixth Street entrances, we come face to face with Bayless Bros'. (Louisville), superb display of china rareties. A magnificent vase in the center of the mantel first attracts our attention. "The Spiral Dragon Vase," it is called, and true to its name we see the golden monsters are coiling around the base and over the handle and peering into jewel-laden flowers.

A smaller pair have on one side a spray of roses with ruby-studded hearts, on the other Lapis-Lazuli forget-me-nots.

On another we find a serpent trailing through fern leaves of fairy gold, enfolding the neck and forming the handle. Are we becoming thoroughly Chinese in our taste, that dragons, storks, and the lotus flowers enter so largely into all ornamental designs? Plaques are there in infinite variety and exquisite workmanship, and the daintiest of little cups and tea-sets that would tempt the most resolute milk or water drinker to become a lover of tea. In short we find but one fault with the display, there is too much, we *can not* do justice to all.

Loitering through a quiet part of the gallery, we come upon a quaint, cosy little apartment and read on a card, "L. De Forest, New York. East Indian Carving." A sofa and two chairs, low and broad-seated, cushioned with the soft, mingled colors of the East and framed with the carving, invite us to enter, where seated we readily imagine ourselves in the oldest of continents. Rugs of various oriental colors and figures carpet the floor; around us a broad dado in dark wood filagreed in most delicate patterns, with mantel of the same; in front of us a side-board not unlike the usual style, only higher and wider, with shelves above, the front and sides of the carved work paneled with pretty filagreed copper antique vessels, and plaques in metal adorn mantel, side-board, and walls. Alas, we feel the languor of luxurious India creeping over us, and hastily rouse ourselves to go further.

We linger a while before Williamson's beautiful brasses and bronzes, pass on by the handsome Louisville manufactured furniture, which is enough to make one discontented with their own forever more, and so down stairs again.

The carpet houses are tempting. Miss Freeman's art needle-work is a full half hour's study; then there are the careful, elaborate, and exhaustive displays of Arkansas and Tennessee to be examined. When at last weary with walking, standing, and looking, under the intense tension of interest we turn naturally into a little Southern scene, Alabama in miniature, where sitting under the shadow of tropical plants we look up and read the refreshing motto, "Here we rest."

But perhaps the most wonderful and beautiful exhibit of all, is the Edison light. While we rest, the dusky shadows of the twilight come creeping out in weird, uncanny shapes gathering more and more closely about us. Suddenly a soft delicious radiance falls over us —shines through us, until we feel like a wee, glad hearted child opening its merry eyes to the sunshine. We look around us in surprise, for lo! the whole building is flooded with the beautiful brightness dropping from thousands of tiny incandescent horse-shoes, or, as they appear to us, clusters of glowing amber drops. Wondering, we see every shape, and shade of color most perfectly revealed in the clear light, yet we look in vain for the glare, the flickering of every other artificial light that boasts of brightness, nay, a healthy eye can look straight at it and feel no pain. More wonderful still, it gives out no heat, absorbs no oxygen, so that after hours in this crowded, brilliantly-lighted building, the air is as pure as if it were sunshine itself.

Instinctively we make our way round through the machinery and enter the Edison parlor which is fitted up in unostentatious but handsome comfort, but it is not that we have come to see. Hanging from the ceiling is a brilliant bouquet of flowers, yellow, red, blue, green, each inclosing one of the marvelous little horse-

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shoes. In front of the entrance on each side a four-branched lamp, each branch bearing a glittering blossom of different color. On the writing-table a pretty porcelain-shaded one. What could one ask in the way of illumination that is not here. If this be not the perfection of light, at least our imagination can conceive of nothing superior.

Turning to go we pause on the threshold before a modestly framed face, almost boyish in its youthfulness, yet with genius—high purpose—in every line of the noble head and thoughtful countenance.

And this is Edison, whose magic mind is the grandest luminary in the science world of this nineteenth century.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, the greatest inventor of the age, furnishes us with our face engraving for this number. His history from the time the newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway and his improvised laboratory were thrown out of the car which he had inadvertently set fire to in making his experiments, up to the present, when he has become the admired of all admirers, is the history of genius. His has been the natural development through years of patient toil of real natural gifts.

He was born in 1847 and is consequently a comparatively young man. What achievements may yet be his it is difficult to conceive.

The phonograph, or more properly speaking, the "talking phonograph" was invented by him in 1877.

THE cool, bracing air of October generally finds us ready to settle down to our regular winter's work, whatever that may be. Summer idlers return from their loiterings in pleasant ways. Lecture-rooms are reopened, teachers and pupils are well in harness for hard study, and from long acquaintance with schoolrooms and quiet occupations, there comes a thought to us that may prove helpful to somebody. It is this—keep your lungs well ventilated. Do you know how much of your health, comfort, and pleasure in life, depends on this? We will leave the doctors to tell of the horrors of ill-ventilated apartments, etc. This has been done often and ably, but not once too often, or one whit too strongly. Only you and I, individually, may not be able always to control these things, still under adverse circumstances we can help our own individual lungs more, perhaps, than we think. Breathing, that is to say the length of the respiration, is more or less under control of the will, and quoting from a well known work on Hygiene, "it is very important that scholars and persons who sit much of the time should frequently during the day breathe full and deep, so that the smallest air-cells may be fully filled with air," and "while thus exercising the lungs, the shoulders should be thrown back and the head held erect." This is *not* a mere notion. The healthfulness not only of the body, but of the mind, depends greatly on the purity and proper circulation of the blood, and this depends largely on the amount of air received by the lungs. Precaution is especially necessary too, in winter, when houses are naturally kept more closely shut up to keep out the cold. Remember then those of you who are more or less closely housed, by sewing, reading, studying, writing, or any thing else, in the first place to get as much fresh air as you can, and then to watch the *habit* of breathing, making the breaths as long as you can. As a remedy for weariness try the suggestion quoted above.

CURRENT HISTORY.

THE new two-cent stamp, reducing letter postage from three to two cents, goes into operation October 1st. Requisitions upon the Postoffice Department by postmasters for the new two-cent stamps have been so large that the contractors were not able to supply the demand. The old two-cent stamp can be used on letters or two one-cent stamps, or, in case of a double letter, the old three and a one-cent stamp will be requisite. The three-cent stamp now in use can still be used in this way, or in paying postage on second-class matter. When held in large quantities they can be exchanged at the postoffices for stamps of other denominations. There has been no reduction in postage on any other matter.

The new postal note seems to be taking the place of money letter orders in transmitting small amounts. These notes are only given for sums smaller than five dollars, and three cents

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is paid for them, instead of eight cents as is now required for a postoffice order. Treasurer Wyman has declined to receive a postal note for the payment of express charges on United States notes sent for redemption on a bank in Connecticut. First Controller Lawrence, whose opinion was asked on this subject, says that postal notes are not a legal tender, and anybody has the right to refuse them.

THE Postoffice Department at Washington has received the twenty-ninth annual report of the Postmaster General of Great Britain and Ireland for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1883. After an examination of the figures given in this report, postoffice officials here assert that the postal system in this country is operated at a cost much less than that of the United Kingdom, when our immense millage is taken into consideration.

The Commissioner of Patents has just submitted his report of the business of the Patent Office for the fiscal year ending June 30. It shows by comparison with the report of the year ending June 30, 1882, that business is largely increasing throughout the land. The number of patents granted, including re-issues and designs, was 21,185; the total receipts were $1,095,884; expenditures, not including printing, $677,628, leaving a surplus of $518,255. This is very encouraging.

THE total paper money now outstanding in the United States is $831,757,069; total coin circulation, $743,347,573; grand total, $1,575,104,642. Assuming the total population to be 52,000,000 the distribution per capita would be $30.29.

DAKOTA has made rapid strides toward stateship within the last two years. So rapid has been her growth that she needed a capital nearer the center of the territory, and a commission was appointed to select its site, Yankton being confessed to be too far one side. After a good deal of traveling about, the commission located the new capital at Bismark, which is about as far from the center of population in the territory as Yankton—at all events, the difference in its favor is not enough to make the people concur in its selection with much grace. But the southern portions of the territory do not take kindly to the new order of things, and delegates from the portion of the territory south of the forty-sixth parallel have met in a convention and taken steps toward having southern Dakota set off as a State. The division of the territory is advisable on several grounds. It is two and one half times the size of New York, and when it is well settled it will be too large for a single State. The location of the capital at Bismark is such that it would not interfere with such a division. Bismark is near the center of the northern half of the territory, and is perhaps as good a location for the capital of that portion of the State as could have been found.

THE ratification of the treaty with Corea does not promise much to the United States government at present. The people of Corea are not manufacturers, and there are almost no products of which they raise more than enough for domestic consumption. They are not so skilled in agriculture that the tools of American manufacture would be of any use to them, nor will they demand any of our machinery for many years. Of clothing, they wear coarse cotton cloth, which they raise and make. Their dress is peculiar, and will not be changed to accommodate American dealers of clothing. They raise grain and tobacco, of which we have enough and to spare. Another hindrance to an interchange between the two countries is the Corean money. Their coins are of brass and copper, of no value to us, and if we trade with them we must do it by barter or furnish them a currency the world recognizes as good. As we could only swap tobacco for grain, or grain for tobacco, it does not appear that our treaty will be of any immediate value to us. The treaty, however, is an entering-wedge and enterprising Americans will doubtless soon discover something to be gained from an intercourse with this crude people.

The reception of their ambassadors in New York and Boston has created great interest. The oriental scene to be witnessed the morning of September 18, from the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York City, when they paid their respects to President Arthur, was one long to be remembered.

Min Yang Ik, the Minister Plenipotentiary, wore a long tunic of plum-colored silk over white undergarments and white stockings. He wore a belt inlaid with gold; on his breast was a square of silk, on which was embroidered two storks. He also wore the Corean

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hat of fine black bamboo, with wide brim and high crown, which is mounted on a close-fit ting skull-cap of bamboo. The Vice Minister had to be content with one stork on his breast. The other Coreans wore similar costumes of various colors. As they approached the room they knelt, and, after entering, they bowed first to the right and then to the left, their salaam bringing them down on their knees. President Arthur then made an unusually low bow. After being introduced by Secretary Frelinghuysen, Min Yang Ik read his address in Corean. He said that he and Hing Yang Ik had come to pay their respects as Embassadors from the Government of Tah Chousun, and he wished the President and the people of this country health and welfare. He said that, having entered into a treaty together, he hoped both nations might keep it in peace forever. He then presented his credentials and a letter from his sovereign. The President replied, saying that it gave him pleasure to welcome representatives from the beautiful peninsula of Corea. He hoped the commerce between the two nations might be beneficial to both, and that the tour of the Coreans might be such that they could convey back new and profitable ideas and a kindly feeling for the people of this country. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes.

THE Cabinet generally are taking a holiday, for, like other mortals, these great statesmen need recreation after the excessive strain of the last session. Mr. Gladstone has gone on his Scotch yachting cruise, accompanied by Mr. Tennyson and Earl Dalhousie. Mr. Chamberlin is cruising around the Hebrides with some friends. Lord Granville, as warden of the Cinque Ports, occupies Walmer Castle. Sir Charles Dilke is in the south of France.

The Irish Land Leaguers have opened their inter-parliamentary campaign with lively demonstrations. A meeting at Waterford, September 9, was attended by over thirty thousand persons. The meeting passed resolutions demanding a Parliament for Ireland, not only in name, but in reality, declaring that Ireland must have that which England by a necessity of the time granted Canada, because Canada was rebellious. This demonstration is followed by a succession of others to continue during the fall and winter. The platform throughout all these meetings will be the same as at the recent meeting at Cappamore, to the effect that legislation is required to secure the Irish laborer adequate garden plots and comfortable homes. They will also insist on an extension of the Land Act, enabling occupiers to become owners by purchase by installments over a long period. They also propose that members of Parliament be paid.

Both the Government and the Tory press denounce the proposals as revolutionary and tending to a renewal of a condition of anarchy. Of the Irish leaders, Parnell is supposed to be inclined toward moderation; but Healey and Michael Davitt are revolutionary. The indications are in favor of a stormy campaign in English and Irish politics during the coming winter.

"NO PEACE yet," comes in martial strains from the far off land of China and is echoed back from the shores of France. But while the ministers of France and China are trying to settle the affairs of the nations we will glance briefly over the history of the complications which lead to these results, the summary of which we condense from an exchange.

So long ago as 1787 the king of Anam ceded to the French, Tourane and the island of Pulo-condore. This cession was never fully perfected, but gave to the French some foothold in the country. As a result of these negotiations missionaries were sent there and a limited commerce sprung up This condition of affairs seems to have continued until 1820, when a faction foreign to hostile control sprung up, and the question of the claims of China on the province of Anam and those of France became more antagonistic.

Later on, the French and English, by a combined force, gained such victories in Anam that France was enabled to help herself to three of the southern provinces of Anam. In 1862 a treaty was signed which guaranteed these provinces to France, and five years later that power seized three other provinces. This resulted in the formation of the French colony in Cochin-China.

While these events were transpiring in the southern part of Anam others of no less importance, and having a more direct bearing on the present war, were taking place in the northern portion of the kingdom in the district variously known as Tonkin and Tonquin. A certain M. Dupuis, a French merchant, had, in 1863, a contract with the Chinese government to supply arms to the authorities of Yunnan, and discovering that the Bo-de, or Red River, was naviga-

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ble he passed up it and delivered them. The Chinese emperor provided him with a passport by means of which he returned to the sea along the same route. Now, M. Dupuis seems to have had the genuine commercial instinct, and finding it possible to do so he began to smuggle goods along the river with the object of turning a profitable if not strictly honest penny. On this, the Anamese asked the French government to recall him. A small force was sent ostensibly for this purpose, but instead of carrying it out they joined hands with M. Dupuis and captured Hanoi, a town on the Red River. This was in 1873. The commander of this force, Lieut. Garnier, made other conquests, but eventually was defeated and killed.

As the result of this invasion Admiral Dupre, the Governor-general of French Cochin-China, was able, in 1874, to negotiate a treaty under which the Red River was opened to commerce. It is this treaty that is the pretext for the present expedition. No attempt to enforce it was made by the French until 1882, when Capt. Riviere, a naval officer of merit, and of some celebrity as an author, was sent out with that end in view. His early successes and his subsequent defeat and death are fresh in the public memory, When the news of his death reached Francet and it became evident that the Anamese were determined to resist invasion, the present expedition was resolved upon.

At this stage, a new factor appeared. China asserted her rights as suzerain, and protested against the invasion. Then ensued a long series of diplomatic negotiations accompanied with preparations for war. France went on perfecting her expedition and sending out troops, while China is said to have massed 35,000 men, drilled and furnished with modern arms on the northern frontier of Tonquin. Evidently these negotiations have come to nothing. While they were proceeding, Tuduc, the king of Anam, died. His successor, Phudac, has since been deposed by the mandarins, who have set up in his place one of his relatives, who is known to regard foreigners with hostility. It should be said in this connection that Tuduc himself was supposed to be desirous of peace, and it is surmised that the French will restore Phudac, his legitimate heir, with the object of profiting by the prestige such an act would give them in the eyes of a loyal eastern race.

In the meantime the intentions of China continue doubtful. Her representative in Europe, the Marquis Tseng, does not himself appear to know whether she will openly dispatch troops to Anam or allow them to cross the border and act independently. It ought not to be a matter for surprise if the disasters suffered by the French, influence the government of the celestial empire to take action in the direction of their inclinations, which are, as is well known, hostile to France. While it is equally as well known that the operations undertaken by France are prompted by a simple desire for conquest.

It is reported that China and France may submit the differences between them to the joint mediation of England and the United States.

THE slayer of Carey at the Cape of Good Hope has arrived in London, and is being guarded to prevent a rescue should his friends attempt such a thing. The examination of O'Donnell at the Cape, previous to his being returned to England, gives a different appearance to his crime than the public had reason to suspect from the first reports of the affair. It is now doubted whether he knew who Carey was until the ship was near its destination. It is also said that he had recently suffered from sunstroke, and was easily excited, and under the influence of liquor shot Carey. How far these facts will be borne out in the trial is impossible to say. The trial, however, promises to be one of national interest.

A FEARFUL volcanic eruption took place on the island of Java and in the surrounding regions, beginning August 26, and continuing during several days. It will, in destruction of life and property, stand in history with similar occurrences in Lisbon, 1755, and in Calabria just one hundred years ago. This eruption began in the small volcanic island of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda. The whole surface of sea and land surrounding was then convulsed by the current of molten lava underneath, which burst forth from one volcano and another on the island of Java and the surrounding islands, submerging some and suddenly evolving new ones from out of the depths of the ocean. The whole surface of the country, now, is completely changed. The loss of life is estimated at seventy-five thousand.

AN extensive section of Windsor Castle is to be lighted by electric lights, by the order of the queen.

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES-LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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LOITERINGS IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF LUTHER.

After several days pleasantly spent at Weisbaden, we took the train bound for Dresden, intending to stop at Eisnach and visit the castle of Wartburg. We spent the night in Frankfort, and early next morning were off again. The German railways are admirably conducted, the officials being very attentive and polite; guards stationed at short intervals to keep the track clear; and the second-class cars cushioned and sufficiently comfortable for anybody. Indeed, the first-class cars are but little occupied, and it is said that there are but three sorts of people who ever ride in them, viz: "Princes, fools, and Americans." Some people are so uncharitable as to include the two last mentioned under the same head.

Marburg is a pleasant old town, situated on a hill-side overlooking the Lahn, chiefly celebrated for its university, the first founded after the Reformation. The cathedral or church of St. Elizabeth is a grand gothic pile in good condition, though begun early in the thirteenth century. The saint whose name it bears was a Landgravine of Hesse and was canonized for her sanctity. The stone steps are worn into hollows by the knees of the pilgrims, who for ages resorted to it. It was originally inlaid with pearls, antique cameos, and costly gems, but these were carried away as spoils by the French.

The castle of the Landgraves of Hesse crowns the heights of the Schlossberg, overlooking the town. It contains the Knight's Hall, in which Luther and Zwingle discussed the dogma of Transubstantiation before Philip the Magnanimous, Landgrave of Hesse. This region has a peculiar historic interest to Americans, as it was here the British Government hired the Hessians, they sent over to fight their battles with the "Rebels" during our Revolution.

The country through which we traveled during all that day, is but a continuous plain, flat, uninteresting, and dreary. It is under fine cultivation, but as there are no farm-houses, or even fences, it becomes very monotonous. The only relief to the dreariness is the long rows of Lombardy poplars lining the roads, and an occasional wind-mill.

The inhabitants live in the villages and go out to their work every day, some of them to a considerable distance.

Most of the field laborers are women, their heavy petticoats reaching but little below their knees, and the same species of tiny black cap on their heads, which we had seen in the neighborhood of Baden-Baden; some of the caps were

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laden with dirt and grease. These poor creatures bear the marks of hard toil, and as it was now harvest-time, there were swarms of them at work in the hot sun, reaping and gathering in their grain.

The houses in the villages, for the most part, are a wooden frame-work, built in with brick, the bricks white-washed and the unpainted timbers showing between. We are now in the region where the Reformation gained signal success, and there are no more crosses and shrines along the road.

In the evening we left the train at the Gunsterhausen Station, and waited for another to carry us to Eisnach. It was ten o'clock at night before we got off, and one o'clock in the morning when we reached Eisnach. We took a carriage at the station, and drove a long way to the principal hotel; unfortunately, it was full, no little to our surprise too, as we had now left the great thoroughfare of tourists. After rattling through the silent old streets for some time, we succeeded in getting a place of shelter. This was a plain, genuine German inn, rarely resorted to by English, and consequently having undergone none of the usual modifications to suit Anglican tastes and habits. There were huge earthen stoves in the principal rooms, feather-bed coverlets on the beds, no carpets on the rough floors, short-petticoated sewing-women, and an extraordinary amount of bowing, taking off of hats, smoking, and beer-drinking. The principal guests, beside ourselves, were a party of university students on their summer pedestrian expedition, and as according to custom, there was no sitting-room except the dining-room, we had more of their company than we desired. They were jolly, loquacious, noisy, and stared with remorseless gaze at the American ladies.

The etiquette and ceremony observed by Germans toward each other are among the most notable things, to a stranger, in the customs of the country. When exchanging salutations on meeting at the inn or passing in the streets, the hat is doffed and brought almost down to the ground, accompanied by a profound bow, or if they have not met for some time, there is an energetic hug and a kiss on the cheek. It looks very odd to see grave, bearded men, embracing each other in this amorous fashion.

In the morning I sallied out, and took a stroll around the town. It is a quiet, clean old place, with a spacious square in the center of it, on one side of which stands a large, venerable old church. As the church doors were open, I walked in to see what was going on. Though it was a week-day, a considerable congregation was present, and two ministers in gowns were dispensing the communion. A great organ was playing and a choir of boys singing all the time of the service. One of the ministers had the bread on one side of the altar, and the other the wine on the opposite side; the communicants were almost exclusively women. As each of them came forward she dropped a courtesy to the minister, after which he put a bit of the bread in her mouth and said a few words, when she passed on to the other, and went through the same ceremony with the wine. The church is unique, timeworn, and irregular, with three or four galleries, one above the other, part of them inclosed on the front with window-sashes. The music was admirable. The square in front was filled with market-people, presenting a picturesque aspect, the sunburnt women with tiny caps, short jackets, and gay petticoats, surrounded with heaps of vegetables, fruits, and flowers, and the dog-teams which draw their little carts, sleeping on the pavement.

The castle of Wartburg crowned the wooded heights six hundred feet above the town. A circuitous and well-graded road leads up to it. We engaged a car-

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riage and visited this once friendly prison-house of Luther. The castle was the ancient residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, and must have been a stronghold in their day. The site is a commanding one overlooking a wide range of wild, forest-clad hills. As the custode was out of the way on our arrival, we had to remain some time in the anteroom, a gloomy apartment with a low ceiling, blackened walls, and small windows deep set in the heavy embrasures.

The custode at length appeared and escorted our party, with a German one, through the long corridors, up many narrow steps worn by the footsteps of princes and great people in by-gone ages; through spacious halls where they held their banquets, and into the chambers where they sought repose from the strife of their troublous times. But the custode was very tedious. Our time was limited and his stories were long. Every daub upon the walls, every picture, every piece of armor in the not uninteresting collection had its legend and he must tell it. There was the armor of Pope Julius II. and Henri II. of France, that of Frederick of the Bitten Cheek, and of Lewis the Leper, and that of some robber knight who stole two princes and afterward lost his head; and there, most revered of all, was a painting commemorating a miracle wrought in behalf of the good St. Elizabeth, whose church at Marburg we had seen the day before. The miracle was in this wise: St. Elizabeth was pitiful and generous, her husband hard-hearted and stingy. One day the stingy husband suddenly came upon the excellent lady distributing bread from her apron to the poor.

"What's that in your apron?" said he.

"Flowers," replied the saint.

The enraged husband, thinking to detect her falsehood, tore open the apron, when sure enough there tumbled out a pile of flowers—the bread having been miraculously turned into roses and lilies in vindication of holy St. Elizabeth's truthfulness and charity. The artist has done justice to the memorable event, having made a very fair picture of it.

But the most notable feature of the castle is Luther's chamber.

This chamber where the illustrious reformer spent his months of imprisonment has been always preserved as a precious memorial. It is a room of moderate size, with a pleasant outlook from the window; Luther's bedstead, table, and chair still remain, or at least as much of them as has not been carried off in chips by visitors. All of them are cut into notches and large portions are gone. In order to guard against further spoliations all the accessible parts of them are now cased in iron. Part of the mutilated bedstead has been renewed. On the wall beside the mantel-piece is a space of some two feet in diameter from which the plastering has been removed. This is pointed out, or rather the center of it, as the spot where Luther's inkstand struck when he threw it at the devil on the occasion of his memorable temptation. The wall is still black, and the custode assured us it was the ink-stain, though it was a little remarkable the ink should have gone entirely through the plaster and blackened the wall. The plaster has been picked off and carried away also as a relic. Though Luther was shut up in the Wartburg Castle, the Reformation went on. God, no doubt, intended to separate the work from the man and establish it on the simple basis of Gospel truth. Luther's imprisonment thus helped rather than hindered the reform.

The same afternoon we left Eisnach found us at Erfurt, a place even richer in associations of Luther than the wild Castle of Wartburg. Erfurt was once an important town, having been the capital

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of Thuringia, but it now exhibits symptoms of decay. The cathedral, originally a fine Gothic structure, retains but little of its former glory, being at present remarkable for nothing beside its beautiful painted windows and an ancient bronze candelabrum representing a penitent holding tapers.

It was at Erfurt Luther received his university education, and secured for himself by his genius and application the admiration of his associates and the honor of a doctorate; and it was in this library he discovered the copy of the Bible which he pored over with such avidity and which led to the change that rendered his life and labors so illustrious. The university is no longer in existence, having been suppressed in 1816.

But the convent to which the young doctor resorted, when he took upon himself the vows of a monk, much to the chagrin of his friends and admirers, who had anticipated for him a brilliant career, still remains. It is now an orphan house, bearing the name Martinsstift. One of the officials very politely conducted us through it. It was in the chapel of this convent that Luther first said mass, and it was here that overwhelmed with a sense of his sins, he once cried aloud in the midst of the mass, greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of his brethren. The walls of the chapel are decorated with a painting of the great reformer at the deathbed of Melancthon, the work of a young lady, and a very creditable production; and also with pictures representing him in the three-fold character of monk, assumed nobleman at the Wartburg, and reformer. A small black crucifix, bearing an ivory image of our Saviour, is shown as that used by Luther in the days of his darkness.

The old cloisters adjoin the chapel, and the court-yard is at present radiant with flowers. From the court a steep flight of steps leads into a long hall, with cell-doors opening from either side. One of these doors opens into Luther's cell. It is a small apartment, some ten feet square, with a low ceiling, and a window filled with little circular panes of glass. The walls are covered with German inscriptions, scratched over with the names of numerous visitors, amongst them that of Schiller. The cell has been preserved as nearly as possible in its original condition. There is a round table with Luther's ink-stand upon it, the latter a black wooden affair, as large as a lady's dressing case. An unpainted pine chair and another table complete the furniture. On the last mentioned table lies the Bible, which the perplexed and anxious monk so carefully and so prayerfully studied in his struggles after light. Could these walls but speak, what a tale they could tell of the mental and even bodily anguish of their once occupant. Here for days and nights he remained shut up without food or drink, vainly striving to work out his own righteousness. Never did cloister witness more indefatigable efforts to purchase eternal happiness. He has himself written, "If ever monk could obtain heaven by his monkish works, I should certainly have been entitled to it. Of this all the friars who have known me can testify. If it had continued much longer, I should have carried my mortification even to death, by means of my watchfulness, prayers, reading, and other labors." For nights in succession he never closed his eyes in sleep. Once he was found lying insensible on the floor. The slightest fault he regarded as a great sin, and vainly tortured himself to secure relief. The monks, too, seemed to take pleasure in adding to his humiliations. Though by far the most gifted among them, he was sent singing from door to door through the town, begging bread for the convent. This,

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however, was the least of his trials; his heart troubles were the mountain weights which crushed him. But at last he was led to the true refuge. Those simple words of the Apostles' creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," diffused joy through his soul. The day dawned and the shadows flew away.

We plucked a flower or two from the court to carry away as souvenirs, of a place so memorable in the Church's history, the place where the humble monk found that precious truth which made him the great reformer.

A BIRD'S SONG.

"Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay."—*Jean Ingelow.*

A blue-bird sung to his listening mate :
"'Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay;'
We'll gather them early and gather them late ;
We'll weave them in with the slender grasses ;
We'll build our nest and we will not wait
Till the spring is o'er and the summer passes;
That would be tempting fate."

They worked and builded through golden May;
"Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay;"
They gathered and threaded them in and out
With tenderest care, and many a twitter
Told of their joy, as they flew about ;
"We'll earn the sweet and leave the bitter,
And work while 'tis called to-day."

The eggs were laid and the blue-bird sung :
"'Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay;'
We've gathered them all, and the nest is swung
High in the tree, with the green leaves over."
The song was sweet, and the whole woods rung
With the happy lay, and the wind, the rover,
Carried the song o'er the fields away.

A young maid heard it with glistening eyes :
"Faithful and true I will be this day.
I'll serve the dear Master 'neath golden skies,
Nor wait for the storms of grief to gather.
Bright bird, with your song you have made me wise!
I'll follow your teaching, for O, I'd rather
Be found with the meek than gay."

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER X.

Several days had passed since the night of the accident with the pony-carriage. Ruby was able to limp about in the garden and shrubbery, feeding a young family of chickens in whom she took fond interest, and tending her pet flowers. As for Ella, she looked remarkably well for a young lady who had seen a ghost so lately, as she sat in the girls' morning-room, helping herself liberally from a box of French chocolate which stood at her side.

Both girls had come out of their misfortunes on that memorable evening much better than might have been expected. In the first place, Ruby had been picked up by some neighbors, who were returning home from a dinner-party, soon after Ella left her, and had been carried in much ease and comfort in a brougham and pair to the very door of the Priory, which her kind friends, acquaintances of Mr. and Miss Lindhurst, had to pass on their way. The pony, the author of all the mischief, was led home in grand state by a liveried servant belonging to the above-mentioned brougham, a proceeding which was no doubt very soothing to his injured pride.

When Ella had recovered from her fainting-fit, she had exercised greatly the minds of Miss Nancy and Mrs. Tredwell, who were hanging over her, by strange words about the churchyard and a white figure. Miss Nancy had evinced a decided inclination to follow Miss Ringwood's example and go off into an attack of severe hysterics. Mrs. Tredwell had shaken her head and observed, with a deep sigh:

"Ah! poor dear; my sister was took exactly so one morning, quite unexpected, twenty years ago; and she was dead in three hours and forty minutes. I mind it well, and I had such a nice black frock for her funeral."

But as soon as Ruby came and seated herself beside the patient, and took her hand and laid her head upon her shoulder, she began to gather from Ella's words something of what had really happened.

By degrees Ella, her fear growing gradually less and less as she looked up into Ruby's face, from which she was learning to draw, with but a glance, health and strength, told her story; while they all listened in extreme wonder. Mrs. Tredwell and the whole chorus of maid-servants were disposed to take the matter comfortably in at once as an incident of the supernatural, which they should always be able, to their great joy and satisfaction, to narrate to their awe-struck friends in solemn dignity; and they all felt it to be a real, personal injury when Mr. Lindhurst, coming forward, declared his intention of sending to the Bryants' cottage immediately to find out the real solution of the mystery. The maids all expressed loudly their utter inability to perform such a behest of their master, each stating that she should die of the cold shudders or drop right away if she went outside the doors this evening; but the stable boy, who had been called up to fetch the doctor for Miss Ringwood, should he be needed, consented to go on the dangerous errand for sixpence, provided he could get his faithful comrade, the gardener's son, to accompany him. That doughty champion agreed to the proposal on the promise of half the sixpence being delivered over to him to spend in sweets, and so the pair went together.

When they reached the Bryants' cot-

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tage the appearance of the ghost was soon cleared up. Ben Bryant was given to walking in his sleep, and this tendency had increased since the trouble of mind and extreme sorrow caused by his sister's death. On the night in question he had risen from his bed, and gone in his sleep to visit Bessie's grave, for he had been dreaming of her funeral. The result of the boy thus leaving his warm bed for the cold night air was a severe illness, but he ultimately completely recovered. Such was the end of Ella's ghost story.

"Don't you think you would have been frightened, Ruby, if you had been in my place in the churchyard that night?" asked Ella, as they were sitting together this morning.

"I should have been startled, no doubt," answered Ruby, her bright, earnest face looking up from her book as she spoke. "It was enough to give any one a turn, as Mrs. Tredwell would say, but I should not have thought it could be Bessie; she is with One who loves her too well to let her come back again to this world of sin and sadness."

"I did not think of it in that light before," said Ella, a graver and sweeter look than usual coming into her eyes; "ideas like those would keep us always from being afraid of ghosts, or from any alarm of that sort."

"It is not an idea, Ella dearest, it is a truth," replied Ruby, simply.

Ella did not make any answer to those last words; she sat still with her eyes cast down, and with that same unusual, serious expression in them, and Ruby was returning to her book, when Mr. Lindhurst appeared at the door of the room.

"Ruby," he said, "I want you for a minute."

She rose, and followed him into his study.

"The time is come, Ruby," began the old gentleman as soon as they were alone together, "for you to receive your salary as Ella's companion; I am going to pay you the first half-year's to-day."

Ruby's first feeling on hearing these words was a thrill of girlish pride and pleasure at the thought of being the possessor of some money actually earned by herself; though, as has been before said, she was a sort of governess in the family of the relations she had been living with before she came to the Priory, she had never received any remuneration for her services. Her next thought was, however, something much better than this. It was, "How much good I will try to do with this money, which will be all entirely my own."

Mr. Lindhurst now proceeded to lay a little heap of gold on the table at Ruby's side. She put her hand on it with an eager, sunny smile, but when she came to look more closely at it she exclaimed:

"O! Mr. Lindhurst, you must have made a great mistake. Just see what you have given me."

"No, it's no mistake," he answered quietly. "When you first came, I know Nancy told you you were to have less; but Ruby, you are so much to Ella that I have doubled what was promised you."

"But really, guardian, I am not worth that," she cried earnestly. "O! do please take some of it back; I feel that I ought not to have it."

"Don't be foolish, Ruby, child," said the old gentleman, with a half smile, yet speaking rather sharply, "whatever I give you it is quite right you should have, be sure of that. Take your money, and try to learn to spend it well."

Ruby did not know what more to say after words like these; so she thanked him and left the room.

Throughout the long golden summer which followed that first spring of the two girls at the Priory, Ruby was going through a sort of new educational experience which it was hard for her to bear.

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Her whole position was not exactly one calculated to make a young girl's character develop easily and beautifully; she held, in a measure, the situation of a dependent, and yet the ample funds with which Mr. Lindhurst from time to time supplied her, as her due salary, were suited to the daughter of a gentleman who could leave his child a good, independent fortune. The money which Ruby now possessed, and the mystery which, in a certain way, she always felt to be hanging about her, made her, as was but natural, a little forward and self-reliant for her age, and these were just the faults that Miss Nancy visited with the most flaming wrath in young people. She did not in the least know, as many kindly, sensible women would have done, how to make music in the young girl's nature. Far from that, whenever the two had any thing to do with each other the result was always discord.

Ruby's money also brought her many troubles and disappointments at this period. She began, in her youth and inexperience, to be very wide and indiscriminate in her charities; she believed every tale of sorrow that she heard, and fancied that all poor people must be more or less good and noble, simply because they were poor. The result of this was that she was often taken in by false stories of distress, and when she found this out she was proportionately angry and cast down. She had no one to teach her prudence and long-sufferance in this sort of work for God, and so she was discouraged and daunted by the failure of her efforts in God's cause in this direction.

Thus she came to form all sorts of harsh judgments about human nature. She would take an old woman a present of tea, and would hear afterward that the dame had calmly thrown her gift, after she was gone, out of the window, because she had much better in the house. She began to teach a class at the village school, fully believing, at first, that every child around her was a little wonder of goodness; but when she found out that one of her pupils had told her an untruth, she quite changed her opinion, and came to the conclusion that all children were deceitful. And yet it was very foreign to little Ruby's sweet nature to cherish these kinds of thoughts and feelings, and she would cry when she was alone, and long for some one to show her where her mistake was in all she did, trying to please her Master in heaven; for she was certain there must be a mistake somewhere; she did not know whether it was in herself or in those around her.

Unluckily, none of her companions at the Priory was formed to be a kind, guiding friend to her. Miss Nancy, as has just been said, was always antagonistic to her; Ella, though she was very fond of her, had no breadth of brain and heart, no high, religious principle which could make her able to give light to Ruby, for she had none herself, or at least only a little dawning glimmer, which had come entirely from Ruby. As for Mr. Lindhurst, with all his real affection for his second ward, as he now always called Ruby, he was not the person to be a judicious friend to her at this time. He had begun, thus late in life, to see all the errors of his own past career, and to do his best to remedy them; but he had no faculty for leading others into the right path. Many of his old failings were still hanging about him, and he would sometimes make unkind, cynical remarks that did Ruby no good.

But still Ruby clung to, and read over and over again her mother's letter, and still she felt a vague, yet confident assurance that, were that mother now upon earth she would make every thing plain and bright for her. Daily the girl prayed

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for more light, and daily, amid her errors and failings, she groped after the hand of her Father above; and that hand, though she could not yet see it, was shaping her path for her, leading her onward to fields of fruit and sunshine.

Ella Ringwood, the heiress, among the rest of her possessions, had some property on the borders of Exmoor, in North Devon. Mr. Lindhurst, in managing the money matters of his ward, found some difficulty in arranging about rents, etc., by letter, with a farmer who wanted to take part of this estate; so one day he proposed to the ladies that they should all leave home for a little while and go to stay at a house on Ella's property. They would be well received there, he said, for the farmer's wife—this was not the farm in question—had been a servant in some grand family, and thus knew how to make lodgers comfortable. The change of air, he concluded, glancing at Ruby's cheeks, which had been becoming a trifle paler lately, would do all of them good, and he should be able at his leisure to see to the business in hand.

Miss Nancy, after some solemn consideration, consented to comply with his wishes. Ruby was charmed with the thought of change of scene; Ella, girl-like, was pleased too, and, besides, she thought she should like to see what was her own. This journey seemed to Ruby an especially happy thing; she would get away, for a time at least, from all her surroundings that reminded her of the many failures and disappointments she had gone through, and her hopeful young fancy whispered to her that she would meet with something fresh and sweet. Every thing new had a certain charm for the girl, although she was not at all changeable in her likes and dislikes; it was the charm of the vague and the dim unknown.

A journey was always a most grave and important event with Miss Nancy; and who shall describe the preparations for this one—the complete mustering of all Miss Nancy's garments, to settle which should be left at home and which taken; the long and solemn ceremony of the packing of the traveling-bag; the arrangement of wonderful caps and band-boxes; the pouring of curious essences into many bottles; the vast array of rugs and cloaks spread out in the hall? At length the good lady was ready, and one morning, early in August, they started.

Miss Nancy, traveling, was quite as remarkable as Miss Nancy getting ready for the event. Let the weather be what it might, Miss Nancy never traveled in anything except a waterproof and goloshes; she would never get into a railway carriage with a single fellow-passenger, lest he should go mad on the road, a catastrophe concerning which she related a mournful and terrible story she had once read in the newspaper. When she came to the driving part of the expedition—and there was a long drive from the railway station to the place to which they were going—her state of mind was any thing but a serene one, and she vexed sadly the soul of the luckless coachman by strange questions with regard to his horses, harness, and carriage—questions which he found it hard to answer without a smile. But whatever might be Miss Nancy's feelings on her journey, great was the delight of the two girls, and especially of Ruby, when they reached their destination. What a strange old-fashioned house it was, with its winding passages, that never seemed to go anywhere; its deep cupboards, that were bound in duty to be full of something mysterious; its little ivy-framed casements peeping out in the most unexpected places, and its broad window-seats, which were such delicious retreats for dreaming awake, or reading your way into a doze! Then there was the garden, with the moss-grown sun-dial

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in its center, and the ruined summer-house in the corner, and its masses of strangely-mingled flowers, and its shrubbery, which was all one tangle of foliage and of richly varied song! And was there ever a meal like that first tea at Stonecroft—so the old house was called—with the home-made brown bread, and the clotted cream, and the fresh-laid eggs? Was there ever such a tea, though Mr. Lindhurst grumbled that the arm-chair was hard, and Miss Nancy sat all the evening in her bonnet, because of the draught?

But there was one thing yet more attractive to little Ruby than even the quaint old house and its garden, and this was the wide-spreading moorland, which lay there in the August sunshine all one vast sea of purple and gold—a wonderland of beauty, an unknown region of delight, an undiscovered country, where mind and fancy might stray at will.

"O, Ella!" cried Ruby, the afternoon after their arrival at Stonecroft, "do let us take a good long ramble over the moor. I have been wanting to be off all the morning, but Miss Nancy kept me pinning up a curtain here, and cleaning out a drawer there, until I was quite tired out.

"I saw she was especially troublesome, dear, but I really did not feel equal to helping you in your labors. This warm weather makes me so lazy; and as for a long walk, Ruby, I simply don't feel equal to it. I shall sit still in the shade in the garden all the afternoon; it's much the most sensible thing to do."

"I am sorry you won't come," said Ruby, a shadow of disappointment passing for a moment over her bright face; "it is so nice to have some one to talk to when you are pleased and happy; it's like losing half a pleasure when it is not divided with any one else. But as you won't come, Ella, I must make the best of it alone."

Ruby was smiling again now, like the summer sky.

"Then you really will go; you won't stay quiet?"

"O, yes; I feel as if I could not put off a walk over the heather for a day; I was dreaming about it all last night, after I had been looking at the moor in the moonlight from my window."

"Why, dearest Ruby, I was sound asleep!"

"And I was fancying such strange, amusing things about the moorland. But now, Ella, I must go, or I shan't be back till so late, and then they will be angry with me."

A few minutes after Ruby had started on her walk. On and on she went across the regal carpet made by the gorse and heather, with the purple bells waving lazily round her, the summer breeze just stirring them as she passed. Now she would stop to pick a whortleberry, and make her red lips purple with tasting it; now she would pause to examine a spray of rare stag's-horn moss, which is found on these western moorlands; now she would notice a bright, green spot hard by, and, knowing from experience that it was a bog, would recall the stories she had heard from Mrs. Tredwell, who was a woman of this neighborhood, about benighted travelers being lost in these dangerous swamps.

Sometimes she would meet a group of little, horned, Exmoor sheep, who would lift their heads from browsing on the heather to stare at her with wise, inquiring faces that seemed to be asking what she was doing there. Sometimes there would be a sound of many trampling hoofs near at hand, making her start, and looking around she would see a herd of Exmoor ponies gallop by, with their long tails waving, and their different colored coats showing in the sunshine, here bright bay, there raven black, and their pretty little heads tossed on high in their

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play. One minute she would stop to gaze with delight at a view of distant hills rising in bold outline against the blue sky, the next she would be down on her knees gathering a handful of heather bells and bracken, and binding them into a nosegay. The wind played around Ruby as though it loved to touch her fresh young cheek, and lifted her soft hair as though there were something akin between them; the purple blossoms on all sides seemed to be beckoning a merry welcome to her; a black cock rose whirring up very near her feet, as though it looked upon her quite familiarly, and was not at all afraid of her light footstep; the whole moorland appeared to be full of joyous life, that harmonized with the girl's being, and as she went along she felt very gladsome and free, and as if the scene around was waking new melody in heart and soul.

Ruby had not the slightest object in her walk. She wandered on without noticing what direction she was taking, her whole mind absorbed in the beauty of the day and the novelty of all about her. She was, therefore, somewhat surprised, on happening to glance up at the sky, to see how the sun was sinking in the west. She had no watch, so she could not tell exactly what time it was, but she was certain it must be getting late, so she turned back, and for a little while believed herself to be going straight toward Stonecroft; but before long she began to doubt whether she was taking the right way. She had followed no path, or even track; she had been going completely at random across the heather. She was not by any means quite sure that she knew on which side Stonecroft lay. She paused for a few minutes, but, gaze around as she would, she could discern nothing which would at all serve her as a landmark. She did not know the country well enough to be guided by distant objects, such as the shape of far-off hills, or glimpses of white upland farms that gleamed in the sunshine, but were not close enough at hand for her to go to them to seek information. She wished she could meet some one, but no living creature passed her except the sheep, and the ponies, and a bee hurrying home with a store of aromatic, heather-flavored honey. She could, therefore, do nothing but go on in what she had before deemed the right direction.

And now something else began to increase her perplexity, until it grew into what was very like fear. A gray mist had been rolling for some little time around the neighboring hills, now concealing their summits, now showing them as through a veil that made the whole landscape vague and unreal, now capriciously lifting in one place, and showing, through the rift, the red Devon cattle feeding in some green upland meadow, or a half-cut cornfield, or the glitter of a stream leaping down a ravine, or the snug rick-yard belonging to a neat homestead. But, suddenly, almost before Ruby could tell what had brought about the unexpected change around her, the fog came sweeping in a vast wave down upon the moor, making, in a few moments, the sunny heath one great gray sea, turning the clear air into a thick wall that shut her in pitilessly on every side, hiding from her view even objects close at hand.

Ruby waited for awhile, hoping that the mist would go as quickly as it had come; but there came no such change. Turn which way she might, nothing met her eyes except that gray, impenetrable curtain. Then she went on again, for it seemed that moving forward was her only chance of reaching some cottage where she might find a guide, or, at least, of making her way into a road that would lead her to the haunts of men. The wind had fallen as the mist came on, and the deepest stillness—a stillness that

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filled her with an indistinct dread—reigned around. She felt as if she would have given worlds to hear but the cry of a bird. It seemed to her as if the horror of a great desolation was gathering closer and closer about her. It was a feeling of utter loneliness such as she had never known before—a feeling that pressed upon her, and made her heart beat and her breath come short and quick.

The shadows of evening now began to add to the alarm and difficulty of her situation. Every moment the air grew darker; but still her little weary feet went plodding on, though often they stumbled over a whortleberry bush, or a tuft of heather. She had a great fear of walking into one of the bogs, and sometimes she started back, thinking that she felt the ground soft beneath her feet; then she would pause and tremble, and try to think what she had best do.

But no thought came to her that could give her any light or help. Unless she should meet some one, or find some house, she did not see that there was a reasonable hope of her getting home to-night. Her brain began to grow half dizzy; she was getting very tired, for she had been walking incessantly for several hours. Her position was different from any thing that had ever happened to her in her whole life. Yet, still she struggled on through the gathering gloom, hoping for she knew not what; and still the deep, heavy silence brooded round; and still she saw nothing but that endless wall of mist; and still there seemed no boundary to the moorland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY RESTING PLACE.

Below the orchard purls a brook,
O'erhung by hawthorn trees;
And willows whose soft fringes sway
With every passing breeze.

There alders bend as if to see
Their mirrored selves beneath;
While 'round the overarching boughs
The wild vine clasps its wreath.

There, when I tire of household cares,
If leisure comes to me
I go and sit upon the moss
Beneath my chosen tree,

And while away full many an hour,
Till in the rippling rills
I see the purple and the red
That crown the western hills.

'Tis quiet here. Only the sound
Of wavelets, low and sweet,
Or tinkle of the spring that drops
Its crystal at my feet;

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Only the sound of singing birds;
Only the rustling leaves;
Only the beauty that solitude
With nature deftly weaves.

Here in this recess rise two hills,
Twin sisters, side by side,
Whose skirts flow outward till their hem
Dips where the waters glide.

A waterfall flows softly down,
Not with a rush and roar,
But step by step from rock to rock,
The crystal waters pour,

Until they meet the calmer flow;
Then do they dance and curl,
Till widening with a broader sweep
We lose their eddying whirl.

No spot can be more lovely, nor
Could artist paint a scene
So rich in coloring as that,
Mottled with shade and sheen.

And if our stricken earth can hold
Such perfect loveliness,
What will the heavenly scenery be,
Where dwelleth holiness?

NEGRO APHORISMS.

"Old times was too good to be true."

"When all de half-bushels gits de same size, you may look out for de millenicum."

"Folks ought to talk about deir neighbors like de tombstones does."

"De old cow dat jumps de drawbars too much, is practersin' for de tan-yard."

"Lots o' hens los' deir eigs by braggin' on 'em too loud."

"A man's raisin' (bringing up) will show itself in de dark."

"Some folks medger distance by deir own roomatiz."

"Eben a mud-turkle kin clam a pine tree, arter de tree done fell on de groun'."

"De safety o' de turnup-patch depends mo' on de size of de turnups dan on de tallness ob de fence."

"Better keep de rockin'-cheer in de cabin lof' tell Sunday."

"You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong way 'round de corn-stalk."

"Sat'day night he'p de roomatiz pow'-ful."

"Smart rabbit go home fo' de snow done fallin'."

"A dead limb on de tree show itse'f when de buds come out."

"De new groun's de bes' yard-stick to medjer a strange nigger by."—*Century*.

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VISION OF HELLAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

On the 14th of April I landed at the harbor of Piræus. With what rapture did I set foot upon Greek soil on that day which shall always be treasured in my memory. With what emotion on bended knees I saluted a shore consecrated by the blood of martyrs. My youthful fancy beheld Heaven smiling upon that beloved land, and imagined it caught a soothing whisper while it listened to the wave of the Saronic Gulf caressing those celebrated shores.

A child of afflicted Macedonia, preserved in my infant life from the massacres of the revolt, afar off on foreign soil, I was now coming, a young man, to seek a country and a future in the metropolis of the Grecian race as in a land of promise. But young, obscure, and poor, I was arriving at a city where I owned neither friends nor kindred, and while thoughtful and melancholy I was ascending the road from the Piræus, I suddenly descried the Acropolis towering above the hill of the museum, and as a bright beam unexpectedly in the midst of the darkness enlightens the mariner, directing his course in unknown oceans, so the sight of it, awakening in me an irrepressible longing, compelled me to turn my steps thither without delay. I was soon admiring from the Parthenon the transparent and extended horizon of the Athenian plain. The sun was inclining toward his setting, and casting his last beams through the pillars of that magnificent temple, was gradually withdrawing his fiery mantle from the mountains of Peloponnesus, and bidding a painful adieu to the graceful city of Pallas, guiding his chariot to other lands less dear to him.

On every side where I turned my gaze around me, afar upon the tranquil sea or upon the ruins that environed me, on every side, the memories of the departed greatness of my country arose vividly within me. But alas! was I then coming to those spots to be inspired there with the love of country? Far from it. I was coming there a friendless orphan as to a sacred and inviolable sanctuary to seek for comfort. My father had died immediately after my birth, and so I had always remained without a taste of a father's affection. O, how many times I had to bewail the deprivation of my guardian angel who took his flight from earth before I had learned to know his darling features. And now it was proposed for me to carve my way alone through the middle of the "wide, wide world." Barely sixteen years of age, with timid and constrained step, I was endeavoring to enter upon a life of business, but what dear hand was willing to show me the road I ought to follow among the dark tracks which opened endlessly before me? What loving heart would comfort me in moments of discouragement or failure? I was poor and my only surviving kinsman, being unable any longer to keep me at school from his own resources, was compelling me with all his might to devote myself to a mercantile career, but my heart had burnt within me from infancy with a lingering after Grecian lore, and neither persuasions nor threats nor necessity were able to subdue my uncontrollable impulse toward a learned life. While as yet a child I used to dwell in the suburbs of Alexandria, and every day on my return from school it was my wont to pass beside the ruins of the library of Ptolemy, and there, forgetting alike play and playmates, I allowed my imagination to roam at pleasure through the ages of

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the past, to the departed grandeur of my country, and my spirit full of longings used then to turn to that western Europe, to which the remains of the inexhaustible inheritance of my ancestors had been lavishly distributed in various channels.

But these fair dreams of childish years, like a breath of wind had been suddenly dissipated by an inexorable stroke of fortune, and with a heavy heart I was now on the eve of bidding adieu to Hermes, the god of letters, to enter upon the worship of Hermes, the god of gain, and I realized that the age in which I was born was an age in which gold, the bane of life and at all times the chief source of evil, was served with a fanatical devotion. I recognized that the road which it was desired I should follow would easily conduct me to positions of affluence and honor, but what fortune then would heal my yearning after knowledge. Continuing engaged in reflections of this nature, I paced sadly to and fro upon those spots where the genius of man had left the ineffaceable traces of its footsteps; but wearied out at last I sat down in a certain corner, and leaning my head upon my hands I gave full course to my tears. But my fatigue and mental emotion gradually brought on me a feeling of exhaustion. A mist veiled my heavy eyes and my mind plunged imperceptibly into weird and strange worlds of thought. Then I heard in a confused way, I know not how, a voice sounding close at hand, and opening my eyes I saw with amazement that I was not alone in that solitude.

A woman of commanding and distinguished appearance was standing in the middle of the temple. A sphynx, the emblem of mystery, adorned her lofty crested helmet and at her feet a dragon exceeding great, submissively moved its head. Her apparel was simple indeed, but every thing indicated an unusual magnificence and nobility. She wore a tunic reaching to the feet, which gracefully confined by a girdle dropped in abundant folds around her well-proportioned figure. An ægis covered her shoulders and her breast, and the only parts uncovered, the throat and arms, indicated dignity and the sublime beauty of a virgin who finds her occupation in masculine and noble deeds. Filled with veneration I fixed my eyes upon that form of youthful vigor, but suddenly seized with awe I cast down my eyes, for I perceived that a celestial flame illumined the calmness of her features. Her golden hair, shed abroad at large from the casque of her helmet, fell about her massive brow. Her eyes bent down their gray pupils to the ground, while their steadfast and deep gaze seemed to discern in infinitude the vast issues of the future. Her lips, which were never parted by the smile of complacency, revealed the magnanimity and boundless firmness of her will. She held in her left hand a spear, supporting at the same time the shield at her feet, but her right she extended with an air of benevolence to a woman with whom she appeared engaged in conversation. But while that immortal virgin was speaking or listening with interest to that unknown companion, sweetness and womanliness gave an expression of warm sympathy to her awful features.

But the light which shone around her suddenly waking up my soul from its slumber did not permit me at first to notice the person with whom she was conversing. In a short time, however, I perceived she was a woman of equal loveliness, but of a somewhat less stature than the goddess. She had a downcast air, and an expression of deep melancholy like a murky cloud overshadowed her graceful form, while her large, black eyes bathed in tears, were raised toward the goddess. But while I looked upon

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her in amazement a mysterious voice like the echo of some well-known strain, long drawn out, whispered, "Our country, our country!" in my ear, and my heart bounding in me caught up the cry, "Our *country!*" "O, lady, avenger of wrong," said she, "O, goddess, before whom deceptive semblance melts away, have compassion upon me, who, pursued by countless enemies am taking refuge under thy protection." "Cast thine eyes around thee, daughter," replied Athene; "behold the clouds of materialism and unbelief covering the deceived world. Behold the haughty diplomatists, grasping in their profane hands the futures of the people. The nations trodden down are everywhere invoking justice. Virtue flees ashamed, afar from human society, and Themis with abhorrence turns her face away. The maddening tempest is breaking its rage around thee and will thereby cast thee a sacrifice into the hands of an infernal enemy. There, where an evil-sounding tongue drowns the melody of the harmonious speech of the Muses; there, where in obscurity, children of darkness and deceit grovel in their longings to be adopted by an unholy mother, there the serpent of wickedness is making his entrance among thy peaceful people; there, under the guardianship of lies, thy insatiable enemy lies in wait, a deceitful enemy who, making religion itself the pretext of his hellish purposes, with a savage glee is preparing thy destruction. O, wretched country, couldst thou ever have been called upon to undergo a harder trial? See with what dissembling every thing which time and barbarism themselves have reverenced as sacred and inviolable is now held venal. He is advancing against thee stealthily, unceasingly, and in a little while will fall upon thee in his fury like the torrent that confounds and sweeps off with itself every thing that comes in its way; yet a little while, and it will deluge thine altars and ancestral remains and its muddy billows in their unholy heavings will defile thy glorious seas. But no, it can not be. It can not be that the accursed hand of barbarism should overthrow that which is Greek. Behold, how many hearts in their agony are looking from the menacing darkness of the North to thee, as to the consoling sun of their hope with earnest longing. O, daughter of an immortal mother; O, thou who holdest aloft the torch of civilization as an heirloom from thy fathers. Arise, and once more shake off little-heartedness. The tocsin of danger is ringing around thee."

"O, Goddess," she rejoined with self-restraint, "the times are past and gone in which the children of the West, nurtured by the Grecian muse, extended their hands to aid me! Those noble men, whose names I treasure up an everlasting memory in my heart, have long since undergone that fate no mortal can escape; and *now*, when a troubled sky is opening upon the career of a glorious ambition; *now*, when expediency alone, cold and unfeeling expediency, replaces the sentiment of right; *now*, a profane tongue reviles my country as a land of robbers and barbarians; *now*, those who niggardly carved up my kingdom smile jeeringly because I am so small, sufferfering undeservedly, and ignored! By whom shall I be strengthened in this unequal contest?"

"Take courage, O, afflicted one! It is not in vain that Providence has given to the Greek the love of country as his distinguishing characteristic. Far, far away, in the uttermost parts of the earth, wherever he is found he exults in hearing the very name of the land of his birth. O, Hellas! thy children dispersed abroad, every where under the sun, turn their gaze lovingly to thee, the mother they long for, and in toils and

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[illegible]ngers, collecting their abundance in the foreign land, come at last and deposit at thy feet the fruit of their labors! O, never may the envious demon of suffering defile in Hellenic hearts this sacred love! Never may any one of them barter away his righteous indignation against the persecutors of his race for any human happiness, whatever it may be! Barbarians in ranks untold are treading thee pitilessly down; a pall enshrouds thy withered form, but a power from above raises thee up once more in beauty from that, thy painful swoon. Fear not, though strange people have plundered thy hereditary treasures; though the Olympian gods, fleeing from the barbarian invasion, have found an asylum in the capitals of the West, they, placed beneath that sullen sky, do not cease to long for the sweet heaven of their dear country. The demon of destruction has sat upon the monuments of thy departed greatness; the groves once consecrate to wisdom are lying on every side of me as heaps of ruins, but here I love to haunt these spots, brooding on the times when Victory, with a gracious smile, proffered me the wreath of fame. But that angel, dear to me, having stretched his golden pinions, has flown away far from my hand. That Grecian spirit which once proudly overran the world is now pale and confounded, struggling in a contest for its all; and while the people whom once it saved from barbarism gaze with unfeeling selfishness on the heart-rending spectacle of its agony, the shades of masters of humanity rise angrily from their tombs, and the Muse, bending her head in meditation, weeps in silence. Hasten from this time forward, O, longed-for hope of so many hearts, hasten thither where the people, from the depths of their sorrow, are calling upon thee."

"But, O, goddess! the infernal combinations of my enemies have been for ages weaving against me. Insatiate greed, like a viper, is gnawing at his sanguinary heart, and his power, under the protection of falsehood and espionage, is pushed illimitably, indefinitely up to that point at which nature refuses to vouchsafe the gift of life. Nations numberless bow the neck in terror when they utter the name of their overweening lord, and Freedom's voice, which through all ages appeals to humanity, dies out before it can reach the ears of one which are caressed by nothing but the lamentations of the people who are lacerated by him. How then am I to be able to shake off this fearful enemy?"

"The struggle to which you are challenged," replied Athene, "is a struggle of truth against lies, of learning against ignorance, of light against darkness. When the flames of Corinth announced to the world the last hour of freedom, thy immortal mother, advancing to my smoking altars, piously preserved their flickering flame, and intrusting it as a holy deposit to thy keeping, departed to the Olympian abodes. In the days of mourning and of bondage that mystic spark wonderfully becoming thy support against the barbarians, threw its light over all Europe in the middle of the age of darkness, and founded the prosperity of the powers that are now in the ascendant. Let this sacred deposit be once more to thee a weapon to protect. Appear before the multitudes in their lethargy as my herald angel, holding in thy hand the lamp of learning, and awaken from the trance of error those fallen souls, who, without suspecting it, being led in chains to minister to infernal purposes, are making ready beforehand their own ruin. And when, exhausted and ensanguined, thou fallest under the darts of the enemy; when the pallor of death overshadows thy sweet form, and the angel of dissolution is hovering near thee waving his gloomy pinions; when the enemy rushes forth

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against thee to quench the sacred lamp, which even in thine agony thou wilt never quit; when, in his barbarous exaltation, he is making ready to tear asunder his victim; *then* I will appear to those impious men. The thunder of Divine justice shall suddenly re-echo, and the light of truth shall disclose the calumnies forged in the darkness, and there into the wild abysses of Tartarus where sunbeam never penetrates, there. I will hurl that over-weening one who imagined the destruction of a noble and generous race."

With these words, Athene, with a voice as of thunder, took up the shield at her feet, and withdrew with measured and stately step. Then the spear resounded as it clashed on the golden shield, and the owl flying from the still-echoing ruins uttered its doleful screech and followed the goddess who disappeared through the pillars of her temple. Then that afflicted woman retired a few steps, but observing me, she advanced toward the corner where I was sitting and fastening upon me her weeping eyes, addressed me thus in a sweet but commanding voice:

"O, child of Macedonia, the country where thou sawest the light is groaning under the feet of those that insult it, and art thou sleeping here faint hearted and wasting time on fruitless meditations? Art thou at a loss to what to turn? At any rate, forget not that the Hellene at the beginning of his career ought to look away from all else to his country alone. Afflicted and despondent, I depart whither the voice of the goddess summons me.

"O, children of Hellas! O, sons of *those who fought at Marathon*, follow your country in her distress! I do not promise you renown; I promise you no victor's wreath; the icy breath of the North has withered my last laurels; but the Hellene, striving for the common weal, is ashamed to descend to the desires of petty ambitions. Lo, what superscription arrests the wayfarer on the ground which covers the bones of those who fell for freedom? The solitary moon in the middle of the silence of the night, unveiling herself salutes with reverence the places where the heroes of our latest history are slumbering. But there is glory enough for these, my generous children, in the consciousness that they are at rest under the bright sky of Hellas, upon the very land which they purchased with their own blood. Do thou likewise descend into the arena of danger; go, unlucky, ill-starred offspring, striving in this, a contest of intellect, to offer your life as a whole burnt-offering upon my desecrated altars; and when exhausted and distressed you stoop to rest, even as the warrior rests in the middle of the noise of battle; when alone and far from those nearest to you, you gaze upon the angel of death, be not faint hearted. In the encircling gloom of death thou wilt once more discern the consoling form of thy country, which, as Artemis, her faithful protectress, will affectionately enfold thee in her loving arms in thy last moment upon earth. The land of Macedonia will separate thee forever from all that thy heart holds dearest upon earth. There forever wilt thou leave alone in the 'wide, wide world' those who were wont to call upon thee as the guardian angel of their well-being, the dear support of their life. Upon thy lowly grave the desolate hearts will pour like a drink-offering the scalding tears of their grief; there, upon that altar of filial affection the child in his sorrow, recalling the outlines of thy form, his knee bent in reverence, will be inspired with an everlasting love of his country."

Her words gave place to a profound silence. I would have conversed with her, but the effort caused me to awake. The night had turned out black and

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stormy; a few quivering stars cast their light upon the place. I arose at once, overcome with emotion, and cried aloud on bended knee:

"O, God! Mysterious Providence, that watchest over the fortunes of the nations! Thou, who in thy unsearchable counsels in the midst of 'seas of troubles' and of dangers, dost prepare the well-being of humanity! Thou alone in the depth of the silence of the night art witness of my vow. I swear that from this moment I devote myself to the welfare of my dear country. If I ever forget this my promise, if my thoughts ever wander from its future good, in that dark place where the hero is at rest, *there*, may the sight of my sorrowing country come to disturb my repose; there may the lash of conscience, an implacable fury, awake my perjured heart."

I said no more, but slowly descending the slope of the Acropolis, bent my way to the city of Athens, wrapped in silent meditation. This is the reason why that day remains forever ineffaceable from my memory. So here is one who, instead of friend or father, showed me the way I ought to follow, and from that time forward, to that afflicted form I turn unceasingly both thought and feeling; and would that the generation which shall succeed our own, the young generation, more fortunate than we, may be able at some day to wipe away the tears of our distressed fatherland; would that in their days, unwearied apostles of Hellenism, issuing from Grecian fountains of learning, may convey the streams of education to their thirsty lips; would that Grecian women, proud because they are Greek, may reach out their hands toward their sisters still in slavery; and last of all, may I, while still accomplishing life's laborious career, may I discern the beaming of the dayspring of a regenerated country; and resting my view on that consoling spectacle, close my eyes with a good hope that the star of Greece will arise once more, life-giving and resplendent and shine henceforward with renewed lustre! Amen.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute, of Boston, opened in the autumn of 1881. The plans of the management included that of popular education. There was an effort to make the annual exhibitions, as far as possible, demonstrations of the growth and development of industrial art and applied science. Among the exhibits of the first two years there were numerous entries made by women. At the close of the second year it was decided to have a woman's department. The matter was placed in the hands of prominent Boston women, who organized with a large general committee covering the New England States, with officers as follows: President, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Secretary, Mrs. S. E. B. Channing; Treasurer, Miss Abby W. May.

The first year there were thirty women who exhibited; the second year twenty, with eighty-six lady artists; the third year the woman's department has three hundred exhibits, which occupy an acre of space.

The fact that women can exhibit goods, inventions, produce, and methods of work under favorable conditions, has tendered to draw out the work that women are doing successfully. The department will probably be continued as a permanent feature and become an interesting bureau of reference in regard to the progress of woman in art, science, and practical business methods.

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Among the exhibits is an oil range, patented by a colored woman; it is a practical affair, suitable for cooking and laundry purposes. A fruit-dryer comes from California; a collection of dried flowering plants and ferns from Connecticut. Specimens of Irish lace in seventeen varieties. An improved chimney, having a direct draft through the center with extra drafts upon four sides, the inside of the chimney being divided into five compartments. A birch-bark life-preserver from Vermont. Model of improved ventilating screen for windows. Catalogue of plants growing independent of cultivation in Meriden, Connecticut. Botanical specimens from Orange County, New York. Afghan of American history developed in embroidery and appliqué. A folding-table that has been patented fifteen years, and has a blind hinge, pronounced by dealers superior to any in the market. A very elaborate display of hammered brass, and wood-carving in panels, picture-frames, and tables. A very trim little dust-pan that fastens itself to the floor while one is sweeping and holds the dirt very safely. It is the patent of a college graduate and the women journalists pronounce it perfect. A fine piece of tapestry represents a scene from the "Abbot," Mary, Queen of Scots, mourning over the death of Douglas; it is said to be one of the finest pieces of work ever done in this country. A fine display of eggs, cocoons, and moths of the silk worm, white Japanese animals. The eggs were brought from Yokohama, Japan, three years ago and the worms have been fed only on the leaves of the Osage orange. A display of Shaker goods made by the Sisterhood of Shakers. A rein-holder patented recently is a simple spring contrivance that is attached to the dash, holding reins securely, and a patent halter patented by a member of the New England Woman's Club is a spring attachment with a spring clasp to be attached to the bit, making an easy holder and one that a horse can not trifle with.

One of the most interesting exhibits is that of American faience shown by Miss Annie L. Sorham. There are specimens of decorated modelling in relief, of flowers, ferns, and figures on pottery, china, plush, and tiles, for fire-places and panels. The method of treatment is new and original with the exhibitor who has in her American pottery a perfect representation of Barbotine, Limoges, and Palissier wares. A fine display is made of art-pottery from the Cincinnati Art Club and the celebrated Rookwood pottery from the kiln owned by Mrs. Nichols.

Anti-friction, metal-hardened copper for all kinds of machinery bearings has been tested severely and pronounced very superior by competent judges. Cistern spout trap, and a fire-escape that is adjustable to windows. The department of science embraces specimens from botanical collections, mineralogical and chemical preparations and tests, which will be more fully described in another article.

Not from his head was woman took
As made her husband to o'erlook;
Not from his feet, as one designed
The footstool of the stronger kind;
But fashioned for himself, a bride;
An equal, taken from his side.

—*Charles Wesley.*

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THE RIVAL PHYSICIANS.

"The truth is, Annie, the future looks rather dark. Here I have been in Bellville two months and haven't had a single call yet."

Dr. Earnest's voice faltered for a moment as he made this painful announcement one morning just before starting to his office.

It was the old story of the "hard times" in one of its multiform phases—that hydra-headed monster which has stricken terror to so many brave hearts.

His wife of six months came in and standing beside him, laid her hand gently on his arm. She knew the extent of their limited means and how rapidly it was melting away. And being a true helpmeet, had, all unknown to her husband, been revolving plans whereby they might economize yet more closely. As one means of curtailing expenses she had the day previous, decided to dismiss her cook and was that very day to begin doing her own work.

"I fear," he continued, "I have made a serious mistake in leaving Rutland where I was already somewhat known."

"No matter, do not reproach yourself for that now," she replied, encouragingly. "You did what you believed to be right, and you may yet see the wisdom of the change."

"I am afraid not," was the desponding answer. "Every thing seems to be against me and in favor of my rival. He has money and might afford to wait, and influential friends who will prevent the necessity for it, while I have neither. But I do not care for myself so much," he added, with a tremulousness in his tones which told how deeply he was moved. "But I can't bear the thought of bringing you down into my poverty."

"When I loved you, my husband," was the answer of this true wife, "your fate became mine, and be it bright or desolate, I have no wish but to share it with you."

"My noble, generous wife!" he exclaimed. "But—but—I'm discouraged."

Poor Annie bravely brushed away the tears which with wifely sympathy, sprang to her eyes, and with woman's characteristic faith in the man she loved, said cheerily: "But you must not be discouraged. I have the greatest faith in your success, only you must be a little more patient in waiting for it. You surely deserve it," she added, with a pardonable pride.

For was he not well qualified for his work and *faithful*, and has not the Heavenly master said: "He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings."

"This is unmanly!" he suddenly exclaimed, as springing up with a new resolution, inspired perhaps by his wife's courage, Dr. Earnest prepared to go forth once more. It might be to meet only disappointment as he had so often done before.

"Forgive this weakness, Annie," he asked, as he bade her good-bye. "The extreme discouragement of my situation unmanned me for the moment."

But when he would have left her she clasped him tightly about the neck, and together they breathed a moment's silent prayer.

At the close she gently added: "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then, God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith."

A silent pressure of the hand was the only answer that his emotion would per-

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mit him to make, as he hurriedly walked away, his pathway illumined by the light radiating from the "lamp to the feet" for those who shall stumble in the darkness of discouragement, and which was held aloft for his guidance by such loving hands.

Following her husband to the door, Annie stood watching him as he passed down the walk. Truly his business suit did begin to appear rusty. His hat, too, looked considerably worse for wear. How was he to be able to replace them when they should become too shabby to wear? Then there were the rents to pay, and the table expenses to keep up; at the thought of which a tear trickled down her cheek, despite her courage a moment since. Just then as she still watched, he reached the corner where he passed from view. But he turned and looked back and seeing her still standing in the doorway, raised his hat and bowed a last smiling adieu.

The signal being returned, no longer able to restrain her tears, she turned away and kneeling down in a quiet corner, earnestly entreated Him, whose are the "cattle upon a thousand hills" to lead them out of the financial shadow which seemed gathering about their home and pleaded earnestly and in simplicity of faith, the precious promises of God's word.

Experiencing the comfort of having cast her burden upon the great and rich King, who alone can open the vast storehouses of His wealth, from which the universe is fed, and relying upon him for their portion, she arose from her knees greatly strengthened in her hope, and began her morning occupation of putting the house in order, which to her was not a mere matter of drudgery, but a labor of love, as was shown by the almost caressing carefulness with which she arranged every thing that could possibly add to her husband's comfort.

"If," said she, speaking aloud as she flitted about her task, "if he should be longer getting into practice than is anticipated, I will see if I can't get a class and give private lessons in painting. My teachers encouraged me to believe that I had talent when I was at school, and I feel sure that I could succeed with such an object to inspire me. I'll go this very afternoon and see what can be done."

And the thought was so happy that she picked up the guitar (they were not able to afford a piano) and sang, "Home, Sweet Home," after which she set about preparations for her first dinner, which was to be a surprise. She had rehearsed it all over to herself a dozen times just how astonished he'd be when, having partaken of his favorite dessert, which she intended should grace her first dinner, she would tell him that she had prepared it all herself. But let us look into another home.

Dr. Preston had come to Bellville about the same time that Dr. Earnest had. The inducement to both had been the fine opening for practice in consequence of the death, a short time previous, of the leading physician of the place. The risk had been considerable to Dr. Earnest, who possessed but a small sum in money, laid by through much self-denial during his first professional labors in Rutland, the principal capital with which he was beginning life consisting in his energy and his honest, gentlemanly character, coupled with that which is chiefly important, his faith in God. It may here be said that neither aspirant could boast sufficient success in their as yet limited experience to establish a reputation. Professionally, however, the medical advantages of each had been excellent. But to return.

There was not so much involved with Dr. Preston, who had married a few thousands with which to begin life, and who was still farther favored by influen-

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tial acquaintances, through whom he was called into several of the best families in a short time after his advent into the place. One hour later we see him preparing to leave his home for his office.

"I declare! I'm late this morning, Fan," he observed to his wife as he took his hat to go. "And I have two patients some distance in the country that I *must* see before I can think of leaving for the picnic. It would never do to neglect them, for they are among the most wealthy of my patrons and the pay is sure. Ah," sighed he, "a doctor has a hard time in this world. Can't even have a holiday on the Fourth of July, when all others lay aside their cares for a day's recreation."

"Well, in my opinion," observed his wife, "a physician is as much entitled to such liberties as any one. And I shouldn't make such a slave of myself if I were you as to take that long, hot ride this morning. Postpone going until to-morrow."

"It would scarcely be politic now that I am just establishing myself here. You know I have a rival in this Dr. Earnest. I don't really fear the fellow very much. He is poor and without influence. Although I admit that his qualifications are unquestionable, having stood high in his classes at Bellerne, still, as I have said, he is not a formidable rival to *me* since the people of Bellville will naturally wish a man of high social standing to fill the position occupied by the late eminent Dr. Leonard."

"Well, do hurry up then," was the equally politic and selfish answer, "for I'm not going to start late and ride six miles in the broiling hot sun in the heat of the day."

"Is there any thing you will have me send you to add to our lunch?" he inquired as they walked to the door.

"Yes; some wine. I think Sarah said that what you bought last was about all consumed. She uses it quite extensively in her cookery, you know."

With the promise to attend promptly to the order, he approached to say good-bye.

"O," she exclaimed, pettishly jerking away from his embrace, "you have pulled the curl-papers off my bangs, and now I'll have all the trouble of putting them up again. Can't you be more careful when you put your arms around me? You always do rumple my hair so."

In deference to our readers, we omit the imprecation with which he angrily turned away.

Mrs. Preston had been a thoroughly spoiled girl and was, as a matter of course, a correspondingly spoiled wife, and she dropped down on the doorstep and began crying, fully expecting her husband to return in a moment as he always did, and put her in a good humor again. But hearing the gate shut with a significant bang, she peeped through her fingers to see him coolly walking down the street. The fact was, such frequent demands upon his patience were rapidly exhausting this commodity, of which he did not boast an over-stock, and he had determined to let her pout it out alone. There being no alternative, she went stamping up stairs, and throwing herself upon the bed she continued crying for very spite. "How could he treat me so cruelly," she moaned, "as to leave me in anger! I can't bear to be crossed. My mother always let me have my own way and he knows it. He ought to be more patient with me."

The sound of the door-bell at this juncture brought her grief to a sudden termination, when, springing up, she glanced into the mirror, exclaiming in consternation: "There, if it should be a visitor, and my face a perfect fright from crying! I'll have the headache all day, too; it always treats me so!" she added, as she

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went to the window and cautiously peered through the blinds to ascertain who the intruder might be.

"One of those Bigsby boys—there are at least a dozen, I think!" she exclaimed, suddenly withdrawing. "I suppose the old woman has taken a spell, of course, because there is a picnic to-day and people wish to enjoy themselves. She always does take sick at the most inconvenient time, and sends for my husband just when I want him; but he shan't go. I'm not always going to sacrifice my pleasure to gratify the whims of every hysterical old woman in Bellville."

"Ben Bigsby!" announced Sarah, appearing at the door. "He wants the doctor; says his mother is worse again."

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed the woman. "I'm sure I wish she was dead! But I'll manage to disappoint them this time." And she descended the steps to deliver her own message.

Poor Ben stood in the doorway, weeping bitterly, and did not know of her approach until she demanded, in no gentle tone: "What do you want?"

"I come for the doctor," he sobbed. "Mother is worse."

"He's gone to the country, to be gone all day," she answered, all unmoved by his grief, and not wincing, in the slightest, at the erroneous impression she was making.

"Oh, oh!" wept Ben, "and mother is *so* bad!"

"Well, don't blubber so," was the unfeeling answer. "I've no idea it's any thing more than hysterics!"

"O, ma'am, she is, indeed, very sick. We don't think she will live through the day."

"So you've said twenty times before!"

"But, won't you please, ma'am," said Ben, summoning up all his courage, and with his pleading, tearful eyes upturned to the cold face, "won't you please, if he should happen to get home afore dark, ask him to come right away to see mother?"

"Didn't I tell you," she almost thundered, with an outburst of anger quite startling to the timid child, "that he wouldn't be home until night?"

The poor boy, who had hung his last hope upon the physician's skill, burst out crying afresh at the disappointment, but being repelled by the cruelty of her manner, never ventured another word, running home as fast as he could go.

Being now rid of what she considered an intolerable nuisance in her husband's profession—contact with the poorer class of his patrons—Mrs. Preston turned with an air of satisfaction, and swept up stairs to make an elaborate toilet for the picnic, with an inward determination not to deliver the message entrusted to her.

"I've no idea that they are able to compensate a physician for his services," she reasoned, excusing herself, "and where would be the use?"

One hour later, when she entered the carriage which was to convey them to the picnic, no one would have dreamed, as they gazed into the serene face, of the fit of sulks with which she had commenced the day, in the morning, nor that the curve of that pretty, smiling lip could harden into lines of cruelty and scorn. Nay, worse still, that they could utter the deliberate falsehood which they had framed when she turned pitilessly away from a poor distressed boy who pleaded assistance at her hands in behalf of a dying mother.

Mrs. Preston was in fact a handsome woman, if one would ignore her air of vanity, and her husband almost forgave her childish conduct of the morning, as he gazed with pride upon her beauty and becoming costume.

It was this, and (whisper it softly) her money which had won him. The doctor was half an hour late in starting, for business was really beginning to press him.

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In fact, he felt so secure in his new position in consequence of his rapidly increasing practice, that he did not hesitate to substitute prescriptions to two messengers from the country who came for him just as he was leaving his office, when, in truth, from the symptoms as described, conscience told him his presence would have been advisable. Yet no one knew this, and he held his head proudly as he drove through town, his air of self-importance saying: "Behold the coming physician of Bellville, successor to the late eminent Dr. Leonard!"

On their way to the picnic grounds they drove past Dr. Earnest's unpretentious cottage. Annie was just completing her housekeeping by sweeping off the front steps, and so much pre-occupied with her own happy thoughts and plans that she failed to observe the look of contempt cast upon her by the wife of her husband's rival.

"How very becoming that sweeping-cap is to Mrs. Earnest," remarked Doctor Preston, observing her. "By the way she is quite pretty, and a perfect lady, I understand, from those who have me her."

"Humph! what taste you do display sometimes," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Why she is entirely too small to be considered an attractive woman; and such a complexion! dark as a Japanese!" (Mrs. Preston was tall and fair). "Besides she has no style, whatever, and she dresses as plainly as a Quakeress."

"Simplicity in dress is sometimes admirable taste, especially when, as is the case with Mrs. Earnest, a woman is pretty enough to dispense with superfluous adornment."

"How stupid you are this morning!" she answered, frowning.

Seeing that the conversation was not relished, and it really not being his intention to provoke thereby, the doctor prudently changed the subject.

But let us leave this couple and follow Doctor Earnest to his office, whither he proceeded directly after leaving home.

The street being noisy with pleasure-seekers, he took from his library-shelves one of his medical works, and retiring to the rear room of his office began reading. Doctor Earnest was one thoroughly in love with his profession, and with his well-disciplined mind was, even amid his distracting cares, soon deeply immersed in the intricacies of surgery, a favorite department with him in his profession. He had read industriously for a couple of hours when the door-bell sounded, and, on answering the summons, he encountered a man, who inquired:

"Is this Doctor Earnest?"

"The same; at your service, sir!"

"Well," said the stranger, "my wife is a sufferin' with the neuraligy, and I want a prescription for a quart of brandy. Doctor Preston ginerally tends her, but he's gone to the picnic, and the drug man won't let me have it without a prescription from a doctor."

Being aided by an unpleasant aroma pervading the room which smacked of mean whisky, Dr. Earnest detected the ruse, so he said: "In the absence of your regular physician, I will, if you desire, give you an anodyne which will temporarily relieve the pain, and when Dr. Preston returns, you can see him concerning further treatment."

"O, sir," said the man, placing his hand on his pocket and winking significantly, as he cautiously glanced around to be sure that no one heard him, "You shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Sir," spoke this noble physician, "I am not here to traffic with my honor. I only use alcohol in the strict sense of medicine. And I can not sacrifice my principles as a gentleman, nor lower the true standard of my profession, by granting your request."

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"Give us your hand, Doc," was the unexpected answer of this rough countryman. "I like your 'grit.' I drink whisky on big days like the Fourth, but I know a doctor had'n't orto in his 'sponsible position. I like to see a man stick up to his principles," he continued admiringly. "But you will excuse me for sayin' that I had no idee o' findin' a sober man in your business. 'Tain't common, axin' your pardin'. Good-day, sir."

Dr. Earnest walked back to his seat and resumed his reading only to be disturbed again in a few moments for the same purpose. This time his visitor was already in a state of beastly intoxication and not so easily dismissed. His story was the same in substance. But firm in his principles of temperance, Dr. Earnest disappointed him as to the accomplishment of his wishes, by producing from his case of surgical instruments a pair of forceps and recommending the extraction of the tooth which was represented as aching. But as may be inferred since the tooth furnished the false pretext for the brandy, the accommodation was declined. When Dr. Earnest was at last relieved of his disgusting presence, it was with some insight as to the manner in which his rival was securing patronage. So the morning passed, and he was beginning to think of going home to dinner when there was another energetic pull at the door-bell. Patience was well-nigh exhausted with the Fourth-of-July marauders, and it was with the hearty wish that Dr. Preston had remained at home to look after his own patients. that he went to the door to receive the supposed intruder. But before him this time was the pale face of a real messenger who, in breathless haste, said: "Come quickly, doctor, to Mr. Hamilton's. The baby is almost burned to death." Snatching his hat and medicine case, he followed the boy who almost ran in his haste to show the way. It being some little distance the doctor questioned him on the way concerning the accident and learned as follows:

Mrs. Hamilton, as is the custom with many foolish mothers, permitting her fondness for society to outweigh her maternal responsibilities, had gone to the picnic, leaving little Willie, aged two years, to the care of his nurse. About noon the procession was passing and when the band commenced playing she ran to the front door, leaving the neglected child alone in the kitchen, where he upset a pail of boiling hot water, carelessly set down on the floor when the music struck up.

On reaching the house Dr. Earnest found all the confusion incident to such occasions. The father who had remained at home and who had been hastily summoned from his business house behaved like one crazed, wishing his wife at home and berating the nurse for her negligence in one breath, not omitting to ask the doctor a dozen times in five minutes if the injury was so serious as to cause fears for the result. In fact no one had presence of mind to answer a question rationally; father, nurse, cook, all stood wringing their hands in hopeless helplessness, while with characteristic coolness, unassisted, the doctor proceeded to examine the painful wound. Piteous indeed were the moans of poor little Willie during the process.

While in the midst of the operation, there came another imperative call, to a man who had been knocked down in a drunken brawl and seriously injured. Dr. Earnest had, with professional forethought, hastily written on his slate, "Gone to Mr. Hamilton's" and the messenger had followed him thither. Here was a dilemma. He did not deem it safe to entrust his patient to the care of his excited and incompetent nurse. So pausing in the work of dressing the wound long enough to snatch from his

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pocket a small blank book which he carried, he tore therefrom a leaf, and hurriedly writing a few words he handed it to one of the servants whom he dispatched for Mrs. Earnest.

Annie had completed every arrangement for dinner and after smoothing her hair and brightening up her home toilet by the addition of a cluster of blue violets at her throat, she took her accustomed seat at the window to watch for her husband's return. There was a rich color in her cheeks which was not altogether attributable to the heat of the stove, but was increased by the pleasurable glow of hopes in regard to her morning's plans. Hearing the gate latch she sprang up to meet, as she supposed, her husband. But she saw instead a boy running swiftly up the walk with a note in his hand. Fears for Edward's safety made her hand tremble as she met him at the door and unfolding the note, read:

"DEAR ANNIE: "Come quickly to Mr. Hamilton's. A dreadful accident. I want your assistance. Yours, EDWARD."

It required but a moment to get her hat and close the cottage and after a hurried walk she stood by her husband's side. He glanced up and smiled with a world of meaning in his face. The look said plainly: "It has come to pass just as you said, darling. I want you to stay here and see that this little fellow has proper attention," he explained. "Give him one of these powders every half hour until he is quiet. I must hurry off to see another patient." And with another bright smile he was gone.

Annie sat down by the cradle and speaking kindly to little Willie soon gained his confidence, when placing her foot on the rocker she sought with a gentle motion and by a sweet lullaby, to assist the soothing anodyne administered, and waft the little sufferer into slumber. But let us follow Dr. Earnest.

Going directly from the residence of the refined and wealthy merchant, from handling the body of the pure and innocent child, to a third-rate restaurant on a back street, where stretched upon the floor was a ghastly, fallen wretch, dirty, loathsome, and guilty. For such is the mission of a physician. He meets all grades of society in his labors to alleviate suffering. Here amid a gaping crowd of curious bystanders, Dr. Earnest kneeled, and putting aside the tangled mass of dirty hair, examined a deep cut on the temple from which the blood was freely flowing. It was a place destitute of conveniences for treating the sick and with his own spotlessly white linen handkerchief, he stanched the crimson gore and bound up the wound. "A little longer delay and all medical aid would have proved in vain. Death would very soon have been inevitable," remarked he to the group clustered about him.

"Then sir, he owes his life to your words this morning." It was the man who had first applied to him for a prescription who spoke, though Dr. Earnest had not recognized him before. "This is my son, sir," he continued, "and if I had n't a talked with you and larnt your principles I would n't a thought so quick to send for ye. I knowed though, that ye'd be at your post. Give me a sober doctor after this," he shouted. And the half-drunken crowd echoed his words enthusiastically, "give us a sober doctor."

Dr. Earnest's labors did not end here. Another excited messenger sought the doctor who was at his post, and after the necessary directions in regard to the removal of his patient to more comfortable quarters, he obeyed the summons to another part of town to set a dislocated limb, the result of an accident to another one of King Alcohol's victims. But leaving him in the height of his glory, the prosecution of his beloved

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science, we return to look in again upon Annie.

All that long, sultry, July afternoon, she patiently sat by the cradle of the little sufferer in the nursery at Mr. Hamilton's, listening to his piteous moans, as he was aroused by the pain from fitful slumbers, and hearing him beg for "mamma," "mamma," who alas! giddy and misguided woman, leaving the hallowed responsibilities of sweet motherhood, found a false pleasure in the hollow and frivolous amusements of fashionable society. But the scorching sun did at last sink down in the west, when the sound of the many conveyances which rumbled along the streets told that the pleasure-seekers were returning. Seeing little Willie so well cared for, Mr. Hamilton had been induced to return for a short while to his business house. But he came back early and impatiently paced the floor while awaiting the appearance of his wife.

At last there was a quick step in the room and with remorseful sobs the conscience-stricken mother, falling upon her knees at the bedside of her child, bitterly reproached herself for having left him.

Alas, there were other hearts saddened by this one day's frivolous pleasure. The carriage in which Dr. Preston and lady went out of town so triumphantly, came in quietly after dark. For back amid the luxuriant cushions sat a crest-fallen woman. And by her side, leaning heavily against her for support, was a stupid, half-sleeping figure, whom we recognize as the pompous Dr. Preston. The wine for lunch of which he was particularly fond, was the beginning of it, and fortunate for him would it have been if it had been the end. But there were the usual friends with all of whom he must drink, and the matter-of-course spree was the inevitable result. Happy would Mrs. Preston have been if the friendly darkness which screened her disgrace from the eyes of those in town, had covered her during the day. But so it was, swift-winged vengeance had overtaken her and she was laid low in the dust of humility. Her husband had been quite "boosy," all the afternoon, mortifying her beyond description. And in attendance at the picnic were many of his boasted wealthy and influential patrons. Truly the bite of the serpent and the sting of the adder of Biblical warning were already being sadly experienced by this erring couple.

It had been an eventful day in the pleasant town of Bellville. The "King of Terror," had, among other spectres, stalked in amid the riotous scene, claiming his share in the revel. On a back street in an humble abode, were a pair of weary hands quietly folded over a peaceful bosom—a kind, motherly bosom, which had lovingly sheltered eight at least, of the dozen children at whom Mrs. Preston had sneered. No skilled physician was in attendance to assist her in baffling with her last foe. But amid a sorrowing group of her own loved ones, and a few poor, but kindly neighbors he was conquered. Not alone with these either, for the Great Physician was there, her comfort and support.

But why linger inside the narrow walls of earthly grief, where sorrow and want speak even to the end in the scant garb of poverty which enshrouds her lifeless clay. She who had borne earth's trials so patiently, is now reaping the reward of those who have not their portion here. There has been a happy exchange of perishing earthly garments for heavenly robes of spotless white, and from an abode of suffering and want to a residence in the King's royal palace. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

There had never been a happier evening for Dr. Earnest and his charming

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wife than this, as we look in upon them in their modest cottage home, to which they returned late, worn, and weary, but bouyant in spirits. Annie's carefully-prepared dinner was all spoiled, but she soon had a cup of warm tea to add to the ever-ready supply of fresh, wholesome bread and sweet butter, and they gathered around the little table with thankful hearts. All her plans arranged while busy with the dinner, had been frustrated. But there was no necessity for her teaching now. God had answered her prayer and sent Edward work to do.

"Did I not tell you, dear, that it would all come right?" she said, her face beaming with joy and thankfulness across the table.

"Ah, if I only had your faith," he answered, "but I will never despond again while I am blessed with your sympathy," he added, with a happy glance which told more plainly than words his loving appreciation.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were alone that evening talking over the events of the day, he said, speaking of Annie, "What a perfect lady she is. I will confess, too, that I am much pleased with Dr. Earnest. I had thought since the death of Dr. Leonard, of employing Dr. Preston as our family physician, but the developments of the day have proved him too much of a society man, and I am now decided in Dr. Earnest's favor." He but spoke the sentiments of many in Bellville, as was afterward substantially proved.

AMONG THE BERKSHIRES.

It was early in the afternoon of a cool August day that three of us started for the summit of Greylock. Three thousand feet above the valley it towers—a giant, albeit a friendly one, guarding the little village which lies peacefully at its base.

But although the mountain appears almost to overhang the village, especially when the clear atmosphere brings into striking relief the trees, ravines, and cliffs which mark its steep face, it is in reality, three miles from Adams to the foot of the mountain. One is surprised to find the journey lengthening out in a most unaccountable way, and is delighted after an hour's hard tramp to reach the foot of the range. The mountain can not be ascended directly; you must treat it as a skillful general does a stronger enemy, and take it on the flank. A rough road, used by the wood-cutters, winds around and around the side of the ridge to a point, perhaps a half a mile to the south of the summit, and from that point the rest of the ascent is quite easy. This part of the Greylock range is almost entirely denuded of trees. The woodmen have been through here, like an army of locusts, and have left little behind them but the stumps of the trees they have carried down the mountain.

Although the view from here is very extensive and very beautiful, the knowledge that you *can* go higher is sufficient to induce you to pass by, what, under other circumstances, you would welcome with delight. "*Per onera ad astra*" is the motto of every mountaineer, amateur though he be; and if it is not it ought to be.

From the ridge the path, "if path it can be called, which path is none," lies up a rocky watercourse, dry in summer, but swelled by the melting snows in the spring into a fierce and rapid torrent. You follow this up through the woods, painfully quiet in contrast with the forest

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lower down, where the birds are numerous and noisy. The trees change from beech, ash, and oak into spruce and cedar. Now you see a gleam of light through the branches! It is the clearing on the summit. You quicken your pace, and hurry over bowlders and great roots in a reckless and impatient way, till at last we break from the forest and stand upon the highest point in the State of Massachusetts.

The outlook is certainly magnificent. Directly below, to the east, running north and south, lies the valley from which we came, the straggling village of Adams with its great mills, its pleasant mansions, its picturesque cottages. That large brick building yonder is the largest gingham-mill in the world. Over across the valley we see an opening in the mountain. That is the west entrance of the Hoosac Tunnel—next to the Mt. Cenis, the longest yet constructed.

To north and south are dotted large and flourishing villages—North Adams, the largest railroad center of Berkshire; Williamstown, famous for its college; Pittsfield, noted for its beauty. To the southwest lie two lakes, Pontoosic and Silver, and as the afternoon sunlight fell across their wind-rippled surface we were reminded of the line of Tennyson:

> "The long light flakes, across the lakes."

The resemblance was perfect.

Quite a number of States are visible from the summit of Greylock. Mt. Monadnock, sixty miles away in New Hampshire, stands out clear and distinct on the eastern horizon. We were told that it was a fine sight to see the sun rise beside it, but as we could not induce the sun to defer its rising to a more seasonable hour than is usual with that luminary, we did not have the pleasure of verifying the remark.

The Green Mountains lie to the north, forming a link between us and Canada. Memories of General Stark and the Green Mountain boys come into our minds as we gaze at the mountain beside which lies Bennington, the home of that Revolutionary hero. "Either we defeat the British or Mollie Stark is a widow." It is hard to realize that we are surrounded by so much romance and history.

In New York we can distinguish the Adirondacks, although they are a little hazy in the distance, but the Catskills are in full sight. With a glass, one can catch a gleam of the Hudson itself, and the smoke of the passing steamers; nevertheless, it is forty miles away.

The outlook from Greylock is extensive, but this, though it contributes to its grandeur, does not constitute its distinctive charm. There is a sense of loneliness about the Adironracks; the scene is vast, but too monotonous, too undiversified. It is too grandly solitary—suited to the temperament of a Zimmermann or a Thoreau, but lacking that element of human presence which appeals so strongly to most people. But on the summit of Greylock, one is both removed from the busy world, yet he is where he can contemplate it.

How quiet it is! You look over the valley to the hills opposite and watch the great masses of cloud as they cast curious and grotesque shadows over the wooded slopes, and the green meadows. The stone fences which divide the fields appear like ribbons of silver bounding great squares of emerald. You see the cattle on a thousand hills, great flocks of sheep like flakes of snow on the grass, the smoke lazily curling from the chimneys of the old farm-houses. You can trace the course of the winding brook by the silver-leafed willows which grow along its banks. Here the trees part, and you have a glimpse of the dark, placid water; further on it foams over the rocks, and you deceive yourself into thinking that you can hear its low, musical rippling over

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the pebbles in its bed. But there is no sound to break the intense silence except the occasional stroke of the woodman's ax. There is something weird about this wood-cutting. You look down the mountain, already in shadow, you hear the heavy thud of the ax as it cuts into the trunk of some stout old tree. Then the sharp echo, taken up by the mountain, is thrown from crag to crag until it is lost in the leaf-fretted vault of this vast cathedral of nature. Blow after blow, till you feel by the change in the echo that the tree is tottering to its fall. Then a wild shriek and scream as the leaves whistle through the air, as if the spirit of the Dryad were taking its despairing flight.

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

The joyful anticipations indulged in by our young traveler of meeting once more his fellow voyagers, with whom he had enjoyed so many pleasant hours on the ocean, did not hinder his making the best possible use of his time while in Paris.

This beautiful capital of France which he had vainly imagined must be ahead of the world in most things, was considerably behind America, at least in some of its material advantages, while in some it is, of course, far ahead.

An illustration of this was given one morning when Harry ordered a bath. After waiting some time, expecting to be shown to a bath-room, he saw presented at his door a huge copper bathing-tub on the head of a man; this was placed in the middle of the room, when the man descended the four flights of steps to return once, twice, and thrice with a sort of flattened barrel filled with water, until Harry insisted he should desist. Bathing, under such circumstances, Harry wisely concluded was a luxury he could not indulge in too frequently.

His next ablutionary recreation was in the Seine. Here, as he found, many Parisans take their bath. There are large floating houses for the purpose, consisting of a succession of little rooms making up the four sides—the interior space enclosed by them, being water. Into this he entered, paid a small sum for the privilege of bathing, towels, etc., and one of these little rooms. Having disrobed and arranged himself in a rather meager bathing-dress, he went out on the platform and plunged into the great pool among the scores of swimmers, divers, and waders who had preceded him. It was a lively scene, and Harry enjoyed seeing the polite Frenchmen under such circumstances, especially some novices in swimming, who, losing their equilibrium on the water's surface, would go under, which had a mighty effect in upturning their moral equilibrium and they would rise from the water, spouting out vast quantities of water and incomprehensible French, which by its tones and impassioned inflections, he was *sure bore*, a meaning he should not care to interpret.

The dry-goods stores in Paris, he found too did not equal in appearance the best in his native land. True, the Bon Marché, the Louvre, the Ville de Paris are extensive, but in arrangement of building are not near so elegant or effective as some of the grand mercantile establishments in this land. Women, Harry observed, are very generally the cashiers of the establishment. Seated within a railing on a little platform, the neatly-dressed maiden or matron receives the *billets* of the clerks, takes the cash and hands out the change or the receipted bill with the readiness of a man of busi-

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ness, but with the pleasantry and grace of a Parisian woman.

As a general thing, however, Harry did not find the shop-keepers an agreeable class to deal with. With the words *Pris fixé*, painted up in staring colors over their heads, he found them like rapacious wolves ever ready to devour, if not the unwary customer, at least the last *sou* in his pocket-book. Here Harry encountered in full force that custom of shop keepers so universally practiced in all Southern Europe and gradually magnifying as the traveler goes "East," of fleecing a customer by asking double, sometimes treble, and even quadruple, their value of the article exhibited in hope that the price received will be at least beyond its real value. Harry had, however, been warned of this, and not wishing to waste his gradually-increasing stock of French, would generally turn on his heel and start out of the shop. This would invariably bring them, if not to their senses, to a rapid decrease in their "*pris fixé*," so that by the time he had made two, four, or six such revolutions, he would have cause to congratulate himself on his good purchase—*bon marche*. One or two oddities he noticed in the Parisian shop-keeper, was that in addition to affixing their own names over their places of business, they also give a title; some of these were very fanciful and some even profane. Over the door of one was inscribed, "*Au petite chaperon rouge*," to the little red hood; another, "*Aux bons enfans*," to the good children; another, oddly enough, "*Au bon diable*," to the good devil; and another, profanely "*Au l'infant Jésus*," to the infant Jesus. Others were even worse than this.

Some of the shops attracted his attention by having their windows open, so that their goods were entirely exposed to the view of street pedestrians. Within, the salesman would cry out continuously: "Any of these for one sou! Come in and buy!" but upon entering, lo, and behold, over one division of his stock would be posted, "Any of these for two sous;" over another, "Any of these for five sous," and in such like rapid ratio of increase that Harry moralized that the man must needs confine himself to a very limited space in his shop, or possess a most threadbare conscience.

Yet, we must all remember that while culling these reminiscences of Paris from Harry's own impressions, that the young gentleman, like all transient visitors in a foreign land, had only one phase of society to judge from: the hotel waiters, shop-keepers, cab-drivers, and the like. And while he was a close observer of these and drew his own conclusions, he did not hastily, and, as so many travelers do, unjustly give the moral tone to the whole nation from his own meagre intercourse with a few subordinates. Acquaintances, among the Parisians, he had not one, so in his letters we do not find any of those vague and meaningless criticisms of the people, so often indulged in by travelers. He had sense enough to know that a few weeks residence among them as a mere traveler, could give him not as much insight into the actual, private, social life of a people, as he could obtain from reading reliable books on the subject six thousand miles away.

Another folly we are glad to note Harry avoided was of deciding because a thing was not done in his presence or seen by him, it must necessarily not exist in the country. Harry wisely remembered that a week, a month, or even a year is but a brief period in the history of a nation, and that his observations were limited, consequently customs of the people, dishes prepared, manner of dress, etc., etc., might be of the most common occurrence without having been seen by him.

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As an illustration of this, in a small way, a writer on modern Greece raved and almost grew eloquent on the barbarous use of the much respected vegetable, the tomato, in that classic land. Because, in a few weeks sojourn there, no tomatoes flavored his soup or were cut raw and placed beside his platter, he published to the American people at home, such uses of them were not known in Greece! Had the truth been revealed to him, he would have had visions of the most delicately-flavored tomato-soups in almost every residence in the land, while the use of the raw tomato is just as common there as it is in America. But alas, he was left in ignorance!

And we must inform our readers in the outset of Harry's experiences abroad, that his sketches from which we gather the story of his adventures were not guide-book sketches. True, he gained much reliable information from such sources, but his record is only from his own impressions at the moment. He had heard of the young man who spent his money and his time in Paris and wrote his journeyings from his guide-book, and of another who lost his guide-book and couldn't write any account of his travels at all until he got back to England, as the idea never occurred to him that any thing but a guide-book in French could be bought in France, or German in Germany, etc.

But leaving such side issues, we will accompany Harry to Versailles. Everybody who goes to Paris, of course, gives one day to an excursion to Versailles. Reader, especially if you be a "fair" one, let this little bit of advice be whispered into your ears; do not allow yourself to be inveigled into "an excursion to Versailles." Harry wrote of one to his mother. "Imagine yourself on a hot, August morning packed into a sort of omnibus, with a dozen other people, regardless of sex, age, or position. You have as many more seated on top of the conveyance and over the whole a sort of awning. Through the streets of Paris and out into the country the party are taken. Into the windows of the omnibus, stream the long rays of the rising sun. People begin to get tired—they were hot when they started—but you have eleven miles of this delightful recreation; with the increasing heat and dust comes the comforting assurance from each of your elbow companions, that you are crowding. As you can not crowd both ways at once, you think it strange such an assertion can be made, but compromisingly sit a little forward. The seat in the rear is immediately taken up until you find yourself occupying the merest shadow of space with nothing to cling to except the vague hope that this misery must end in time. On and on you go, the seat becomes harder, the space smaller, and your own ability to retain it at all, more and more endangered. It becomes painful in the extreme, but on you go. At last a numbness creeps over your limbs, still on you go. The omnibus stops, you are at Versailles. You know it and make an effort to rise, but too late. All the machinery of the body, except the brain, has *gone to sleep!* Your mental effort is to get up, but instead of that, you find yourself sprawling full length on the floor, with the dozen passengers hurrying over you. You try to raise yourself up on one arm, but that is asleep; you catch or strive to catch the seat with the other hand, but that is asleep! By this time the people have all walked over you, and you are alone in the omnibus and afraid the driver may carry you back to Paris; so with one desperate effort you roll out of the door, and after numerous uncouth bows and prostrations, surpassing those of the most devout worshiper of the prophet, you are once more on your feet and able to walk. Imagine all this and

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more, if you can, my dear mother, and you will have some comprehension of my ride to Versailles. It was a 'pleasure trip,' you know. 'A delightful excursion,' which had been placarded by some enterprising American in English, in the hotel, for a week. He had evidently been employed by some excursionist to take out a party of half our number, and had added the other half to his own advantage. You may be sure I paid my fare and came in on the railway that evening.

"After arriving there in this manner, you can easily infer that both the natural and cultivated beauties of Versailles lacked a charm to me. As every one knows, the Palace of Versailles is enormous in extent, and the grounds are laid out in the same majestic style. The water-works of the garden include every variety of fountains, *jets d'eau*, and cascades, and in every variety of device, sea horses, Tritons, nymphs, etc., and would have been beautiful, but not one jet is set in operation, except on Sundays. The immense extent of grounds, with its fine trees, lawns, and parks, were simply appalling; my tired limbs could not have measured one-half their circumference; and the flower beds were altogether too artificial, displaying all sorts of mathematical figures; the trees even were cut into triangles and squares, as if man could improve on their natural beauty! I do remember that these same devices charmed my eye, as I strolled in the cool of the early morn into the *Bois du Bologne*. But at Versailles they could awaken no feeling of admiration.

"As to the interior of the Versailles palace, its grand corridors, its massive stairways, and interminable succession of apartments, dearest of mothers, I spare you a description. Its chief use seems to be as a picture-gallery, and could the canvass on its walls be extended in yard-widths, it would, undoubtedly, encircle the whole town, the park included.

"The design of this gallery is, as you know, a pictorial history of France, which, if true, is a sad commentary on its people, if not on humanity. From one end to the other of the countless events thus depicted, are battles, battles, battles—men running each other through with lancets, thrusting sabres into each other's vitals; hewing, bayoneting, shooting, and riding over each other; poor wounded remnants of men, writhing on the ground, and mournful, pallid faces streaming with blood in the last moments of life. The great Napoleon is there, seated on his war-throne, the master-spirit of Magenta and Solferino, and in strange contrast with all the gory scenes, the poor Josephine is there mid the splendors of her court.

"But the question would rise as I gazed on these scenes, is this history? Is this history? No, no, for where is Napoleon defeated? Where the battle of Waterloo? Where the poor, divorced Josephine?"

But Harry's visit to Paris came to a somewhat untimely end. Coming in one day from a long drive in which he had included a visit to the Hotel des Invalids Napoleon's tomb; the column Vendome; the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile, all places of frequent resort with him as rich in memories of Napoleon, his favorite in history, he had handed him from the clerk's desk a telegram enclosed from the American consul. Opening it he read,

"Meet me at once in Naples. Am ill. Transient steamer leaves Thursday.
MORTON."

It was his old friend Morton. He knew he must need him to telegraph for him, and under no consideration would he hesitate a moment. Yet, in doing this, all hope of meeting the Lynns, at least until late in the fall, must be abandoned.

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It was a bitter disappointment, and he had to make a manly effort to overcome his great desire just to wait one week and try to arrange with Mrs. Lynn to meet at Marseilles.

But no, it would not be *right* he reasoned, so he hurriedly packed into his trunk all articles not absolutely necessary to him, and with them the various presents he had collected; among others a box of kid gloves and a beautiful inlaid writing-desk for Mabel; an exquisite lace fichu for his mother, and a stereoscope with glass plates, which she had always wanted; a dressing-case for his father; and for little Helen the French doll, with various other toys, and games and toys for Eloise. He then drove with his trunk to the American consulate, where it was safely deposited. He returned, packed his valise, and wishing to purchase yet one or two little articles for his convenience, he arranged, through the clerk at the hotel, to have his valise sent to the railway station, while he should go another route for his purchases. Feeling now so familiar with Paris, he decided not to get a cab. He went across to the business streets, stepped into a shop and made his purchases. But, in coming out, he became confused as to the route, and not seeing any *gendarme* he accosted a gentlemanly-looking young man, and in his best French inquired if he could show him which direction the railway station was. The young man bowed, and with many polite gestures and rapid French, informed Harry that he would have to indicate to him *what* station he wished. Harry could not quite comprehend his meaning, but continued to ask where the station was. The conversation was becoming more and more perplexing, and neither party could comprehend the wishes of the other. At last Harry, in despair, ejaculated aloud, in English: "It's getting late, and I will be left!" The young man replied in the most cordial way, "Why, I am an Englishman, sir." A few words of good solid English soon put him in the right way, and having no time now to laugh over his vain attempt to make an Englishman understand his bad French, he jumped into a cab near by and drove rapidly to the station. But he was just in time to see the train start off. Rushing to the railing around the baggage, he tried to get hold of his valise, but in vain. He saw it safely deposited in the baggage-car, and he was left alone. Turning around almost in despair, he inquired of a *gendarme* near, for some one who could speak English. He was directed to a railroad official, with whom he consulted as to what to do. It took them but a few moments to decide that the probabilities were that his valise had been put on in place of one left by an American gentleman who was ticketed to Melun, a little town not far from Paris, and that the only thing to be done would be to telegraph there and have it stopped, while Harry himself should follow on the next train. This was acted upon as soon as decided, and at 9 P. M. Harry stepped out of his train at Melun and inquired for his valise, to receive the answer, "It is not here; it has gone twelve miles into the country on a cab, and can not be returned till morning."

Comprehending the situation, he rushed back to the train, but *too late*. The train was disappearing down the track, and there was no other for Marseilles until morning, when it would be too late to connect with the steamer for Naples.

"When you make de jail too nice, you better strenkin de hog-pen."

"De plow p'int is close kin to de meal-bag."

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SAMPSON.

Lo! Sampson, which that was annunciat
By the angel, long or his nativitee:
And was to God Almighty consecrat,
And stode in noblesse while he might see:
Was never swiche another as was he,
To speke of strength, and thereto hardinesse:
But to his wives tolde he his secree,
Thurgh which he slow himself for wretchedness.

Sampson, this noble and mighty champion,
Withouten wepen, save his handes twey,
He slow and all to-rente the leon,
Toward his wedding walking by the wey:
His false wif coude him so plese, and pray,
Til she his conseil knewe: and she untrewe
Unto his foos his conseil gan bewray,
And him forsoke, and toke another newe.

By veray force at Gaza on a night,
Maugre the Philistins of that citee,
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his bak yearied hem hath he
High on an hill, wher as men might hem se.
O, noble, mighty Sampson, lefe and dere
Haddest thou not told to women thy secree,
In all this world ne had ther ben thy pere.

The end of this caitif was, as I shal seye:
His fomen made a feste upon a day,
And made him as hir fool before hem pleye;
And this was in a temple of gret array.
But at the last he made a foule affray,
For he two pillers shoke, and made hem falle,
And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,
And slow himself, and eke his fomen alle.

This is to sayn, the princes everich on,
And eke three thousand bodies wer ther slain
With falling of the gret temple of ston.
Of Sampson now I wol no more sain:
Beth ware by this ensample old and plain,
That no men tell hir conseil to hir wives
Of swiche thing, as they wold hav secree fain,
If that it touch hir limmes or hir lives.

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TASSO.

On the 11th of March, 1544, was born at Sorrento, near Naples, Torquato Tasso, the great author of the Gerusalemme Liberata (Jerusalem Delivered). His father was Bernardo Tasso, also a scholar and a poet, in his own day of considerable repute. The life of Tasso was almost from its commencement a troubled romance. His infancy was distinguished by extraordinary precocity; but he was yet a mere child when political events induced his father to leave Naples, and, separating himself from his family, to take up his abode at Rome. Hither Torquato, when he was only in his eleventh year, was called upon to follow him, and to bid adieu both to what had been hitherto his home, and to the only parent whom it might almost be said he had ever known. The feelings of the young poet expressed themselves upon this occasion in some lines of great tenderness and beauty, which have been thus translated:

> "Forth from a mother's fostering breast
> Fate plucks me in my helpless years;
> With sighs I look back on her tears
> Bathing the lips her kisses prest;
> Alas! her pure and ardent prayers
> The fugitive breeze now idly bears;
> No longer breathe we face to face,
> Gathered in knot-like close embrace;
> Like young Ascanius or Camill', my feet
> Unstable seek a wandering sire's retreat."

He never again saw his mother; she died about eighteen months after he had left her. The only near relation he now had remaining besides his father was a sister; and from her also he was separated, those with whom she resided after her mother's death at Naples preventing her from going to share, as she wished to do, the exile of her father and brother. But after the two latter had been together for about two years at Rome, circumstances occurred which again divided them. Bernardo found it necessary to consult his safety by retiring from that city, on which he proceeded himself to Urbino, and sent his son to Bergamo, in the north of Italy. The favorable reception, however, which the former found at the court of the Duke of Urbino, induced him in a few months to send for Torquato; and when he arrived, the graces and accomplishments of the boy so pleased the Duke, that he appointed him the companion of his own son in his studies. They remained at the court of Urbino for two years, when, in 1559, the changing fortunes of Bernardo drew them from thence to Venice.

This unsettled life, however, had never interrupted the youthful studies of Tasso; and after they had resided for some time at Venice, his father sent him to the University of Padua, in the intention that he should prepare himself for the profession of the law. But all views of this kind were soon abandoned by the young poet. Instead of perusing Justinian he spent his time in writing verses, and the result was the publication of his poem of Rinaldo before he had completed his eighteenth year. We can not here trace minutely the remaining progress of his shifting and agitated history. His literary industry in the midst of almost ceaseless distractions of all kinds was most extraordinary.

His great poem, the "Jerusalem Delivered," is said to have been begun in his nineteenth year, when he was at Bologna. In 1565 he first visited the court of Ferrara, having been carried thither by the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, the brother of the reigning duke Alphonso. This event gave a color to the whole of Tasso's future existence. It has been supposed that the young poet allowed himself to form an attachment to the princess Leonora, one of the two sisters of the Duke,

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and that the object of his aspiring love was not insensible to that union of eminent personal graces with the fascinations of genius which courted her regard. But there hangs a mystery over the story which has never been completely cleared away. What is certain is, that, with the exception of a visit which he paid to Paris in 1571, in the train of the Cardinal Luigi, Tasso continued to reside at Ferrara, till the completion and publica- of his celebrated epic in 1575. He had already given to the world his beautiful pastoral drama the Aminta, the next best known and most esteemed of his productions.

From this period his life becomes a long course of storm and darkness, rarely relieved even by a fitful gleam of light. For several years, the great poet, whose fame was already spread over Europe, seems to have wandered from city to city in his native country, in a state almost of beggary, impelled by a restlessness of spirit which no change of scene would relieve. But Ferrara was still the central spot around which his affections hovered, and to which, apparently in spite of himself, he constantly after a brief interval returned. In this state of mind much of his conduct was probably extravagant enough; but it is hardly to be believed that he really gave any cause for the harsh, and, if unmerited, most atrocious measure to which his former patron and friend, the Duke Alphonso, resorted in 1579, of consigning him as a lunatic to the Hospital of St. Anne. In this receptacle of wretchedness the poet was confined for above seven years. The princess Leonora, who has been supposed to have been the innocent cause of this detention, died in 1581; but neither this event, nor the solicitations of several of his most powerful friends and admirers, could prevail upon Alphonso to grant Tasso his liberty.

Meanwhile, the alleged lunatic occupied and no doubt lightened, many of his hours by the exercise of his pen. His compositions were numerous, both in prose and verse, and many of them found their way to the press.

At last, in July, 1586, on the earnest application of Don Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, he was released from his long imprisonment. He spent the close of the year at Mantua; but he then resumed his wandering habits, and, although he never again visited Ferrara, his old disposition to flit about from place to place seems to have clung to him like a disease. In this singular mode of existence he met with the strangest vicissitudes of fortune. One day he would be the most conspicuous object of a splendid court, crowned with lavish honors by the prince, and basking in the admiration of all beholders; another, he would be traveling alone on the highway, with weary steps and empty purse, and reduced to the necessity of borrowing, or rather begging, by the humblest suit, the means of sustaining existence. Such was his life for six or seven years.

At last, in November, 1594, he made his appearance at Rome. It was resolved that the greatest living poet of Italy should be crowned with the laurel in the imperial city, as Petrarch had been more than two hundred and fifty years before. The decree to that effect was passed by the Pope and the Senate; but ere the day of triumph came, Tasso was seized with an illness, which he instantly felt would be mortal. At his own request, he was conveyed to the neighboring monastery of St. Onofrio, the same retreat in which, twenty years before, his father had breathed his last; and here, surrounded by the consolations of that faith, which had been through life his constant support, he patiently awaited what he firmly believed would be the issue of his malady. He expired in the arms of Car-

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dinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, on the 25th of April, 1595, having just entered upon his fifty-second year. The Cardinal had brought him the Pope's benediction, on receiving which he exclaimed: "This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned, not as a poet in the Capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in heaven."

Critics have differed widely in their estimate of the poetical genius of Tasso; some ranking the "Jerusalem Delivered" with the grandest productions of ancient or modern times, and others nearly denying it all claim to merit. Nothing certainly but the most morbid prejudice could have dictated Boileau's peevish allusion to "the tinsel of Tasso," as contrasted with "the gold of Virgil;" but although the poem is one of surpassing grace and majesty, the beauty and loftiness both of sentiment and language by which it is marked are perhaps in a somewhat artificial style, and want the life and spell of power which belong to the creations of the mightier masters of epic song —Homer, Dante, and Milton. His genius was unquestionably far less original and self-sustained than that of any one of these.

It is not, however, the triumph of mere art with which he captivates and imposes upon us, but something far beyond that; it is rather what Wordsworth in speaking of another subject, has called "the pomp of cultivated nature."

"ICH DIEN!"

"A prince that wanteth understanding is also a great oppressor," and, "If a ruler hearken to lies, all his servants are wicked." These words of the wise man were sadly verified, as we have seen, in the history of Edward Caernarvon's reign. Law and order being banished the kingdom, wickedness ran riot among the people. Nobles trampled upon the lower classes, and fought and betrayed each other, while the king's favorites, Gaveston and the Despensers, oppressed and defrauded all, until, to cap the climax of a country's ruin, treachery and tyranny took the form of Mortimer, the unprincipled flatterer of the guilty queen.

Midst all this corruption and wickedness and wretchedness, the hope of England centered in a little nest of domestic purity and happiness, found niched in among the massive walls of Woodstock Castle. In one of the antique apartments of that grand old building, a fair, rosy-cheeked young mother, not out of her teens, caresses her first-born son, an infant of whom any mother might be proud, for "his beauty, and size, and the firm texture of his limbs," filled every one with admiration. The father was the noble and princely Edward III., who had already proved himself, though but a youth, every inch a soldier. He tenderly loved his fair young wife, the gentle Philippa, and in her society and that of his lovely son and heir, he was abundantly satisfied. But when mother and babe are gone, lines of anxious care make his face grow prematurely grave, and a restive spirit seems chafing under some irksome bondage. Does he know at last that all is not as it ought to be in the government of his mother and Mortimer? His father is dead, and *he* had been proclaimed king three years before. Why is he still treated as a child, a minor. Other kings had been counted worthy to govern when younger than he.

With heavy strides he paces the long apartment, then leans thoughtfully against

the massive stone-wrought chimney-piece and then—look but in his resolute face and you may know the die is cast to do or die. So when Philippa comes back, having left the little prince sleeping, and takes her seat beside him, he can talk to her calmly of his determination to assume the authority which is his by right, and look into the government for which he is held responsible.

In less than a year his purpose was accomplished. Mortimer was dead and the queen mother powerless, so King Edward held the reins in his own hands with his wise and gentle queen beside him to temper justice with mercy, while the little babe of Woodstock Castle was Prince of Wales. This little prince grew apace, a fair, blue-eyed child, and fulfilled day by day every promise of his babyhood until he was celebrated far and wide as the gallant Black Prince (so called from the color of his armor).

At the early age of sixteen we find him side by side with his father at the perilous passage of the Somme. For Edward III. had coolly laid claim to the crown of France, had already had one successful engagement off the coast of Flanders, and had landed his army on French soil.

As Edward III. is not our hero, we will not enter into the question of his right, but follow the leading of our interest until it rests upon the fair faced boy who has been placed in command of the first battalion of the English Army.

He had seen the vast host of the enemy hastening in pursuit, he had tasted the excitement of the battle when the French and English struggled in the ford of Somme, but he slept with a boy's tired body and undreading dreams; while his father, the great Edward III., watched until midnight. But when the morning dawned the boy was again at his father's side to hear mass, as was the custom, before going into battle.

When all was in readiness the English army remained quietly in place with weapons ready, awaiting the approach of the French.

King Edward commanded the reserve and himself stood on the highest point of the gently-sloping ground upon which he had drawn up his army. From the wind-mill here, which tradition still points out, he could clearly view the whole field. He saw the young Prince of Wales make his first charge on the confused lines of Genoese archers; he saw when the counts of Alencon and Flanders fell hotly on their youthful opponent, hemming him in until his little band seemed lost. And yet, when just at this critical moment, a message came from those who feared for the prince's safety, the father asked, with what seems nothing short of unfeeling indifference:

"Is my son killed, or unhorsed, or so wounded that he can not help himself?"

"No," replied the messenger, "but he is sorely pressed and needs your help."

"Return," said the king, "and say for me, that he shall have no assistance from me. Let the boy win his spurs and show himself worthy of the profession of arms, for I wish if God so order it, that the honor of the day may be his."

When they told this to the prince, ah! how the young lion fought, until veterans were filled with astonishment at the valor of a boy.

Yes, this boy hero won the day. And now the shadows of night fall, and torches are lighted on the gory field of Cressy. King Edward comes down from his hill of observation to meet and embrace his son.

"Ye have acquitted you right nobly, ye are worthy to keep a realm," he said, as the prince knelt before him.

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Was his young heart elated and filled with pride as he walked abroad the next morning and viewed the scene of his bloody laurels? Nay, the heat of battle is over, it is rather pity that moves him to kneel beside that prostrate form, and loosen the helmet from the lifeless head.

Under the white ostrich feathers which formed the crest of the blind old king of Bohemia, the young prince read the motto, "*Ich Dien*," I serve.

"It shall be mine henceforth," he said, as he placed it upon his own head, and ever since it has been borne by the Prince of Wales.

Henceforth, the life of the Black Prince is little more than a history of the wars with France, for he was with his father in all important engagements, until in 1355, he was placed in chief command of the English Army in France.

But perhaps we may gather a few bits of his private life that will interest some of us even more than the story of his early won fame.

There was a maiden fair, his beautiful cousin Joanna of Kent, whom tradition says he had loved a long, long time, though Queen Philippa did not at all approve of the intimacy that was growing up between the young people. Prince Edward was the darling of her heart, and Joanna, beautiful as she was, was not, perhaps, in other respects, all a mother would wish in a son's wife. Nevertheless, being right nearly related to the royal family, she was sometimes a guest at Woodstock.

These two cousins might have been seen one evening under the shadow of the grand old maple tree of which the poet Chaucer speaks:

> "That is fair and green
> Before the chamber of the queen
> At Woodstock."

The prince wears no armor now, and noting the exceeding fairness and delicacy of his complexion one would wonder that he should ever be called "Black Prince."

His features are regular, though not lacking in strength, and he has the bearing of a soldier, howbeit there is such a tender light in his clear blue eye, just now.

Joanna is no ordinary beauty; a certain queenliness in face and carriage right royally bespeaks her the daughter of kings, and the fascination of her manner few can resist.

They are talking earnestly yet what they are saying does not seem to make them happy. Let us draw near and listen.

"Do you think the queen will ever consent to our union?" asks the maiden, with a pretty shyness.

"I am afraid not," the prince answers despondingly.

"And why? Surely we are both old enough to marry, and to choose for ourselves, too;" and the small toes tap impatiently on the ground.

The prince only looks at her with all his trusting love shining in his eyes; he can not tell her why, for the queen's objection is to the girl's own character, and that will seem even more unreasonable to her than to him.

"I do not see why you can not do as you please; I would, if I were in your place," continued his companion, with an imperious toss of her head.

"'*Ich dien*' I serve," replied the prince gravely; "I would I might; but I fear it must not be."

"What should you fear? I am sure I could make the queen love me if I were once your wife."

The prince, remembering his last talk with his mother, only said more sadly than ever, "If you only *would* win her love now; but we *must* wait. '*Ich dien, Ich dien.*'"

But the young beauty was not accus-

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tomed to being opposed, and left him in decided ill-humor. However, she did try her fascinations on the queen again and again, though without success. The prince knew his mother's heart too well to believe anything but love could move her to oppose the wishes of her best beloved son. And so patiently, faithfully he waited, trusting that in time his lady-love would justify *his* affections rather than his mother's judgment.

Alas, her affection was not proof against the long delay and opposition, and after vainly hoping for the royal consent to her union with her cousin, Joanna gave her hand to Sir Thomas Holland, and the loyal Edward went back to France to devote himself unreservedly to a soldier's fame.

In 1356 it was, that he gained his famous victory over the French at Poictiers, where, as we all know, King John of France was taken prisoner. Froissart, one of the earliest chroniclers, who, as he says, "came into the world at the time these events were passing," gives us a pleasant picture of the chivalry of those times in his account of the scene in the prince's pavilion the evening after the battle. He says: "When evening was come the Prince of Wales gave a supper in his pavilion to the King of France and to the greater part of the princes and barons who were prisoners. The prince seated the King of France and his son, the Lord Philip, at an elevated and well-covered table. The prince himself served the king's table with every mark of humility, and would not sit down at it in spite of all the entreaties for him to do so, saying that 'he was not worthy of such an honor, nor did it appertain to him to seat himself at the table of so great a king, or of so valiant a man as he had shown himself by his actions that day.' He added also with a noble air, 'Dear sir, do not make a poor meal because the Almighty God has not gratified your wishes in the event of this day; for be assured that my lord and father will show you every honor and friendship in his power, and will arrange your ransom so reasonably that you will henceforward always remain friends. In my opinion, you have cause to be glad that the success of this battle did not turn out as you desired, for you have this day acquired such high renown for prowess, that you have surpassed all the best knights on your side. I do not, dear sir, say this to flatter you, for all those of our side who have seen and observed the actions of each party, have unanimously allowed this to be your due, and decree you the prize and garland for it.'

"At the end of this speech, there were murmurs of praise heard from every one, and the French said, 'the prince had spoken nobly and truly, and that he would be one of the most gallant princes in christendom if God should grant him life to pursue his career of glory.'"

We are again reminded here, as also afterward in the procession through London, when King John was mounted on his own white steed richly caparisoned and the Prince of Wales rode by his side on a little black hackney, of the motto which the prince had adopted for his own on the field of Cressy.

And what of his matrimonial prospects? In 1360 we find him still a bachelor, though nearing his thirtieth year. But about this time Sir Thomas Holland died.

It may be, the fair Joanna has grown more sedate through the trials of life or the influence of a good husband. At any rate, the queen at last withdraws her opposition, and they are married just before the prince takes his departure to reside in his own duchy of Aquitaine.

He has now, apparently, reached the zenith of his happiness and glory, where we would gladly leave him, for the rest

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of his life is for the most part, only a sorrowful story of misguiding ambition, protracted and wearing ill-health, and an early death.

The imputation of cruelty has even in earlier life been whispered against him; however, there it might be ugred that he merely *permitted* in his soldiers what was customary in ravaging an enemy's country; but what apology can we find for his alliance with the monster, Don Pedro of Castile, and for the bitter, relentless cruelties of his own ordering in after years.

It was probably in this same Spanish campaign, so fruitless in profit or glory, that he contracted his ill-health, which finally obliged him to return to England.

He died at the age of forty-six, to the great grief and disappointment of the English people, who, relying on his early promise, had hoped for great things when he should be seated on his father's throne.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

Caernarvon, or more properly, Caer-yn-Arfon, means, the fortified city in Arvon; and Arvon means the district opposite to Mona or Anglesey, from which island this part of Wales is separated by the narrow strait of the Menai. As has happened in many other cases, the present town of Caernarvon has been principally called into existence by the fortress around which it stands. In the near neighborhood was the town which the Romans called Segontium, but which appears to have been a British settlement before their time, and to have been known by the name of Caer-Seint. Caernarvon Castle was erected by Edward I. immediately after the subjection of the principality. The vast pile stands on an elevated and rocky site in the north-west quarter of the town, overlooking the Menai Strait on the one hand, and with Snowdon and the other mountains of that range fronting it at no great distance on the other. It is nearly surrounded by the sea on three of its sides, and a moat has, in former times, been drawn round the fourth. The whole is surrounded by a wall, defended at intervals by round towers. There are two principal gates; the one facing the east, the other the west. Over the latter is the Eagle Tower, a lofty and massive structure, with three slender angular turrets issuing from its summits which crown it with lightness and grace. This tower forms now by far the finest ornament of the ancient castle. It takes its name from the stone figure of an eagle which is placed over the gate, and which tradition asserts to be of Roman workmanship, the imperial ensign having been found among the ruins of Segontium. A small apartment, measuring only about twelve feet by eight is still shown in this tower as that in which Edward II. first saw the light. It can only be entered by a door raised high above the ground, and the ascent to it is over a drawbridge. There is a fireplace in the room, but it must have been in its best days a dark and comfortless chamber, and notwithstanding the tradition of the place, there is much reason to doubt if the apartment in question was really that inhabited on this occasion by Queen Eleanor. It is, perhaps, more probable that she occupied the central room of the tower, which is large and commodious, and to which this may be regarded as merely a closet. The view of the surrounding country from the top of this tower is of great extent and beauty.

Beside the Eagle Tower and that

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over the eastern entrance, over the gateway, in which is a statue of Edward I. armed with a dagger, there are numerous smaller towers all angularly shaped but of various figures, some being five-sided, others six-sided, and others having eight sides. The walls are, in general, nearly eight feet thick; but the thickness of those of the Eagle Tower is not less than nine feet and a half. The only staircase that is not in ruins is that in the Eagle Tower.

LUTHER.

The Luders, Luthers—the name is the same as Lothair—were a family of peasants at Möhra or Möre, a village on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the Electorate of Saxony. "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote, "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, were all peasants." The father, Hans or John, was a miner. He learned his trade in a copper-mine at Möhra, but removed in early manhood to Eisleben, where business was more active; and there, being a tough, thrifty, industrious man, he did well for himself. The Möhra people were a hard race—what the Scotch call "dour"—and Hans Luther was one of them. He married a peasant woman like himself, and from this marriage, now just four hundred years ago, on the 10th of November, 1483, came into the world at Eisleben, his first born son, Martin.

Six months later, still following his mining work, Hans moved his family to Mansfeld, a few miles distant, in a valley on the slopes of the Hartz Mountains. He continued to prosper. He worked himself with his pick in the mine shafts. The wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. Hans, steadily rising, became the proprietor of a couple of smelting furnaces; in 1491, he became one of the four Church elders. He drew the attention of Count Mansfeld himself, whose castle overhung the village, and was held in high esteem by him. Melancthon, who knew both Hans and his wife, admired and honored both of them. Their portraits were taken afterward by Cranach—the features of both expressing honesty, piety, and clear intelligence. Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honored and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own later life that they had been overharsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles, worse than his fault deserved.

Of the village school, to which he was early sent, his recollections were only painful. He was taught to read and write, and there was what pretended to be an elementary Latin class. But the schoolmasters of his childhood, he said, were jailers and tyrants; and the schools were little hells. A sense of continued wretchedness and injustice weighed on him as long as he remained there, and made his childhood miserable. But he must have shown talents which encouraged his father to spare no cost on his son's education that his own scanty means would allow. When he was fourteen he was sent to a more expensive school at Magdeburg, and thence, after a year, to a still better school at Eisenach, where he was taught thoroughly well, and his mind began to open. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself what God was, what *he* was, and what God required him to do.

His promise was still great. His father, who designed him for the law,

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when he was eighteen sent him to Erfurt, which was then the best university in Germany.

The popular story of the young Alexius, said to have been killed at his side by lightning, is, within itself, a legend; but the essence of it is true. Returning to Erfurt, in the summer of 1505, from a visit to his family at Mansfeld, he was overtaken by a storm. The lightning struck the ground before his feet; he fell from his horse. "Holy Anne," he cried to the mother of the Virgin, "help me; I will become a monk." Next day at Erfurt, he repented of his vow, for he knew how it would grieve his father; but his life had been spared; he believed the vow had been heard and registered in heaven; and without waiting for his resolution to be shaken, he sought and found admittance in the Augustinian Monastery in the town. His career hitherto had been so brilliant that the old Hans had formed the brightest hopes for him. He was bitterly disappointed, knowing, perhaps, more of monks and monkdom than his son. He consented with a sore heart, perhaps, hoping that a year's experience and the discipline of the novitiate would cure a momentary folly. The Augustinians owned no property; they lived on alms, and the young Martin, to break his pride, was set to the lowest drudgery in the house, and was sent about the town to beg. Luther, however, flung himself with enthusiasm into the severest penances. He fasted, he prayed, he lay on the stones, he distracted his spiritual adviser with the refinements of his confessions. The common austerities failing, he took to hair shirts and whips, and the brethren supposed that they had a growing saint among them. To himself, these recourses availed nothing. The temper which he hoped to drive out of himself clung to him in spite of all prescribed remedies. But still he persevered; the novitiate ended, and he took the vows and became full monk and priest. His father attended the ceremony, though in no pleasant humor. "You learned men," said he at the convent dinner, "have you never read that a man should obey his father and mother?" They told him his son had received a call from heaven. "Pray God," the old man answered, "it be not a trick of the devil."

Two years passed away. Luther occupied himself with eagerly studying the Bible, but his reading would not pacify his restless conscientiousness. The Vicar-General of the Order, Father Staupitz, a wise, open minded man, saw him, heard his confessions, and understood them. He perceived that his mind was preying upon itself, and that he required to be taken out of himself by active employment.

The Elector Frederick, Frederick the Wise, as distinguished from his brother and his nephew, had lately founded a university at Wittenberg, a considerable town on the Elbe. The Augustinians had an affiliated house in Wittenberg, and Staupitz transferred Luther thither, to teach theology and philosophy.

Luther was now twenty-five, and there is a gap of two years in his history. He must have observed and thought much in these years, or the tinder would scarcely have been kindled by the sparks which fell upon it at the end of them. The air of Germany was growing thick with symptoms of storm. After long sleep, men were beginning to think for themselves, and electric flashes were playing about—sheet lightning, still but strange and menacing. Religion as it professed to be, and religion as it was embodied in the lives of church dignitaries and priests and friars, were in startling contrast, and the silence with which the difference had been long observed was being broken by malicious

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mockeries in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.

In 1511, business of the Augustinian Order requiring that two of the brethren from the Electorate should be sent to Rome, Luther was chosen, with another monk, for the commission. There were no carriages in those days, or at least none for humble monks. He walked, and was six weeks upon the journey, being fed and lodged at religious houses upon the way. He went full of hope that in Rome, at least, in the heart of Christendom, and under the eye of the vicegerent of Christ, he would find the living faith, which far off had grown cold and mildewed. When he came in sight of the sacred city, consecrated as it had been by the blood of saints and martyrs, he flung himself on his knees in a burst of emotion His emotion made him exaggerate his disappointment. He found a splendid city, a splendid court, good outward order, and careful political administration. He found art on its highest pinnacle of glory. But it was Pagan Rome, not Christian. The talk of society was of Alexander the Sixth and the Borgian infamies. Julius, the reigning Pontiff, was just returning from the Venetian wars, where he had led a storming party in person into the breach of a besieged city. The morals of the Cardinals were a public jest. Luther himself heard an officiating priest at the altar say scornfully, "Bread thou art, and bread thou remainest." The very name "Christian" was a synonym of a fool. He was, perhaps, an imperfect judge of what he observed, and he remained in the city only a month. But the impression left upon him was indelible. "I would not," he said afterward, "for a hundred thousand gulden, have missed the sight of Rome. I might have thought else, that I did the Pope injustice."

He returned to Wittenberg convinced, probably, that Popes and Cardinals were no indispensable parts of the Church of Christ, but still with nothing of the spirit of a rebel in him, and he flung himself into his work with enthusiasm. His sermons became famous. He preached with an energy of conviction upon sin and atonement: on human worthlessness, and the mercy and grace of the Almighty; his impassioned words drawn fresh, through his own heart, from the Epistles of St. Paul. His look, his manner, his "demonic eyes," brilliant black with a yellow rim around the iris like a lion's, were startling and impressive. People said, "this monk had strange ideas." The Elector heard him once and took notice. The Elector's chaplain and secretary, Spalatin, became his intimate friend.

From 1512 to 1517 he remained busy at Wittenberg, little dreaming that he was to be the leader of a spiritual revolution. It was enough for him if he could walk uprightly along the line of his own private duty. The impulse with him, as with all great men, came from without.

Pope Julius was gone. Leo the Tenth succeeded him; and the cultivated Pontiff desired to signalize his reign by building the grandest church in the world. Money was needed, and he opened his spiritual treasury. Commissioners were appointed for a general sale of Indulgences (as they were called), throughout Catholic Europe.

A Dominican monk named Tetzel was appointed to collect in Saxony, and he was as accomplished as a modern auctioneer. He entered the towns in procession, companies of priests bearing candles and banners, choristers chanting and ringing bells. At the churches a red cross was set upon the altars, a silk banner floating from it with the Papal arms, and a great iron dish at the foot to receive the equivalents for the myr-

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iads of years of the penal fire of Tartarus. Eloquent preachers invited all offenders, the worst especially, robbers, murderers, and adulterers, to avail themselves of the opportunity; insisted on the efficacy of the remedy; and threatened with excommunication any wretch who dared to question it.

In a world where printed books were beginning to circulate, in a generation which had been reading Erasmus and the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, this proceeding was a high flight of insolence. Superstition had ceased to be a delusion, and had passed into conscious hypocrisy. The Elector Frederick remonstrated. Among the laity there was a general murmur of scorn or anger; Luther wrote privately to several bishops to entreat their interference; but none would move, and Tetzel was coming near to Wittenberg. Luther determined to force the question before public opinion. It was common in universities, when there were points unsettled in morals or theology, for any member who pleased to set up propositions for open disputation, to propound an opinion, and offer to maintain it against all comers. The challenger did not commit himself to the adoption of the opinion in his own person. He undertook to defend it in argument, that the opposite side might be heard. Availing himself of the ordinary practice, on October 31, 1517, the most memorable day in modern European history, Luther, being then thirty-four years old, fixed ninety-five theses on the door of Wittenberg church, calling in question the Papal theory of Indulgences, and the Pope's right to sell them. In itself, there was nothing unusual in such a step. No council of the Church had defined or ratified the doctrine of Indulgences. The subject was matter of general conversation, and if the sale of Indulgences could be defended, an opportunity was made for setting uneasy minds at rest. The question, however, was one which could not be set at rest. In a fortnight the theses were flying everywhere, translated into vernacular German. Tetzel condescended only to answer that the Pope was infallible. John Eck, a professor at Ingolstadt, to whom Luther had sent a copy in expectation of sympathy, thundered against him as a Hussite and a heretic. Louder and louder the controversy raged. The witches' caldron had boiled, and the foul lees of popular superstition and priestly abuses came rushing to the surface. Luther himself was frightened at the storm which he had raised. He wrote humbly to Pope Leo, trusting his cause in his hands. Leo was at first amused; "Brother Martin," he said, "has a fair wit; it is only a quarrel of envious monks." When the theses were in his hands, and he saw that the matter was serious, he said more impatiently: "A drunken German has written them—when he is sober he will be of another mind." But the agitation only grew the wilder. Almost a year passed, and Leo found that he must despatch a Legate (Cardinal Caietanus), into Germany to quiet matters. Along with him he wrote an anxious letter to the Emperor Maximilian, with another to the Elector, requiring him to deliver "the child of iniquity" into the Legate's hands, and threatening an interdict if he was disobeyed. A Diet of the Empire was summoned to meet at Augsburg, in August, 1518.

The Elector Frederick was a prudent, experienced prince, who had no desire to quarrel with the See of Rome; but he had seen into the infamy of the Indulgences, and did not mean to hand over one of his subjects to the summary process with which the Pope would have closed the controversy. The old Emperor Maximilian was a wise man too. He was German to the heart, and the

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Germans had no love for Italian supremacy.

Luther was told that he must appear. He looked for nothing but death, and he thought of the shame which he would bring upon his parents. He had to walk from Wittenberg for he had no money. At Nuremberg he borrowed a coat of a friend that he might present himself in such high company with decency. He arrived at Augsburg on the 7th of October. The Legate would have seized him at once; but Maximilian had sent a safe-conduct for him, and Germany was not prepared to allow a second treachery like that which had sent Huss to the stake. The princes of the Diet were out of humor, too, for Caietanus had been demanding money from them, and they had replied with a list of grievances — complaints of Annates, first fruits, and Provisions, familiar to the students of English Reformation history. The Legate saw that he must temporize with the troublesome monk. Luther was told that if he would retract he would be recommended to the Pope, and might look for high promotion. Caietanus himself then sent for him. Had the Cardinal been moderate, Luther said afterward that he was prepared to yield in much. He was still young, and diffident, and modest; and it was a great thing for a peasant's son to stand alone against the ruling powers. But the Legate was scornful. He could not realize that this insignificant object before him was a spark of living fire, which might set the world blazing. He told Luther briefly that he must retract his theses. Luther said he could not without some answer to them. Caietanus would not hear of argument. "Think you," he said, "that the Pope cares for the opinions of Germany? Think you, that the princes will take up arms for you? No, indeed! And where will you be then?" "Under heaven," Luther answered. He wrote to the Legate afterward that perhaps he had been too violent. If the sale of Indulgences was stopped he promised to be silent. Caietanus replied only with a scheme for laying hold on him in spite of his safe-conduct. Being warned of his danger, he escaped at night through a postern and rode off with a guide, "in a monk's gown and unbreeched," home to Wittenberg.

The Legate wrote fiercely to the Elector. Luther offered to leave Saxony and seek an asylum in Paris. But Frederick replied that the monk had done right in refusing to retract till the theses had been argued. He was uneasy; he was no theologian; but he had a sound instinct that the Indulgences were no better than scandalous robbery. Luther for the present should remain where he was.

Luther did remain and was not idle. He published an account of his interview with the Legate. He wrote a tract on the Papal supremacy and appealed to a general council. The Pope found that he must still negotiate. He had for a Chamberlain a Saxon noble, Carl Von Miltitz, a born subject of the Elector. He sent Miltitz to Frederick with "the Golden Rose," the highest compliment which the court of Rome could pay, with the politest of letters. He had heard with surprise, he said, that a child of perdition was preaching heresy in his dominions. He had the utmost confidence that his beloved son and the magistrates of the electorate would put this offspring of Satan to silence. Miltitz arrived in the middle of the winter of 1518–19. He discovered, to his astonishment, that three-fourths of Germany were on Luther's side. So fast the flame had spread, that an army of twenty-five thousand men would not be able to carry him off by force. He sought an interview with Luther, at which Spala-

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tin, the Elector's chaplain, was present. He sobbed and implored; kisses, tears —crocodile's tears—were tried in profusion. Luther was ready to submit his case to a synod of German bishops, and wrote again respectfully to the Pope declining to retract, but hoping that the Holy See would no longer persist in a course which was creating scandal through Germany.

Perhaps if Maximilian had lived the Pope would have seen his way to some concession, for Maximilian, it was certain, would never sanction violent courses; but, in January, 1519, Maximilian died, and Charles the Fifth succeeded him. Charles was then but twenty years old; the Elector Frederick's influence had turned the scale in favor of Maximilian's grandson. There were hopes then that a young prince, coming fresh to the throne in the bitter throes of a new era, might set himself at the head of a national German reformation, and regrets since have been wasted on the disappointment. Regrets for "what might have been" are proverbially idle. Great movements which are unresisted flow violently on, and waste themselves in extravagance and destruction; and revolutions which are to mark a step in the advance of mankind, need always the discipline of opposition, till the baser parts are beaten out of them. Like the two horses which in Plato's fable draw the chariot of the soul through the vaults of heaven, two principles work side by side in evolving the progress of humanity—the principle of liberty and the principle of authority. Liberty unchecked rushes into anarchy and license; authority, if it has no antagonism to fear, stagnates into torpor, or degenerates into tyranny. Luther represented the new life which was beginning; Charles the Fifth represented the institutions of fifteen hundred years, which, if corrupt in some parts of Europe, in others had not lost their old vitality, and were bearing fruit still in brave and noble forms of human nature. Charles was Emperor of the Germany of Luther, but he was also the king of the Spain of St. Ignatius. The Spaniards were as earnestly and piously Catholic, as the Germans were about to become Evangelical. Charles was in his religion Spanish. Simple, brave, devout, unaffected, and wise beyond his years, he believed in the faith which he had inherited. Some minds are so constructed as to fly eagerly after new ideas, and the latest born appear the truest; other minds look on speculative novelties as the ephemeral productions of vanity or restlessness, and hold to the creeds which have been tested by experience, and to the profession in which their fathers have lived and died. Both of these modes of thought are good and honorable in themselves, both are essential to the development of truth; yet they rarely coexist in any single person. By nature and instinct Charles the Fifth belonged to the side of authority; and interest, and indeed necessity, combined to hold him to it. In Germany he was king of kings, but of kings over whom, unless he was supported by the Diet, his authority was a shadow. In Spain he was absolute sovereign; and if he had gone with the Reformers against the Pope, he would have lost the hearts of his hereditary subjects. Luther was not to find a friend in Charles; but he was to find a noble enemy, whose lofty qualities he always honored and admired.

TAKE life just as God gives it to you, and make it as beautiful as you can.

LITTLE deeds are like little seeds—they grow to flowers or to weeds.

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READING CLUB.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Through the Reign of Edward III., in English History.

Tales of a Grandfather, through Chapter XV.

Lances of Lynwood, by Miss Yonge.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

FRANCE.	SCOTLAND.	CASTILE.
Charles IV	Robert Bruce	Alphonso XI.
Philip VI	David II.	Pedro
John	Robert Stuart II.	Henry
Charles V		

THE history of France during this whole epoch is told by the chronicler Froissart, in one sentence: "The king of England lays the kingdom of France under great tribulation." Province after province was plundered by lawless soldiers, and ravaged by fire and sword, famine and disease following in the wake of war

However, the kings of France, particularly Charles, seem to have made the best of the adverse fortunes of their country, and France is always quick to recover Perhaps, after all, she did not in the end suffer more from this war than England herself.

The Spaniards not content with their Moorish foes, were warring against each other. Don Pedro the Cruel, having driven his own subjects to desperation, his half-brother, Henry Trastamare, headed the movement for his deposition. France and Arragon sided with Henry, the Prince of Wales with Pedro, who was restored to his throne but was afterward defeated, made prisoner and murdered, which left Henry on the throne of Castile.

There were wars in Scotland also. Here again the king was a child, and Baliol, son of that John Baliol who had formerly been appointed king by Edward I. of England, made a snatch at the throne, was actually crowned at Scone under the protection of Edward III., while Bruce, son of Scotland's greatest king, remained a prisoner in England eleven years. But the war with France saved Scotland by drawing the strength of England across the Channel. Baliol found himself at last without an adherent, while David returned to his kingdom and won back the chief strongholds of the Lowlands. The freedom of Scotland was in fact secured. As Green says: "From a war of conquest and patriotic resistance, the struggle died into a petty strife between two angry neighbors, which became a mere episode in the larger contest between England and France."

There are numerous little puzzling provinces that are continually popping their heads up during this period of history, like so many puppets at a show. We say puzzling, because, if you look for them on the map you will find them neither on the ancient atlas nor the modern. We refer to Flanders, Hainault, Brabant, etc.

However, if you will take your map of Europe and find Belgium and Holland, you will have some idea of their location, just around the southern part of the North Sea. They were always inclined to be independent, but formed alliances with their neighbors as it suited them, and during this period, as we see, held for a while the balance of power between the two great contending nations, France and England. They were first merged into the United Netherlands, and afterwards divided into Belgium and Holland.

DURING this reign lived the first translator of the Bible into English, and the first great English poet. Wyckliffe, you probably learned something of last month, and you will find on a previous page of this number a specimen of Chaucer's poetry, spelling and all. If it is entirely new to you, it may take one or two readings to make it intelligible; it is just a few verses taken from *one* of the "Canterbury Tales," but you will discover even in this short extract a quaint, genial humor that is all his own. Chaucer was connected with the court, having married a sister of the wife of John of Gaunt, and was admired and patronized by Queen Phillipa, besides serving in the army under Edward, and having been honored with several embassies to foreign courts.

Petrarch, the first and greatest lyric poet of Italy, also lived about this time.

To stimulate the interest of our Reading Club in the study of history, it has been proposed by a successful teacher of history in one of our best schools, that questions be occasionally propounded, and a prize offered for the best answer. The first question has been furnished us for this month, and we will offer as a prize for the best answer sent within two weeks

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after the receipt of the Magazine, a neatly-bound copy of "Lances of Lynwood," by Miss Yonge. It must, of course, be understood that the applicants for the prize find the answer to the question by their own unaided research, and this assurance must come with every letter in order that you all may stand on the same footing. The answer receiving the prize with the name of the recipient will be published in the next magazine. Here is the question:

Who was called "The Sword of France;" during the reign of what French king did he live; what great honor was conferred on him by his sovereign; what celebrated English prince took him prisoner; where, in whose cause was he fighting; and at his death upon whom did his mantle fall?

ONE new member for the Reading Club since last month:

MISS FANNIE C. RASSON, Ky.

HOME SUNLIGHT.

MOTIVE.—If system is like oil for the machine, motive must be the steam. In forming the habit of industry in children, it is well if they can be personally interested in the work. And this can easily be managed by making it *profitable* to them. Give to one a sunny border in the garden, and let him have the price of the vegetables as a reward of his industry. A boy will work right manfully to earn the pleasure of buying a new pair of skates with his own money. And so let those who are willing to take the care of the fowls, have the money which they bring, to spend as they please, always with the knowledge and advice of their parents.

This working for themselves must not, of course, interfere with the duty of helping father and mother whenever that help is needed. Their own work, for which they expect to be paid, must be done in their own time—time which would otherwise be either idle or occupied in play. This is simple justice and honesty.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"And whatsoever ye do, do it *heartily* as to the Lord and not unto men."

"Fifteen minutes yet. O, me! I wish there was not such a thing as a piano."

There were heavy wrinkles on the brow that the fifteenth year of a petted life should have found perfectly smooth, as Nettie once more began lazily to idle up and down the keys. One piece after another was disposed of by skipping the unfamiliar strains and rushing heedlessly through the rest, with the most excruciating indifference to time and tune.

At the end of every piece there was a yawn and an anxious glance at the clock, and the same discontented face turned back to watch the unwilling fingers.

Strong and active, though slender, those fingers were; nimble enough when turning over the leaves of an interesting book, or plying the needle in some voluntary work. Ah, wilful, wayward Nettie! You have never yet felt the responsibilities of life; never a care has rested on that young, brave heart.

Aunt Ellen sat before the fire sewing, and there was a grieved look on that sweetest, gentlest, brightest of faces, that Nettie would have been sorry to have caused if she had known, but she did not see it; so on she rattled until the hands of the faithful old clock had patiently traveled over each minute, and pointing to the last, sounded out the four clear strokes for Nettie's release. Then, with a sigh of relief, she put her music books into their places with a spiteful toss, and was about to leave the room, when Aunt Ellen's quiet "Nettie, come here," arrested her.

Nettie loved her aunt dearly, and was always glad to talk to her; so she very willingly sat down on the stool close beside her and looked up with a face full of confiding love and expectancy, and the same gentle voice presently said:

"What do you practice for, dear?"

"Because, I am obliged to," replied Nettie, with something very much like a pout.

Aunt Ellen looked at her steadfastly, and asked again, "Nettie, are you one of God's children?"

A doubtful, clouded look crossed the young face as she said, "I don't know—I hope so, Aunt Ellen; why?"

"I was thinking of the rule God gives his children to live by, 'Do all to the glory of God.' What do you think of it?"

"I don't know—I don't believe I ever thought much about it," the young girl answered, looking gravely into the fire, while many and varied feelings chased each other in

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and out of her eyes; then after a moment, "But, Aunt Ellen, it can't mean every little thing we do," spoken with a conviction that if it were so she could never be a Christian and it was needless to try.

"'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much,'" repeated Mrs. Bryant solemnly; then laying her hand caressingly on the young head, she added, "Nettie, child, I do long to see you *in earnest*, to have you begin to conquer yourself in little things; it will be so much harder if you wait until the great ones come."

While Aunt Ellen's earnest words and earnest tones were falling on her ear, life was a serious thing to Nettie, but not many minutes elapsed before she was engaged in gay conversation with the school-girls up stairs, and every vestige of seriousness was apparently floating away on the ripples of that merry laugh. Yet deep down in her heart there was an uneasy thought tugging at her conscience that she could not get rid of.

Could it mean all that? She had read the verse often, as a great many people read the Bible, finding nothing but words; the meaning was simple and clear, only it made it seem so hard to serve God. Could she ever, *ever* bring herself up to such strict rules?

When the troubling undercurrent of thought had wound her up to this point, she went to the window and leaned her head against it; but the words, "Nettie must have the blues" wheeled her around, drew the corners of her mouth into a smile and precipitated her into the midst of the frivolous talk; and it was all gone for that time.

Meanwhile Aunt Ellen sat by the fire where Nettie had left her. The needle went on, stitching in and stitching out, catching now and then from the soft eyes that bent over it a dewdrop distilled from anxious love.

Mrs. Bryant coveted the best and highest life for those she loved, and could not bear to see her favorite niece wasting the energy and strength of her really noble character—the talent God had given her, and trifling away in aimless self-indulgence, all the moments of her vigorous girlhood. If Nettie had been less quick to learn, that is, her lessons more of a labor, there might have been developed the determined application which she now lacked. Or, this same good effect might have been produced by the known necessity for the knowledge she was urged to acquire, as for instance, if she had looked forward to teaching as a support; but like the majority of girls, she saw before her merely the prospect of marrying *some* of these days, "and of what use will all this Latin and Greek ever be to me?" she would say, pushing away the despised books, as some tough root tripped up her small share of patience.

It was only a few days after the conversation which had stirred such serious thoughts in Nettie's mind, that Mrs. Bryant passing through the study room, saw the large clenched fists come down on some luckless grammar and heard the candid avowal, uttered in no very pleasant tone, "I hate to study; after I leave school I never mean to touch the piano or open a book as long as I live, except a novel or something pleasant." Yet surely there is much good in the child, thought Aunt Ellen, as she remembèred how that morning she had seen her put aside one of the very novels she liked so well, to baste a bit of sewing for a younger school-mate.

And so day by day the struggle went on between the good and the bad, yet Nettie was never quite so careless as she made believe and had never entirely lost the impression of that, to her, startling rule, "Do all to the glory of God." Many a sober lesson she received, too, from Sabbath to Sabbath in the sermons of a faithful minister when she could bring her giddy thoughts to listen, and sometimes a spirit-winged text seen or quoted somewhere would renew the impression of that talk with her aunt. Indeed, Mrs Bryant's whole life was a constant reminder, and Nettie in the most reckless moods felt that she was right, and yet she would not believe that a gay, glad girl, with a lifetime before her, could be expected to bind herself down to rules like that.

The lesson for the Bible-class one evening was on consecration to God. "How it haunts me, that dreaded duty," she thought, with an almost impatient shrug, yet the word duty lingered.

First came the typical teachings of the Mosaic dispensation, consecration of the priest. The very garments were called holy; their food, their instruments of service, the place where they served, were all consecrated. Then all true believers are to be kings and priests, a royal priesthood, consecrated by the more precious blood of the lamb of God, anointed by the Holy Spirit, how much stronger then and more binding their obligation. The sacrifice to be offered by them as

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priests, their bodies "a living sacrifice holy, acceptable to Him," including time, talent, every thing. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

And not only time, talent, etc., belong unto the Lord, but the improvement of them is claimed by Him as shown in the two parables of the talents. In other words the ruling motives of all actions to be, love to God and love to men, for love is the fulfilling of the law."

Here the pastor closed the book and looking earnestly around on the little group of young men and maidens, added impressively:

"How delightful it would be if we could all thus consecrate our lives to God, making every act, no matter how humble or insignificant in itself, an act of worship, by doing it in the name of the Lord Jesus! How it would beautify our life and turn it into a continual poem."

Nettie had listened and felt every word. Heretofore, all her best acts had been done in a spirit of "Woe is me if I do it not." Now at last her heart responded to her Father's claim of loving allegiance and service, and very quietly and thoughtfully she walked home.

The next morning was her sixteenth birthday, and bright and early she was up at work, brimful of new resolutions and an earnest desire to keep them. "Whatsoever ye do," "whatsoever ye do," she kept repeating to herself, as she went down to breakfast.

That Aunt Ellen had not forgotten the day was evident from a cumbrous parcel of brown paper lying on her plate. With a glance of gratitude to the donor, she untied the string and took off the paper, when her eyes fell upon the selfsame words "Do all to the glory of God;" once so stern when cut into her hard heart with the sharp point of self-reproach, now so beautiful in letters of blue and gold and written on her soul with the finger of God's love.

"Let it be the rule of your life, dear," said Mrs. Bryant, as Nettie looked up with brimming eyes.

"I will try," was the answer in a low, unsteady voice.

In the most conspicuous place in her room Nettie hung her beautiful text. When she awoke in the morning there it was to guide her first thought; as she stood before the glass to arrange her sunny, chestnut hair the gilded glory flashed into her eyes to keep down the petty vanity and point to a noble motive—"the glory of God." As she knelt to ask God's blessing on the day, the sacred words twined themselves in and out with her petitions, weaving bright designs with the sober threads of self-distrust and those of glowing aspiration.

But she found it often as a young lady at the Bible-class had said, "No matter how earnestly we resolve in the morning, the struggles of the day are so apt to bring disappointment and defeat. And so full many a stumble and many a fall testified to the strength of the old habits of self-indulgence, but since she knew and felt her duty, she could not do otherwise than *try all the time* trusting to the promised help from above."

Let us take a glance at Nettie twelve years later, in her husband's home. She sits on a low chair sewing; her husband at his desk writing, while the children are romping around, one, two, three, four. There is young Roger, Ellen, Nettie the less, and wee baby, Jamie. Roger has harnessed Ellen and Nettie to the rocking-chair and is driving the stage most vociferously, while little Jamie, as outrider, toddles after on a stick horse. The mother does not mind the noise so long as the little ones are happy and safe, but the father sighs and lays down his pen; she knows they are disturbing him, what is to be done? it is raining and cold so the children can not get out, nor can they afford to keep but this one fire. She looks regretfully at Jamie's ttle dress which she is so eager to finish, but sticks her needle in and folds it up, then drawing off the ring-leaders of the riot, Roger and Nettie, she soon has them all around her in one corner of the room, where, with stories, pictures, and quiet games, she manages to keep them reasonably quiet until the sermon is finished and her husband comes over and kisses her gratefully, as the children scamper off to their plays again.

Even the Latin verbs and Greek roots come into place, a few years later when Roger comes home from school in despair over his lessons and father not at home to help him. How thankful she is now, that her time at school was not *all* trifled away, and how often she thinks of Aunt Ellen's words: "I do long to see you begin to conquer yourself in little things; it will be so much harder if you wait until the great ones come."

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SCRAP BOOK.

TIME'S REVENGE.

When I was ten and she fifteen—
Ah, me! how fair I thought her.
She treated with disdainful mien
The homage that I brought her,
And in a patronizing way,
Would of my shy advances say:
"It's really quite absurd, you see;
He's very much too young for me."

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five—
Well, well! how old she's growing.
I fancy that my suit might thrive
If pressed again; but, owing
To great discrepancy in age,
Her marked attentions don't engage
My young affections, for, you see,
She's really quite too old for me.
—*Walter Learned, in Century.*

THE word given in last month's Scrap Book *unquestionably* contains all the vowels in the English language, but a subscriber suggests *facetiously*, that they are herein found in alphabetical order.

YOU never know how much water an umbrella is capable of containing until you accidentally stand it up against the wall and on the pearl-colored carpet that cost $5 per yard.

"HARRY, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that: you may want it some day." "Well, mother, should I stand any better chance of getting it then if I *ate* it now?"

AN officer in battle, happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

MR. HOWELL'S new novel will be called "A Woman's Reason." This is a longer title than necessary. He could express the same idea in one word: "Because."—*Philadelphia News.*

A BOY says in his composition: "Onions are the vegetables that make you sick when you don't eat them yourself."

A SCHOOLBOY remarks, that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out "which is switch."

IT was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day arm in arm with a companion: "Depend upon it, Tom, St. Edmund of Canterbury was right when he said to somebody: 'Work as though you would live forever; live as though you would die to-day.'"

VEGETABLE POETRY.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent to us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth.
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain;
Garlic from Sicily obtain;
Spinach in Syria grows.
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er,
And Southern Europe's sea-coast shore
Beet root on us bestows.

When good Queen Bess was reigning here,
Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
The South of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt.
But turnips, carrots, and sea-kale,
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
Which pens might abler describe,
Are also ours, I understand.
English Magazine

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so: but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.—*Colton.*

THE power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

THERE is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Dickens.*

MOST of the shadows that cross our path are caused by our standing in our own light.

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RIDDLE.

I come from the north, I come from the south,
I come from the east, from the west;
I journey at will over land, over sea,
I travel at no man's behest.

The people say "Come!" and I stir not an inch,
The people say "Go!" and I stay;
They call me changeable, contrary, cold;
I am not to be trusted, they say.

But though I am sometimes fierce and wild,
And what lies in my way I destroy.
I speed on the sailor, all nations befriend,
To the sick, I bring healing and joy.

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day.
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow.
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy and sorrow.

Like and Unlike.—A little skill in rhetoric can make comparisons do double duty. A preacher whose delight it was to startle his hearers, said there were three things which a woman should both be and not be at the same time. First, she should be like the snail, always keeping within her own house; but she should not be like the snail which carries all it has upon its back. Second, she should be like an echo, and speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, which always manages to have the last word. Third, she should be like the town-clock, and always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like the town clock, which speaks so loud that all the town can hear it.

Kind words are like the oil and the wine of the good Samaritan; unkind words are to the soul as nitric acid to iron.

Most unkind words affect at least two souls; the one uttering them, and the one hearing them. With the former rests their most withering and dwarfing effect. A thousand times better to be the one for whom harsh words were intended than the one uttering them.

He who can restrain his anger and control his tongue under severe provocation is a hero. You may tame the wild beast, or check the very wildest conflagration in the American forests, but you can never arrest the progress of of that cruel word which you uttered this morning.

How does a stove feel when full of coals? Grateful.
Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.
When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.

Said Master Jones, "Now we must go
Without delay to the deepo."

Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so;
Let's start at once for the daypo."

Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, O,
We'll all run down to the deppo."

Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot
To drive you all to the deepot."

These conflicts of pronunciation
Would not be if they called it "station."

It is the proud boast of an Iowa man that his eldest child was born in the territory of Michigan, the second in the territory of Wisconsin, and the third in the territory of Iowa, and all in the same house and spot; so did the name change under successive divisions. Senator Jones, of the same State, yet living, was the last territorial delegate to Congress from Michigan, the first from Wisconsin, and one of the first senators from Iowa.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Florence Marryat says that when Dickens was writing "David Copperfield," and at a time when its publication in a serial form was about half completed, an American firm procured somebody to write a conclusion, and thus put a bogus book on the market. The version of the story married David to Agnes rather abruptly. Dickens had intended the same thing, but when the news of this audacious piracy reached him he forthwith introduced Dora, and made her David's wife with as little delay as possible.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend.
—*Longfellow.*

Whose profession is at once the hardest and the easiest? The musician's, because he works when he plays and plays when he works.

Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.—*Hannah Moore.*

Negative characters are often as guilty through their weakness as positive ones through their strength.

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GLIMPSES INTO NATURE.

BRIEF NOTES ON FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS. -*June 2d*—Another of my moths left its cocoon last night, as they generally do, under cover of darkness. This was the Saturnia Io, with its beautiful shades of brown and brilliant eye, like spots. The green, spiny caterpillar I put into the jar last fall made its cocoon under some moss I had placed there, the end of it appearing through the glass. Its wings were crumpled and imperfect; did not seem to have the ability to expand them fully. Put it out on a young quince, and there it has been resting, not yet able to take flight.

We see anxious parent-birds on all hands feeding and guarding their young, and persuading them to try their wings. As I was standing at my window a young cedar-bird flew to the sill and sat there for some length of time, while I, not daring to move, could have laid my hand upon it. After some time the mother succeeded in persuading it to seek a less dangerous perch. So many little bird histories are being enacted now, around every country home, where there are eyes to see and ears to hear them. One of the hens belonging to a tenement near us stole the nest of a partridge, and is now sitting on her eggs. I await curiously the appearance of the little brood following the stalwart protector.

4th—Summer is unmistakably here, notwithstanding the drawbacks of our unusually cold spring. We have so many infallible sights and sounds of summer we can no longer doubt it. The red-headed woodpecker so surely brings ripe cherries to mind; the clearer whistle of the partridge as the harvest approaches; the cheerful note of the grass-finch as it comes up from the fields, or the very desolate and lone one from the wood, of its little peewee, are all sounds belonging to this season. Then there's the coming of the sphinges, one of those caterpillars just from the egg, feeding on the ampelopsis, scarcely thicker than a needle, its erect, black, caudal horn, half its own length, giving it such a smart, keen appearance The syrphus fly, poising near plants infested with aphides; and we see the young looper bridging the way from one branch to another, or standing on hinder legs, with whole length erect, as if suddenly stricken with catalepsy. The "lightning bugs" are coming up timidly from the grass, all unconscious of their brilliant powers.

5th—To-day the Japan honeysuckle displayed its first cluster of open blooms. Just before it commenced raining it unclasped its fingers and threw out the thumb as if to make a span. Our dear M.'s short span of life was severed, just at this season, and these flowers seem sacred to her.

6th—The cocoon that I took from the calycanthus, on the 14th of April, brought out a Telea Polyphemus (male), our American silkworm, six inches and a half in breadth of wings. So lovely in its transparent spots, and delicate coloring I took it in the evening to the shrub chosen by its caterpillar, and left it for the night. One can scarcely imagine this beautiful creature, feeling at home, out in the darkness of this rough world.

Caught a caterpillar of suspicious-looking colors and equipments, but from former experience I fancy a gay butterfly will be the second stage of its existence, and will feed it in one of my jars until it undergoes its transformation.

8th My caterpillar has gone into the chrysalis state, and now hangs, a dark-brown, spinous-looking object. Found another of the same kind on a walnut which hangs beside it.

13th—I have had two rather sad experiences to-day in my pastime with insects. Some days ago a small wasp—I may be pardoned for not knowing its distinct species when we remember there are nine hundred of them—came flying near my chair, and alighting under the corner of a desk, crept beyond my sight. I thought that after a while I would examine into its errand there, but it escaped my memory. This morning I saw the same wasp trying vainly to get through my window, as it had been closed during a shower, unawares to the builder. I gave the wee thing liberty, and then made search for its nest. Close in a corner was a little batch of mud, about an inch square, irregular in shape, as if it contaned two or three divisions. I saw it once with a small green worm, and doubtless it had been carrying pellets of mud and storing its cells with these caterpillars for some days. It made so little noise I had not observed it. It was about half an inch long, black, and beautifully banded with green and yellow.

About noon a little negro boy brought to me, tightly held between thumb and finger, a magnificent Luna moth. My nerves were

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shocked when I took from his hand the beautiful creature. Some one pres-nt exclaimed: "Dick, don't hold it so fast!" but his grip had been trained for pigs and mules, and not for want of tender mercy. Not wishing to check his kind intentions, I gave him something from the table, at the same time trying to instill tenderness for such frail beings.

14th—In one of my jars has appeared a detestable ichneumon fly, with long, curved, compressed abdomen. Alas! for the inhabitant of that cocoon, it has become food for this parasite. I shall give him a dose of alcohol.

15th—On looking at my cocoons, I saw a small quantity of liquid oozing from one of them, but knowing that they were furnished with an acid to dissolve the adhesive matter which kept the silk together, and thus enable them to make their exit, I said, I will now have an opportunity of witnessing the first appearance of this moth. Composing myself for a patient waiting, I saw something which I soon perceived was not the moth, with difficulty wriggle itself from the cocoon. I was horrified, but still waited until a second and a third appeared in quick succession. Large repulsive white grubs above half an inch long. I know that the polyphemus is often attacked by an ichneumon, but this is another enemy. I will rear them if possible and see. This is a more lamentable experience than those of the two previous days.

16th—I have something more to say of my little wasp—for, if not the same individual—one of the same species. Seeing something fly around my window, I discovered it was the wasp and let it in. It flew, not to the old place, but lit upon the post of my bed. Although I got another to aid me in watching its movements, it disappeared and I gave it up. Shortly after, seeing it again, I determined the little creature should not elude me this time. Watching closely, I saw it disappear in a small hole in the side of the bed-post—which I did not think large enough for itself alone—with a caterpillar three-quarters of an inch long. How it discovered that small hole, and under so many difficulties persevered in stocking it, is one of the wonderful instincts and interesting traits of these "feeble folk."

Two handsome beetles were brought me today—the calosoma scrutator and the golden tortoise-beetle. I put the former in a maple, knowing it would have rich forage there upon the aphis-covered leaves; the other spread wings and flew away.

17th Captured a handsome caterpillar, but it mysteriously escaped.

19th—My two caterpillars of the 8th hanging like jewels this morning in their jar—now two vanessa antiopa butterflies. I removed the netting and let them "soar away." I would not willingly despoil the world of one such beauty.

21st—Had a nice walk to the pond. Reached it through tall grass and clover. A number of dragon-flies skimming over it; the great eschnas and intermediate to the smallest agrion. Beautiful water-plants, sagitavius, water-nymph, awlwert, etc., etc., and sedges in great abundance and variety. A beautiful king-bird came and plunged beneath the surface again and again; then perching and shaking himself on a tall stake, so refreshed after his bath. Enriched my collection with a gaily-colored and oddly-shaped larva from the wild plum.

22d My promethea is out this morning. Not as large a specimen as I have seen, but perfect and beautifully-colored, and so lively I had to let it out immediately, whereas I have kept my other moths until dusk before releasing them.

Another small owlet moth, when its cage was opened, flew out so quickly I could only make a partial observation. It showed plainly it did not wish to be interviewed. In looking for it on the floor in the fluff under a cabinet, I saw the case of a clothes moth, picked it up thinking it an empty case, but it protruded its little black head in such a bright way I determined to preserve it. Getting a piece of flannel and a glass, I consigned it to solitary confinement until it shall give its shining silvery moth. E—— brought me a snail feeding on the broad-leaved plantain, eating all the pulp from the fibrous part, making perfectly round holes over the leaf. In England they complain of slugs and snails in their gardens, but they are not frequent here.

She brought me also a cluster of eggs, which I shall watch. It is well to enlist young eyes in such service.

Who can paint like nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? —*Thompson.*

See plastic nature working to this end
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impell'd its neighbor to embrace
-*Pope.*

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BITS OF SCIENCE.

CHINESE BRAINS.—The Chinese were the first inventors of gunpowder and the magnetic needle. They were the first to hatch eggs of fowls by steam and to hatch fish eggs artificially; the first to have chain-pumps and artesian wells. Their great wall and grand canal were made in the remote ages of the past; their penal code is two thousand years old; and their civil service examinations, which we are just learning to imitate, they have had for the last thousand years. China is ahead on bridges; the largest in the world being her structure at Lagang, over an arm of the China Sea. It is five miles long, built entirely of stone; has three hundred arches seventy feet high, and a roadway seventy feet wide. The parapet is a balustrade and each of the pillars, which are seventy-five feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion twenty-one feet long, made of one block of marble. When our barbarian forefathers were wandering about the northern coasts of Europe, ignorant of letters or any of the fine arts, the literary Chinaman dressed in silks and satins, was lounging on his sofa and drinking tea from painted porcelain cups.

THE Munich weather authorities have obtained observations on thunder-storms from two hundred and seventy observers, farmers and others, and find that electrical storms affect with the greatest intensity the ridges between two local centres of barometric depression, that they proceed in a direction vertical to the front of the field independent of local winds, and other points of great scientific interest and of much practical value. The advantages of such a system can not be too generally known.

ON THE COLORS OF WATER.—Viewed in relatively shallow masses, clear water appears wholly colorless. In our daily dealings with the liquid we seldom have occasion to observe it in great depths; hence it has been generally believed that water is quite destitute of color. The ancients were accustomed to explain the transparency of some bodies by assuming that they partook of the nature of water; and we now speak of a diamond as of the first water to emphasize its perfect transparency and colorlessness.

If, however, we regard the larger masses of water in nature—the seas, lakes, and rivers—we shall receive a different impression. In these, the water not only appears colored, but of various colors, and of a rich diversity of shades. The Mediterranean is of a beautiful indigo, the ocean is sky-blue, the Lake of Geneva is celebrated for its lovely and transparent azure waters; the Lake of Constance and the Rhine, the Lake of Zurich and the Lake of Lucerne, have waters quite as transparent, but rather green than blue; and the green waters of the little Lake of Kloenthal, near Glaris, can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding meadows. Other waters are of a darker color, like those of the Lake of Staffel, at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, which was quite black the day I saw it, though clear in shallow places.

These facts start the questions whether water, after all, has not a color; if it has, what the color is, and what causes the varied tints under which it is seen. The solution of these questions has long occupied the minds of scientific inquirers, and it can not yet be said that they have been answered. Disagreement still prevails respecting them.—*M. W. Spring, in Popular Science Monthly.*

INSANITY AMONG SHEEP HERDERS.—Sheep ranches are usually desolate places; a great stretch of seemingly bare lands, with a few fenced corrals, blackened and foul-smelling; the home and out-buildings clustered together in a hollow or on a hillside where there is water; the less human the neighborhood the better.

The loneliness of the life is of itself a salient objection to the industry. Of this the great owners need know nothing; they can live where they like. But for the small sheep men, the shepherds, and above all, the herders, it is a terrible life,—how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among herders.

Sometimes, after only a few months of the life, a herder goes suddenly mad. After learning this fact, it is no longer possible to see the picturesque side of the effective groups one so often comes on suddenly in the wilderness; sheep peacefully grazing, and the shepherd lying on the ground watching them, or the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy, billowy scamper up or down a steep hillside, with the dogs leap-

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ing and barking on all sides at once. One scans the shepherd's face alone, with pitying fear lest he may be losing his wits.

Dr. Brown Sequard is said to have discovered a new anesthetic which destroys sensibility, but not consciousness or physical activity, for an entire day or more. When it is administered to a man by the hypodemic injection process he is not incapacitated for work or enjoyment, yet he can submit to having his flesh cut without feeling any pain. It is obviously a marvelous gain for medical science. It is some form of carbonic acid.

IRIDESCENT GLASS.—The lustrous, metallic looking glass, of iridescent quality, which has become so popular, is, it appears from the English patent of Mr. Thomas W. Webb, produced in the following manner: Chloride of tin, or tin salt, is burnt in a furnace, and the glass having an affinity for it, when hot, receives the fumes, and so at once an iridescent surface is produced. To give greater depth to the color or tints, nitrate of barium and strontium is used in small proportions. By this patent the glass is not re-heated, but the iridescence is produced during the manipulation of the article when in the hands of the blower, and while on the punty.—*Scientific American.*

THE GRAPHEION.

The time is con ing, almost here, when winter's incessant cry begins: "Shut the door!" "Shut the door!" And there is scarcely any sound that grates more harshly, more unpleasantly on the ears and tempers of active, busy young people. There goes Master Freddie, full-tilt for the yard, string in hand. The door swings back on its hinges and stays there, as the lad rushes through; for the boys are all waiting for this same string, for which he has been sent, and for which he has had such a hunt. We can scarcely wonder at his impatient "pshaw!" when aunt Kate calls, "Freddie, shut the door!" And now, it is Jim and Sally, in a high race. Who could expect them to remember? And yet grandma's voice is heard in mild and reproachful tone: "Children, come back and shut the door!" Even grown-up Fan forgets, sometimes, or at least she could not stop to shut the door when the candy she was making for the children was scorching on the fire. Yes, it does seem like the most unreasonable thing in the world to expect a door to be shut every time one goes through it, especially as all summer the cry has been just the other way: "Do leave the door open!" But now let us look at the other side—you know nearly every thing has two sides. How many seconds does it take to shut a door? too few to count, doesn't it? and at that small expense aunt Kate is, perhaps, saved a spell of neuralgia. Grandma's chilly old frame is spared the unpleasant draft, and the room is kept comfortable for mother when she has time to sit down. And his shutting of the door, too, means more than would at first appear. We have heard of a gentleman who said he always selected his office-boy, among the applicants who would come in answer to an advertisement, by the *way* they shut the door, and elaborated the idea to such an extent as to make this simple act indicative of the whole character and disposition, and he seldom found himself misstaken in the judgment he thus formed. It is undoubtedly true, that every act of our lives is more or less characteristic, and almost any that, like the shutting of doors, becomes, or ought to become habitual, may be used as a test in the same way. Is your father dignified, grave, deliberate, and doesn't he open and shut the door in just that way? The little mother, perhaps, is brisk and energetic, and when she comes through the door, closes it with a quick, sharp sound; and so the gentleman was not, perhaps, far wrong when he judged that the boy who left the door open, and when called to close it did so with a spiteful bang, was high-tempered; that the one who, with an indifferent jerk, touched the latch but did not catch it, would be careless and unreliable; that he who shut it with a stealthy, too noiseless motion, might prove dishonest; while the one who took the trouble to fasten the latch with a clear, decided, though not noisy click, would be apt to prove a careful, resolute man. And now comes another thought: young people can form the habit of shutting doors in the way it should be done, and the motive of consideration for others ought to be sufficient to induce

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them to do so, and then, will not a good habit formed have a reflex good influence on their own character.

History, as we understand it, is the "narrative of events, and of the lives and actions of men, of families, of tribes, and of nations." Its primary meaning is "a narrative of past events." Historians, for ages, confined themselves exclusively to the record of facts respecting nations and States, and brought into prominence only statesmen, soldiers, legislators—persons directly connected with the government of the country.

Modern historians have overstepped this boundary, and have wisely begun to bring into prominence the history of the *people* as well as the history of the government.

In compiling our Current History for the month, we are endeavoring to combine both, keeping in view that,

> "As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last,
> Writ in remembrance, more than things long past."

We hope to make of our Current History a succinct record of all the most important events which go to make up the history of the age in which we live, interspersing occasional short biographical or historical sketches of persons, places, or things bearing on that period.

Herodotus, the "father of history," it is supposed, intended to write a universal history of the world, as it was in the fifth century, B.C., but succeeded in making only a partial history of the wars between Greece and the barbarians.

Should we fail in like manner in what we attempt, we will have his illustrious example to solace us.

A LAST WORD ABOUT THE ART GALLERY.

The art gallery of the Louisville Exposition goes out of existence this month, and it is a pity.

It has been visited by several hundred thousand people from all parts of the country, and whatever may be said of its deficiencies, it has proved a success in every sense of the word. Ere this, every exposition held this side of the Alleghanies has had its art gallery, but this is the first time in the history of the South that such a large collection of art treasures has been brought together for the public benefit.

For obvious reasons, most of what the United States own in that line is owned in the large cities of the East, where idle capital has accumulated and where a life of leisure has given to the wealthy a chance and a desire to employ some of that idle capital for the gratification of that highest taste of the human imagination, a taste for the beautiful. The Art Committee of Louisville had, therefore, to apply to strangers for the loan of their art possessions, to bring the wants of the South in that respect before the kind sympathy of the people of the North; and it is a source of gratification, indeed, that their appeal was so successfully made and so generously responded to. Every contributor to the Art Gallery, whether from afar or from our own midst, deserves thanks from the public.

The paintings exhibited comprise four hundred and ten numbers representing the work of our American artists, as well as that of the most celebrated foreign painters. That every picture is not a master-piece is a matter of course. But it is much to the praise of the collection that very few numbers, indeed, fall below a fair average of merit. In fact, the most unsatisfactory paintings are precisely those signed by the greatest names, and this requires some explanation. No one could expect that works of *very great merit*, and which money can not replace or compensate for in case of a loss; no one could expect that such works could ever be trusted by the owners out of their hands. In fact, the museums of Europe guard so jealously their art treasures that they have never been known to loan them out of their walls even to the ruling sovereign of the country. When, therefore, it was announced that such painters as Turner, Corot, Millet, Dupre, Theo. Rousseau, Detaille, Fortuny, would be represented in this collection, it was to be anticipated that they would be so in name only, or little better, mostly through those imperfect studies or sketches never intended by the artists to pass off as pictures, but which, bearing their names, have the interest of autographs. These autographs served the object of bringing the artists' names before the public, of making known through the catalogue their biographies and reputations, and it is probably all that could

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have been accomplished. Moreover, without these names the gallery still remained rich in great names worthily represented.

It was asked at the opening of the Exposition what would be *the picture* of the collection. The answer was easy to give, and the public old and young, cultivated and ignorant, has given it in unmistakable terms: "The Helping Hand," by Renouf. The painting has been seen by all and needs no further description. The painter, E. Renouf, of Paris, has comparatively a new reputation, but one that is already fully recognized by the artistic world.

At the Exposition of Fine Arts in Munich, this summer, three French painters earned first-class medals—Bastier Lepage, Ernest Renouf, and James Bertrand. Lepage is not represented in the Art Gallery, but every one knows that the other two are and very worthily. Perhaps the "Marguerite," of James Bertrand has not received its due attention from all visitors.

In the East gallery were collected the productions of our American artists, mostly landscapes; the catalogue says: "In landscape art, the American artists are leading the world to-day." Such a sentence does not seem to serve any serious purpose, and is apt to mislead public judgment. The American exhibition of landscapes is certainly not devoid of merit, but were it to express the highest perfection that landscape painters have attained to-day, it would be a sad admission indeed, and a very discouraging one. Landscape is very properly the favorite style of our artists, as it is the favorite style of all beginners, and in it the American artists show best their originality. In landscape painting nature supplies the composition and the model, and the artist is asked only to *copy*. But what a task that copying is! A model changing in its expression every day, every hour, every minute!

Of what avail are patience, conscientious labor, technical skill alone? Feeling is wanted, and genius—two faculties which teaching may develop but does not give. In that respect it has been said that in landscape painting lies the true future of American art, and that is true, inasmuch as in that art alone the artist may proceed without being encumbered with the heavy burden of school conventionalities, and, therefore, not only may, but *must remain original* or be nothing.

Our Louisville artists were well represented in this particular gallery, and it is pleasant to note how well their works have stood the comparison with the works of older and more renowned artists from the East. This is especially the case as regards Miss Nina Batchelor, of Louisville, who has given such a pleasant surprise to her friends and to all art-following and art-loving Kentuckians.

Taken as a whole, the exhibition of paintings in the Art Gallery has not only pleased, but it has done something to refine the public taste. It has, therefore, done good, and shall probably never be forgotten by those who have seen it, while it is a real loss to those who have not. —*Et Girard.*

CURRENT HISTORY.

A NEW schedule of time is to go into operation the 18th of this month, which in its effects upon the railroads of this mighty land of ours, will be one of national interest. The consummation of this was reached at the meeting of the annual Railway Time-table Convention in Chicago, October 11.

The new plan has been termed the hour system. It provides for standards differing from each other by exactly one hour, leaving out the Eastern and Western extremes of the continent. These are the "Eastern," "Central," and "Mountain" time; the first, to be employed from New Brunswick to the meridian of Detroit; the second, as far west as the boundary between Kansas and Colorado; and the third, the line between Utah and Nevada. It is proposed that all the roads now using Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Toronto, Hamilton, or Washington time as a standard shall be governed by the Eastern or seventy-fifth meridian time, four minutes slower than New York. Railroads in the "Central" district will use the time of the ninetieth meridian which is thirteen minutes slower than Chicago time. It includes roads running by Savannah, Louisville, St. Louis, and Omaha time. West of this, the roads are to be run by the Mountain time, or exactly that of Denver. Commodore Schufeldt, of the Washington Observatory, promises the co-operation of the Naval Observatory in carrying out the policy of the convention. He said the observatory would change the time of the dropping of the New York ball to the mean time of the seventy-fifth meridian, and in addition would

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endeavor to secure its adoption for local time in the whole section in which it is to be used for the railroads. The observatory could furnish the time of the seventy-fifth and ninetieth meridians to the railroads throughout the entire country daily. This plan, it is believed, will simplify the system of railway time and in consequence reduce the possibilities of collision.

A NUMBER of North Carolina's Confederate dead were disinterred at Arlington, last month and laid to rest in their own native soil, in Raleigh, N. C. They were taken by steamer under a detachment of the military companies of Norfolk and Portsmouth. As they neared the ports of the old Dominion, these sister cities joined to do "honor to the dead."

Minute guns were fired from the time the steamer came in sight until the remains were transferred to the cars. The flags in the city of Norfolk and harbor, were at half-mast, the bells tolled, the hundreds of ex-Confederate veterans were in line in civic and military procession. The floral offerings were profuse. The Ladies' Memorial Association, of Portsmouth, joined in the procession.

ROYAL GIFTS.—Ex-Governor Arny, of New Mexico, now residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., has a large and valuable collection of minerals from Arizona and New Mexico, as a gift to the British Museum and Queen Victoria. Included in the collection is a gathering of all the minerals of these Western territories, in the form of a crown handsomely mounted on an ebony pedestal, for Queen Victoria. The minerals include turquoise, garnets, rubies, moss agate and various other agates, amethysts, gold and silver quartz, mica, argentiferous galena, jet, pyrites of iron, copper and lead, crome ore, and various kinds of coal. The specimen of turquoise is large and finely marked. Another gift for Queen Victoria is a blanket made by the Navajos Indians, manufactured from sheep's wool on rude looms. The blanket is varicolored, and is so closely woven as to hold water. This particular blanket occupied four squaws four months in the manufacture.

Mrs. Stewart, formerly Jane Arny, of England, and now residing in Brooklyn, has intrusted to Governor Arny, as a gift to Queen Victoria, a handsome silk patchwork quilt, made by herself. It contains thirty-six hundred and eighty-four pieces of silk, of all shades and qualities, and she was an entire year in finishing it. Mrs. Stewart is eighty-eight years old, and her card is inscribed, "To England's Queen, from a faithful subject in America."

The cabinet for the British Museum contains one thousand specimens of the various minerals included in the Queen's crown, and in gross will weigh over five hundred pounds. Each specimen is labeled, showing the character of metal, the component qualities, the location of the mine, etc. Another specimen of value, in the British Museum collection, is an amethyst, four inches long and one and a half inches in diameter, and when cut will produce over four hundred settings for rings or breastpins. It is found in caves, in the mountain regions of New Mexico in great abundance. There are numerous specimens of garnets and rubies. These are found in the sands thrown up by large red ants, who are in reality the miners. In the minor collection are many shell fossils, including an oyster shell which was found on an eminence over nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. A special collection of minerals comprises about six hundred specimens of gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, platinum, and other minerals. Platinum is reported to be found in great quantities, and it is suggested that Edison can here reach all of this metal he may desire, for the speedy completion of his great electric light.

THIS seems to be the period of great anniversaries. October 6, 1683, Francis Daniel Pastorius landed at Philadelphia at the head of thirteen German families, and established the first colony of German families in this country. The commemoration of this event in Philadelphia, October 6th, was one of national interest. A statue of Columbus was unveiled at Madrid, Spain, October 11th, in honor of the discovery of America. And in Germany, in fact, all over the protestant world, on November 10th, will be held the four hundredth anniversary of the "Great Reformer." Delegates from all parts of Europe have already arrived at Wittenberg—the place, made famous by Luther's residence there, is now to witness the quarto-centennial ceremonies of the man. The Crown Prince Frederick William is to represent the Emperor of Germany on the occasion. The city is being profusely decorated, and two weeks before the celebration takes place, more than two thousand clergymen have gathered there to witness it.

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VAIN were the hopes that the summer of 1883 would pass without the scourge of yellow fever. In the United States there have been only a few imported cases. But in Guaymas, Hermasillo, and Mazatlan, Mexico, its ravages have been fearful, too late, however, to be of long continuance. It is hoped already that the rains and cool weather following have checked its ravages. The fatality of the disease has been proportionately large this summer and it is thought to be owing to the unusually dry weather.

THE *Interior*, of Chicago, makes the following observations which are interesting in the comparison of our own land with others:

"It is noticeable that the European papers discuss nearly all political and scientific questions from the military standpoint. The proposed tunnel under the British Channel, though a beneficent project for trade and comfort in travel, was condemned as a menace to England. A late paper warns the sharpshooters that they are setting up a false standard of efficiency – that accurate aim is impossible in battle. Another article, filled with information in regard to the coal supply, makes no mention of the use of coal for any other purpose than the propulsion of men-of-war ships on the ocean. The admiralty are reminded that the navy is useless in any part of the seas in which coal is not readily obtainable. Is there a discovery in metallurgy, and some new method or combination found that will produce greater strength and elasticity, forthwith the European thought turns to its use in making guns or armor. Is there a railroad to be built— its relations to the strategic system are first considered. While in our country all things are projected on the theory of peace, and to the ends of prosperity, abroad all things are molded to the theory of war and devoted to the ends of destruction. Coleridge says,

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever moves this earthly frame,
Are but the ministers of love
And feed his sacred flame.'

And thus nations, as well as individuals, bend every thing toward the shrines of their ambitions and desires."

IN England, O'Donnell's case is attracting interest. The preliminary trial of the murderer has taken place, and the grand jury is urged to return a true-bill for murder against the prisoner. He pleads not guilty. The trial is set for November 21st. General Roger A. Pryor is the American counsel for O'Donnell.

CABLE dispatches report London as remaining very empty, and the papers being chiefly occupied in forecasting coming political events. Mr. Gladstone is again believed to contemplate retirement from office, after carrying the county suffrage and the re-distribution of seat bills.

THE Queen is providing a large dowry for her granddaughter, Princess Victoria, of Hesse, who is about to marry the fortuneless Prince Louis, of Battenburg. She gives them rooms at Kensington, and has also appointed Louis, captain of the royal yacht, Victoria Albert, which is a sinecure. The Radical members will protest in Parliament against the appointment as a waste of public money.

WAR AND EDUCATION.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following figures, showing the contrast between the expenditure per head on war and education in the various European States, as compiled by M. Leon Donnat, a Belgian statistician:

	War.		Education.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
France,	20	0	1	5
England,	18	6	3	1
Holland,	17	0	3	2
Saxony,	11	0	3	4
Wurtemburg,	11	0	1	[illegible]
Bavaria,	11	0	2	[illegible]
Prussia,	10	11	2	5
Russia,	10	2	0	1½
Denmark,	8	8	4	–
Italy,	7	6	0	8
Belgium,	6	0	2	3
Austria,	6	8	1	6
Switzerland,	4	10	4	2

This comparison, of course, takes no account of the frightful waste entailed by the sacrifice of the labor of able-bodied men during the period of military service.

THE Hispano-French complication, born out of King Alphonso's visit to Paris, has come to an end. Every thing seems to have conspired to make that visit to Paris a most untimely one. The King's visit to Germany, in the first place; then his acceptance of the colonelcy of a Prussian regiment of Uhlans and the very location of that regiment's quarters, which was in Strasburg; and even the date chosen for entering Paris, which was the anniversary of the fall of Strasburg. When it is added the

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consideration that Paris, as a large center, contains at all times, the refugees of all the disgraced political parties of Europe, for whom disorder is a resource as well as an aim, it appears almost fatal that King Alfonso's visit could not have passed without some disagreeable incident. It should be said also that the whole sum of offenses against the King of Spain, was the hissing by a few men on his passage, and isolated cries of "Down with the Uhlan."

The official reception was all that could be expected of a great country receiving as a guest the crowned head of a friendly nation, and the tone of the press in regard to this same reception was thoroughly correct. President Grevy apologized to the King on the same evening, in the name of France, and the incident would have rested there, had it not suited some political parties in France and in Spain, to keep it stirred up for partisan motives ignoring alike the merit of the incident and the welfare of the two countries.

The incident ended with the resignation of General Thibaudin, the minister of war in France, and the resignation of the entire cabinet in Spain.

In France, the death of Count of Chambord has not caused the political disturbances which many had prophesied.

The Orleans prince, Count of Paris, grandson of King Louis Philippe I. succeeds to the title of King of France, "by the Grace of God" Count of Paris is quite ready, like his grandfather, to accept besides the authority of the "Grace of God," that of the "will of the people."

France, however, does not show at present any desire to restore the monarchy, and Count of Paris has taken no step to come into possession of his inheritance of a title without the substance of a throne behind.

For the present, France continues to seek her destinies under a republican form of government, like the United States.

The Black Flags, who are simply former Chinese rebels, and actual land pirates, have been defeated lately, by the French, in several encounters, and are not likely to continue the fight much longer unless materially aided by the Chinese. The chance, however, that China may take up the quarrel and fight it on her own account has not disappeared.

In Tonquin, war continues inactively, while France and China negotiate some terms of agreement, with apparently a mutual desire to come to an amicable settlement of present difficulties.

The visit of the Czar of Russia to Copenhagen, and the successive visits to the same place of the King of Sweden and Norway, and the King of Greece, Mr. Gladstone, and the Prince of Wales have given rise to many comments in the political world.

It has been hinted that at these meetings of kings and statesmen with the Czar at Copenhagen was discussed and foreshadowed an alliance between the "*outer circle powers*" in opposition to the existing alliance of the "center powers." This outer circle would comprise Russia, and through Russian influence. Greece, Turkey, Montenegro, Bulgaria, then Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; then England, and through English influence, Holland and Belgium; then France, and later on, Spain.

The combination is ingenious enough and probably nothing more than ingenious at present.

Literary Russia is still mourning over the loss of one of her most talented members, Ivan Tourgueneff. Tourgueneff is not only the best known of Russian writers, but he carries with him the glory of having contributed more than any one else to the abolition of serfdom in Russia Tourgueneff lived in the country among the peasants and wrote what he saw. Unlike Mr. Howe, to whom he has often been compared, he never argued, never preached in his books. He simply narrated truly, without passion, the daily incidents of the peasant-serf's life in Russia He never invented a situation to prove a point, and never cared to point out what a situation had proved. Persuasion was left to issue from the very tenor of the truth, honestly told. And persuasion came to the nation and to the emperor himself, and serfdom was abolished. Tourgueneff died in Paris, but his body was taken to St. Petersburg, where he was interred with royal pomp, at the expense of the State.

From the East comes the report that in recent excavations in Egypt the remains of the city of Python have been found. This was one of the treasure cities of Pharoah, built by the Children of Israel during their bondage in Egypt.

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④ ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1883. No. 8

THE NEW EVA.

(Eva, in the Hebrew, is the mother of the living.)

Oh, this drudgery—'tis fearful!
Toil, like beasts, from early birth,
Sawing, chopping wood, and tearful
See the sweat roll down to earth!
If by no means I'm exempted,
Being fond of fruit and cake,
If in Par'dise I'd been tempted
I'd have chased that wily snake!

Lizzie spake with tears that glisten
Thus to Walter, her old man;
But a rich one chanced to listen,
And his answer quickly ran:
"Well reflect, if you're so shielded,
Deaf to whisperings in your ear.
E'en yourself, you might have yielded
Mother, this I greatly fear!"

"If in such a hazard—mind you!
You can stand a better show,
Leave your saw and axe behind you,
And you both shall with me go.
Ev'ry meal, in bounteous measure,
Shall have seven courses rare:
Six of them enjoy with pleasure—
Of the seventh, though—beware!"

"This is all that I condition:
Leave that seventh dish alone!
And mark well this premonition,
'Touch not!' or your luck has flown!"

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In that paradise just founded,
Both old folks enjoyed it well.
On the sixth day she felt wounded
By curiosity's dread spell.

"Ah, my fingers twitch all over
Just to know what's in that dish;
Just to lift its tiny cover,
Dearest Walter, that's my wish!"
"Ah, bethink thee well! my lover,
That our halcyon days are spent,
If thou touch that dainty cover
With thy little finger's end!"

But her husband's calm reminder
Found deaf ears to warning voice,
For Megæra sat behind her—
Held possession of her choice.
By curiosity thus baited
Lizzie yielded to the spell,
And a mouse which long had waited,
Gained her freedom from her cell.

What a shriek! what lamentation!
None of which could e'er bring back
Mistress mouse to its location,
And their luck flown in her track!
Ah, they slank on that sad morrow
Out through Paradise's door,
Now with tears, with pain and sorrow,
To split wood as heretofore!

—*From the German, by G. T. Berg.*

Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

—*Cowper.*

O, the toils of life!
How small they seem when love's resistless tide
Sweeps brightly o'er them! like the scattered stones
Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve
To strike the hidden music from its flow
And make its sparkles visible.

—*Anna Katherine Green.*

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THE ESTHETIC CRAZE.

It has passed into a proverb that: "Every man has a kink in his brain." Blessed is he that hath only one; still more blessed are his friends! But reasoning from individuality, to brains in the aggregate, it appears that every generation has generated multiplied kinks, and numerous exaggerated twists, all of which, singly and collectively, go to prove that "the fools are never dead."

The belief that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is hourly proved to have been founded on a false basis, there being fashions of beautiful things in Nature's workshop which pass away with the fashions of our garments, and we must learn in the lecture-halls what to admire and what to disdain. Further, we must import our teachers. Lofty mountains, deep-lying valleys, leaping waters, gorgeous skies are naught; we must flock to the lecture-hall to behold a sunflower! And behind the sunflower, what? Something that we dare not satirize, because of the firm belief in that inevitable "kink," that inalienable right of man.

But does any one, born with an open eye for the beautiful, ever need the first lesson in the grammar of esthetics? Does not a rising or a setting star, a daffodil sky, a tinted leaf, a bursting bud, masses of foliage, dark vistas through the sweet, resinous pines, flashes of light after the rain-storm, the flight of a gorgeous bird through the yielding air, all thrill the whole being with some indescribable rapture, some witchery akin to pain? The open eye needs no human lesson to enable it to discern loveliness or gracefulness in its surroundings, whether it be in nature's landscapes, man's creations, the human form, or even in the garments that drape our outward humanity. Thanks to a beneficent Providence, this appreciation of the beautiful is not bought with gold, is not confined within the breast of the millionaire, but is as bountiful as nature, as wide-spread as civilization. It may be found nestling under the coarse fustian jacket of the common day-laborer who upheaves the soil with his plowshare. Smothered, it may be, by gaunt poverty; shorn of its wings for lack of opportunity to develop; buried under the rubbish that toil and care heap up daily for him; yet, it may be there, snugly stored away, like jewels in the mine. Leaning on the handles of his plow, wiping the dripping sweat from his brow, he will discourse to you on the beauty of the day, naturally choosing his own terms. Not having studied "Webster Unabridged," the skies to him will be "clear and blue," not "sapphire;" the stars will "shine" for him, not "stud the purple vault of heaven;" yet he will appreciate and enjoy the color of the sky and the shine of the stars more than some who dwell in ceiled houses, for these things are to him as the breath of his rugged life. Also, the common maid-servant will be ready to tell you that Mr. So-and-So, with whom she lives for wages, is the owner of a beautiful place. She will distinguish between prettiness and grandeur; knows as well as any one the wide difference between a "nice little home" and a palatial mansion. She will be ever ready to scoff at any deformity of dress or person: will be as prompt to appreciate the graceful and becoming as Oscar Wilde himself. Moreover, she will constitute herself a judge on the throne of ethics; is quick to discern and chronicle any departure from that higher plane of moral estheticism. That she can not reduce her theories to personal practice proves not that the innate sense of beauty dwells not within her; she merely fails in the power of per-

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sonal adaptation, for want of an education, which, by the way, is all that holds her to her own place. At what do her meager personal adornments, her faded ribbons, her crushed flowers point, if not to this innate craving for the beautiful? Doubtless, she would prefer the ribbon new, the flower bright, but failing these she climbs as high as she can and sits content.

This innate sense of beauty is a monitor, almost a second conscience; it should be considered a talent, a celestial gift, and as such to be held with responsibility. Although it can not be grafted on a barren stock, yet it can be fed, cultivated, can grow, leaning towards Eternal Light, ever saying "Give, Give," for the germ is immortal. It lies entombed in that chrysalis, the infant mind, unconscious, yet smiling in its cradle, and may be stirred into life by so slight a thing as a bright ribbon or a flash of light. This appreciation of light and color, this turning toward them, as a seemingly sentient blossom turns its petals to the revivifying sun, is the dawn of the beautiful in the infant mind, whether the babe be the offspring of the King or his menial. Thus may we find the appreciation of beauty at either extreme of life; it may be found *any*where, though not *every*where; its germ, its origin, springing from one's own personal and spiritual formation. That dolt whose misfortune it is to be born with no appreciation of beauty, apart from utility, will remain a dolt to the end.

> "A primrose on the river's brink,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more"——

And to the day of his death will be nothing more. If any thing comes to him ere that event it will come to him as a human revelation not God given. He may learn by rote, parrot-wise, from an esthetic apostle that a sunflower, or any other flower that is the craze of the hour, is worthy of admiration; but there will be no thrill of the pulse, no bounding of the heart.

Now, that the bootblacks of New York are decorated with sunflowers, and merchants have scattered them broadcast as advertisements through the filthy streets of that city, it is safe to predict that the sunflower craze is nearly over. Common things become hateful to the rich.

"This, they say, is worthy of admiration! It costs! It has crossed the seas, at the peril of life and limb! Envy and jealousy overshadow it! It is beyond purchase to the many, and as such beyond price."

It is then veiled from the vulgar eye in some palatial residence; a few envious friends gaze at it, and endeavor to surpass it in their next purchase. Ere long it is promoted to the attic, or sold under the hammer of the auctioneer to make room for another craze.

But what would become of our shopkeepers, without the "crazes" of the rich? To relieve the latter of their surplus wealth, men and women are paid wages to design something new, some useless trifle that will live for a day, yet accomplishes one good thing, viz: the removal of the abundance of the rich into the pockets of the working-class. Nor would we undervalue these designers and their work. Even from the soft, bright masses of colored wool, many forms of beauty spring. Wonderful are the devices wrought by these designers, rich are the combinations of cotton and textures that seem as though they had been woven in fairyland, bearing not only the impress of taste, but that of creative genius, the highest style of art.

The flower "craze" is almost universal. The babe reaches out its dimpled hand for the blossom (the hand itself cast in beauty's mold), and the beggar on the street craves from your flower-filled hand one "Laloch," as she names the

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sweet old-fashioned lilacs. This innate sense of beauty is not bound or blinded, though often stunted in its growth. It marks beauty in every upspringing blade of grass, in every green shoot that thrusts its living verdant head through the crevices of the warm, brown earth, panting for air, hungering for light, thirsting for dew, whether it be a cabbage or a rose. Its tenderness, its verdure, its mute appeal for light, for life, stamp it as a thing of beauty. There is a rapture born of such watching into life, never known by the holder of a wire bouquet, yet often revealed to the hired gardener.

Let who will possess the blossom, so that to me falls the delight of watching it into life.

Growth and life are the highest forms of beauty, or at least the primal forms, and no need of any apostle of estheticism to dare the dangers of the Atlantic to impress the popular mind on this subject; nevertheless, there is a surplus in the hands of the rich that might be generously bestowed, so that our land might "blossom as the rose." The humble cottager, humble in circumstances not in character, will often reject pecuniary aid, yet seldom refuse plants, vines, and seed wherewith to beautify his hovel or his cot, and as the lowly poor, the working-classes, are largely in the majority it is easy to see what result would follow from this open-handed generosity on the part of the wealthy. Literally, might every man sit under his own vines; if he has any appreciation of the beautiful, his pleasure will be enhanced tenfold, and if he be as the dolt, to whom the primrose revealed naught but its color, he will be none the worse for his vines and his plants.

Nor is this practical view unworthy of the attention and action of the Federal government. "The representatives of the people in Congress assembled" reserve to themselves the right to distribute plants and seeds from the Agricultural Department to their rich constituents alone, ignoring the equal rights of the poorer tillers of the soil, who having cast their votes and pinned their humble faith to their heroes, turn to the business of "hoeing their own rows," without even an inkling that they possess the shadow of a right to plant that row at the expense of the government that they are taxed to support.

From this practical point, however, diverge many paths leading to higher and lower planes, that connect not with the subject in hand, "our kinks and our crazes."

CHEVEUX GRIS.

GIRLHOOD.

Faith in all the winds that blow,
 Filling sails for unknown seas;
Rose or purple, gold or glow,
 Rise on every wave to please.

Summer, like a long, bright day,
 Comes with odors fresh and sweet,
Perfumed flowers and scented hay,
 Make the wonder-world complete.

Winter snows a charm afford,
 Emblematic of your truth;
All the cold the year can hoard,
 Can not chill the pulse of youth.

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Pleasant paths are yours to choose,
Merry songs are yours to sing;
Blushing in the sun and dews,
Like the early flowers of spring.

Fairy whispers come to you,
Blown by breezes light and gay;
Fairy fingers beckon, too,
Hour by hour, and day by day.

Happy girlhood! faint and far,
Ring the bells that bid you wake;
Shines aloft the morning star;
All the sweet is yours to take.

Happy girlhood—linger on!
Possibilities are yours,
Cold realities are met,
When we leave your happy shores.

LUTHER.

In December Luther ventured the last step from which there could be no retreat. The Pope had condemned Luther's writings to the fire. On the 10th of December, Luther solemnly burned at Wittenberg a copy of the Papal Decretals. "Because," he said, "thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, let eternal fire consume thee." The students of the university sang the Te Deum around the pile and completed the sacrifice with flinging into the flames the Bull which had been brought by Eck. Luther trembled he said, before the daring deed was accomplished, but when it was done he was better pleased than with any act of his life. A storm had now burst, he said, which would not end till the day of judgment.

The prophecy was true in a sense deeper than Luther intended. The intellectual conflict which is still raging is the yet uncompleted outcome of that defiance of established authority. Far and wide the news flew. Pamphlets, poems, satires, showered from the printing-presses. As in the dawn of Christianity, house was set against house, and fathers against their sons and daughters. At Rome the frightened courtiers told each other that the monk of Wittenberg was coming with seventy thousand barbarians to sack the Holy City, like another Attila.

The Pope replied with excommunicating Luther and all his adherents, and laying the country which harbored him under the threatened interdict. The Elector gave no sign: all eyes were looking to the young Emperor. An Imperial Diet was called, to meet at Worms in 1521, at which Charles was to be present in person, and there Luther was to come and answer for himself. The Elector remembered the fate of John Huss at Constance. Charles undertook for Luther's safety; but a safe-conduct had not saved Huss, and Popes could dispense with promises. Luther himself had little hope, but also no fear. "I

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will go," he said, "if I am to be carried sick in my bed. I am called of the Lord when the Kaiser calls me. I trust only that the Emperor of Germany will not begin his reign with shedding innocent blood. I would rather be murdered by the Romans."

The Diet met on the 21st of January. The princes assembled, and the young Emperor came for the first time face to face with them, with a fixed purpose to support the insulted majesty of the spiritual sovereign of Christendom.

Luther needed God to stand by him, for in all that great gathering he could count on few assured friends. The princes of the empire were resolved that he should have fair play, but they were little inclined so far to favor a disturber of the public peace. The Diet sate in the bishop's palace and the next evening Luther appeared. The presence in which he found himself would have tried the nerves of the bravest of men; the Emperor, sternly hostile, with his retinue of Spanish priests and nobles; the archbishops and bishops, all of opinion that the stake was the only fitting place for so insolent a heretic; the dukes and barons, whose stern eyes were little likely to reveal their sympathy, if sympathy any of them felt. One of them only, George of Frendsberg, had touched Luther on the shoulder as he passed through the ante-room. "Little monk, little monk," he said, "thou hast work before thee that I and many a man whose trade is war, never faced the like of. If thy heart is right and thy cause good, go on in God's name. He will not forsake thee."

A pile of books stood on a table when he was brought forward. An officer of the court read the titles, asked if he acknowledged them, and whether he was ready to retract them.

Luther was nervous, not without cause. He answered in a low voice that the books were his. To the other question he could not reply at once; he demanded time. His first appearance had not left a favorable impression; he was allowed a night to consider.

The next morning, April 18th, he had recovered himself; he came in fresh, courageous, and collected. His old enemy, Eck, was this time the spokesman against him, and asked what he was prepared to do.

He said firmly that his writings were of three kinds; some on simple Gospel truth, which all admitted, and which of course he could not retract; some against Papal laws and customs, which had tried the consciences of Christians, and had been used as excuses to oppress and spoil the German people. If he retracted these he would cover himself with shame. In a third sort he had attacked particular persons, and perhaps had been too violent. Even here he declined to retract simply, but would admit his fault if fault could be proved.

He gave his answers in a clear, strong voice, in Latin first and then in German. There was a pause and then Eck said that he had spoken disrespectfully; his heresies had been already condemned at the Council of Constance; let him retract on these special points, and he should have consideration for the rest. He required a plain Yes or No from him "without horns." The taunt roused his blood. His full, brave self was in his reply. "I will give you an answer," he said, "which has neither horns nor teeth. Popes have erred and councils have erred. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong and I submit; till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

All day long the storm raged. Night had fallen, and torches were lighted in the hall before the sitting closed. Luther was dismissed at last; it was supposed

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and perhaps intended that he was to be taken to a dungeon. But the hearts of the lay members of the Diet had been touched by the courage which he had shown. They would not permit a hand to be laid on him. Duke Eric of Brunswick handed him a tankard of beer which he had himself half drained. When he had reached his lodging again, he flung up his hands. "I am through!" he cried, "I am through! If I had a thousand heads, they should be struck off one by one before I would retract." The same evening the Elector Frederick sent for him, and told him he had done well and bravely.

But though he had escaped so far, he was not acquitted. Charles conceived that he could now be dealt with as an obstinate heretic. At the next session (the day following), he informed the Diet that he would send Luther home to Wittenberg, there to be punished as the church required. The utmost that his friends could obtain was that further efforts should be made. The Archbishop of Treves was allowed to tell him that if he would acknowledge the infallibility of councils he might be permitted to doubt the infallibility of the Pope. But Luther stood simply upon Scripture. There and there only was infallibility. The Elector ordered him home at once, till the Diet should decide upon his fate; and he was directed to be silent on the way with significant reference to his Erfurt sermon. A majority in the Diet, it was now clear, would pronounce for his death. If he was sentenced by the Great Council of the Empire, the Elector would be no longer able openly to protect him. It was decided that he should disappear, and disappear so completely that no trace of him should be discernible. On his way back through the Thuringian Forest, three or four miles from Altenstein, a party of armed men started out of the wood, set upon his carriage, seized and carried him off to Wartburg Castle. There he remained, passing by the name of the Ritter George, and supposed to be some captive knight. The secret was so well kept that even the Elector's brother was ignorant of his hiding-place. Luther was as completely lost as if the earth had swallowed him. Some said he was with Von Sickingen; others, that he had been murdered. Authentic tidings of him there were none. On the 8th of May the Edict of Worms was issued, placing him under the ban of the empire; but he had become "as the air invulnerable," and the face of the world had changed before he came back to it.

Luther's abduction and residence at Wartburg is the most picturesque incident in his life. He dropped his monk's gown and was dressed like a gentleman; he let his beard grow and wore a sword. In the castle he was treated as a distinguished guest. Within the walls he was free to go where he liked. He rode in the forest with an attendant, and as the summer came on, walked about and gathered strawberries. In August there was a two days' hunt, at which, as Ritter George, he attended and made his reflections upon it. "We caught a few hares and partridges," he said; "a worthy occupation for idle people." In the "nets and dogs" he saw the devil entangling or pursuing human souls. A hunted hare ran to his feet; he sheltered it for a moment, but the hounds tore it in pieces. "So," he said, "rages the Pope and Satan to destroy those whom I would save." The devil, he believed, haunted his own rooms. That he threw his ink-bottle at the devil, is unauthentic; but there were noises in his boxes and closets which, he never doubted, came from his great enemy. When he heard the sounds he made jokes at them and they ceased. "The devil," he said, "will bear any thing better than to be laughed at."

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The revolution, deprived of its leader, ran wild meanwhile. An account of the scene at Worms, with Luther's speeches, and wood-cut illustrations, was printed on broad sheets and circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies. The people were like schoolboys left without a master. Convents and monasteries dissolved by themselves; monks and nuns began to marry; there was nothing else for the nuns to do, turned, as they were, adrift without provision. The mass in most of the churches in Saxony was changed into a communion. But without Luther it was all chaos, and no order could be taken. So great was the need of him that in December he went to Wittenberg in disguise; but it was not yet safe for him to remain there. He had to retreat to his castle again, and in that compelled retreat he bestowed on Germany the greatest of all the gifts which he was able to offer. He began to translate the Bible into clear vernacular German. The Bible to him was the sole infallible authority, where every Christian for himself could find the truth and the road to salvation, if he faithfully and piously looked for it. He had probably commenced the work at the beginning of his stay at the castle. In the spring of 1522, the New Testament was completed. In the middle of March, the Emperor's hands now being fully occupied, the Elector sent him word that he need not conceal himself any longer; and he returned finally to his home and his friends.

The New Testament was printed in November of that year, and became at once a household book in Germany. The contrast visible to the simplest eyes between the tawdry splendid Papacy and Christ and the Apostles, settled forever the determination of the German people to have done with the old idolatry. The Old Testament was taken in hand at once, and in two years half of it was roughly finished. Luther himself, confident now that a special Providence was with him, showered out controversial pamphlets, not caring any longer to measure his words. Adrian VI., Clement VII., clamored for the execution of the Edict of Worms. The Emperor, from a distance, denounced the new Mahomet. But they spoke to deaf ears. The Diet answered only with lists of grievances, and a demand for a free Council, to be held in Germany itself.

As a priest, Luther had taken a vow of celibacy. As a monk he had again bound himself by a vow of chastity.

In priesthood and monkery he had ceased to believe. If the orders themselves were unreal, the vows to respect the rules of those orders might fairly be held to be nugatory. Luther not only held that the clergy, as a rule, might be married, but he thought it far better that they should be married; and the poor men and women, who were turned adrift on the breaking up of the religious houses, he had freely advised to marry without fear or scruple. But still around a vow a certain imagined sanctity persisted in adhering; and when he was recommended to set an example to others who were hesitating, he considered and his friend Melancthon considered, that in his position and with so many indignant eyes turned upon him, he ought not to give occasion to the enemy. Once, indeed, impatiently he said that marry he would to spite the devil. But he had scarcely a home to offer any woman, and no certainty of companionship. He was for some years after the Edict of Worms in constant expectation of being executed as a heretic. He still lived in the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg; but the monks had gone and there were no revenues. He had no income of his own; one suit of clothes served him for two years; the Elector at the end of them gave him a piece of cloth for another.

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The publishers made fortunes out of his writings, but he never received a florin for them. So ill-attended was he that for a whole year his bed was never made, and was mildewed with perspiration. "I was tired out with each day's work," he said, "and lay down and knew no more."

But things were getting into order again in the Electorate. The parishes were provided with pastors, and the pastors with modest wages. Luther was professor at the University, and the Elector allowed him a salary of two hundred gulden a year. Presents came from other quarters, and he began to think that it was not well for him to be alone. In Wittenberg there was a certain Catherine von Bora, sixteen years younger than he, who had been a nun in a distant convent. Her family were noble, but poor; they had provided for their daughter by placing her in the cloister when she was a child of nine; at sixteen she had taken the vows; but she detested the life into which she had been forced, and when the movement began she had applied to her friends to take her out of it. The friends would do nothing; but in April, 1523, she and nine others were released by the people. As they were starving, Luther collected money to provide for them, and Catherine von Bora, being then twenty four years old, came to Wittenberg to reside with the burgomaster, Philip Reichenbach. Luther did not at first like her; she was not beautiful, and he thought that she was proud of her birth and blood; but she was a simple, sensible, shrewd, active woman; she, in the sense in which Luther was, might consider herself dedicated to God, and a fit wife for a religious reformer. Luther's own father was most anxious that he should marry, and in a short time they came to understand each other. So on the 13th of June, 1525, a month after Münzer had been stamped out at Frankenhausen, a little party was collected in the Wittenberg Cloister—Bugenhagen, the town pastor, Professor Jonas, Lucas Cranach (the painter), with his wife, and Professor Apel, of Bamberg, who had himself married a nun; and in this presence Martin Luther and Catherine von Bora became man and wife. It was a nine days' wonder. Philip Melancthon thought his friend was undone; Luther himself was uneasy for a day or two. But the wonder passed off; in the town there was hearty satisfaction and congratulation. The new Elector, John, was not displeased. The conversion of Germany was not arrested. Prussia and Denmark broke with Rome and accepted Luther's catechism. In 1526, at Torgau, the Elector, John, the Landgrave, the Dukes of Brunswick, Lüneberg, Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and Magdeburg, formed themselves into an Evangelical Confederacy. It was a measure of self-defense, for it had appeared for the moment as if the Emperor might again be free for a Papal crusade. The French had been defeated at Pavia; Francis was a prisoner, and Christendom was at Charles' feet. But Francis was soon loose again. In the cross purposes of politics, France and the Pope became allies, and the Pope was the Emperor's enemy. Rome was stormed by a German-Spanish army; and the Emperor, in spite of himself, was doing Luther's work in breaking the power of the great enemy. Then England came into the fray, with the divorce of Catherine and the assertion of spiritual independence: and the Protestant States were left in peace till calmer times and the meeting of the promised Council. In the midst of the confusion, Luther was able to work calmly on, ordering the churches, appointing visitors, or crossing swords with Erasmus, who looked on Luther much as the Pope did—as a wild boar that had broken into the vineyard.

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Luther, however violent in his polemics, was leading meanwhile the quietest of lives. He had taken his garden in hand; he had built a fountain; planted fruit trees and roots and seeds. He had a little farm; he bought threshing instruments, and learned to use the flail. If the worst came to the worst, he found that he could support his family with his hands.

We have seen him hitherto as a spiritual athlete. We now catch a glimpse of him in a softer character. His eldest boy, Hans, had been born four years before. From Coburg he wrote him, perhaps, the prettiest letter ever addressed by a father to a child:

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy. I am pleased to see that thou learnest thy lessons well, and prayest well. Go on thus, my dear boy, and when I come home I will bring you a fine 'fairing.' I know of a pretty garden, where are merry children that have gold frocks and gather nice apples and plums and cherries under the trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses, with gold bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man of the place whose the garden was, and who the children were. He said, 'These are the children who pray and learn and are good.' Then I answered, 'I also have a son who is called Hans Luther. May he come to this garden and eat pears and apples, and ride a little horse, and play with the others?' The man said, 'If he says his prayers, and learns, and is good, he may come; and Lippus and Jost may come,* and they shall have pipes and drums and lutes and fiddles, and they shall dance, and shoot with little crossbows.' Then he showed me a smooth lawn in the garden laid out for dancing, and there the pipes, and drums, and crossbows hung. But it was still early, and the children had not dined; and I could not wait for the dance. So I said 'Dear sir, I will go straight home and write all this to my little boy; but he has an aunt, Lene, that he must bring with him.' And the man answered, 'So it shall be; go and write as you say.' Therefore, dear little boy, learn and pray with a good heart, and tell Lippus and Jost to do the same, and then you will all come to the garden together. Almighty God guard you. Give my love to Aunt Lene, and give her a kiss for me. Your loving father,

MARTIN LUTHER."

We need not specially concern ourselves with the events of the next few years. They were spent in correcting and giving final form to the translation of the Bible, in organizing the churches, in corresponding with the princes, and in discussing the conditions of the long-talked-of Council, and of the terms on which the Evangelicals would consent to take part in it. The peace of Nuremberg seemed an admission that no further efforts would be made to crush the Reformation by violence, and Luther was left to a peaceful, industrious life in his quiet home in Wittenberg. A very beautiful home it was. If Luther's marriage was a scandal, it was a scandal that was singularly happy in its consequences. The house in which he lived, as has been already said, was the old cloister to which he had first been brought from Erfurt. It was a pleasant, roomy building on the banks of the Elbe, and close to the town wall. His wife and he when they married were both penniless, but his salary as professor was raised to three hundred gulden, and some small payments in kind were added from the university. The Elector sent him presents. Denmark, the Free Towns, great men from all parts of Europe paid honor to the deliverer of Germany with offerings of plate or money. The money, even the plate, too, he gave away, for he was profusely generous; and any fugitive nun or brother suffering for the faith never appealed in vain while Luther had a kreutzer. But in his later years his own modest wants were more than amply supplied. He bought a farm, with a house upon it, where his family lived after his death. Katie, as he called his wife, managed every thing; she attended the farm, she kept many

* Melancthon's son Philip, and Jonas' son Jodocus.

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pigs, and doubtless poultry also. She had a fish pond. She brewed beer. She had a strong ruling, administering talent. She was as great in her way as her husband was in his.

"Next to God's word," he said, "the world has no more precious treasure than holy matrimony. God's best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods, and body, and life. There are couples who neither care for their families, nor love each other. People like these are not human beings. They make their homes a hell."

The household was considerable. Five children were born in all. Hans, the oldest, to whom the letter from Erfurt was written, died early. Elizabeth, the next daughter, died also very young. There were three others; Magdalen, Martin, and Paul. Magdalen von Bora, Katie's aunt, the "Lene" of the letter from Coburg, lived with the family. She had been a nun in the same convent with her niece. For her Luther had a most affectionate regard. When she was dying, he said to her, "You will not die; you will sleep away as in a cradle, and morning will dawn, and you will rise and live forever."

Two nieces seemed to have formed part of the establishment, and two nephews also. There was a tutor for the boys, and a secretary. A certain number of the University students boarded in the house—lads perhaps of promise, in whom Luther had a special interest. To his children he was passionately devoted. He had no sentimental weakness; but the simple lightheartedness, the unquestioning confidence and trustfulness of children, was in itself peculiarly charming to him. Life when they came to maturity, would bring its own sorrows with it. A few bright and happy years to look back upon would be something which could not afterward be taken away. He refused boys and girls no kind of innocent enjoyment, and in all the anecdotes of his relations with them, there is an exquisite tenderness and playfulness. His Katie he was not above teasing and occasionally mocking. She was a "Martha" more than a "Mary," always busy, always managing and directing with an eye to business. He was very fond of her. He never seriously found fault with those worldly ways of hers, for he knew her sterling worth; but he told her once he would give her fifty gulden if she would read the Bible through. He called her his Herr Katie, and his Gnädige Frau. The farm which he had bought for her was called Zulsdorf. One of his last letters is addressed to "my heartily beloved housewife, Katherin Lady Luther, Lady Doctor, Lady Zulsdorf, Lady of the Pig-market, and whatever else she may be."

The religious education of his children he conducted himself. His daughter, Magdalene, was an unusually interesting girl. A picture of her remains by Cranach, with large imaginative eyes. Luther saw in her the promise of a beautiful character; she died when she was fourteen, and he was almost heart-broken. When she was carried to her grave, he said to the bearers: "I have sent a saint to heaven; could mine be such a death as hers, I would die at this moment." To his friend Jonas he wrote: "You will have heard that my dearest child is born again in the eternal kingdom of God. We ought to be glad at her departure, for she is taken away from the world, the flesh, and the devil; but so strong is natural love that we can not bear it without anguish of heart, without the sense of death in ourselves. When I think of her words, her gestures, when she was with us and in her departing, even Christ's death can not relieve my agony."

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I return to what remains to be told of Luther's life:

The Council of Trent drew near. After the peace with France, in 1544, the Pope began again to urge the Emperor to make an end of toleration. The free Council once promised, at which the Evangelical Doctors were to be represented, had been changed into a Council of Bishops, to be called and controlled by the Pope, before which the Evangelicals could be admitted only to plead as criminals. How such a Council would decide was not doubtful. The Protestant princes and theologians declined the position which was to be assigned to them, and refused to appear. It was but too likely that, if the peace continued, the combined force of the Empire and of France would be directed against the League of Schmalkald, and that the League would be crushed after all in the unequal struggle.

Luther saw what was coming, and poured out his indignation in the fiercest of his pamphlets.

In the midst of these prospects Luther reached his last birthday. He was tired and sick at heart, and sick in body. In the summer of 1545 he had wished to retire to his farm, but Wittenberg could not spare him, and he continued regularly to preach. His sight began to fail. In January, 1546, he began a letter to a friend, calling himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with." On the 28th of that month he undertook a journey to Eisleben, where he had been born, to compose a difference between the Counts Mansfeldt. He caught a chill on the road, but he seemed to shake it off, and was able to attend to business. He had fallen into the hands of lawyers, and the affair went on but slowly. On the 14th of February he preached, and, as it turned out, for the last time, in Eisleben Church. An issue in the leg, artificially kept open to relieve his system, had been allowed to heal for want of proper attendance. He was weak and exhausted after the sermon. He felt the end near, and wished to be with his family again. "I will get home," he said, "and get into my coffin, and give the worms a fat doctor."

But wife and home he was never to see again, and he was to pass from off the earth at the same spot where his eyes were first opened to the light. On the 17th he had a sharp pain in his chest. It went off, however; he was at supper in the public room, and talked with his usual energy. He retired, went to bed, slept, woke, prayed, slept again; then at midnight called his servant. "I feel strangely," he said; "I shall stay here; I shall never leave Eisleben." He grew restless, rose, moved into an adjoining room, and lay upon a sofa. His two sons were with him, with his friend Jonas. "It is death," he said; "I am going: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Jonas asked him if he would still stand by Christ and the doctrine which he had preached. He said, "Yes." He slept once more, breathing quietly, but his feet grew cold. Between two and three in the morning he died.

The body lay in state for a day; a likeness was taken of him before the features changed. A cast from the face was taken afterward; the athlete expression gone, the essential nature of him—grave, tender, majestic—taking the place of it, as his own disturbed life appears now when it is calmed down into a memory. The Elector, John Frederick, hurried to see him; the Counts Mansfeldt ended beside his body the controversies which he had come to compose. On the 20th he was set on a car to be carried back to Wittenberg, with an armed escort of cavalry. The people of Eisleben attended him to the gates. The church bells

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were tolled in the villages along the road. Two days later he reached his last resting-place at Wittenberg. Melancthon cried after him as they laid him in the grave: "My Father, my Father. The chariot of Israel and horseman thereof."

His will, which is extremely characteristic, had been drawn by himself four years before. He left his wife well provided for, and because legal proceedings might be raised upon his marriage, he committed her to the special protection of the Elector. Children, friends, servants, were all remembered.

"Finally," he said, "seeing I do not use legal forms, I desire all men to take these words as mine. I am known openly in Heaven, on Earth, and in Hell also; and I may be believed and trusted better than any notary. To me, a poor, unworthy, miserable sinner, God, the Father of mercy, has intrusted the Gospel of His dear Son, and has made me therein true and faithful. Through my means many in this world have received the Gospel, and hold me as a true teacher, despite of popes, emperors, kings, princes, priests, and all the Devil's wrath. Let them believe me also in the small matter of my last will and testimony, this being written in my own hand, which otherwise is not unknown. Let it be understood that here is the earnest, deliberate meaning of Doctor Martin Luther, God's notary and witness in his Gospel, confirmed by his own hand and seal.—January 6, 1542."

A CHAPTER ON RINGS.

The wearing of rings is a fashion of great antiquity; and few old fashions have been more generally retained. Signet-rings were very common among princes and nobles, and the seal attached to a deed or letter was a proof of its genuineness. The decree commanding the massacre of the Jews in all parts of the vast dominions of King Ahasuerus, was sent "to the rulers of the people of every province," "and to every people after their language; in the name of King Ahasuerus was it written, and sealed with the king's ring" (Esther iii, 12), and later, when a counter-decree was issued, it was said: "Seal it with the king's ring for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse" (viii, 8).

The signet-ring used by several of the Roman emperors bore the features of the great Augustus. But Nero chronicled at once his own cruelty and his musical vanity by choosing for his device the representation of Apollo slaying Marsyas, when in the unequal musical contest the god had surpassed the man.

Old legends attribute a magic power to rings, as will be remembered by the readers of the Arabian Nights. Old rabbinical traditions represent Solomon as a magician, and some of the stories told of him rival in extravagance the marvelous tales of the princess Scheherazade. One story is told of an evil spirit which made him much trouble but of whom he obtained power to chain "by having taken from him his signet-ring."

When after the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal sent home to Carthage the trophies of his victory, it is said that among them were three bushels of gold rings taken from the hands of the Roman knights, who had fallen in the slaughter of that terrible day. When, afterward, the great Carthaginian had himself been forced to yield to the foe, and the ambassadors of Rome required him to be given up by the King of Bithynia, in whose country he had found refuge, it was from the signet-ring which he always wore that he took the poison long since secreted there,

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to preserve him from the last degradation of marching, a chained captive, beside the triumphal car of a Roman general.

Old authors assert that Pyrrhus had a ring on whose stone were veins forming the figures of Apollo and the nine muses. This legend gives Addison a comparison for Shakespeare, who, he says, like this gem, "contains in himself all the seeds of poetry."

A modern fashion, though now an old one, was that of giving mourning-rings in memory of friends; occasionally left as legacies, but often distributed at the funeral. They were of various forms and devices; sometimes set with the hair of the deceased; inscribed with the name and the date of death, or with a text or motto; sometimes marked with a "skull and cross-bones." One now in existence was presented to Judge Cushing, of Massachusetts. It is in black and gold, in form and finish resembling a wreath, and encircled with the inscription, "Madm. L. Dudley, OB. 24 Octo. 1756, AE. 72."

Rings were used as ratifying solemn engagements in the investiture of dignitaries of various ranks. When Pharoah made Joseph his viceroy, "he took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand; and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen and put a gold chain about his neck" (Gen. xli, 42). A ring was given at the consecration of a bishop; at the coronation of a monarch. A newly-elected Pope receives the signet-ring called "the fisherman's ring," from the symbol engraved upon it. At his death it is broken in solemn form, and his successor receives a new one.

The ancient coronation-ring of England (said to have come down from Edward the Confessor), was called in the quaint language of the old heralds and chroniclers, "the wedding-ring of England." James II., when fleeing from his kingdom, had kept it, and his successors received another. It is reported that Cardinal York, the last surviving grandson of James, sent it to the present royal family of England, and that it has been worn by the later sovereigns. (The Cardinal died in 18—.)

Rings were used as pledges in many instances, often sent when a verbal message might have been forgotten, or a letter read by eyes for which it was not intended (not to mention the fact that reading and writing were rare accomplishments), a ring served to convey a message, or to remind the receiver of the love and protection of the giver. This custom is frequently alluded to in the old romances, and the chivalric pages of Sir Walter Scott supply many an illustration. Thus in the Lady of the Lake:

> "I crave an audience of the king;
> Behold to back my suit, a ring,
> The royal pledge of grateful claims."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "The signet-ring young Lewis took
> With deep respect and altered look;
> And said, 'This ring our duties own—'"

The fatal gift to James IV. of Scotland wrought unnumbered woes to his country:

> "For the fair queen of France
> Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
> And charged him, as her knight and love
> For her to break a lance;
> And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
> And march three miles on Southron land,
> And bid the banners of his band
> In English breezes dance."—*Marmion.*

All this ended in the field of Flodden, when Scotland rang with the cry of mourning. This turquoise ring is supposed to be the ring still preserved with James' sword and dagger, brought as trophies from the field.

The story of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex has been by turns told and contradicted. It is said that in the height of his favor he had received from her a

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ring, which, if sent her when he was in adversity or danger, should insure protection and kindness. When in prison he bribed a boy whom he saw from his window to carry the ring to Lady Scrope, his cousin, but the boy, by mistake, gave it to her sister, the Countess of Nottingham (both ladies personal attendants of the Queen). The Countess, by the advice of her husband (an enemy of Essex), withheld the token. The unfortunate Essex was beheaded. The Countess of Nottingham, on her death-bed, pricked by conscience, sent for the Queen, and made a confession. Elizabeth herself, touched by remorse and transported with anger, fiercely cried: "God may forgive you, but I never will!"

In 1558, during the last illness of Queen Mary, Elizabeth, then in seclusion at Hatfield, had engaged Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to bring her the earliest possible intelligence of her sister's death. Being told that the Queen had just breathed her last, he hastened immediately to convey the tidings. But previous unfounded reports of the kind had been in circulation, and the wary Elizabeth sent him back to London to request one of the ladies who was in her confidence to send her, as a token (if the Queen were really dead), the black enameled ring which Her Majesty constantly wore. This is said to have been the betrothal-ring received from Philip of Spain. Mary died while Throckmorton was on his way back, and before he again saw Elizabeth she had received the official announcement from the Privy Council. Forty-five years later, when, toward the close of Elizabeth's life, so many of the English courtiers were looking toward Scotland, desiring to insure the peaceful succession of James, turning, as their haughty mistress said in the bitterness of her soul, "from the setting, to worship the rising sun," Lady Scrope had received from the Scottish King a sapphire ring which the messenger of the Queen's death should carry to him as a token of trustworthiness. The moment Elizabeth expired Lady Scrope dropped the ring from the window to her brother, Sir Robert Carey, who had been waiting outside, anxiously expecting the news. He hastened to Scotland "without stop or stay," and, proving himself an accredited messenger, was admitted to the King's chamber, and rousing James from his slumbers, hailed him "King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland!" "He asked me," says Carey, "what letters I had from the Privy Council. I told him none, yet had I brought him *a blue ring* from a fair lady which I hoped would give him assurance that I spoke the truth. He took it, and looked upon it, and said: 'It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger.'" We read without regret that the Privy Council "greatly reprobated the officiousness of the self-appointed envoy."

In 1568, when the unfortunate Mary Stuart, having lost friends and kingdom, resolved to seek refuge in England, she based her hopes upon a "token-ring" which she had received long before from Elizabeth, with the customary promise of friendship and assistance. The ring had been kept from her with other valuables, and she was, for some time, unable to obtain it. Having, at last, received it, she sent it, with a touching message, to Elizabeth. Of the result of her appeal, and the value of her pledge, history has long since told. The ring is described as "a delicate piece of mechanism, consisting of separate joints, which, when united, formed the quaint device of two right hands supporting a heart between them. This heart was composed of two separate diamonds, held together by a central spring, which, when opened, would allow either of the halves to be detached."

The night before her death, Mary

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Stuart divided her ornaments among her friends and attendants, and sent some tokens to the absent. Taking a ring from her finger she sent it, with a loving message, to her brave kinsman, Lord John Hamilton, by whose descendants it has been faithfully kept. The executioners refused her request that her body, directly after death, might be cared for by her women, fearing they themselves in that case might not be able to secure her garments and ornaments which by the laws of their calling, were their perquisites. But a ring "bearing the monogram of Henry and Mary Stuart" was found comparatively recently, among the ruins of Fotheringay Castle. It is supposed to be the ring which she gave to Darnley, at his investiture as Duke of Albany, and it is thought that it might have dropped from her hand in the last agony, and been swept away unnoticed in the saw-dust around the block.

Of betrothal and marriage-rings an old author says: "The form of the ring being circular, that is, round and without end, importeth thus much: that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle—and that continually and forever."

> "And as this round
> Is nowhere found
> To flaw or else to sever;
> So let our love
> As endless prove
> And pure as gold forever."
> —*Herrick.*

The fashions have been various; for betrothal-rings, "joint-rings," were often given; also "gimmal-rings," sometimes called "gimbal" and "jumbal;" *i. e.*: a double or twisted ring. Old superstitions attached great importance to certain stones, which were thought to grow pale in the illness or unfaithfulness of the giver. This was said especially of the ruby.

Mottoes were frequently inscribed in wedding-rings. The following are a few:

> "In thee my choyce
> I do rejoyce."

> "In unitie
> Let's live and die."

> "In love abide
> Till death divide."

> "God alone
> Made us two one."

The wedding-ring of Anne of Cleves, the fourth Queen of Henry VIII, of England, was inscribed, "God send me well to keep."

Anxious correspondents frequently write to the inquiry columns of popular papers to ask on which finger the betrothal-ring should be placed; and we observe they are variously answered. No such question is asked as to the marriage-ring which ancient usage of the Roman and Anglican Churches has placed "on the fourth finger of the left hand." Formerly it was first put on the thumb, then on each finger till it reached its destined place with the last words of the sacred formula.

One reason given by old writers for the selection of this finger is, that "it is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it can not be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness." Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682) says: "An opinion there is which magnifies the fourth finger of the left hand, presuming therein a cordial relation, that a particular vessel, nerve, vein, or artery is conferred thereunto from the heart; and therefore that hath especially the honor to bear our rings." But he afterward acknowledges that "inspection does not confirm" this idea.

During the time of the Commonwealth, the Puritans endeavored to abolish the

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use of the wedding-ring, principally on account of its alleged "heathen" origin. In many of the various denominations the use of it is optional, but the Anglican Church has made it essential to the ceremony, and some ludicrous stories are told concerning it. At the sudden marriage of the Duke of Hamilton to Miss Gunning, one of the famous "Irish beauties," a wedding-ring having been forgotten, the lack was supplied by the ring of a curtain. But still greater readiness of resource was displayed by a parish clerk at the marriage of two poor persons who having gone to church without the indispensable symbol, were kindly accommodated with the temporary use of the *church-door key*.

OLD TRAVELERS, No. 1.

Marco Polo, one of the greatest of early travelers, was born about the middle of the thirteenth century of a noble family in Venice.

The circumstances attending his youth are interesting and melancholy. Tempted by the prospect of some brilliant speculations, his father and his uncle both set out from Venice for Constantinople soon after his birth, not returning to their native country until he had attained his sixteenth year. Nor was the absence of a father's care supplied by a mother's tenderness—his mother died shortly after giving him birth, so that he had grown up without having known either of his parents.

The causes which had led to the prolonged wanderings of the elder Poli were these:

On their arrival at Constantinople, which was then in possession of the Franks, having been conquered some years before by a conjoint armament of French and Venetians, Nicolo and his brother disposed of the Italian merchandise they had carried thither, and looked about as to how they could best employ the capital they had realized by the sale of those goods. While doing this they learned that a new, a distant, but a promising market for costly articles which could be easily carried, had arisen on the banks of the Wolga among the Western Tartars, who, after doing incalculable mischief to many provinces of Asia and of Europe, had quietly settled and even built cities near to that river.

As soon as they were well assured of this fact, the two enterprising brothers converted their money into valuable jewels said to be in demand among the Tartars, and in the year 1254 or 1255, departed by sea from Constantinople, crossed the Euxine or Black Sea, and landed on the Crimea. Proceeding thence, sometimes by land and at others by water, they at last reached the court or camp of the Tartar Prince, Barkah, who was grandson to the great conqueror, Gengis-Khan. This prince not only treated them with justice, but with high consideration and munificence. The Poli stayed twelve months with him, and learned his language. At the end of that period they would have returned homeward with the double profits they had made, but just at that moment hostilities broke out between their protectors and another nation or horde of Tartars, and cut off their road to Constantinople. On this disappointment they determined to pursue a safe but very circuitous route that led them by the head of the Caspian Sea, the river Jaxartes, and the deserts of Transoxiana to the celebrated and commercial city of Bokhara.

The brothers performed this arduous

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journey and reached Bokhara in safety. Whilst staying there, a Tartar ambassador on his way to Kublai-Khan, the great conqueror of China, rested at Bokhara and made their acquaintance. This noble envoy was so delighted with their wit and intelligence, and their speaking the Tartar language, that he endeavored to induce them to forego for the present all thoughts of home, and accompany him to Kublai-Khan's court. Their return into Europe was beset by increasing difficulties resulting from wars and revolutions—before them was a prospect of great gain and good treatment; so, accordingly, the adventurous brothers, recommending themselves to the protection of God, agreed to accompany the Tartar ambassador to what was then considered the extremity of the eastern world. Starting from Bokhara, they traveled a whole year before they reached the grand Khan or emperor's residence.

Kublai, who for his race and age was a very enlightened sovereign, gave the Poli a gracious and encouraging reception. As their familiarity at court increased, in the course of long conversations with the Khan they gave him ample information as to the potentates of the western world, and more particularly the Pope, whose influence in propelling the hordes of Europe upon Asia, in the crusades, rendered him important in the eyes of Kublai. So satisfied was the Tartar conqueror with all they told him, and so convinced was he of their integrity, from the experience he had had of them in matters of commerce, that he resolved they should make the best of their way back to Italy, and, accompanied by an officer of his court, repair to Rome, as his ambassadors to the Pope. After a long stay, they therefore took their leave of Kublai, and set out to retrace their steps to Europe. Unfortunately, the Tartar nobleman who was to accompany them soon sunk under ill-health and the fatigues of the journey, and they were obliged to leave him behind; but under favor of the imperial tablet or passport*, they traveled on toward the Mediterranean, and in three years—and not sooner!—arrived at a seaport in the kingdom of Lesser Armenia. Here they embarked, and in April, 1269, reached the famous city of Acre, then in possession of the crusaders.

The see of Rome was then vacant by the death of Clement IV., and, as was not rarely the case during the middle ages, the Sacred College was long ere it elected a new pope. Waiting until there should be a pontiff to whom they might present themselves as Kublai's ambassadors, and naturally anxious to see their home after so many years of absence, the Poli embarked in a ship bound for the Eubœa (now Negropont) and Venice. On their arrival at Venice they found that Marco was approaching the years of manhood, and that he had been well brought up. The Sacred College was distracted by inveterate factions, who could not agree in the election of a pope. After the brothers Poli had waited two years in Italy in vain for that event, they resolved to repair to the Romish legate at Acre, who might, to a certain extent, assume the functions of a pope. Accordingly they left Venice, accompanied by Marco who was now between seventeen and eighteen years old, and whose youthful imagination was inflamed by the recitals of his father's and uncle's travels to the remote regions of the East.

The legate at Acre, Tebaldo di Vicenza, listened favorably to the suggestions of the Poli, and furnished them with letters for the Tartar emperor. But scarcely had the travelers embarked at

* Passports existed in China many centuries before they were adopted in Europe. A Chinese passport is a much better thing than a European one, as it insures the bearer gratuitous accommodation, and, generally, food on the road.

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Acre when intelligence was received that the cardinals had, at last, elected a pope, who was the legate Tebaldo. The new Pope sent messengers to overtake the Poli, who returned, and were soon after dismissed with letters papal of more dignified style, and the Pope's benediction. Two monks were also added to their retinue as bearers of Gregory's present to Kublai, and as persons suitable to carry on the work of conversion. The friars, however, had not the zeal and courage of the merchants, for, on finding that the Sultan of Egypt was invading part of the country they had to traverse, they left the Poli, and hastened back to the coast.

Marco and his father and uncle meanwhile struck boldly into the interior of Asia. They followed a northeasterly course, availing themselves of the protection of caravans as they occurred, and seem to have gone through the Greater Armenia, Persian Irak, Khorassan, and by the trading city of Balkh into the country of Badakhshan, where, near to the sources of the river Oxus, they tarried a whole year. This long stay may have arisen from their being obliged to wait for the formation of a powerful caravan to cross the dangerous chains of mountains—the Belut-tag and Muz-tag—or from a severe illness young Marco suffered at this place, or, still more probably, from the union of these two causes. Their time, however, was not unprofitably spent, for though they did not visit those regions, they obtained from native travelers a knowledge of Kashmir and other countries on the confines of India.

When they left the country of Badakhshan and the sources of the Oxus, they proceeded through the great valley then called Vokhan. After this valley their road ascended to the lofty and wild regions of Pamer and Belôr, which are still imperfectly known to geography, and which Marco describes as being so high that no birds are found on them and fire burns dully near their summits. No sign of a human habitation or a blade of grass was not seen for many days, and the district of Belôr, moreover, was infested by a tribe of cruel savages clad in the skins of wild beasts.

After fifty-two days' hard traveling in these inhospitable regions, the Poli arrived safely at the city of Kashgar, a place of great trade and resort for caravans, which had been till lately the capital of an independent state, but was now included in the spreading dominions of Kublai-Khan. Marco's description of this place, which still is, as it then was, the emporium for the trade between Tartary, India, and China, will give our readers a good notion of the concise, pithy style, in which the old Italian traveler described what he had seen.

"Its inhabitants are of the Mahometan religion. The province is extensive, and contains many towns and castles, of which Kashgar is the largest and most important. The language of the people is peculiar to themselves. They subsist by comme:ce and manufacture, particularly works of cotton. They have handsome gardens, orchards, and vineyards. Abundance of cotton is produced there, as well as flax and hemp. Merchants from this country travel to all parts of the world; but in truth they are a covetous, sordid race, eating badly and drinking worse. Beside the Mahometans there are among the inhabitants several Nestorian Christians, who are permitted to live under their own laws, and to have their churches. The extent of the province is five days' journey."*

The still more celebrated city of Samarkand lay far to the west of their present route; but Marco, who it would seem visited that place at a later p[illegible] when in the service of Kublai-K[illegible] mentions it incidentally here. O[illegible]

*Marsden's Translation.

ting Kashgar the travelers went through the Alpine regions of Yerken or Yarkund, where Marco observed that the inhabitants were afflicted with elephantiasis in their legs, and with goitres or huge swellings in their necks. He describes the inhabitants of these regions as being much addicted to trade, and as cultivating very extensively not only grain and cotton, but flax and hemp.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

"A very nice room," said Aunt Lute, looking about. "But, dear me, this will never do! That portrait must come down, or I can not sleep here!"

We looked at each other. The room was our spare-room, and the portrait was that of dear, pretty Aunt Polly, who married and went to Europe only last year.

"But, why, Aunt Lute?" asked Nannie, at last.

"Why?" said Aunt Lute. "Surely you must know! Nothing would induce me to sleep in the room with a portrait, lest the original should come and haunt me!"

"But, Aunt Polly isn't dead!" I ventured to say.

"She may be, for aught you know," said Aunt Lute, stoutly.

We all shivered, for we loved Aunt Polly dearly.

Dick was going to speak, but Nannie stopped him. Her pretty brows were ruffled, and there was a perplexed look in her blue eyes.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "The servants have gone to bed, and no other room is ready. Dick, could you get the picture down—if Aunt Lute really can not stand it."

She paused, hopefully, but Aunt Lute said nothing.

"Get it down?" said Dick. "O, yes, I can get it down fast enough, but it's all blessed nonsense!"

Luckily, the last words were muttered too low to reach Aunt Lute's ears.

Before I go any further, I might as well tell you something about ourselves. There are five children of us, from Nannie, who is sixteen, down through me (I'm Alice), Dick and Milly (the twins), to Baby Guy. We have a father and mother, like other children, but, just at this time, they were away. Papa had been sick, and the doctor ordered a change of air for him. Mamma and Guy had gone with him, and Aunt Lutetia Fanshawe, papa's eldest sister, had just come to take care of us while they were away. We had given her supper, and now we had all come up to show her to her room. When Dick had taken down the portrait and set it in the hall, we bade her good-night and went off to do a little wondering among ourselves.

We were all in the dining-room when Aunt Lute came down the next morning. Before she spoke to us, she stooped to pick up a pin from the floor, and we heard her say:

"See a pin and let it lie,
You'll come to want before you die."

It was all right to pick up the pin, and there was no particular harm in her little rhyme, though it did sound rather funny. But when she went on to say how lucky it was the head of the pin lay toward her, for if it had been the point it would have meant bad luck, why, we all laughed, for we supposed it was a joke. Aunt Lute looked vexed for a minute, then she smiled in a sad sort of way, and said:

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"Ah, children, if as many omens had come true for you as for me, you would not laugh!"

We were so surprised to find she was in earnest, that we all looked grave at once. Just then Aunt Lute gave a little cry as she saw a letter lying by her plate:

"Here's my good luck, now," she said. "A letter from my brother, already! Surely, you must believe in the pin now!"

We didn't believe in it much, especially as the letter told us very little—only that they had reached Old Point Comfort safely, and papa was no worse. But Aunt Lute talked so much about the pin, and was so sure it had brought the letter, that we felt quite puzzled at last. I remember that, on the same day, I caught my dress on a rail and tore it. I was just going to sew it up, when Aunt Lute caught the needle out of my hand.

"What *are* you doing, you foolish child?" she cried. "Don't you know that if you—

'Mend your gown upon your back,
Sorrow and trouble you'll never lack?'

Go up-stairs and take it off instead of flying in the face of Providence in that way!"

"*Providence!*" I said; but Nannie frowned at me.

"Mamma would not let you do it, either, Alice," she said, "because it is untidy. You can't mend it properly without taking it off."

"Any reason is a good one, so long as you take it off before you mend it," said Aunt Lute, smiling in such a knowing way that we really began to wonder whether mamma's true reason could have been the same as hers.

A few nights after that there was a new moon. Nannie looked up as we sat at tea, and saw its pearly boat sailing across the window, through the pale grey of the twilight sky.

"O, Aunt Lute," she cried. "Just look at the dear, dainty love of a new moon!"

Aunt Lute started, but she never turned her head.

"Dear Nannie, how can you be so thoughtless!" she cried. "Don't you know that it is the worst luck in the world for one woman to point out the new moon to another? Then, too, if I looked at it now, I should see it over my left shoulder and through glass, and I have not a cent in my pocket."

"What difference does that make?" asked Nannie.

"All the difference in the world," said Aunt Lute. "Through glass, or over the left shoulder means ill-luck; no money in your pocket means that you will have no money all the month. Dick, will you be kind enough to open the window and point out the new moon to me? But, first, have any of you any money?"

Yes, Milly had a penny, which she produced with modest pride, and which Aunt Lute slipped into her own pocket. Then she shut her eyes tight and backed up to the window, which Dick had opened. Standing with her back to it, she turned her head over her right shoulder, opened her eyes and gazed steadily and silently at the little white moon.

"Now, Dick, it is your turn;" she said, "take the penny—"

"But it's borrowed, Aunt Lute," said Dick, "I don't want to have borrowed money in my pocket all the month."

"Borrowed or not, the luck is the same," said Aunt Lute, solemnly.

"Suppose it should be counterfeit. Would the luck be the same then?" asked Dick.

"I don't know," said Aunt Lute, looking puzzled, "I must consider that point. But now look at the moon, and make a wish before you speak."

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"What for?" said Dick, gazing stolidly at the sky.

"Foolish boy!" cried Aunt Lute, in almost a shriek. "You are looking at it straight before you. That means that you will be driven to death all the month. You have no money in your pocket, and you have lost your wish because you spoke before you made it."

"Let me look," cried Milly, jumping up. "I want to wish for papa to get well."

"But you must not tell your wish," said Aunt Lute. "You will have to make another now, for you have spoiled that one. Dick, point out the moon to your sister."

But Dick thrust his hands deep down into his pockets.

"Blamed if I will," he said, laughing. "She knows where it is as well as I do. S'pose if I've lost my luck I 'm going to pass it on to another fellow? Not that I believe in it. It's all nonsense, anyhow."

So saying, Dick flung himself down in his chair again, and fell to at the bread and honey. The rest of us, half in fun and half in a sort of sheepish earnest, tried our luck, passing along the penny and wishing our little wishes over our right shoulders. Milly's place at table was always beside Dick. As she came back to her seat her sleeve knocked the spoon out of the salt-cellar, and a little salt was sprinkled upon the cloth between them.

"Dear, dear! how sad," said Aunt Lute. "You two twins to quarrel!"

"Quarrel?" said Milly, "O, that about the moon was nothing. Dick did'nt mean it, did you, Dick?"

"Not much," said Dick laughing. "If I can't have luck myself, I'd rather Milly'd have it than any fellow I know. She 's a good sort, Milly is."

"That is just what makes it so sad," said Aunt Lute. "You 're bound to quarrel, now that salt has been spilled between you, unless each one takes up a pinch and throws it over the left shoulder."

"O, we will!" cried Milly, eagerly catching up a pinch. "Now, Dick!"

But Dick sat still.

"It's all nonsense," he said stolidly. "I tell you I won't, Milly, and we ain't going to fight, salt or no salt."

Aunt Lute shook her head.

"You'd better do it, Dick," she said. "I hate family dissensions."

"Do, Dick," pleaded Milly tearfully. "It would be so horrid for us to quarrel."

"I won't, so there!" said Dick. "It's all nonsense, and I 'm not going to give in to it. If the rest of you choose to make fools of yourselves, you can, but I won't, that 's flat."

"Do you think I 'm a fool, Dick?" asked Milly plaintively.

"All girls are fools, I believe," grunted Dick.

"But I don't like to be called a fool," said Milly.

"Then don't be one," said Dick.

"But I *won't* be called a fool!" said Milly.

"How are you going to help it?" said Dick.

Then, for the first time in all her life, Milly flew into a rage with Dick, and abused him roundly. Dick just sat still and grinned, while Aunt Lute listened and shook her head and groaned. The end of it was that Milly went off crying, and Dick, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered out of the room whistling.

"Dear, dear! how sad," said Aunt Lute. "And all because of Dick's obstinacy. Be warned in time, girls, and the next time you spill salt, be sure and throw a pinch over your left shoulder without delay."

I suppose it would make my story too long if I told you the whole history of

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those days. I must just pick out little bits, here and there, to show you how things went. Aunt Lute had signs and omens ready-made for every thing. When a lamp-chimney burst, it meant that somebody was going to die. We were dreadfully afraid that it was papa, but luckily it was only Milly's grey kitten, that fell down the cellar stairs in a fit and broke its neck. When the cat washed her face over her left ear, we must all stay home from an excursion, because it was a sure sign of rain. The queerest thing was that it did rain, not where we were, but only ten miles away. The excursion party did not get a drop, but we all agreed that the cat had not washed her ear for nothing. Then we found that Aunt Lute could interpret dreams, so we got into the way of telling our dreams at breakfast and asking what they meant. We did it half in fun at first, but when two or three of them had come true, we began to believe that there was something in it. For instance, Nannie dreamed one night that she was dressed all in white to go to a party, and on the way she picked up a ten-dollar gold piece. Aunt Lute said that Nannie's being dressed in white meant that she would soon hear of a death, and that picking up large pieces of money meant that she would have good luck. Well, would you believe it? that very day we heard that the Czar of Russia had been killed! That was the death, of course. Then that same afternoon she found a ten-cent piece in the street, and there was her dream all out as plain as any thing could be. Do you wonder that we believed in dreams and omens after that?

It was'nt only dreams and omens with Aunt Lute, though. She knew the greatest lot of beautiful ghost stories—the kind that make you feel crawly at the roots of the hair, and send lovely squiggles up your back. The best of it was that they were all true, or so she said. Some of them had happened to her, and some to people she knew. They used to scare Milly so that she had to go and sleep with Aunt Lute, but Nannie and Dick and I didn't mind. Nannie and I slept together, so we could take hold of each other if we got scared in the night. Dick's room was on the other side of the hall from ours, but so near that he could call out if he wanted to, but he never did. He was a boy, you know. and boys don't scare easily.

One night Aunt Lute told us a beautiful story about the very house we lived in. It was an old, old house, built before the Revolution, and some of our people had lived in it always. There were slaves in the North then, and our family had lots of them. Among others there was old Maum Hagar, who went crazy, and they had to keep her chained in the attic. Sometimes she would break her chain, and go clanking through the house until they caught her and fastened her up again.

"And Maum Hagar has 'walked' ever since," said Aunt Lute. "Not always, of course, but just now and then. People have heard the clatter of her heavy shoes and the clank of her chains as plainly as they ever heard them in life. Nobody has ever seen her, though; if they did they would die. So, if ever you hear her, cover up your heads and don't peep, as you value your lives."

We thought we should certainly take Aunt Lute's advice.

Nannie and I went up stairs hand in hand that night and we felt glad, somehow, that Dick tramped along close behind us whistling "Whoa, Emma!"

It was somewhere toward midnight that Nannie woke me up by pinching my arm. Then she put her hand quickly over my mouth.

"Don't speak, Alice," she whispered "and whatever you do, don't look. You

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remember what Aunt Lute was telling us last night? Well, *I hear the chains.*"

I was broad awake then, you may be sure, and I listened with all my might. There were the chains, true enough—clank, clank, clank! Then there was a tramp of heavy feet and queer, rustling noises and then the chains again—clank, clank!

"O, Nannie! What shall we do?" I whispered back. "Shall we call Dick? Shall we run into Aunt Lute's room?"

"Hush!" said Nannie, very softly. "We can't run into Aunt Lute's room, for the garret stairs are between. We might meet it, and you know what Aunt Lute said then."

Sure enough, if we saw it we should die. No, we dared not risk that, but oh, it was awful, to lie there and listen to the clank and the clatter, and know what dreadful things were going on in the house! There was only the wall between the garret-stairs and our room, so we were very near to it. Presently, as I lay, I was frightened to feel Nannie shaking.

"What is the matter, Nannie?" I said. "You aren't going to have a fit, are you?"

"No," said Nannie. "I was just thinking how stupid it must be to go tramping up and down those stairs all night long. Why doesn't it go somewhere and do something? I've a great mind to ask it."

"O, don't, Nannie," I cried. "If it knew you were laughing at it, it might get angry and come in here and— O, Nannie, don't!"

"Well, I won't," said Nannie.

Then we both lay still, and listened, and shook with terror, for Nannie's laughter only lasted that minute, and then she was as scared as I was.

After a while I suppose we both went to sleep, for the next thing I remember it was broad daylight. We were both pretty white when we went down to breakfast, and Aunt Lute looked at us in surprise.

"What ails you girls?" she said. "Are you sick?"

Dick cocked his eye at us from the other side of the table, but he never said a word. I was a little bit afraid he would laugh at us, for he always made such fun of Aunt Lute's signs and omens, but Nannie came right out with it.

"No wonder we look sick, Aunt Lute," she said. "Maum Hagar was prowling all night."

"You don't tell me!" cried Aunt Lute, almost dropping the coffee-pot in her amazement. "And I never heard a word of it! Are you sure?"

"Sure?" cried Nannie. "As sure as clanking chains and tramping feet could make us."

I looked across at Dick, fully expecting to see a grin upon his face, but his whole mind seemed bent upon the bread that he was spreading.

"What did you do when you heard the noises?" asked Aunt Lute.

We were just going to tell her when there was a knock at the door, which opened from the dining-room upon the piazza. Then Silas Green, the hired man of the next house, put his head in.

"I just came to tell you," he said, "that Mr. Marsh sent me over here after his two goats. He only bought them yesterday, and last night they worked their chains loose and traipsed off, chains and all."

"Did you find them?" asked Aunt Lute.

"Found 'em fast enough," said Silas. "You'll find their marks on your back piazza. They seem to have spent half the night there, browsin' 'round your swill-pail."

Nannie and I looked at each other. One window of our room was directly over the back piazza, where the goats

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had been tramping about and clanking their chains.

"Now girls," said Aunt Lute, as the door closed behind Silas. "Now tell me all about Hagar."

"Why, Aunt Lute," we cried, "it wasn't Hagar at all. Didn't you hear what Silas said? It was the goats on the piazza, of course. Our fancy played tricks with us, and made us believe the noises came from the garret-stairs. What fools we were not to get up and look!"

But, to our surprise, Aunt Lute would not believe a word of the explanation.

"It was a curious coincidence, my dears, I admit," she said, "but it does not in the least affect the real features of the case. It was fortunate for you that you were too frightened to get up."

"I suppose Aunt Lute is too glad of a new ghost story to give it up easily," said Nannie, as we went up stairs. "But, Alice, I wonder whether all the stories she has been telling us are of the the same sort as this?"

Dick was waiting for us in our room.

"I say girls," he said, "I'm no end glad this has happened. To tell the honest truth, I heard those noises last night, too, and I was scared almost to death. I've made fun of all Aunt Lute's notions, but a fellow can't have things of that sort dinged into him all the time, without coming to think something of them, whether he wants to or not, and when I heard those chains — well, I thought it was all true, sure enough. I'm awful glad it wasn't, though. It's sort of spooky, I think, that every time a fellow stubs his toe or any thing, it means something and you can't tell what, and there's no good in it, after all."

"But some of Aunt Lute's signs did come true," said Milly, who had slipped into the room.

"True," said Dick, with an accent of fine scorn. "Why can't you girls see how she's been bamboozling you? And herself, too, for the matter of that. Just look at it. Why on earth should a little American girl dream of being dressed in white because the Czar of Russia was going to die? If you'd even been a Russian subject, there'd have been some sense in it, but as it was—why, I never heard such bosh! And then when the lamp chimney burst there wasn't any Czar to die, so she had to be satisfied with Milly's cat. If it hadn't been the cat, a mouse would have done as well, I suppose."

"That's so," said Nannie, "and don't you remember when I dreamed of picking up money, she said it meant good luck and when I found ten cents she said that was it? It *was* rather a come-down, when I'd been looking for a fortune, but I never thought of it before."

"Yes," said Milly, "and that time I spilled the salt, it was she made us quarrel, wasn't it, Dick? We'd never have done it, if she hadn't said we were sure to. We won't quarrel again, salt or no salt, will we, Dick?"

"*That* we won't," said Dick, heartily; "but look here, girls, you know she said I wouldn't have any money all the month, because I wouldn't put a penny in my pocket to look at the moon with. All I have to say about it is that Uncle Ralph sent me a five dollar bill this morning and not one of you has a blessed cent. What do you think of that, now?"

Then there was a chorus of "O, Dick!" and "did he really?" and Dick, who hasn't a mean hair in his head, bless him, proposed to take us all out and stand treat to ice-cream.

So that was the end of our talk, but it did us lots of good. Since that day not one of us has cared a fig whether she saw the moon over her right or left shoulder, or whether cats washed their ears or not. When people talk about such things, we look at each other and laugh, for we remember what geese we made of ourselves once.

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THE FRONTIER OF TO-DAY.

LETTERS TO MY NIECES, No. II.

> **The prairie dogs in Dogtown**
> **Will wag each little tail,**
> **And think that something's coming,**
> **A riding on a rail.—*Old Song*.**

All familiar with the Capitol at Washington will doubtless remember the justly celebrated illustration of "Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way." There we see represented the typical pioneers of the past; but Young America, now-a-days, has a better way. The average settler of the present does not shoulder his axe and trudge after a canvas-covered wagon drawn by oxen. The steam engine outruns even the restive, wilderness-loving American. Its voice is heard across the broad plains, over the rolling slopes, and down the perpendicular hills of the far West, preparing the way for an advanced civilization. The first building in a western town is frequently a railway station; the second, is often a hotel. The printing-press is not far behind; that great American Mogul, the newspaper, is soon praising itself and all the surrounding country. Not a local editor on the Western prairie—and their name is legion—but has found the garden of the earth, the El Dorado of the world, the true center of the universe. The schoolmarm and the young preacher come hand in hand (metaphorically of course); and soon the songs of Sankey and the hum of the multiplication table float on the surprised air, reminding the buffalo hunter that soon his "occupation will be gone."

But we must not imagine that these frontier towns attain to all the comforts and luxuries of an Eastern city. They present a curious blending of wilderness and workshop. The packing establishment is on the prairie; pianos are played in tents; cows mingle with deer, and chickens with jack rabbits, while gophers burrow on Main street and Fifth avenue.

As we penetrate the frontier regions of Dakota we find that the railroad has been built hastily; it crooks around the hills and goes up and down like an old New England turnpike, till the rattle of the wheels seems to chant the old rhyme,

> "The King of France with twenty thousand men,
> Marched up a hill and then marched down again."

The engine seems to hesitate and go slowly. It makes long pauses, as though doubtful about the journey. As it puffs and snorts, sending up great clouds of wavy smoke, we imagine that it is shaking its head like a horse forced to travel on dangerous ground. By-and-by, we see herds of antelope cantering, with a kind of rocking-horse gait, leisurely up the slope beside the track. Experience has taught even this timid creature that the revolvers of the "tender-feet" on board the train are harmless.

Then we come to a real city. No humbug this time; 'tis no paper town, no future promise which we are entering, but a real city, several miles in extent, and crowded with population. It is a prairie-dog town. The little citizens, usually so quick to be at home when strangers approach, have become so accustomed to the rattle of the train that they remain standing on the door-steps and street corners watching with a sulky curiosity the new army of invading settlers; for they are not reconciled to this unauthorized invasion of their traditional quiet. I can imagine the worthy burgers of Pseudo-canineville meeting together, making speeches, passing whereases and resolutions, protesting in most emphatic yelp language against the screaming,

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screeching, rattling, puffing, sizzling, quiet-destroying, sleep-breaking son of a hammer. But they share the fate of many other conservatives; their protests are unheeded, and the citizens of the town have to submit; but I fancy that the "flats" near the railway track rent for half their former value.

Now, let us stop for just a moment, if you please, in one of the towns inhabited by human beings. Here is one with an especial attraction. The school-house door is open, and from the car windows we can see the children studying at their home-made desks. Surely this must be a progressive place. Its name, also, indicates appreciation for that which is great and good ; so we will pause here and see what is being done. The whole male population have apparently turned out (to meet us, I suppose, since we are the only passengers to leave the train). It is not simply idle curiosity which has brought them out. This is the season of immigration, and every tender-foot adds to the value of the town. Some one has said that these people "are very careful to entertain strangers, and are not very particular about their being angels, either." This is true to some extent. The stranger is welcome; every one is ready to give him aid and encouragement; they will provide him food and lodging at their own inconvenience; they will help him hunt land and locate a claim ; but when he has been among them forty-eight hours he is an old resident and must take care of himself. The young man who expects to find open doors, who wants to be petted and coddled, invited to tea, and taken into the family, just because he is alone in the world—such a one had better turn his face to the rising sun, and not stop until he can smell the salt spray of the Atlantic ocean.

The people are proud of their town, and have great faith in the future prosperity of the surrounding country. We are surprised to learn that a year before there was not a house within ten miles. True, we saw one of the men who lives on Main street shoot at an antelope from his own door-step; nevertheless, it is something more than a prospective town. Yet, every thing is on a small scale. Some of the dwellings are almost like children's play-houses. The streets are only vacant spaces; and the unpainted houses look like blocks of wood, scattered over the prairie. We make a mistake, however, if we suppose there is any thing irregular in the "town." It is laid out with great care. Ninety degrees is the standard of beauty and utility. When all the lots are built on, the town will be true to line as a needle to the pole—truer, in fact; for a thunder-storm often disturbs the magnetic needle; but nothing short of a cyclone can throw these houses out of line.

A little farther west, we find a larger town. It is less homelike, but has more push. Its age is less than two years; but business is lively, for it has no peer within a hundred miles. It has some six or seven hundred inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are permanent, among which are representatives of many States and nations. The hunters are there, spending the profits of their winter's work; and the Indians of various tribes are sometimes allowed to leave their reservations to trade their ponies for coffee and their moccasins for tobacco.

It is not necessary to remark that these pioneers are not pre-eminently a religious people. Yet, they are by no means indifferent on the subject. They are ready to contribute and encourage. Of course, there are all grades of infidelity represented on the frontier; but there is also manly respect for true Christian character. The hypocrite may find this a hard place to "profess religion;" but the upright, conscientious Christian will be respected, even honored. Drinking and

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gambling are carried on to a considerable extent; but he who wishes to avoid such things will not be disturbed in the manner of life which he chooses. There are ladies and gentlemen in these new towns, not only Nature's noblemen, who carry the heart of gentility under a buckskin jacket, but also those whose manners and dress would be a passport to good society in an Eastern city.

I have never seen a country where a lady could walk about with less fear of insult than here. Wandering over the prairie one day, the writer descended into a valley, where a little stream flows toward the east. There was no sign of human life in sight; and only half a mile away, several hundred Indians were encamped on that same stream; yet, there on the bank was a young lady, whose dress plainly indicated the workmanship of some large city. All alone, with no thought of fear, she was collecting fossils and moss agates.

In fact, the hunters have great respect for ladies; it seems a part of their code of honor. This code, however, in some other respects, is peculiar. I recall a young hunter as he leaned against his beloved roan pony; he had a buckskin suit, a wide-brimmed hat and long hair falling down on his shoulders, a picture both odd and attractive. He was just then very indignant at the suspicion of horse-stealing, which he imagined was falling upon him, and he said very emphatically. "For my part, I never stole a *white* man's horse, and never will; but if any one accuses me of it, his horses will surely go." One evening several hunters got a little excited with drink, and went around the town shooting right and left, not with the intention of injuring any one, but just for fun. The citizens knew, however, if an attempt was made to arrest them, there would be shooting in earnest; the law would triumph, perhaps, but the triumph would not be worth the lives it might cost; so they were allowed to continue their dangerous sport, unmolested. They soon espied a young tender-foot who seemed fair game. They covered him with their rifles and ordered him to "whistle or treat." He turned a little pale, for he knew that the slip of a finger would send him into eternity; but he was made of the same flesh and blood as the hunters; he neither whistled nor treated. Soon they went away to seek a better victim. Near by was the "Washee House," where a solitary Chinaman was plying his trade. Johnnie soon had half a dozen revolvers around his neck, all threatening death. This aroused the sympathy of two Chicago ladies, who were in the hotel near by. These ladies went straight out and told the hunters to go away and mind their own business. "If you want to fight," said one, "go and find some one of your own size who has pistols and can shoot, instead of all pitching on one little, defenseless Chinaman." The hunters very quietly and politely lowered their revolvers and went away, firing a little salute into the air, to show, perhaps, their power of resistance. The ladies tried to console the Chinaman by explaining to him that it was all fun. "I not likee such fun," said Johnnie, and went on washing.

But such unpleasant things are by no means a part of the daily life. Men are here for business. They are building a town, and developing a country which is valuable and attractive. They recognize the necessity of law and order: they believe in the civilizing influence of schools and churches; and, best of all, they are men whose tastes and inclinations are refined and intelligent. This is not a rude country, gradually improving, but it is the onward rush of civilization. And here, in the new Northwest, is the star of an empire, which will soon shine brightly in that glorious constellation which graces the American flag.

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER XI.

Ruby's heart was beginning to sink entirely within her; she was very much inclined to sit down upon the damp heather and cry. Her feet were feeling as if they could go no further, and every moment the darkness grew thicker around her. Suppose she should walk into a swamp—that horror of the moorland which she had been fearing all the evening—suppose she should be lost in one of these terrible swamps! The notion gained more and more force with her as the gloom around her increased, and her trembling heart sent up a prayer to her Heavenly Father for protection and help. The thought of danger and death brought the picture of Bessie's last hours very vividly before her, and she fancied she heard the voice of the girl by whom she had watched that night calling to her softly through the mist, and bidding her take courage. It was only an illusion she knew. There was nothing but vast silence around her, but, somehow, it gave her new courage and made her step out more boldly and freely. The idea came to her that her situation was something like the position of sailors at sea when the wild waste of stormy waters spreads out around them; and a sweet text rose like notes of a kind angel's harp in her mind: "It is I; be not afraid."

Weariness and fear were, however, beginning again to get the upper hand with her, when suddenly she seemed to catch a far-off, faint, tinkling, sound; she listened, with every sense and faculty concentrated in the single one of hearing—listened until she became certain that she distinguished the sound of bells. A great thrill of joy passed through her; it was the first distinct noise she had heard, save her own heavy footsteps, since this terrible darkness gathered around her. But this flash of hope was of very short duration; she recollected that, as she had crossed the moor in the daylight, she had noticed that some of the sheep had bells around their necks, and probably she was now near a flock of these animals. Yet still, she thought that she would go in the direction from whence the sound came, and see what it was if possible; so she hastened forward to the best of her weary powers.

As she advanced, the tinkling grew stronger and stronger; it seemed to come from something louder than sheep-bells, and she fancied, too, that she could hear a rumbling noise. Was it wheels? Her heart gave a glad leap at the question; and what was this beneath her feet? It was surely a hard road, and no longer the soft, spongy heather. A few moments after she could discern a large, dark object looming through the mist, and could catch the gleam of a light through the gloom.

What could it be? It certainly was not a cottage, or even a shed. It was not in the least like either, and, besides, it kept moving—moving towards her; and, besides there was such a rolling and rattling, and such a jangle of bells. Ruby still went on as she was making, mentally, these observations; and before long she saw that she was meeting a large, covered wagon, drawn by two big, powerful horses, with a lantern of some sort slung on one side of it, and a man walking by the horses' heads. She had evidently got on to a road crossing or skirting the moor, and this was a vehicle traversing it slowly through the darkness.

With a little, glad cry of joy and thankfulness she hurried up to the man, and said—

"O, please, can you tell me how far

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I am from Stonecroft, and which way I must turn to get to it?"

The man stopped his horses, took deliberately from his mouth a pipe which he was smoking, and stared at her, as well as he could conveniently in the gloom, as if she had been a lion, or an ostrich, or something more remarkable to meet on the moor, even, than that.

"Stonecroft!" he repeated, at length, slowly, making the word seem a yard long. "Why, bless 'ee, you be five good miles from that."

"Five miles!" cried Ruby, with something very like a sob. "O, how am I to get there to-night, so tired as I am? I feel as if I could hardly move."

"That be more than I can say," was the answer, given very coolly and deliberately. Then, struck by a new idea, he added, "Be you one of the gentle-folks as be stopping up to Stonecroft? I've heard tell of such."

"Yes; we are staying there for a little while. But, O, please, do advise me about getting back there!"

"I don't zee as how it be possible this evening, and such a night of weather, too, as it is with the fog."

There was not much comfort in the reply, certainly, but it was given with the utmost calmness. Ruby fairly broke down, and began to cry.

"Don't 'ee take on so, miss," said her new friend, his feelings, apparently, roused and softened. "I'll tell 'ee what I'll do; I'll heave 'ee into the wagon, and you can bide there quite comfortable-like among the straw, and I'll take 'ee back to my missus for the night."

The proposition was certainly a friendly one, but, nevertheless, at first it was rather a startling notion for poor Ruby.

"But who is your mistress?" she said, doubtfully. "And how strange she would think it to be asked to take me in! She does not dream of you bringing any one back, like this."

"No, she don't; that's true," answered he, reflectively, pulling the forelock of one of his horses. "But she'll be glad enough to zee 'ee, anyhow, 'specially when she do hear I found 'ee in such a bad case. She be the kindest lady that ever any one set eyes on. There be no one that be in trouble that she won't help. Here have I and the horses been all the way into Barnstaple with the wagon, with old Mrs. Barton's furniture. She be changing from our village to go and live in the town. Folks do say as how she have got plenty of money, only she be so near and sly about it, so that she could have paid for the carriage of her furniture well enough if she had chose; but, there, missus have took it into her head to think her a poor old soul. She'll never believe nothing bad of no one, and so me and Vi'let and Diamond must needs be sent into Barnstaple; and such a traipse as it has been for us I never knowed, and the horses be steaming all over like two tea-kettles."

These last words were spoken in a complaining, not to say a grumbling tone, but Ruby was too much occupied with her own unpleasant situation to heed much their meaning; she understood vaguely, however, that the sending of the wagon to Barnstaple proved that its mistress was a kind-hearted woman, and the thought was a reassuring one for her.

"What is your mistress' name, and where does she live? Is it far from here?" she asked.

"Her name be Miss Chichester. She do belong to a high family in these parts. You must have heard tell of them I should think. Our place be called Ashcombe. It be about three miles from here, and a pretty little house enough."

"And do Ashcombe and Stonecroft at all lie in the same direction?" asked Ruby.

"Bless 'ee, no. They be nigh as far apart as June from January."

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"How unfortunate and awkward it is," said Ruby, still hesitating.

"If you be going with me, miss, I hope you'll please make up your mind at once. There bean't much time for 'Shall I?' or 'Shan't I?' Me and the horses can't bide about here all night."

The man spoke like, what in fact he was, an old servant, who was used to talk familiarly to gentlemen and ladies. Thus admonished, Ruby saw that she must, in truth, come to some determination; so she accepted the friendly offer, for she did not well see what else she could do under the circumstances. It was quite impossible for her to return to Stonecroft that night. They would, no doubt, be in anxiety about her; but what could she do in such a situation? She could only go with the man, and hope that his mistress would prove such as he described her, and try to make the best of things. Perhaps she might be able to send a messenger early in the morning to Stonecroft to make known to Mr. and Miss Lindhurst and Ella where she was.

While these thoughts were passing hastily through her mind the man was preparing, with no loss of time, to help her into the wagon, when suddenly one of the horses snorted, and threw up its head, and showed signs of the most evident excitement. An instant after there was a sound as of a quick rush made by several animals, and Ruby saw some dark forms dash past them in the mist and scamper away on the moor.

"Steady, Vi'let. Don't 'ee go making up a to-do now," said the man, taking the uneasy horse by the head.

"What was that?" asked Ruby, startled and eager.

"Why it was just two or three of the red deer, miss. You do meet them here on the moor sometimes; they be nothing to be afeared on, only Vi'let she be young and skittish, and she have heard the stag-hounds lately, and when she do zee sight of a deer, or even smell one, she be sot up. But the old horse, he has more sense."

And he stroked the well-behaved, four-legged, middle-aged gentleman in question.

Thus reassured, Ruby allowed herself to be put into the wagon, and covered over with a sort of rough cloth, with which the luggage that had lately filled it had been protected. She was reclining on the straw, and she felt really quite comfortable. She knew that there were red deer on Exmoor, and so what had just happened did not so much surprise her; she had been looking out for them all day as she crossed the heather. The driver cracked his whip, the bells began to jingle vigorously, and very soon the wagon was in motion.

Ruby found it rather a jolting process at first, but her present reclining position was delightful after her late excessive bodily fatigue; and then it was such a sensation of relief to know that she was in perfect safety. Besides, she could not help being a little amused at the whole adventure, as, indeed, it was in her nature to be; though she was rather frightened, too, at the thought of presenting herself before this unknown lady. Gradually a pleasant drowsiness stole over her as she lay there listening to the bells and the trample of the horses' feet, which made a sort of indistinct tune as they mingled with the rumble of the wheels. She heard at intervals the driver talking partly to himself, partly to his horses, about the road, the darkness of the night, and other things belonging to their journey, and at first these spoken words roused her and reminded her where she was; but before long they were mixed up grotesquely with an idea she had, that she was lying on the lawn at home at the Priory, with Ella talking to her about her new summer hat. Then the man's voice, and the horses, and the wagon passed

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out of Ruby's mental ken altogether, and she was fairly embarked in a long dream about common-place, familiar things.

Ruby awoke with a start, and awoke to see the gleam of two lanterns, brass harness glittering in their light, two eager, clever horses' heads standing out distinctly in the same yellow radiance, the front of a house with several brightly-illuminated windows, and a few figures hurrying hither and thither. It all seemed so unreal, and so unlike any experience of her past life, she was so utterly unable to remember where she was, that she fancied she must be in the middle of some strange dream, and closed her eyes again. She was roused thoroughly, however, by hearing a clear-sounding woman's voice speaking close to her, and by a light shining down full upon her face.

"O! what a pretty girl," the voice was saying; "and how tired, poor child, she must be to sleep still, now that the wagon has stopped. Where did you say you found her, Noah ?"

"If you please, ma'am, it was about three miles from here, as I was crossing the moor; she did speak so pitiful, I could not help taking her up. Somehow I thought, as I heard her, of my own little Polly, that have been with the dear Lord in Heaven these ten years come next midsummer; I knew you would be kind and motherly-like to her ma'am, as you be to every one, and so I've made so bold as to bring her back to you for the night. I wager you finds her one that you'll take to; she speaks civilly and friendly-like to a poor man as she would do to a grand gentleman—just as you do yourself, ma'am."

"And she said she came from Stonecroft? That is such a long way off; you did quite right to bring her home with you, Noah, I will take care of her."

"I know'd your heart, bless'ee, well enough to be sure you'd say that, or else I should not have took't such a liberty."

While this conversation had been going on, Ruby had been slowly gathering together her scattered, sleep-dimmed wits, and recalling all that had just happened to her. This must surely be the lady on whom she was going to intrude so unceremoniously, talking to the man who had driven the wagon; and, filled with sudden uneasiness at this thought, yet partly reassured by the words she had just heard, she suddenly sat up and began to look timidly around.

All fear, all awkwardness vanished, like ugly sprites at the approach of dawn, as she gazed into the face which was bending over her. Was a white lily ever so purely sweet as that calm brow? Was moonlight ever so tender as the glance of those soft, sympathetic eyes? Was sunshine ever more cheering than the half smile which rested on that earnest mouth? Ruby did not exactly ask herself these questions at that moment, but she felt indistinctly, yet fully, just what they express.

"My dear," said the lady, laying her hand gently upon Ruby's, "my servant has just been telling me how he found you benighted and lost in the fog on the moor; I am so glad he brought you home to me. I will do all I can to make you comfortable for this night, at least."

"Are you Miss Chichester?" asked Ruby, the question leaping from her lips almost unawares, in her confusion, instead of the thanks due for the lady's kind reception.

"Yes; did Noah tell you my name?"

"Yes, he did; but I was so sleepy and bewildered at first I could not recollect where I was, or any thing else. O! I am so glad you are Miss Chichester, because I am sure, from your face, I sha'n't be at all afraid of you, as I had expected I should be. How kindly you

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speak to me! How can I thank you enough?"

"Never mind about thanks," cried the lady, with a merry little laugh, "we shall have time enough for them by-and-by. Come into the house and rest, my child, that's the first thing to be thought of, and the next will be a nice, hot supper; for you must be hungry, I know."

Thus invited, and helped by the strong hand of Noah, who stood at his mistress' side mutely nodding his approval of all she did and said, and winking, too, at intervals, to give emphasis to his feelings, Ruby rose, stood up on the shaft of the wagon, and sprang lightly to the ground. She felt a little stiff, and still somewhat tired, but otherwise she was none the worse for her evening's adventure.

"Mind you rub down the horses dry, and then come in and get your supper comfortably, Noah." Such were Miss Chichester's last words as she turned to enter the house, followed by Ruby.

"Aye, aye! ma'am," was the laconic answer.

"I ought to be making you so many excuses," said Ruby, as they passed through the door, "for coming to your house in this way; but I'm so stupid I can't find the right words for them."

"O! well then, we'll imagine them, my dear," cried Miss Chichester, with a second little silvery chime of playful fun. "They are not wanted in the least. Excuses are always as empty things as air-cushions, and they are not at all needed in your case: why, if you had not come to me you must have asked the little Exmoor sheep for hospitality."

Now, that they were in the brightly-lighted little hall of the house, Ruby could see Miss Chichester more plainly than she had hitherto done; and she found that she was not so young as she had at first thought her. Though her forehead was smooth, telling the story of a sweet, placid temper, that took small, every-day worries easily, the rest of her face was somewhat lined; and the band of soft, brown hair which bordered the dainty little blue-ribboned cap, was streaked with silver. Her figure was, however, still slight, and her movements had an active grace in them that was almost girlish. She trod lightly, like one with a merry heart. She was dressed in black silk, with a glimmer of lace around her neck and little white wrists.

In a few minutes Ruby was sitting, feeling quite home-like, in one of the prettiest little rooms she had ever seen; every thing in it was so neat, and seemed to fit so exactly into its place, that, somehow, it reminded her of nothing so much as of a doll-house, which she remembered playing with when she was a child. The window-curtains appeared made for the express purpose of suiting the paper on the wall; and every article of furniture looked as if, should it chance to be moved, it would go back again into its place of itself. The very servant who brought in the substantial tea, which Ruby was soon enjoying very heartily, seemed, in her spotless white apron and delicate print dress, to belong to her surroundings as completely as a picture does to its frame.

Ruby could not tell how it was, but, somehow, she felt as if she had been used to the little house and its mistress and its ways for years; there was something in Miss Chichester's manner that brought about this state of mind. When tea was over, Ruby actually found herself lying, in most familiar fashion, on the hearth-rug between a black-and-tan terrier and an Angora cat, who were evidently the reigning pets of the house, much respect being shown to them both during tea in the matter of milk and biscuits, the terrier, however, always claiming and taking precedence, and flapping his broad, bat-like ears in a way that

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seemed to assert his acknowledged superiority.

"And you are only staying at Stonecroft, then, for a time?" said Miss Chichester to Ruby, as she lay on the hearthrug at her feet. "Where is your home, then, generally, my dear? Where do your parents live? I may ask a question or so now, may I not? We are friends enough already for that."

"O! yes, I'm sure we are." answered Ruby, with a bright smile; then a shadow coming over her face, she added: "My father and mother are both dead; I can not recollect either of them. I live with Mr. and Miss Lindhurst, at a place called 'The Priory,' near Exeter; they are distant relations of mine, but they had me there at first to be a companion to Ella Ringwood, Mr. Lindhurst's ward."

There was something in the low, half-shy voice in which these simple particulars were given, and in the downcast eyes that interested Miss Chichester yet more deeply than Ruby's pretty face had at first done; as, by a sudden intuition, her heart read at once the orphan's whole story.

"What is your name?" she asked, softly, bending toward the girl.

"Ruby—Ruby Stanton."

"Ruby, you have not had too many friends in your life yet, have you? but from henceforth you have one in me, and a friend who will be very constant and very true."

She did not say any more, and as for the girl, she could find no words to speak; but a minute after the middle-aged woman and the girl were kissing each other, and from that time forward there was a perfect, sunny confidence between them. Before the evening was over, Ruby had shown Miss Chichester her dearest treasure, her mother's letter, which she always carried about with her; and she also told her of that sweet, strange dream of hers about her mother.

"It was indeed a beautiful dream," said the lady, thoughtfully, "a dream that may seem to have been sent by God."

"O, Miss Chichester, if only I could make those words come true in my life!"

"It is something to strive for, something to make you very brave and earnest in all you do and say, Ruby; it is a high thing to be a jewel fit for the Lord's crown in Heaven."

"I do so strive to do all the good I can in the world," said the girl, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke, "but, somehow, every thing turns out different from what I mean."

Then she related to Miss Chichester some of those failures in trying to do good to others which had so discouraged her.

Her new friend listened with sympathy in her eyes, yet with a smile gleaming now and then about her mouth.

"It is always so, dear, when we begin this sort of work for God," she said, soothingly, when Ruby had ended. "I think I have had some experience in these things which may help you, Ruby. Are you sure, in the first place, that you don't rely too much upon yourself and too little upon Him that is above?"

The question made Ruby turn her thoughts inward; yes, she certainly had grown too self confident lately; had she sought as much help in prayer as she should?

"Perhaps I have not done as much as I ought in that way," she faltered; and then added, quickly, "but people are so much worse than I had fancied they were."

"We can only do our best and leave the rest to God," was the answer given in a low tone. "We must never forget that the blood which was shed on Calvary was enough to wash away all the sin in the world, little Ruby."

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And the elder woman's face was very grave but very sweet as she spoke.

Thus they talked on, now on high and solemn subjects, now on lighter themes. Ruby found to her surprise that she could chatter to Miss Chichester quite as freely as she did to Ella, and the elder lady, on her side, told her many interesting things. Among the rest, she showed her some beautiful old china standing on a side-table, together with some much coarser ware; and when Ruby expressed her astonishment at her keeping the two thus with equal care, she laughed, and said that the delicate Dresden was left her by her grandmother, Lady Chichester, and the quaintly-painted tea-cups by her old nurse, and that she loved, when she looked at them, to think of two good women at the same moment. The way she spoke on this subject opened a new field of ideas to Ruby, and made her feel how all are one, in God's sight, in their claim on one great Redemption.

When Ruby laid her tired little head on her pillow that night, heart and brain were thrilling with new, bright thoughts and feelings. It seemed to her as if a door had been opened to her by an angel's hand in bringing her to this house. She would, of course, have been uneasy about the anxiety her absence was causing at Stonecroft, but the mist had cleared away when the moon rose, and Miss Chichester had very kindly sent a man on horseback with a note to Mr. Lindhurst, telling him that the girl was in safe-keeping till to-morrow, when she would bring her home. Thus Ruby's mind was made quite comfortable, and she sank into restful slumber and radiant dreams, in which she seemed to her to be walking between her mother and Miss Chichester, holding a hand of each.

ORIGIN OF THE PHILIPPINE.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

This is the story of a beautiful German princess who was very fond of almonds, and would not marry. In order to carry out these intentions she hit upon the following plan: When a prince presented himself as a suitor for her hand (and legions of princes came) she would offer him an almond with twin kernels. The prince had to eat one of the kernels and she would eat the other. "Now," she would say, "if your highness can induce me to accept any thing out of your hands, without my saying 'I remember,' I shall marry you; but if I can induce your highness to accept any thing from my hands without your saying the saving words, then your princely head shall be clean shaven, and you shall be dismissed forthwith from my dominion."

There was a trick in this proposal, for court etiquette forbade any one—under penalty of death—to present any object directly to the beautiful princess. The object had to be handed first to the maid of honor, who would then hand it herself to her royal mistress. But, on the other hand, if the princess chose to take herself any object, or hand it to any one, who could forbid it? Thus the poor suitors had a miserable time of it. Try as hard as they would to tempt the princess to accept any thing from their hands, the maid of honor was sure to step in and spoil their very best laid plans. Should the princess, on her side, wish to get rid of a suitor, she had only to be gracious to him and bewitch him with her beauty and kindness. She would offer him a seat by her side, and picking up something lying near her, a pomegranate or an

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egg, she would present it, with a sweet smile, and whisper softly, "keep this in memory of me." As soon, however, as the prince, intoxicated with delight, would take the object in his hands, and whilst ready, perhaps, to say the saving words, all at once would the object burst open, and out of it would jump a frog, or hornet or bat, and fly in his face causing him so much surprise and consternation that he would forget to say the words. His head would be shaved at once, and off he would be dismissed ignominiously.

This had gone on for several years and all the palaces of the land were filled with young princes wearing wigs (the fashion of wearing wigs at court dates therefrom) when a foreign prince, traveling incognito happened to see this beautiful almond princess. He found her beauty equal to her fame, and being determined to win her for himself, he soon discovered the ruse which she had employed hitherto. Now, this prince, more fortunate than the former suitors, had a talisman of his own, in the shape of an apple given him by an old Wizard, a friend of his family. If in case of great difficulty he would smell the apple, a bright thought would rush to his mind, and a way found out of the difficulty. The talisman operated once a year only. The occurrence, however, of one idea in every twelve months, had properly ensured to the prince a fame for a superior mind amongst all the kings of his acquaintance! The time for using the talisman having come round again, he smelt the apple and this is the idea which occurred to him: "If you are to win in this game of giving and taking, you must never, under any circumstances, either present any thing to the princess or accept any thing from her." He, therefore, had his hands firmly tied in his belt and accompanied by his marshal he proceeded to the palace of the princess where he bravely announced himself ready to lose his hair and his life for the chance of winning such a priceless treasure. The princess was very much pleased with the prince's appearance and with his speech, and she ordered at once that a double almond be brought in. She ate one of the kernels and presented the other to the prince. At once the marshal stepped up, took the almond from her hands and placed it in the prince's mouth.

The princess wondered and asked what this meant; also, why he always carried his hands in his belt. The prince answered, that, alas, at his court the etiquette was even more severe than at her own. He was not permitted to take or give any thing with his hands, but only with his feet and head, and that merely in cases of extreme urgency. At this the princess laughed, and said: "In this case, we can not even engage our forces in the coming contest." The prince shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Not unless you condescend to accept something from my boots." "That must never be," exclaimed the whole court with high indignation. "But why did you come here?" added the princess, angrily. "I came because you are very beautiful," replied the prince, gently, "and if I may not win you, I shall still have the happiness of feeding my eyes upon your beauty." "I can have no objection to that:" rejoined the princess, mollified.

So the prince remained at the princess' court and pleased her more and more every day. But her desire to win was so great that she would try every means in her power to entice him to withdraw his hands from his belt and take something from her. She remained constantly with him, engaged in sweetest talks, and made him presents of flowers, bonbons, scent-bottles, and finally, she even gave him her favorite bracelet. Time and again the prince would feel a twitching in his

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hands, but the resistance offered by the belt would bring him back to his senses. Then he would nod to his marshal, who would come and gather up all the pretty presents, saying: "'We remember."

At last the princess grew tired of this indecision, and one day she exclaimed suddenly: "My handkerchief! will not your highness pick it up for me?" The prince smilingly caught the handkerchief on the tip of his boot and waved it carelessly towards her. The princess stooped down, caught the handkerchief with her hands, and cried out angrily: "I remember."

A whole year passed away in this manner, and the princess thought: "This can not always go on so, and I must put an end to it, one way or the other." So she said to the prince: "I have the most beautiful garden in the world, and I will show it to you to-morrow." The prince felt that the crisis was near, and as he was now permitted to smell again his apple, he smelt it with his whole force. When they arrived in the garden he said to the princess: "It is indeed beautiful here; so beautiful that we should be able to walk in it together in peace, and undisturbed by the rules of our contest. Pray be kind enough to adopt the customs of my court for a while—just for one hour—and have your hands tied also; no after-thought then will come to mar our enjoyment."

The princess did not much like this arrangement, but he insisted tenderly, and as she really liked him very much, she decided not to refuse him this trifle. The birds were singing, the sun was shining, and the red cherries hung down until they touched the cheeks of the prince and princess as they walked slowly side by side under the trees. The princess looked up at the cherries and said with a sigh, "O, what a pity that your highness can not give me some!" "Necessity knows no law," replied the prince, and picking delicately a cherry between his lips, he pulled it off from the tree and presented it to her. Now the princess had no choice but to bring her lips close to his, in order to take the cherry, and as she received his kiss along with the cherry, she could not say in time, "I remember," so the prince quickly took his hands out of his belt and throwing his arms around her neck, he said in a loud exultant voice, "Good morning, my '*viel liebechen*'" (in English, my much beloved).

N. B. The fame of the almond princess lived for a while and then passed away like many other fames, but almond's did not pass away. It remained customary for a young couple to divide the twin kernels of an almond, like twin thoughts, twin feelings; especially after a precedent as satisfactory as that which the whim of the almond princess had created, and so the custom has continued to this day.

But the German words *viel liebchen*, much beloved, sounding like *Philippchen* (little Philip), it became gradually the custom to say Philip, Philippine. Perhaps it seemed more convenient, if not so pathetic.

The joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the season's Rose,—
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew fall blows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

—*Moore.*

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"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD."

(Reading a time-stained volume, ancient and vellum-bound,
Hid in the quaint black-letter, here is the tale I found:

Only a childish legend, you in your wisdom preach :
But is there never a lesson even a child may teach?)

Once, as a traveler journeyed over the Apennines,
Children and wife together, toiling beneath the pines:

Hungry and hot with climbing, deep in a shady pass,
Pausing, they spread their noontide meal on the mossy grass.

Just as the bread was broken, just as the wine was broached,
Slowly a band of pilgrims, weary and gaunt, approached.

Stretching their hands, they pleaded—"For the love of God, we pray,
Give us to eat, for nothing hath moistened our lips to-day!"

"Children and wife, ye hear them!—Giving God's poor our bread,
Say—shall we trust His bounty, traveling our way unfed?"

Up from the grass the children sprang with the barley-cake;
"Here is the flask, untasted"—the wife said—"freely take!"

Sated, the pilgrims blessed them, leaving them prayers for gold—
"He for whose sake ye did it, pay you a hundred-fold!"

Ready to journey onward, gathering the wallet up,
One of the unfed children, dropping therein the cup—

Cried, with a look bewildered—"Father, I thought you said
Nothing was left: Why, only *look at these loaves of bread!*"

Stooping beside the fountain, dipping the empty flask,
The father o'erheard quick voices, eager with wonder, ask—

"What has so reddened the water? Its drops like grape-juice shine!"
He lifted his brimming bottle—lo! *it was filled with wine!*

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

SWALLOWS' NESTS.

The swallows' nests, used in China and Annam as an eating delicacy, are those made by a species of swallows called in Annam, *salangane.*

The *salanganes*, bluish in color and quite small in size, inhabit, in countless numbers, the grottoes and fissures found all along the rocky coast of China and Annam. They hive together in each cave and cavity like bees in a bee-hive.

The *salanganes* fill their nests with insects for their own food and that of their young, and the residue of these insects forms a whitish coating over the nest. When soaked in water, the nest dissolves

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itself into mucilaginous fibers which are used as seasoning in soups and other dishes.

A *salangane's* nest-pie, is a dish very highly estimated in Annam and China, and the possession of a swallows' cave has often made the fortune of its owner. Moreover, the quantity of these nests found in caves and fissures, hard of access, along the entire coast, is inexhaustible. The nests are gathered as follows: Provided with long ladders the natives climb from rock to rock and cavity to cavity. Lest they should be tempted to appropriate to themselves some of the nests, they are sent upon their work entirely naked. A priest blesses the hunters before they ascend the ladder, and again upon their descent.

This formality is little more than a precaution against theft, as the priests are also the inspectors of the gathering of the crop. As soon as he has received the sacerdotal blessing, the hunter penetrates slowly, and in the midst of darkness, into all the cavities and fissures of the rock, holding in one hand a rubber candle. This candle is fitted with a cap which hides and frees the light at will. The hunter explores in the dark, and it is only when he feels a nest under his hand that he uses the light for a moment in order to detach the nest. By these means the crop of nests can be secured without frightening away the birds.

There are two kinds of nests. Those of the first quality are those which are gathered before the eggs were laid in, and those of the second and third quality are those which the swallows have built for a second time, and those in which the young have been reared.

JANIE MOORE'S BEST CHRISTMAS-GIFT.

You might have known Christmas was coming, by the merry ring of the children's voices as they gathered in secret conclave, discussing eagerly what they were going to do. Suggestions were made, both wise and foolish, some accepted, some rejected, and the pros and cons were bandied back and forth with the most jolly good-humor.

But through it all Janie Moore sits apart, listening, and irresistibly interested, yet, with a self-repression, strange in one so young, scarcely permitting herself to smile in sympathy, much less to take part in the conversation. Why is it? and why does she at last quietly get up and leave the room?

Little Mary Lou has been wondering all the time, and now she intercepts her, and, slipping a soft hand into hers, whispers pleadingly: "Don't go, Janie, we want to know what you think about it, too."

"I don't think I am needed," the girl replied chillily, though her lips quiver and her voice is scarcely steady. Once more little Mary Lou begs:

"Yes, but we do need you; nobody can tell us so well as you what to get for mother and father."

But Janie shakes her head, and though she can not forbear giving a kiss to the coaxing mouth, persists in leaving.

And what to do? Ah! to do what never does any body any good, to go up to her own chamber and brood—revel in her discontent. But why? Over what? It would be hard to tell. Poor, unhappy Janie! Her father and mother had both been dead for some years, and her father's only brother had requested her to be placed at school until he and his family should return from Europe.

A few months before, she had been sent for to come home to them.

A girl of buoyant, energetic nature,

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but shy, sensitive, and reserved with strangers, she came fresh from a boarding-school training, into a family, each member of which had the most perfect ease and self-possession—that air of being satisfied with one's self and the world which comes to some people naturally, to others, from having been always treated with consideration. It need not, ought not to have been so, but the atmosphere of the home-circle made her shrink into her shell like an oyster, and there was some danger of her getting the credit of being *grum*.

An insane idea had been brooding in her mind for days. This morning, in the children's conference over Christmas, it had been quickened into startling life by the simple, childish act of one of them turning to the other to whisper some state secret, with a significant glance at her as if she were the one not intended to hear.

"They do not want me here," she immediately concluded, "why should I stay! nobody cares for me; yes, I will go this very evening, and I know they will be glad when I am gone. They don't, perhaps, intend for me to see it, but I do. Uncle and aunt are very kind, and dear little Mary Lou, I do love her dearly, she is always so sweet to me, but I don't suppose even she will care; it is just natural for her to be kind and loving to every body. I am sure I don't blame them for not wanting me. If I were only beautiful, like Lena, or as bright and witty as Flora, or if I could sing like Birdie, they might learn to love me, and I could be very happy to stay; but to be dependent on those who don't care for me—who never can"—and she began to cry softly.

Janie Moore was no child; she was fifteen years old if not older, and ought to have been wiser, but we all hoodwink ourselves sometimes. She soon dried her tears, however, and began to make some little arrangements that looked like traveling.

Now Janie had no money of her own. Her aunt had done all her shopping, and though her wants were abundantly supplied, like all the rest of the children, she was expected to ask for money when she wanted it; this Janie would *never* do. "But I can walk," she said sturdily, "and when night comes I will stop at some farm-house; I am sure they will not refuse to let me stay all night, and for something to eat, well—God takes care of the sparrows," and she gave another little sob.

Yes, Janie was actually going to try and make her way back to the old school. "I know I can do some kind of work there to earn a living, without being in any body's way, until I am old enough to teach."

All day Janie was more shy and cold than usual. Once or twice her uncle's efforts to be kind brought tears to her eyes, or little Mary Lou's tender thoughtful love sent her to her room in a fit of regret. But each time she hardened herself by the reflection, "it is only pity after all, it can't be otherwise when I know I am utterly unlovely."

She often took a walk in the evening, so she got off unobserved, and took the road to the station, that she might have the railroad for a guide.

The sun was shining brightly when she started, and walking with a brisk, light step, the warm glow of healthy girlhood pulsed through her veins, and with the elasticity of youth, she already began to throw off the incubus of dependence that had been weighing upon her morbid sensitiveness so heavily, and to feel as if she had suddenly been transformed into a bird, without a care in the world.

But the sun went down under a dense bank of clouds, and a piercing dampness began to make itself felt through the wintry air. Instead of the gradual, im-

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perceptible deepening of the twilight, night seemed to be let fall like a curtain, and little, frisky snow-flakes flitted about through the air in wayward fashion.

Janie began to look quite anxiously for some signs of human habitation; she knew the depot was seven miles off, but she seemed to have walked twice that distance, and had reached the railroad some time ago, yet not a house had she seen. And now it is dark, quite dark. The snow is falling thick and fast until she feels as if she were breathing snow-flakes; and as the little, icy fingers touch her cheek, she is filled with a great dread. Already the ground is covered with the spotless fleece, and her feet are numb with the cold. Still, she trudges bravely on.

Hark! a shrill shriek breaks in on the oppressive stillness, a wild, wailing, unearthly shriek as of some great animal in mortal agony. Her flesh starts and quivers over the nervous spirit, but the wail dies out in a weird, pitiful moan, followed by a low, rumbling sound. It is only the cars coming. But this brings a new terror, is she on the track? She scarcely knows. It sounds so near, is coming nearer so rapidly, and it is so dark. Which way shall she go? Thrice she turns, but each time seems but to be flying into the face of her pursuer, with its one great red eye and its hissing mouth.

With a desperate cry of horror, she turns once more away from the light and rushes into the deepest darkness of the forest. On she ran, imagining each moment she heard the puffing engine behind her, until utterly exhausted with weariness and terror, she sank down at the root of a tree, so tired! so tired! and then—a blessed blank.

With returning consciousness she felt a warm breath on her cheek, heard with strangely drowsy senses, the snuffing of a huge, dark nose around her, and felt the touch of a shaggy coat. With instinctive love of life she reached out her stiffening arms and clasped them as tightly as she could around the great, brown head of a sagacious St. Bernard. He by vigorous pulls soon got her into a sitting posture, and then running back and forth began to bark in a quick tone of alarm.

Janie never could tell how it all happened, but when she became once more thoroughly herself, she looked around on a small, but neat and comfortable room, and two old people sitting by the fire, one smoking, the other knitting, both looking now and then at her.

All in a tangled wonder of "Where am I? How came I here, and who are these good people who are apparently taking care of me?" Janie lay watching them.

A shuffling sound on the floor attracted her attention, and there she saw the great, brown St. Bernard who had found her in the snow and brought deliverance to her. It all came back to her like a flash; her leaving her uncle's; the long, weary walk; her terror, and then—nothing until the dog called her back to life.

"How long have I been here?" she asked when one of the old couple turned and found her gaze fixed intelligently on them. The old lady got up and came to the bedside then, answering:

"'Bout a week, honey; but don't you bother 'bout that; you're going to get better now, and then you'll tell us where you come from, and what you was doing out in the cold and dark, but never mind 'bout it now; jest shut your eyes and go to sleep again."

She did as she was bid so far as to shut her eyes, for she did not care particularly to talk or be talked to, but instead of sleeping, she was thinking. Thinking of how kindly she had been received in her uncle's family. However she may have convinced herself to

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the contrary, she felt now that they were missing her, grieving for her.

She had thought she would reach her destination in a few days at farthest and would write at once; the letter had even been already made up in her mind, to tell her uncle that she did not mean to be ungrateful for his kindness, but she was used to work and felt more natural when she had something to do, and so, hoping he would forgive her and let her come to see him some of these days, etc. But here it had been a whole week, and not a word had they heard. A whole week, then it must be the day before Christmas. Were they all having their happy time without her, or were they, as she could not help fearing with a twinge of conscience, troubling themselves about her fate? She pictured to herself little Mary Lou asking in loving, anxious tones, "What can have happened to Janie? Surely she could not have meant to leave us," and then she could see so plainly her uncle's look of vexation and distress.

"I only meant to relieve them of a disagreeable incumbrance, and I have but heaped trouble on trouble," she thought, sadly. With a strange freak of memory she found herself repeating a little verse her mother had taught her when a child:

"I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

She thought again of their unvarying kindness, and of her poor return. "Yes, I have been thinking of myself, and of nobody else, all the time," she said to herself, humbly. "'A heart at leisure from itself' is the very thing I need. It is that which makes little Mary Lou so lovely. No one ever thinks of her being beautiful; I doubt whether she is really any better-looking than I am," and she turned to look at her own pale face in the little, old-fashioned glass above the bureau. "Nor does she ever make witty speeches to cause a laugh; yet, what would the house be without her? and just because she is always thinking of others rather than herself."

There she lay, longing to be like Mary Lou; longing to be back again, that she might at least try to show a more grateful spirit. "And the more unlovely and unattractive I am," she thought, "the less use or comfort there is in thinking of myself, and the more need to do what little I can to be helpful, if I can not be agreeable. O, to be back with them all once more! but how will I ever get there? That dreadful, dreadful walk!" She shuddered and trembled at the bare remembrance, and buried her face in the pillow.

There is a sound of trampling feet at the door, and a quick, imperative knock, that somehow startles her as if she had something to do with it. The door is opened, and in walks a great-coat with a head all muffled in comforters, out of which two bright, piercing eyes are peering eagerly around.

At first Janie uttered a little cry of glad surprise, then covered her face with her hands in bitterest mortification and penitence. But the cry had betrayed her, and she is soon clasped in two strong, loving arms, too glad to remember that they might be a little damp from the night air. But joy of heart wards off many a physical ill, and she was none the worse for it.

It was too late for them to go home that night, but a messenger carried the glad news, that none should sleep in sorrow another night, but be ready to give Janie a bright welcome in the morning.

And what has been going on at home all this time? Janie soon knew from her uncle, and with many blushes of shame

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and sorrow confessed her mistake, and begged forgiveness.

We will learn it from little Mary Lou's broken sentences, as she stands at the window trying to penetrate the darkness either with eyes or ears, in hopes of gaining some news.

"Father said he would come back just as soon as he found her," she said with a sob, "and he has been away all day this time."

"Perhaps," said her mother hopefully, "he has at last found some trace of her and wants to follow it up."

"What can have become of her?" exclaimed the child drearily. "It was so dreadful for her to get lost the very day such a big snow was coming. I know she must have been frozen to death that very night," and she sobbed bitterly. They had all gathered in now, watching anxiously from windows and doors. So it had been every day since the first, when, with excited consternation the family learned that Janie could not be found for supper.

"And we were going to have such a nice Christmas, most all for her too, and *make* her have a happy time whether she would or no," moaned Mary Lou.

"Mother, why was it Janie always seemed to think we did not love her or want her with us? for I am sure we did."

"I suppose," replied the mother, "it was because she felt shy and strange, and you all being at home forgot sometimes that she had to learn to be one of us."

"If we can only get her back she shall never think so again, shall she, girls? but it is too bad; all our Christmas fun is gone."

"O, but it isn't," said Flora, skipping into the room from a little reconnoitering trip to the kitchen.

"Here's a note from father and Ben says he's got her: will bring her home in the morning."

The note added: "Have as much Christmas as you choose, and be sure that every thing is as bright and happy as possible; Janie will be well enough to enjoy it, I think."

Who does not know how quick a cure pleasure can sometimes make? No patent medicine in the world can equal it, and Janie was almost ready to resent her uncle's suggestion of a cosy bed extemporized in the carriage, only she was too happy to resent any thing now, and she never forgot that ride alone with her uncle, and nothing could ever again make her doubt his affection.

When they reached home the whole fact of her having been sick was totally ignored, as she was rolled from one pair of arms to another, embraced and kissed like a veritable prodigal until her aunt at length took possession of her and deposited her in the warmest corner on the sofa which had been moved there for her special benefit.

"We won't have Christmas until after dinner," the mother said, looking questioningly at her husband; "you and Janie must be tired after your ride and will enjoy it more then."

The children gladly acquiesced, and gathered eagerly about Janie, and she, restraining the grateful tears and repeating softly to herself,

> "I ask Thee for a thankful love,
> Through constant watching wise,"

entered heartily into all their talk until their parents sent them off to let Janie have a nap.

After dinner the house was all darkened, with no light but that of the blazing fire. Then the folding-doors were opened and a brilliant Christmas scene was revealed. Janie had never seen a Christmas-tree and had known very little Christmas of any kind at school. In her own home she did remember a little lonesome stocking hung once a year, but even that seemed so long ago. This was almost too beautiful to be true. And

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when the presents began to be distributed and her own name was called again and again, until a little heap of precious mementoes of love and interest had gathered by her side, she no longer tried to restrain her feelings but leaning her head on Mary Lou's shoulder took a good cry.

The next morning when they were all discussing their Christmas-gifts her uncle looked up to see what she had to say on the subject. She turned a very happy face to him in reply and said, "I have had one Christmas-gift that I have needed a long time and hope to keep as long as I live."

"What is it?" they asked in chorus. Looking still very steadily at her uncle, she answered softly, "The gift of a thankful heart."

A MORNING WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

"By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France—by the rights of genius to the world."

She is the most distinguished female painter, living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame; no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America, Germany, and the smaller kingdoms of Europe the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word.

At twelve o'clock we entered the residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her *atelier*—a large, square, oak-furnished room on the second *etage*—talking with the little painter with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about art and art-life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edgewise.

"You have accomplished much, Mademoiselle," we said, glancing at a large picture on the easel.

"Yes, she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master; I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary; nothing less will win its highest favor. 'I wed art. It is my husband, my world, my dream-life, the air I breathe. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

"You have not married?" we said.

"Have I not said that I married art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fitted to be a wife in the common acceptation of that term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. The subject is painful; give me some other topic."

"You do not love society," we said.

"Yes, I do," she replied, with an air of impatience, "but I select that which pleases me most; I love the society of nature; the company of horses, cows, sheep, dogs—all animals. I have often large receptions where they are the only guests. I also like the society of books, and the thoughts of great minds. I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feels and understands them, I have succeeded."

At this moment two or three visitors entered, and while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the *atelier*.

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On the wall to the left of the entrance was a head of a buck with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the further end of the room stood a large open case, filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl, and a parrot. On the wall, *en face* the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with the busts of cows, horses, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, etc., in bronze and plaster, modeled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags, with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs, and wolves, with their fierce eyes glancing upon us.

The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us, on entering the *atelier*, was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the *atelier* of a lady.

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave, promising to meet Rosa at the "School of Design for Women" the next Friday. This school was founded by her father. At his death she became its sole mistress. She has also another school for design, at which she spends much time. (Her instruction at these schools is gratuitous.)

Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium height of women; she is about sixty years of age, wears her hair short and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpaca skirt, *sans* crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth.

A story is told of Rosa Bonheur that, on one occasion, the Mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theater. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. "Yes," said Rosa, "*Je suis prete;*" and away she went to the theater *comme sa*. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him he went off in a rage:

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible; turn her out! If you do not I will never enter your theater again. It is an insult to respectable people to admit such a looking creature into the dress-circle."

The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine, white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter.

"Rosa Bonheur!" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it? Make my apology to her; I dare not enter her presence again."

We women are too apt to look to one,
Which proves a certain impotence in art.
We strain our natures at doing something great,
Far less because it's something great to do,
Than, haply, that we, so, commend ourselves
As being not small, and more appreciable
To some one friend.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

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HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

Harry could generally make the best of a situation, and he now concluded that as it was impossible to reach Marseilles before the steamer sailed which would take him to his sick friend in Naples, he could eat a hearty meal here in Melun, especially as he had had nothing since breakfast at 11 A. M., in the hotel in Paris.

So, going out of the depot into the town, he soon descried a restaurant and hotel combined.

He approached the door and was invited in by a jolly-looking, fat Frenchman in his shirt sleeves, and was waited on by his no less jovial dame, in her snowy white apron and cap. He thought they were the cheeriest-looking old couple he had ever seen, and their attention to him was that of sincere interest. The old people evidently conceived a special liking for one so young and so far from home at that late hour: they had at once detected that he was an American.

A large bowl of boiling milk, into which a little strong, clear coffee was poured, just enough to give it a rich, brown color, with plenty of crush sugar, slices of the whitest of bread, and creamy-looking butter without salt, with cold meat and pickles, formed his supper. And Harry ate it with a hearty relish. The attention of the kindly hotel-keeper and his wife made him ever after remember the town of Melun with pleasure: though just then his anxiety about his friend Morton was absorbing every other thought.

When his repast was finished he returned to the station, though his host and hostess earnestly entreated him to stay in doors until morning. At the station he found that a train at midnight would take him to Lyons. So he concluded to go there and do his waiting for his valise, and arranged accordingly with a railroad official to send it on to him the following day.

The morning in Lyons was spent pleasantly in looking over the city. The greatest attraction to Harry, however, was a long walk out on the hills surrounding the city from which he could look out over the beautiful district of country surrounding, covered with gardens, vineyards, and villas, on and beyond to the snow-capped Alps in the distance. He thought of Geneva, and his friends there. O, how he longed to be with them! Why had he given up all this pleasure?

Then he remembered his friend Morton, lying ill in Naples. Yes, he must go right on to him, no matter at what cost to himself. He looked at his watch: it was eleven o'clock. The train from Melun which was to bring his valise was due at ten: he ought to have been at the station to receive it. He must hurry now to get on the train for Marseilles at twelve.

He reached the depot, however, in time, received his valise from the hands of an official, and hurried along the platform to jump into the last open section of the train before it moved off.

Harry had, on leaving America, taken special precaution against pickpockets, by sewing his money, checks, etc., into the inside pocket of his inner clothing. But the idea of holding on to his hat had not once suggested itself to his mind, nor did it, until he felt it slip off his head, and saw it disappear in the window of an adjoining section just as he stepped hastily into his, and the door closed and the train was in motion.

Harry's pluck was well up, especially as he saw several fellows laughing at him, so at the first station they stopped, he stated his grievances to a *gendarme*

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who made his appearance at the door, and who seemed to be looking for Harry.

"Yes, yes, come wid me. De Mademoiselle will take no more *chapeau*." Harry accompanied his protector but a few steps on the platform, revolving the most violent threats in his own mind as to the measures the insolent rogue should receive at his hands.

He had not noticed the gender used by the *gendarme* in his broken English, when, lo and behold! he could scarcely believe his own eyes or ears; he heard his name distinctly called in a troubled voice, and, looking up, saw Mrs. Lynn seated in the section.

"O, Harry," she said, "Fannie has gotten us into a world of trouble, by taking your hat. The officials think she has stolen it, and have put us all under arrest! What shall we do?"

For once Fannie was subdued, for she was fairly scared. Harry stepped into the section with a re-assuring air, and shook hands cordially with the whole party, saying:

"Well, this is almost too good to be true!"

"O, but about the arrest! What shall we do? Do you not see that they have put a *gendarme* in the section with us, and we are forbidden to get out?"

"That will be all right in a moment," said Harry; "just so soon as we explain."

But that was more easily said than done. They were strangers in a strange land, and with their own partial use of French, and but one *gendarme* who could understand any English, and he but little, they apparently did not disabuse the minds of their guard of the apprehension that Mrs. Lynn's and Harry's conversation had been but a ruse, and that there was something wrong about the whole party.

However, Harry was permitted to remain in the section, which was some comfort, but it was rather a somber party who started off, locked in their section, which they felt was to be guarded at every station, until they reached Marseilles. And then Mrs. Lynn was in perfect terror that at that late hour they might be separated, and Fannie, the erring one, taken in custody.

Up to this time Fannie had not parted her lips; but just as the train started she looked up half indignantly and said:

"Harry Push, you always did get me into trouble. I wish we had never come from Geneva to meet you."

"O, Fannie, that is cruel," said Mrs. Lynn. "You did it all yourself, and Harry is doing all he can to help us out of it."

"Well, by the way," put in Harry, so as to ward off any censure from Fanny, "How did this come about that you are all going to Marseilles, to meet me, when I did not know twenty-four hours ago that I would be in Marseilles in a month?"

"Didn't you receive our telegram last night?" asked Alice.

"No, I was in the ancient town of Melun last night, taking supper with a fat old Frenchman and his wife. It, by the way, reminded me of the old-time tavern kept by the good, solid, Dutch people of the valley of Virginia. It was more like America than any thing I have seen on this side of the water."

"Well, how did you come there?" asked Alice.

This was followed by a vast deal of explanation on both sides. Mrs. Lynn told how the decision had been made by the sudden change in the weather, so that her physician had advised that she try a milder climate immediately. She had then telegraphed Harry that they would start at once to the Levant, but would wait in Marseilles a week or two for him, if he could not join them then. And when Fannie had spied him on the

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platform, she supposed he was looking out for them, and would at once follow his hat when she took it. Poor Fannie winced under any allusion to their present predicament. Harry himself was beginning to grow anxious; he was sure that just as soon as they could have an interview with their consul, or even get hold of a good translator, they would at once be released from suspicion. But at midnight the consulate would be closed, and, perhaps, no interpreter be on hand at the station in Marseilles.

A bright thought now flashed over Harry's mind, which was to telegraph now, before night came, to the American Consul, to meet them at the train at twelve that night, as there was a party of American ladies, traveling alone, who needed his protection. This he carried into execution at his earliest opportunity, and got back on the train feeling quite relieved. He now set himself to work in real earnest to make them all have a pleasant ride. But he noticed, as night came on, that Fannie, who had taken her part in the conversation, was indulging in a good cry, all to herself, in one corner of the section.

Finally, they reached Marseilles, and almost the first sound they heard was that of inquiry for the party of Americans. This threw Alice into a perfect terror of fright, for she supposed they were about to be arrested, but to Harry it was a great relief. He stepped out on the platform and introduced himself to the young man, who was a clerk at the consulate, and who had been sent down in answer to Harry's telegram. Soon an explanation was asked by the clerk, of the railroad officials, who seemed to know nothing of the trouble. It was quickly decided that there was not only no harm meant the ladies, but that there must have been some misunderstanding on their part, as the intention of the officials had never been to arrest the miscreant, after Harry had his hat restored to him, though the *gendarme* had looked incredulous when the party had tried to explain.

"By the way, here is a telegram for you," said the young man, from the consulate, to Harry. "It came to-day."

Harry opened it under the gaslight, just as they were getting into a cab.

"Ha! that's good!" he exclaimed. "Morton, old fellow, is better; 'out of danger,' he telegraphs me."

It was a right merry party that drove to the Hotel de Louvre et de la Paix that night. Suddenly relieved of two causes of anxiety, Harry was almost rapturous with delight. How much of it was owing to the presence of the Lynn girls, we can not say.

But one thing disturbed him. He noticed, under the bright blaze of light in the court of the hotel, that Fannie still looked as sad, if not sadder, than she did on the train, and, making some excuse, while they were waiting in the *salon* for rooms, to call her to the window, he whispered: "What is it, Fannie?"

"Why, don't you know how sick mamma is? And this will surely make her worse, I know it will! I just wish I was dead!"

"She is not so sick but that sailing in the Mediterranean will make her all right soon. Come, cheer up! Let's you and I have a treat, if it is midnight."

The whole party, at this announcement, discovered that they were intensely hungry, after their long ride of twelve hours. Then came the task of getting something at that hour of the night. But finally a tempting little repast was set before them, of which they all partook with quite a relish.

The next morning Alice, Fannie, and Harry were up bright and early to catch the first glimpse of the Mediterranean. They went down to the quay and gazed out on the miles of ship-masts in that

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great harbor, standing like a thick forest of mighty trees bereft of their foliage. It was a great wonder to them how one of those immense vessels ever got extricated from what seemed so entangling a maze. No traveler ever saunters along any inhabited coast of the Mediterranean long, without being besought on all sides, in the most plaintive tones, to "take a boat ride." Nor was the experience of our young friends an exception. Boatmen in Marseilles seem to belong to all races and classes of mankind, and Harry was begged and entreated by them, each in his own native lingo, and almost all mixing in a little smattering of English. "Nice boat, sir;" "Sheep, no much money," was interwoven with interminable utterances in French, German, Italian, and Greek. "Speak English," said one boatman, complacently patting himself and thus using the only two English words he knew as a subterfuge to take them in. Another, pointing to a bright-colored awning over a gayly-decorated boat, "No sky for the beautiful mademoiselles."

The compliment, or the canopy, or both, decided the matter, and the two girls were soon seated, ready for a row, with Harry at the helm, and two boatmen at the oars. Gaily they sailed over the bright blue waters!

"O, if we could only go out to the Chateau d'If, on the island, and see the old state prison!" said Alice; "the prison-home of Monte Christo."

"No, no; but, mamma!" said Fannie; "you know she would be uneasy."

"How long would it take us, Harry?" asked Alice.

"Several hours, I suppose," said Harry. "It is outside of the harbor, but just how far I can't say."

"Then we had better not ask our boatman, for if he once gets it into his head, he will take us whether or not, I fear," said Alice.

"Well, let's hurry home," said Fannie, who seemed restless and anxious about her mother.

So Harry guided the course of the boat according to her wishes. They were soon landed on the quay, and a brisk walk brought them quickly to the hotel, where Mrs. Lynn was quietly awaiting them, saying, in answer to their inquiries, that she had not felt better since she left the United States than she did that morning.

"What did I tell you," said Harry to Fannie, "this soft, balmy air of the Mediterranean will make her as strong as any of us in a little while."

"And, oh! what a delightful winter we will have," responded Fannie. "Just to think of a winter in the warm, sunny South, with all the romance of the Mediterranean hanging over us."

"I suppose you mean surrounding us?" said Harry, "though I believe you were right; it is the romance, not the Mediterranean, which is to hang over us. I wonder what your romance will be."

"Perhaps, some dark-eyed Turk may ask me to preside over his harem, or a giant Circassian carry me off to his mountain retreat," and she laughingly added, "and Alice, yours would be to bewitch a young artist, or perchance some English lord. What a beautiful Lady you would make, my fair sister!"

"Not more so than yourself," replied Alice, who really thought Fannie the loveliest object she had ever beheld.

"Well, I shall hope to take you both home as my own," quietly interrupted Mrs. Lynn; "but let's plan for our stay here, so as to use our time to the best advantage."

Harry, at this suggestion, drew out of his pocket a little guide-book of Marseilles, with descriptions of all the places of interest in the city, interspersed with maps and pictures. This was duly consulted, and then Mrs. Lynn suggested that a drive was the most practical way

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of putting their newly-acquired knowledge to the test.

So, a carriage was ordered, and several hours were spent in driving over the city. Their plan was to ask no questions of their driver until they had decided, in their own minds, what the noted buildings and boulevards were. This they found a very interesting pastime.

The Notre Dame de la Garde, with its gilded figure of the virgin on top, situated on a height which commanded the whole city, they immediately recognized. The Palais de Longchamp they also knew, from the beautiful fountain of water, which seems to gush forth from the entrance of this magnificent structure. The Palais de Justice, Alice recognized, from the figure of Minerva, in bas relief, holding the scales in her hands.

Thus the day passed, their first in the balmy, quiet atmosphere of the Mediterranean, and a most delightful day it was.

AN OLD-TIME PRECURSOR OF THE MODERN REPORTER.

Early in the fourteenth century there was a worthy citizen of Valenciennes, in France, who made a fine living by the trade of heraldic painting. His family name was Froissart, and he was known to every knight of renown in Europe; but what most concerns posterity about him, is the fact that he was the father of a bright little boy, John, who, from his infancy, was familiar with shields and scutcheons, and the other chivalric gear that crowded the paternal studio. The doughtiest warriors of his French Majesty were wont to tap little John on the cheek, and he in turn manifested from his tenderest years, the greatest fondness for armorial bearings and martial company. His parents, with that fated and futile obstinacy which marks the progenitors of most great men, designed him for the Church; and he was, indeed, compelled to become a kind of clerical layman. Later in life, however, he became an ecclesiastical canon, readily adopting the Church when he was no longer driven by main force to her cloisters. He is known to us as "Sir" John; but the title is not, as is generally thought, one of nobility, meaning, instead, in the French of that time, simply "Reverend."

At school, John was an apt, forward boy, of vivacious temperament, first in the school-room and first in sports, in which latter his agility and diminutive size made him the diversion and the favorite of his fellows. As he grew into youth's estate, he increased wonderfully in favor; and that he gained an unusually clear idea of how a young man might enjoy himself, the following, his confession, will show: "Well I loved," says he, "dancing and singing; well to listen to minstrelsy and tales of glee; well to go with those who had hawks and hounds; well to play with my companions at school. I took great pleasure in feasting and fine array. . . . I loved to see the young violets, and white and red roses; also chambers fairly lighted, jousts and dances and late vigils." Although pledged to the Church, Sir John lost no time in falling in love. He casually saw a pretty girl reading a romance, and, thanks to the easy manners of the period and his own engaging airs, was himself soon seated at her side, passing, as we may imagine, the conventional mediæval compliments with the fair reader.

The romance progressed in a very ordinary way, the lady being coy, and the

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suitor deeming himself fortified against the risk of a broken heart by his pre-occupied devotion to the Church and to history. He wrote legions of verses to this peerless creature; but, when he suddenly learned that she was about to be wedded to another, the comedy reached its climax in our hero's discovering that he had been in love with her all the time. He became enraged, and wrote a few thousand stanzas exposing the heartless conduct of the faithless Anna; then, relapsing into regretful melancholy, wrote ten-fold more in praise of her beauty and virtue. Occasion was now most opportunely given him to assuage the pains of blighted affection by a change of scene.

As a mere lad, he had shown the strongest fascination for historical reading, and his skill as a recounter and compiler became so well known, that in his twentieth year he was intrusted by the Count de Namur to compose, from existing accounts and from his own observations, a history of contemporary Europe. While under this commission he visited England, and became the favorite of the enlightened Queen Philippa, benefactress of Chaucer, and her ladies, whom he kept constantly amused with joke and repartee, and interminable narratives of chivalric adventure.

Returning to France, he began the fabrication of his famous chronicles. He did not, to this end, sit down in a library, pen in hand, but mounted his horse and rode, with lance and hound, out into the world, a very knight-errant of literature, to see and hear for himself the history he intended to write. He made prodigious journeys on horseback, gathering up items of interest—yea, entire scrolls of history—by the way. In every by-way of Europe this solitary horseman lurked in wait for knight or squire; and, when he met one, would salute him, "politely inquire his name, and ply him with artful questions as to the battles he had fought, the lords he had served, the negotiations he had conducted or assisted in, the events he had witnessed or heard of," in a word, "interviewed" him in a manner that would reflect honor upon the craftiest Ulysses of the modern press.

When he had squeezed his man perfectly dry, Froissart, reaching some inn or friendly castle, jotted down in his note-book all that he had gathered from his fellow-travelers that day. What a priceless boon would be conferred upon us had this *beau ideal* of the reporter but been able to take notes in shorthand! With what emotions might we read some of the confidences of fair Rosamond or the private opinions of the Great Mogul. Often Froissart's journey ended in a visit to the castle of some mighty noble. At such time he lent an attentive ear to every word that was spoken, and preserved every fresh tale told in hall or guardroom. He was especially fond of the society of the great and rarely lost an occasion of strengthening his friendship with the soldier-princes of the time. When he visited Count Foix, who kept a kennel of 1,600 dogs he carried with him four fine greyhounds as a present. He dedicated the earlier portion of his chronicles to Queen Philippa, and gave to King Richard II. a gorgeous copy of his love-poem, "Meliador." He was the guest of King David of Scotland and sojourned some months in Ireland studying the legends of her heroes.

With the exception of a few periods spent in retirement at his living in Lille, Froissart spent the remainder of his life traveling thus in quest of history, the raw material of which lay about him in plenitude. Whithersoever his steps tended there was the clash of arms. Bruce and Edward III. were in mortal struggle on the Scottish border; France was grappling England for a final effort; the he-

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roic Van Artevalds were firing the spirit of the Flemish towns; the Turks were testing the valor of the Hungarians; everywhere strifes and feuds—intestine, ecclesiastical, baronial—afforded themes for his pen.

Like the modern war correspondent, Froissart was everywhere, knew and saw every thing. To-day he was in Languedoc; to-morrow, in Italy; the same fortnight beheld him, in those days of arduous traveling, in England, France, Germany, and Austria. He was a spectator at every joust, feast, tournament, council of prelates or princes; grave or merry, according to the occasion, but treasuring up every detail for his beloved chronicles. He had the true reporter's instinct for ferreting out secrets, for scenting his game and tracking it to the death.

Every one knew him, marveled at him, and depended on him for the latest news. Only once in his life did he encounter so speedy a purveyor of news as himself. We offer the story as related by himself, as it will show, too, by what order of tales and tale-bearers Froissart sometimes allowed himself to be gulled. While staying at the Court of Gaston de Foix, he was bewildered to find that the count could often announce (so he assures us) events nine or ten days before the swiftest messenger could bring the news from the scene of action.

After no small pains, Froissart discovered that the count was in league with a certain spirit, who acted as his familiar, bringing him news every day on the wings of the wind. Froissart, of course, probed the matter to the bottom, and found that a former occupant of the count's castle had been tormented by an evil spirit; but one night he took heart, and actually made friends with the supernatural visitor; when there ensued a long period of the utmost amity between the two, the demon agreeing to bring the knight all the news of the world regularly. Two or three times a week this intrepid mortal was awakened by the spirit's tugging at his pillow, and, on awakening, was informed in a sepulchral voice that "such an event had happened in England or Italy or elsewhere." In the course of time the affections of this obliging spirit were alienated by gross breaches of confidence, and he forthwith transferred them to Count Foix.

Froissart, in his old age, was appointed to a comfortable living by Pope Clement VII., in which he died, proclaiming the immortality of his chronicles. Truly, they have deserved immortality. Whoever has not read them, and needs mental rejuvenation, can do nothing better than take them to the seaside or the study, eschewing all else pretending to be recreative reading. "Froissart," said the late Sidney Lanier, "sets the boy's mind upon manhood and the man's mind upon boyhood." Hence he is a famous tonic for youth or age. What old William Caxton says in his "Prologge" to Sir Thomas Mallory's book of King Arthur may truly be said of Froissart and his chronicles: ". . . . herein may be seen chyvalrye, curtosye, humanyte, frendlynesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue, synne. Doo after the good, and leve the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renommee."

We ring the bells, we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic, and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

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READING CLUB.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Through the Reign of Richard II., in English History.

Tales of a Grandfather, through Chapter XVIII.

Fair Maid of Perth, by Sir Walter Scott.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

SCOTLAND.	FRANCE.	CASTILE.
Robert II.	Charles V.	Henry II.
Robert III.	Charles VI.	John I.
		Henry III.

IT is now England's turn to have a boy-king. And the truce with France having expired, Charles V., who is still king of France, loses not an hour in renewing hostilities. That, too, in the way most hurtful to the English. First, by interrupting their commerce, and second, by instigating Wales and Scotland against them.

There are numerous family quarrels among the nations during this epoch: Navarre with Castile, Brittany with France, etc. Ireland is still in an unsettled (Froissart says) savage state, governed by petty kings, four of whom have yielded submission to the king of England. The country has for some time been more or less under English control, though constant warfare is needed to bring or keep them in subjection.

A strange thing happened in the Church at this time. There were two popes at the same time; Urban II, who, according to Froissart, was elected rather in deference to the Roman populace, and Clement, afterward elected by the cardinals. This, for awhile, caused a schism in the Church which lasted for years, some kings and governments giving allegiance to one, some to the other.

During this period, also, the Turks under Amurat began to cast longing eyes over into Europe. "I am resolved," said the ambitious Turk, "to have Hungary under my obedience, and afterwards the empire of Germany." It is true they were foiled in their first attempts, but they did at length gain a footing in what is called "Turkey in Europe," from which they have never since been entirely dislodged.

NEW MEMBER OF THE READING CLUB:

Miss Alice Paine, Kentucky.

The question given in our last number has excited considerable interest, so we have been informed by letters from parents and teachers, as also by our own observation. One little girl that we know of, only thirteen years old, has made a most earnest and diligent search for the answer, and though we may not award her the prize this time, if she perseveres she will be very sure to get one some of these days.

All the answers sent were exceedingly gratifying to us, as they displayed a genuine interest in the historical subject, and were evidently the result of careful research on the part of our young friends. We will give them another trial some time soon.

The following, according to the judgment of those who gave the decision, is the best answer sent in. As the young lady modestly suppresses her name we can only say it came from

A BALTIMORE GIRL.

"Bertrand du Guesclin was called 'the sword of France.' He lived in the reign of Charles V., called the 'Wise.' The French, under du Guesclin, had deposed Pedro the Cruel of Spain, and had enthroned in his stead Henry de Trastamare, his brother. Pedro fled to Bordeaux, where Edward, the Black Prince, was holding his court, and implored his aid in recovering his lost kingdom. His request was granted. Edward and his army marched southward into Spain; a battle was fought at Navarrette, in which the French were defeated and du Guesclin taken prisoner. He was afterward released upon payment of a large ransom. As a reward for his manifold services the king presented him with his sword, and made him Constable of France, the highest office which a subject could hold. When he died his mantle of office, but assuredly not that of his brave and generous spirit, fell upon Oliver Clisson, called the 'Butcher.'"

While this answer is entirely correct in the direct answers to every part of the question, yet, in one place where she has given a little of the *context*, as the preachers say, there is just a suspicion of inaccuracy. It would, perhaps, have been more strictly true if she had said: "The French under du Guesclin had ***helped*** to depose Pedro and to enthrone Henry de Trastamare," etc.

In Miss Yonge's "Lances of Lynwood," the book which we give as the prize, is found a charming account of the whole transaction.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Father Ryan's Poems.—The name of Father Ryan has become a household word at every hearthstone. Many an old, well-worn scrap book contains here and there among its choicest gems, a poem of Father Ryan's. But it has only been about a year since his poems, all complete, were collected and handsomely bound in a volume, by Jno. B. Piet & Co., of Baltimore, Md. They come to us now, just in time to suggest them as a Christmas or New Year's gift. Of the poems it is scarcely worth while to speak. They are already known and loved by all. Each poem bears a mystic charm which is all its own, and although many of them are claimed by the author to be but random thoughts produced without much labor, still they are admitted by every one to be beautiful thoughts, and as such will be welcomed in the handsomely bound volumes in which they are now reproduced. The price, in cloth, black and gold, $2.00; the same, gilt edges, $2.50; half calf, gilt edges, $4.00. The volume at $2.00 we now offer to any subscriber to Electra who will send us three new subscribers.

Christine.—A fascinating, though simple little story, translated from the French of Louis Enault by Elizabeth W. Pendleton, may be found among the popular Leisure Hour Series of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The scene is laid in Sweden, whose beautiful capital, Stockholm, sits a queen on the borders of the glittering lake, Malar, across whose glassy surface we glide in sleighs and on skates in company with the titled nobility of that and of other countries.

We are wrapped in a snowy mantle, and are almost engulfed in the tremendous snow-drifts which so speedily obliterate every land-mark until we involuntarily draw our chairs closer to the fire, and shiver at the thought of so much snow. Again, we roam o'er castle grounds, and row over rippling waves, singing Dalecarlian boat-songs, and keeping time with the dip of our oars.

We listen to the melting music of the organ, whose rich, sweet tones float above and around us, making such entrancing harmony that we almost fancy that there is something more than human in the sound.

The heroine is a countess, whose bewildering beauty baffles description. Lately bereft of an old and altogether uncongenial husband, she is a prize for which hundreds of the sterner sex would lay down even life itself; and yet few are brave enough to risk her displeasure by tendering her any thing more ardent than the ordinary courtesies of society, and of friendship.

George de Simiane is a thorough Frenchman—weak, vacillating, impassioned, yet, with it all, we discern an atmosphere of purity which is not found in every French novel of the past or present.

The word-painting is exquisite, and the translator has shown herself equal to the emergency. With wonderful skill she has selected just the expressions which most perfectly clothe the thought, and o'er all she has thrown an ease and grace which defy the most critical to prove that the whole romance did not come spontaneously from her own fancy.

In short, it is a book which will charm many classes and conditions of men, and women, too, and as such will form an agreeable addition to the list of pleasures for the coming holidays.

Uncle Dudley's Odd Hours purport to be "the vagaries of a country editor." There is no class of people on the face of this earth with whom we are more inclined to sympathize than the class to which Uncle Dudley belongs, otherwise, we should be inclined to criticise some of his freaks of fancy and expression. But as it was written in an editor's odd hours, the type set in odd hours, and intended to be read only in odd hours, we will introduce it with this comment: Uncle Dudley's Odd Hours contain *some* very good thoughts for odd hours. Drop a line to "Uncle Dudley," office of the *Sentinel*, Lake City, Minnesota, for the price- that seems to be a secret.

In looking over our book-table this month we are surprised to find ourselves attracted by a new map of the world. We see that this map does not give the mere boundaries of countries, with their rivers, mountains, etc., but contains besides these, the standard coins, architecture, natural scenery, and native animals, routes of discovery on sea and land, degrees of heat and cold, the distribution of the races, religions of the globe, etc., etc., etc.; in fact, an encyclopedia in itself. Turning it on the opposite side displays the Historical map of the United States, which is even more complete. The map is published by H. C. Tunison & Co., Cincinnati, and sold in this city by Mrs. E. S. Campbell, Agent.

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LITERARY NOTES.—*St. Nicholas* keeps up to its usual attractive table of contents, and will always prove one of the most welcome visitors at every fireside of the little folks.

The Century for December comes with its well-laden freight of good things, just in time to receive our greeting.

John B. Alden, of New York City, is publishing beside his tri-weekly visitor, the Elzevir Library, another Irving Library. Both of these give us the productions of our best English writers, in a form so cheap that all can enjoy them. The writings of Washington Irving, Macaulay, Charles Lamb, and others, can be obtained in these libraries, at a few cents per volume. The Irving Library is issued weekly.

Lippincott's Magazine for December, has a great variety of articles, both grave and gay, and all of them remarkable for novelty of subject, vividness of treatment, or information contained in them. The opening paper gives an exhaustive account of "The Menhaden Fishery and Factories," and is admirably illustrated from designs by J. Ward Stimson. There is a delightful article on "The Modern Feeling for Nature;" a pleasant little paper on "Women and Gowns;" a description of "The Funeral of the Greek Statesman, Alexander Coumoundouros," etc., besides a full measure of stories pathetic and lively, some ending, some beginning.

The Southern Collegian published by the Literary Societies of Washington and Lee University is a spicy little journal, which, despite the melancholy plaint of the "small amount of literary matter contributed by students, other than the editors," gives some good essays, and is full of lively bits of fact and fun, that would be especially interesting to students and alumni.

HOME SUNLIGHT.

WE are often compelled to forego the luxury of present-giving because we find there is a limit to our means. But if we will put our pride out of the way, our desire to be accounted generous, and bestow our gifts simply with the object of giving pleasure, we will generally find that this limit is not so narrow as we might suppose. As Christmas is near, somebody may be glad of a few hints and suggestions; for with those who have time at their disposal, some ingenuity and a good deal of patience, it is astonishing how far a little money can be made to go.

To begin with a thought for the poor whom we have always at our gates. We may help them, really help them, in their struggles for subsistence, with trifles that are of little moment to us. Think how glad some poor, rheumatic sufferer will be of two or three pairs of cast-off woolen socks, all comfortably darned by the children's small, willing hands. Or, take the best parts of the worsted dresses, which are past wearing, and piece them together in any irregular fashion. This, lined with the remnants of calico dresses put together in the same way, with a little batting between, will make a treasure of inestimable value to some poor woman, who, with her hardest work can not manage to get a sufficiency of bed-clothes to keep the children warm. How heart and body will glow, under this nice comfort, with thoughts of the kind hands that made it. And how many children might be saved a spell of sickness and taught the joy of giving, by being persuaded to put aside a small portion out of their abundance of sweetmeats, for those to whom Santa Claus brings nothing.

Then in the home circle, we all enjoy the interchange of love mementoes on Christmas day, and of course the gifts are most highly appreciated when we make them ourselves. Out of the bright bits of their own dresses let the little girls make a crazy-quilt cushion for grandma's chair; it will be far more beautiful in her eyes than the handsomest plush or velvet. For those who have the least artistic genius, there is, in these days, an almost endless variety of pretty things to be made with the paints and brushes: Placques, fans, screens of different kinds, china in its many forms, etc. The pottery-ware, too, that so many of our ladies are learning to make and paint, is wonderfully pretty, with the raised flowers and figures, and the quaint, antique shapes. A very simple, but dainty gift is a Christmas card (though they are not always cards), hand-painted, the names and initials interwoven with the good wishes, or the letters formed of flowers, as forget-me-nots, roses, or daisies. In short, it is very seldom that a little watchfulness will not discover something that will be an acceptable present to a friend, and some-

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thing, too, that will come, by an expenditure of time, even within very limited means. We would only add, never give presents that are entirely useless, but see that what you give is appropriate, and carries with it the *sincere* good wishes of the season.

On the afternoon before Christmas a blue-eyed maiden, of some ten summers, knelt on a chair by the window, looking very, very thoughtful.

On the window-sill stood a little rose-bush, given to Myrtle when scarce more than a slip in the early summer. Under her cherishing care it had grown and flourished, until now, in this warm, bright room, where the sunshine lingered the greater part of the day, it had dreamed of spring, and put forth its first bud, despite the snow and cold without.

And what a lovely bud it was! a rich tea-rose bud, almost a finger in length, the soft, creamy petals folded and interfolded with such matchless grace, and giving out from its heart the most exquisite perfume.

Myrtle loved flowers passionately, and there was an added tenderness in her feeling for this one, born of the care she had bestowed upon it.

But what made her look at it so gravely now? No worm or insect was sapping its life, nor marring its beauty. No! the thought was in her own heart. That morning she had heard her mother tell of a little sick girl, no older than herself, half of whose life had been spent upon a bed of hopeless, helpless suffering. Ever since, the longing had been in her heart: "If I only had something to carry her to-morrow that could make her a little bit glad." And now, as she looked at her beautiful rose, she thought of the long, happy summer, when she had roamed the garden and fields, gathering flowers at her own sweet will, while, perhaps, poor Alice had never seen one grow.

But she looked lovingly, regretfully at her pet; she would not have any flowers but this either, until spring, but the verse which she had learned that morning came back to her: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and forthwith she went to consult "mamma." She was not disappointed in her mother's full sympathy and co-operation. So, as early as possible next morning, the pretty rose-bush, with its peerless bud, was carefully pinned up in a thick covering of paper, and Myrtle carried it tenderly in her arms, picking her cautious steps over the slippery places, as she walked by her mother's side, in the crisp Christmas air.

There was no gleam of Christmas joy, in the poor, wan face of the sick child—nothing but pain and weariness. But Myrtle put down her burden on the chair by the bed, and as she unpinned its wrappings she said: "I wanted to bring you something, Alice, because it is Christmas, you know, and I had nothing else to bring."

When it was uncovered, and stood revealed in all its queenly beauty, the pale, pitiful face did light up with a strange pleasure. For one moment she forgot her pain, and stretching her thin hands towards it, she begged wistfully, "O, let me smell it, just once."

"It is yours—your very own," Myrtle said, lifting it nearer, so that Alice could touch the velvety leaves and inhale the delicious fragrance.

"And see, you can keep it right here beside you, in this nice, sunny window, where this bud will live a right long time, and when it is gone there are two more coming."

The sick child did not *speak* many thanks, but Myrtle knew her rose-bush would be as well beloved now as ever. And for many a day the blessing of that kindly deed lingered in each little maiden's heart, like the smile of the Saviour when He took the little ones in His arms and blessed them.

SCRAP BOOK.

Vernet, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well-made; but the saint is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet. "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further in. The purchaser took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure, and gave the painting to the purchaser, who now, at last, seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw

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strangers, to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with Saint Jerome in the cave." "But we can not see the saint," the visitors would reply. "Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and, afterwards, further back, and am, therefore, quite sure that he is in it."—*From Art and Artists.*

LATELY a competition was invited in a contemporary for a connected and intelligent paragraph containing the names of the principal London papers, money prizes being offered for the best compositions. Among the replies received, the following was the best, and received the two-guinea prize:

"In this Era of the Nineteenth Century, when the News of the World is flashed by Daily Telegraph from all parts of the Globe, and the People read its Daily Chronicle in the City Press, or its Echo throughout England, when the trained School-master and School-mistress are cramming our Young Folks All the Year Round with Knowledge to fit them for their future Life in the World, the intelligent British Workman, from being merely a political Spectator is now becoming the Guardian of those liberties so dear to every Englishman and Freeman. The ideal English mechanic is a Radical and National Reformer. He has Truth for his Standard, is a good Citizen, and is loyal to the Queen and Empire. He drinks from the Fountain, is an Economist, and pays his Tailor, Draper, Grocer, and Miller. He can calculate sufficiently to keep a Record of Money transactions with Builder, Architect, Engineer, etc. He devotes a leisure Hour to Gardening, Amateur Work, or Cricket. He gets the Daily News Every Week from the Weekly Dispatch, and on Sunday evening he reads out Tit-Bits of Home News, and Police News, with cuttings from Punch, Fun, and Funny Folks, to his Society guests."

THE DOG AND THE TELEPHONE.—A coach dog named Jack, in some way had gotten lost and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office and asked by telephone if the man had lost his dog. "Yes; where is he?" was the reply. "He is here, suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece, and his master said "Jack, Jack; how are you, Jack?" Jack instantly recognized the voice and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think his master was inside the machine.

At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the familiar bark, and shortly afterward reached his friend's office to claim his property.

THE LESSON A GREAT GENERAL LEARNED.—"I once," said a great general, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone for many hours. Trying to divert my mind from my misfortunes, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of wheat bigger than itself up a high wall. I counted the efforts it made to accomplish its object. The grain of wheat fell to the ground sixty-nine times; but the little insect persevered, and the seventieth time it succeeded, and reached the top of the wall. This sight gave me courage at that time, when I greatly needed it, and I never forgot the lesson it taught me."

And this is a lesson we all need to learn as we go on with the "journey of life." And if we only have the confidence, the courage, and the perseverance, of which we have now spoken, as we go on with the "journey of life," our struggle will be sure to end in success. Let us all be sure to get these three things, and then it will be well with us.

FOURTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider every thing impossible that we can not perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand every thing. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity."

UNLESS music comes from the heart, it will not go to the heart; unless there is an impression upon the heart and mind, there can be no impression.

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A Wonderful Mirror.—About a cubit in diameter was this masterpiece. The frame was bone and ivory, where "upon a surface of the finest polish were figures and foliages of daintiest carving." This was in the form of a wheel —the mirror was the centerpiece—"about it were seven dials wherein were carved the seven virtues upon ivory and bone; and the mirror and the figures of the virtues were so exactly balanced that at the turning of the wheel all the virtues turned in harmonious movement. There was, too, a weight at their feet to counterpoise them, which kept them in a straight direction." Words were carved about the mirror stating "that, on which side so'er the wheel of fortune turns, virtue still stands unshaken on her feet." This is from the hand of Giovanni Collinti, and was probably made in the early part of the sixteenth century.

"There is no better way to protect a child from evil, than to make him a lover of good literature."

BITS OF SCIENCE.

A Model House.—Dr. Hogg, of Bedford Park, Chiswick, England, has built himself a house in the Queen Anne style, for which Bedford Park is renowned, where no window can open, and where there is no fireplace except in the kitchen. Underneath the hall a large passage is used as the intake of fresh air. Here it can be cooled in summer by ice or water spray, while in winter it is warmed by hot steam-pipes, which are economically heated by a small coke stove. The air then passes up into the hall, from which it is only separated by an iron trellis-work, and travels into every room of the house by apertures made in the skirtings and cornices. In the ceiling of each room there are one or two openings and exhaust shafts, leading to the foul-air chamber in the roof of the house. To produce the exhaust suction, a large shaft runs from the foul-air chamber down to the back of the kitchen fire, where the heat of the boiler and the fire suffice to attract the air. From the back of the kitchen fire in the basement of the house, the air again travels up. A square brick shaft or chimney conveys it through the roof and into the open air. In the center of this shaft is a circular metallic flue which carries away the smoke of the kitchen fire, and this flue, always more or less heated, stimulates the current of air. A comparison of the minimum velocity at which the air moves forward in the extracting flues (two hundred feet per minute) with the cubic contents of the house, shows that the atmosphere is entirely changed throughout the dwelling once in every twenty minutes. This result is obtained imperceptibly—that is, without the slightest draught. Every part of the house being equally warm, all danger of catching cold from draughty corridors, chilly bed or bath-rooms, is obviated. A nurse and three children sleep in one room measuring fourteen feet square by ten feet high. One of the children used to suffer from defective circulation, cold fingers, chilblains, blueness of the extremities, etc., but since he has lived in the new house he has experienced no such inconvenience. Finally, as there are no fires in the rooms, as the heavier particles of dust are precipitated in the intake chamber before the air enters the house, two servants can do the entire domestic work where three were formerly necessary, and a much higher degree of cleanliness is maintained. In coal the cost has been reduced by one-third, though the entire house is now warmed instead of a few rooms. The experiment, it will be seen, has been tested in more senses than one, and has proved a success. From a domestic point of view, it is economical. From a medical point of view, it is hardly necessary to dwell on the advantages of a perfectly even temperature throughout the whole house, thus rendering it no longer necessary to confine a patient to one room. This temperature can be increased or lessened at will at all seasons, the air is comparatively free from dust particles, and its renewal can be insured with mathematical precision, without incurring the risk of those sudden draughts and transitions involved by the opening of doors and windows.—*Lancet.*

The Condition of Coal-Making.—The carboniferous formation represents the most wonderful episode in the history of our globe. It gives us an impression comparable in strangeness to that produced by those wonderful civilizations which blossomed out so suddenly and so splendidly in the infancy of mankind. Only

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a rare concurrence of circumstances could have brought on the expansion of plant-growth which characterized its epoch. The world of plants was still young and imperfect. Vegetation was characterized by the abundance of green parts susceptible of rapid growth, and of an almost indefinite development. It was, however, destitute of two characters which have been acquired by the later plants: those of the periodical and gradual increase of parts destined to endure, and of an absolute specialization of the reproductive apparatus.

The vegetable kingdom was the first factor in the production of coal, but not the only one; two other factors must be taken into account in studying its genesis. One of these related to the conditions of the environment, the climate, and the temperature; the other to the situations in which the plants that were converted into coal were placed. Had either of these conditions been essentially different or left out, we would have had no coal. The influence of situation is shown by the fact that the coal-beds are always intermittent; that they are limited in extent, and pass laterally into shales and sandstones, so as to show that there was nothing universal in the phenomenon, and that it was liable to interruption by physical changes. It is also easy to conceive that the formation of coal could not have gone on unless the vegetable was adapted to the process, and the conditions of the climate were suitable. The coal-plants could never have grown and flourished as they did in the present climates of the North; and our hard-wood trees, with their firm foundations in the ground, and their slow, periodical growth, could never, by decaying in the open air, have produced the peculiar and rich combinations we find in the coal-beds.—M. G. DE SAPORTA, *in Popular Science Monthly*.

A GRASPING TREE.—A tree having the peculiar power of lifting stones and other objects from the ground, has been discovered in New Guinea, by Lieutenant Houghton. It is a species of *ficus*, like the well-known banyan, and throws out air-roots from its branches. These eventually reach the ground, and taking root become in turn new stems, so that a single tree will in time make a forest of itself. Other long flexible tendrils do not root in the ground, but coil around any article within reach, and ultimately contracting, lift the article up and suspend it in mid-air.—*Selected.*

ONE of the curiosities shown in the Smithsonian, at Washington, is a section of a tree nearly twelve inches in diameter, which was cut down by minie-balls during the battle of Chancellorsville.

A WARNING LAMP.—A lamp to warn the watchman on duty that a house has been forcibly entered, has been invented by Mr. Diggins. It can be placed outside the premises within view of the policeman, on his beat, and when the house is safe it shows a white bull's-eye; but when a door or window has been opened by night, a red shade falls in front of the flame and shows a red bull's-eye. The lamp is very simple in construction. An electro-magnet by the attraction of its armature when the current passes, releases a detent, allowing a screen of red glass to fall down in front of the flame, thereby producing the red light. The current can be sent by the opening of a door, window, safe, or show-case, or by treading on a stair, and in other ways if necessary. This is done by an electric contact, which is arranged to close under any of these operations, and thus complete the circuit of a voltaic battery through the electro-magnet in the lamp. The lamp can also be used within a house to warn the inmates, and an electric bell can be rung by the current. Moreover, in case of fire, the red light and bell can be operated by the mercury column of a thermometer, rising and closing the circuit.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

WE make, this month, a special offer to our old subscribers. It is, that any one of them who shall send us new subscribers before the new year, can deduct from the amount sent ($2.00), a commission of fifty cents for each subscriber. Or, any subscriber or contributor whose name is on our books has the privilege of sending the ELECTRA for the year 1884 as a Christmas or New Year's present, for $1.50, *paid in advance*. The January number of ELECTRA will be issued December 23d, so as to reach all subscribers by Christmas.

We wish also to call special attention to "OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER."

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THE GRAPHEION.

All of Louisville awakes this morning with a feeling that something is wanting; some pleasure has gone out of our lives! What is it we miss? Ah, the Exposition is closed! Of course we who lived at its gates feel it most, for in three months it had grown to be a part of our lives. It was our grand rendezvous, almost abolishing the social call; a place where we could always spend hours of recreation in the most delightful manner, feasting our eyes or ears at pleasure; where we could take long walks of profitable instruction, finding something to interest at every turn; or rest after a weary day's work, floating away from all care on the delicious strains of Gilmore's peerless, incomparable band. And yet we are sure ma·y from every part of the country, North, South, East, and West, mingle their regrets with ours, at the thought that The Southern Exposition is over—some simply because, as with us, it is a pleasure of the past; some, perhaps, because the pleasure was all too short, and some, alas! have to look back only on disappointed hopes, inasmuch as they could not get here at all. These can only comfort themselves with the hope of better success next time. The rest of us, whether the pleasure was long or short, have nothing to regret. True, it is over, that is, the doors are closed; the brilliant building dismantled of its adornments, but, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and there are scenes and sounds that must be indelibly photographed on our memories; little precious bits of social intercourse that linger warmly in our hearts. Exquisite strains of music, the memory of which will thrill us for many and many a day, aye, as long as we live. And, as we were reminded in one of the closing speeches, though the visible forms are taken down from the walls of the Art Gallery, there are, at least, some of the pictures that are engraven on our hearts. These are ours to hold and keep. No matter who claims the original, we own a perfect copy. This much we say for ourselves, over and above the good that has and will come to our city and the country at large.

"ALL time is lost which might be better employed" is an old French proverb, the truth of which no one will question. And yet how few of us who might not have employed our time better during the year 1883. At least, so we feel now, as it is drawing to a close. But will you take just a hint in that direction? The poorest employment on earth is moping over what "might have been."

There is hardly any mistake of the past but bears in it some lesson for the guidance of the future. So, if we have floundered in the mud during the past, let us spend the few remaining days of the old year in getting out of it; let us cleanse our vestments from the slough and filth of mistakes and errors committed, and be appareled in a new, clean garment of right and purpose, in which to welcome the coming year. It is well if we have, at least, learned where the muddy places in life are, and can keep out of them in future.

"Years teach more than books."

WE remember once hearing the question asked: "Why can not we American ladies walk miles and miles as the English do, or bear heavy burdens as the Germans and others?"

And it was answered: "The American lady thinks too much of her pretty hand and foot, to cultivate such accomplishments as those."

Now, we do not exactly subscribe to this answer. Nevertheless, is it not true that while in a grand country like ours, with abundance of space, healthful air, and every thing needful for the well-being of physical man, we might expect to have nothing to show but giants, we are often disappointed? Fine, promising boys stop short of medium size, and girls come home from school languid, or half invalided. Nay, who among us, male or female, does not often experience a deficiency of strength for some seemingly trivial effort? And wherefore? What can be the cause save want of cultivation in that particular. Comparisons may be profitable where there is something to emulate or something to avoid. And why should not we be as good walkers as the English, as strong to bear the burdens that come in our way as any others. Americans are, perhaps, a little inclined to be one-ideaed, holding up before them in life some one object or aim, and pursuing it with an absorbing intentness, every energy bent on success, that excludes all things else. And so, whether the all-absorbing passion be scientific research, ambition for fame, a desire to amass wealth, or mere love of pleasure and self-indulgence, the

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development of the physical strength is apt to to fall into the back-ground unless, perchance, the mania for some special form of exercise, as with the walkists, takes the reins. This is not as it should be. Go to the nursery and watch the little ones day by day; how gradually and beautifully the mental and moral character unfolds, and how the little body grows, imperceptibly, yet so surely too, and all side by side, so long as nature holds undisputed control.

In a few years the child, boy or girl, is sent to school; if he be bright, thirsty-minded, he soon becomes absorbed in study. By degrees, the romping plays, that might create a diversion in favor of the physical nature, are dropped; the body becomes inert, feeble, dwarfed, or actually invalided, and friends exclaim, children—youths ought not to be allowed to study so hard. And yet the brain is a faithful servant; it seldom tires, unless when worked at the expense, or to the neglect of some other part of the system. For these three elements of our nature, mental, moral, and physical are, by creation, so dependent on each other that they *must march abreast or suffer*. Much, no doubt, has been accomplished, in the way of keeping the balance, by the boating clubs, gymnasiums, etc., established in schools and colleges, and independently; but is this enough? We have all laughed over the story of the little boy who, in order to increase his strength, carried a bag of rocks up the hill every day, adding one stone each time, until all were astonished at the weight he was able to bear. And of the woman who commenced carrying an orphaned calf when small and light, and kept it up when her pet had become a full grown cow. Would it not be well, then, if every home were a gymnasium, with father and mother for teachers. No matter how simple the contrivance may be, something is within the reach of almost every household that will exercise and develop the muscles and promote a healthful circulation of the blood, without weariness; for exercise, to be beneficial, should always stop short of fatigue.

Even if one should not be able to obtain any of the various contrivances for gymnastic exercises, of which we see attractive notices almost every week, still, a little study and ingenuity might make even the children's plays subservient to this good end ,and surely it will be worth while.

THE common salutation the last few days with which one friend greets another has been: "Have you set your watch up?"

Our portion of the world is now to be divided into four great belts of uniform time, running north and south. These four standards of time correspond to the four meridians—the 75th, the 90th, the 105th, and 120th. Each of these meridians forms the central line of one of these belts, and the standard time of each belt is to be reckoned from noon on this central meridian. Thus, within each fifteen degrees, all standard clocks and watches will have one exact time.

According to this, we, in the city of Louisville, have had to move backward eighteen minutes. This is not exactly in keeping with our usual enterprise, yet the impetus forward has been so powerful during the months of our Great Southern Exposition that we still find ourselves considerably ahead. Perhaps a little checking will prove salutary.

It will, however, take some weeks to settle down to the present status. The tired workman has eighteen minutes longer to sleep in the morning, but then six o'clock comes so late. It came late enough before. Then people can not help wondering where the lost eighteen minutes are.

It has already had one good effect: The *late members* of churches, on Sabbath evening, November 18, all came walking up the aisles of their respective places of worship five, ten, or fifteen minutes before the services began. But, doubtless, in a few weeks they, too, will be enabled to work themselves back into their old habits.

The perplexities of this system seem to be where these belts meet. It will be a little awkward to make appointments and issue invitations in those regions, as the difference of time will be one hour. This will necessitate the keeping of two distinct and separate time standards in those sections.

Yet, upon the whole, we accept it as a good thing, though it may seem a little ungrateful to the sun, whose dignity we hope will not be offended by man thus entirely ignoring his usefulness to mankind as a time-giver. He has served us faithfully, when we knew no better way.

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CURRENT HISTORY.

On the subject of tariff reform, which is probably the leading question of the day in American politics, it may be interesting to recall these remarks of Emerson:

"Here is a low political economy plotting to cut the throat of foreign competition and establish our own; excluding others by force, or making war upon them; or, by cunning tariffs giving preference to worse wares of ours. But the real and lasting victories are those of peace, and not of war. The way to conquer the foreign artisan is not to kill him, but to beat his work. And the Crystal Palaces and World Fairs, with their committees and prizes on all kinds of industry, are the result of this feeling."

At a Liberal meeting, held in Leeds, lately, Mr. Bright made a speech in favor of the electoral reform, tending to extend the right of suffrage in England. The most remarkable part of his speech is, perhaps, that devoted to discussing the present powers of the House of Lords, and the growing necessity of limiting them. Mr. Bright proposed that when a bill passed by the House of Commons has been rejected by the House of Lords, it should be brought back before the Lower House for reconsideration, and then, if passed for a second time, it should receive the sanction of the Crown, either with or without the concurrence of the Higher House. In the present system there is no provision made for a bill to pass without the sanction of the House of Lords, thus giving to the latter a higher authority, in fact, than that of Royalty itself, since the present Queen, nor her predecessors, have ever been known to refuse to sanction a bill passed by both Houses.

A curious incident is connected with the Lord Mayor's banquet, given in London on the 9th of November. Mr. Kruger, the hero of the Transvaal war, and two more delegates from the Transvaal Republic were on their way to London to negotiate for the annulling of the treaty of 1881, and were expected soon to arrive. Mr. Fowler, the newly-elected Lord Mayor, was asked to invite these delegates to the banquet. He not only refused, but published his refusal in the form of a letter, which appeared in the papers:

"I am surprised that any one should ask me, a member of the Society for the Protection of Aborigines, to invite these men. I shall never give my hand to the representatives of a republic to which I have often, in Parliament, applied these words of Canning: 'Child, his hands were dyed in blood, and his whole life has been one of excess, rapine, and murder.'"

These insults addressed by the chief magistrate of London to the representatives of a friendly republic, and a republic which acquired, in 1881, such a renown for bravery and honor in her struggle against England, sound very strange, indeed.

Mr. Fowler, the new Lord Mayor of London is a Tory of the deepest dye—Salisbury shade. As a contrast, Mr. Gladstone has received most cordially the same delegates.

The views of France in Tonkin, have been fully explained by Premier Ferry, in the French Chambers, which met on the 23d of October. They are the faithful execution of the treaties, made with the King of Annam, and the restoration of order upon a permanent basis, without the right of interference on the part of China. France is willing to concede to China the same right of honorary suzerainty which she has exercised heretofore over Annam, and no more, and she will do all in her power to avoid war with China, on those terms.

The French Chambers having approved this policy of the government by a large vote of confidence, it is not probable that France will withdraw from the contest, until she has secured the terms of the same policy. In the meantime, reinforcements have been sent to Tonkin, and hostilities remain suspended until their arrival. The French forces in Tonkin are to be increased to ten thousand men, before

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oppressive operations begin against the Black Flags and their supporters.

TONKIN.—Father Puginier, Vicar Apostolic in Tonkin, gives in a letter the following details of the death of Father Bechet, missionary, and of the Catholic Tonkinese who accompanied him. Father Bechet was arrested in Nam-Dirch, the 20th of May, at 9 o'clock in the morning with three catechists and four Christians who accompanied him. Brought before the Mandarin, they were, after a short interrogatory, sentenced to be decapitated. They were immediately led to the place of execution. Father Bechet, garrotted at first like his companions, had been freed from his bonds. The execution began with the beheading of the seven Tonkinese. Their heads were cut off by the soldiers with their swords, in one blow, or, at most, in two blows. For the missionary, however, the torture lasted a long time, and it was only after the neck had been literally hacked to pieces that the head fell off from the body. The Mandarin was present during the entire length of this horrible scene. Father Bechet has been in Tonkin since 1881.

THE recent visit of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, to Wilhelm III., King of Holland, is an event which deserves a certain share of notice.

Belgium separated violently from Holland in 1830, and conquered her independence on the battle-fields. Since that time the two countries have lived side by side on terms of peace, but it is the first time that the actual king of these old Dutch provinces pays an official visit as a sovereign to the former king of the same land. The reception of King Leopold in Holland was all that could be desired as marking decidedly that no hostile feeling nor afterthought existed now between the two countries. This official cementation of friendship between Belgium and Holland acquires an additional interest when viewed in connection with the apparent effort made lately by the powers of the "outer circle" in Europe, to come to some closer understanding with each other.

IN Spain, the excitement raised by the incidents of the king's visit to France has died out. The new ministry, under the leadership of Mr. Moret, Liberal, is trying to reconcile the monarchy with the tendencies of the Progressive and Liberal parties in Spain. It has seemed probable, for some years past, that Spain will be the first country in Europe, which, following the example of France, will replace the monarchy by a republican form of government.

TWO more royal visits in Europe are to be recorded.

The first is that of the Duke of Bragancia, Prince-Royal of Portugal to the Court of Belgium. This visit, purely one of pleasure and courtesy, passed off most pleasantly.

The second (not yet become a fact at this date of writing), is that of the Prince Imperial of Germany to the Court of Spain. As Germany is not popular in Spain with any of the political parties dividing the country, and especially with the party in power; as a German alliance has never been in question with the people, and would rather injure than serve the interests of the Dynasty were it entertained by the King's party; as the visit may give rise to some unpleasant incidents similar to those which attended King Alphonso's visit in Paris; as these incidents, originating in Spanish feelings, with Spaniards as actors, and on Spanish soil, could not be made to serve the purpose of embarrassing France; it is difficult to conjecture at present for what precise object this visit of the German prince to Spain is undertaken.

QUITE an excitement has been raised in the Catholic circles of Germany and in the Vatican, by the late actions of the Cardinal, Prince von Hohenlohe. The Cardinal, who is a brother of the present Ambassador of Germany, in France, and the representative of one of the most influential Catholic families in Germany, has ventured to pay a visit, while in Munich, to the Italian Minister Plenipotentiary, Count Barbolani, and to Mr. Dœllinger, the leader of the Old Catholics. These visits are said to have been inspired by Mr. Bismarck, in order to remind the Pope that it will be good policy for him to live on better terms with the King of Italy, and that the Old Catholic movement is not quite dead yet. The Cardinal had previously resigned the Bishopric of Albans, near Rome, of which he was the honorary titular, and the Ultramontanes fear that a complete rupture has taken place between the Cardinal and his influence on one side, and the Vatican on the other. In explanation, the Ultramontane press publish that the Cardinal's mind is rather deranged.

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ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1884. No. 9

TO-MORROW.

Spirit, that in the future's dawn dost stand,
And call with wooing voice our feet to thee,
Long have we yearned to clasp thine outstretched hand—
So near thou seemest, yet so far, to be!—
And roam thy restful, thine uncharted land.

But ere we touch thy subtle form 'tis passed,
And bides us but a step within the gloom.
Lo! desolation reigns where late thou wast!
So, thou, vague shadow, lead'st us to the tomb!
And bidd'st us cease in solemn tones at last!

THE PRIZE STORY.

Lucy Strange sat wearily in her chair at nine P.M. It was the first time since six in the morning. Trudge, trudge, trudge, all day long; and with a cheerful face, she had made the burdens of the day seem lighter to others, even though her own heart had sunk away down into the bottom of her shoes.

It was the same old story. A widowed mother and five children had struggled along the journey of life, nobody knew how, and but few cared to know. At last the strain had been too much on Mrs. Strange, and now she was laid on a bed of sickness, Lucy had reason to fear, an invalid for life. Jack, the oldest boy, had been apprenticed out to a cabinet-maker, but would, for a year to come, receive only his food and clothes. Yet this was one mouth less to feed, and a good many pairs of pants and socks less to buy. Little Richard, as they called the father's namesake, had obtained a situation as cash-boy in a large dry-goods establishment. He was bright and smart, and they knew he would work his way up, but now his wages were only one dollar a week. The other two were the little twin girls, Bess and Helen, not yet four years old. Mr. Strange had left his

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family a few hundred dollars only, which Mrs. Strange had wisely invested in a little home just in the edge of the village. She then set to work to support the family by sewing, earnestly endeavoring to get the boys into good positions for acquiring business habits, and at the same time educate her oldest daughter, that she might, ere "the babies" grew up, become a teacher, and thus help to educate them. But sickness had come, and Mrs. Strange could no longer work.

What should be done? After much cogitation, Lucy proposed renting all of their house except two rooms, in which they could live. This was done, and brought them in a regular income of fifteen dollars a month, which, with Richard's wages added, amounted to a little less than twenty dollars per month for the subsistence of five people. It was hard work during the summer, but when winter came and they must have a fire, Lucy spent many a sleepless hour devising plans by which she could get just a little more out of their meager income. To-night, she was in despair. The flour, the meal, and the coal were all out, and she had left of the month's rent one dollar, while one more would come in at the end of the week from her little brother's wages.

She could stand it no longer, she must have a good cry, she felt it coming. The kitchen was too cold and dreary, even to cry in; so slipping out of her chair on to the floor, and almost under her mother's bedside, that she might not see her, she lay prostrate and wept as quietly as she could, not to wake her mother. She lay there until the little fire there was in the grate was almost consumed; then rousing herself she got up and lighted the lamp in the hope of finding something better to do. Picking up a paper which had been sent her to read to her mother, she caught the words "*$500 for the Best Short Story.*" She read it over and over again, listlessly at first; then she began to plan what could be done with so much money; then she thought—what if I could make it? Then came a sudden throb of wild joy. Why could I not write the story? She had written many little allegories and stories for the children at home, and had more than once gotten the first prize for composition.

At least, she would try. So, looking around she found an old blank book and a pencil, and then and there the story began.

It was well for Lucy that her mother slept soundly at night, for night after night she sat closely hovering over the dying coals in the grate, and scribbled away at her story. It was then November, and the manuscript must all be sent in by December 29th. In two weeks the story was completed, written and re-written; that is, she had written it with a lead pencil, with large spaces between the lines, so as she read it over she could easily erase and correct what seemed to her erroneous.

Up to this juncture, the work had all been done at night, and by scarcely any light, as she was fearful of disturbing her mother. But she determined on giving it at least one reading by daylight.

Sending the twins out into the sunshine one afternoon, she told her mother she would be busy in the kitchen for a little time, and going in, shut the doors closely and sat down to eagerly devour her own romance. It was good, and she felt it. She thought, as she read it over, it was almost beautiful. So, with a lighter heart than she had been wont to bear of late, she took her sewing, which she was now taking in to feed the little ones, and sat down by her mother's bed. Her mother reached her long, thin, white hand out and placed it on her head, saying:

"Lucy, my comfort and stay, I was just thinking if we could only get five

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hundred dollars we might build a little cottage on the corner of the lot, and rent that, then we could live on our income till Jack serves out his apprenticeship or little Richard grows into bigger wages."

Lucy started; she felt almost that her secret had been discovered. How had her mother happened to think of five hundred dollars just at that moment, and when she so seldom seemed to think of money at all now?

But she quietly answered:

"Yes, we could mother. I have thought of that myself."

"Still there is no prospect of it," said her mother, "and let's drive it from our minds altogether. If our Heavenly Father knew it was best for us we would have it."

Now, a new difficulty arose. The story must be copied on nice paper. The paper and postage would cost almost more, Lucy felt, than she could spend. However, when she took her work home that evening late, she stopped at the village drug-store and purchased the necessary stationery.

That night, as usual, when her mother was asleep, Lucy seated herself softly at the head of her bed, where with a lamp carefully shaded on a little table, she began her work.

The task was more than she had imagined, in fact, more than the writing of the story had been; for, with that, the interest in the story had acted as a stimulant, and then, too, she could, with her old book and pencil, crouch down on the hearth, out of sight of her mother, and write away to her heart's content. But now she must sit upright by a table, turn over both the leaves of her old book of manuscript and her paper she was copying on. However, it was done at last, and folded and carefully sealed. The night she completed the story she kneeled down and prayed earnestly over it; such was her anxiety that she almost felt that it would be a test of God's goodness to her, she so needed the money, and she would do so much good with it. The next day it was dropped into the post-office. Again the home routine of duties came and went. Her own earnings with her needle supplemented the scanty wardrobe and larder. Christmas came, and with it no joyous troop of merry voices. True, the boys came home, and each of them brought presents for "the babies."

Lucy remembered the time when she had hung up her stocking and received so many beautiful things in it. But—well, it was not all sad now, because she was cheerfully, gladly giving her time to make others happy, and she was happy in doing this, though she scarcely knew why it was. She had even saved up a little, and with it gave the children a treat of hickory nuts and apples, the cheapest things she could buy. Yet, it made them happy, and in doing that her mother had received the best gift she could have had.

The boys spent only one day at home, and the last week of the old year passed just as other weeks had done to Lucy. Work, work, work, all day long. New Year's morn came fresh and clear, a glad, bright, good morning for the coming year to all. Lucy felt it to be so. Though possibly it might have been, too, the secret joy in her heart, when she thought of her prize story and its possible result. She had mailed it the 15th of December, and now two weeks had passed. She began to wonder if it was yet time to hear any thing. But no, that could not be! For the time for sending in prize stories did not close till December 29th. It would take at least a month. She would wait patiently, nay, even hopefully. She knew God would be good to her.

The month of January passed—a hard month to Lucy. "The babies" had severe colds and sore throats, and her poor, suffering mother grew worse and worse.

February came—a few bright. spring-

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like days, but only to be followed by a cold, weary, rainy spell of weather. Still no letter from the paper to which Lucy's manuscript had been sent. She thought sometimes she would write a letter about it, but this, she argued, would do no good. Her heart began to fail her, and she was now, as the second month of waiting closed, almost dispirited. Her trips to the post-office were less frequent, and she hardly cared to hear at all.

At last, one cool, breezy morning in March, as she was hurrying home with some sewing she had just gotten, she thought she would step into the post-office and inquire once more.

The postman looked up over his glasses. "Yes—well—Lucy Strange? here is a letter!" She clutched it nervously, and at once descried the name on the envelope, of the paper to which her manuscript had been sent. And it certainly contained no manuscript; surely it must be just a check! She dared not open it on the street, so she flew along the crispy path clutching her precious letter. As she entered the door of their home, her mother's gentle voice called her to her bedside.

"Lucy, my darling," she whispered, "I am worse, getting worse every day. You will have soon but a remembrance of a mother's love; but let your love to the other children ever be that of a mother. I know it will be so, my child. I leave them all to you, a precious legacy to my most precious legacy—my first-born!"

"Mother, oh, mother!" was all that Lucy could say, and, kneeling down at her bedside, she sobbed aloud.

The letter was dropped on the floor, and lay forgotten, as she tenderly nursed the dying mother. All day long she bathed the throbbing temples and cooled the parched tongue.

Late that evening when little Richard came home, he picked the letter up from the floor, "Why Lucy, this is to you, why don't you read it?" "O yes," said Lucy, but now her joy at its probable contents was all gone; too late to help bring back color and vigor to that mother's cheeks, and what cared she for all the wealth of the universe if only that mother had been spared her. However, she stooped down at the fire, and opening it, read:

"Your manuscript has been carefully read, but has not been accepted."

She crumpled the paper in her pocket. This pitiless, paltry, piece of paper, on which she had at one time been almost ready to stake her faith in God's goodness. But was she ready to reject Him now? O, no! She needed Him just then. O! if He would but spare that precious mother's life. She prayed now as she had never done before, and yet there seemed no hope; no hope, yes there must be. There would be with her, until she stood by the lifeless form of a dead mother. That thought would flit across her mind as she gazed into the features, pale and wasted, of the almost lifeless form, which lay on the bed.

Dick had been sent for, and all that night the three older children sat and watched alone, by their mother's bedside. The agonized form seemed too frail to bear any longer the agony of suffering, and until midnight one paroxysm of pain followed another. The children asked to have a doctor sent for, but she quietly shook her head and whispered,

"I am in the Lord's hands, beyond the help of man."

Just at twelve the pain ceased, and she quietly slept; so peacefully that once and again Lucy leaned over the bed to hear if she breathed at all.

The sun rose cool and clear, and with it came one more ray of hope. The patient opened her eyes and smiled so naturally, so lovingly, Lucy felt she must be better. And so it was. Nature

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had seemed to make one mighty struggle with the arch enemy, and now to re-assert herself.

At ten that morning Lucy bent over her to hear the faintly-whispered words, "I may yet come back to you, my darling." It was just the hour that the morning before Lucy had felt if God was good to her he would certainly give her the so-much-needed money. Now in twenty-four hours she cared not for all earth's wealth. God was good to her and she knew and felt it. Her precious mother was living and something within her said she would live and get well. The mother was too weak all that day for the innocent prattle of the five year-old "babies," so when the boys must need go to their work that day, they were sent to a neighbor's, and all day long Lucy was alone with her mother, perhaps the happiest woman on earth. At least, little Richard thought so that night when he led "the babies" in and looked up into his sister's face. He knew his mother was better by her sweet, assuring smile.

And as the spring flowers budded out and the mother was lifted first to her arm-chair, then could stand on her feet, and finally walk about once more, Lucy told her all the tale of her anxiety and suspense, of her almost threat not to trust in her Maker's care and love if He did not give her the needed help. Then how she was brought to see it all by that dreadful night of suspense, and how the sweet joy and peace had come to her with the sunshine and the mother's smile, and how the smile of heaven seemed even resting on her now.

"I believe I'll get you the letter to read, yourself, mother," said Lucy, one day; so, going to the bureau drawer, she took out a little work-box, a New Year's gift from her father—his last on earth—the box she had kept to put away her relics in. Unfolding the letter, she exclaimed: "Mother, I never read it all before! It says:

"'Your manuscript has been carefully read, but has not been accepted as a *prize story*, but we find it available for our columns, and will remit you check when published.'"

A quiet smile passed over the mother's face as she said:

"You had better go to the post-office again."

Lucy took her bonnet and ran down the street. Again the old post-master looked, first over his glasses at the girl, and then through them at a pile of dusty-looking letters. "Lucy Strange? Yes, I think one has been here a week or two." And again a letter bearing the post-mark of the paper was handed to her.

Lucy tripped lightly home, not caring to even see its contents till her mother could enjoy it with her. Throwing the letter into her mother's lap as she entered the room, she said:

"There it is, mother, your New Year's gift, for the best and gladdest year of my life."

Mrs. Strange opened the letter and read:

"We inclose you twenty dollars for your story, '*The Legend of Boggy Hollow.*' We shall be glad to hear from you again."

There was a quiet joy in that mother's heart as she said:

"You will build the cottage in the corner of the lot yet, my treasure, and this shall be its foundation."

Sometimes God garners the dews of life, holding the tiny, precious drops in reserve to form some sudden shower of mercy, which shall save from utter barrenness the parched, arid soul in its season of burning need.—*Ellen Oliver.*

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THE YOUNG LADIES' NEW YEAR'S TOILET.

Self-knowledge—The Enchanting Mirror.

This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

Contentment—Wash to Smooth Wrinkles.

A daily portion of this essence use;
'Twill smooth the brow, and tranquillity infuse.

Truth—Fine Lip Salve.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye—
They'll redden and breathe sweeter melody.

Prayer—Mixture Giving Sweetness to the Voice.

At morning, noon, and night this mixture take;
Your tones, improved, will richer music make.

Compassion—Best Eye Water.

These drops will add great luster to the eye;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

Wisdom—Solution to Prevent Eruptions.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

Attention and Obedience—Matchless Pair of Ear-rings.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive lessons you will gladly hear.

Neatness and Industry—Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.

Clasp them on carefully, each day you live;
To good designs they efficacy give.

Patience—An Elastic Girdle.

The more you use, the brighter it will grow,
Though its least merit is external show.

Principle—the Ring of Tried Gold.

Yield not this golden bracelet while you live;
'Twill one restrain, and peace of conscience give.

Resignation—Necklace of Purest Pearl.

This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all, the ills of life to bear.

Love—Diamond Breast-pin.

Adorn your bosom with this precious pin;
It shines without, and warms the heart within.

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Politeness—A Graceful Bandeau.

The forehead neatly circled with this band,
Will admiration and respect command.

Good Temper—Universal Beautifier.

With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

Piety—A Precious Diadem.

Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BAD LANDS.

LETTERS TO MY NIECES, No. III.

The cloud-cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.
—*The Tempest.*

Geographical names are often given carelessly and in time become misleading. Such is the case with the region of which we write. The Canadian *Voyageur* in the employ of the British fur companies, who launched his frail barque on the great rivers of the North-west in the first half of the present century, encountered some peculiar country near the stream now known as the Little Missouri river. This country he very appropriately called *Les Terres Mauvaises à Traverser*. The blunter Anglo-Saxon, who renders "*Ne touchez pas s'il vous plait,*" by "Hands off," has shortened this name in translation to Bad Lands, which is coming into general use. The Bad Lands are something unique, and well worth the trouble of a visit.

As we go west on the Northern Pacific railroad, we encounter the Bad Lands about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the Missouri river. When we reach the Little Missouri, we are in the very heart of this strange region. As this is the most convenient point for observation, let us leave the train at the dingy little telegraph office which represents the railroad business of Little Missouri. Hard by, a diminutive house, staggering under the weighty name of the "Pyramid Park Hotel," invites the hungry and weary traveler; and such a traveler will find the house large enough to contain a genial host and a good table. For two hundred miles back we have seen railway stations on the green prairie; but here is a town *in embryo*, planted on an arid basin, where the gloomy monotony of the sage brush* is relieved by a few cottonwood trees which the ax of the hunter and soldier has left standing. All around the "town site" are the almost perpendicular hills, commonly called *buttes*† in the West. Their steep sides are of a blinding yellow, which reflect the fierce heat and still fiercer light of the summer sun in a way to make an Arab blink. We look around with one eye closed and the other half open wondering how the river and the railroad get in and get out.

This is not a large town; many of the inhabitants are still living in tents.‡ It is, however, older than most of the cities

*.*Artemisia*.

†*E* is silent and *u* is pronounced like *eau* in *beauty*.

‡This visit was made in August, 1883. The town may rival London by this time.

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along the road; it was formerly a military station, and boasts a garden which has been cultivated for four years! Here the hunters and cow-boys have had their rendezvous, and the place still bears a questionable reputation. As we alight from the cars we are treated to a view of the parties engaged in the last shooting affair; or some of them, at least, as one sleeps forever on the summit of yonder butte. Here stands a tall, fine-looking hunter, with iron-gray hair and strongly-marked features, dressed in a buck-skin suit ornamented in Indian style with beads and fringes. He was the boon companion of the sad victim. That handsome young man close by with a revolver so near his right hand, is the one who fired the fatal shot; and not far away is the man whom the *lex talionis* of the frontier, has marked for vengeance.

The stream which runs through the valley, like every thing in this region, is odd. In summer it shrinks to a mere brook, and looks like a succession of exceedingly dirty puddles. We were reminded of a solution of corn-meal and water which we had seen prepared for young calves. Surely, the vulgar name of Little Muddy is appropriate. It is very little and very muddy. When the writer first sailed up to the docks of Liverpool a facetious Scotchman on the same steamer pointed to the river below, and quoted the familiar words of Shakspeare: "The quality of *Mercy* is not strained." It seemed appropriate at the time; but now, we can not but fancy that the Mersey, dirty as it is, has been strained, and all its refuse dumped into the Little Missouri.

We are soon mounted on a good, strong pony, and away among the Bad Lands. The general appearance of the country can not be described adequately. It is a succession of buttes, some bare, others carpeted with buffalo grass. They are of all sizes, colors, and shapes, generally separated by very narrow and winding valleys and gorges. These buttes are usually alike in this one particular: Their sides are very steep; some are flat on top, thus furnishing an excellent croquet ground. On others, there is ample space for a base-ball game; while on the top of some is a table-land, containing hundreds of acres, said to be valuable for agricultural purposes. Some are shaped like the roof of a house; others are conical. One very closely resembles a watch-dog sitting beside the railway. When you find two ferns which are fac-similes you may expect to see two buttes which closely resemble each other.

The different strata which form these hills can be easily traced. They are composed mostly of clay, with occasional veins of sand-stone and lignitic coal. Generally the lower strata are softer than those above, and so the constant crumbling, caused by the erosion of water, does not destroy the perpendicular form of the sides. But though the general shape is preserved, the substance is rapidly disintegrating, every rain making a heavy requisition on all these buttes. A part of this becomes sediment, deposited in the valley, but the greater part helps thicken the turbid waters of the Little Missouri.

Water alone, however, has not formed these peculiar hills. In fact, the action of the water seems to have a leveling tendency. Every where we see the effects of *fire*. These hills have once known a tremendous heat. The clay is often baked to a form resembling ordinary brick, only much harder. The color of the clay shows the heat through which it has passed. Some strata are red; some yellow, blue, or gray. This diversity of color adds very much to the picturesque appearance of the country, and also tells us its past history. Think what a heat was required to bake these beds of clay to hardness never attained

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in the best brick-kiln. Some have attributed this to volcanic action—in fact, one station on the railroad is somewhat improperly called Scoria. But there is little to suggest a volcano. The fuel which fed these terrible fires was the lignite which forms a part of the underlying strata. This has taken fire, probably by spontaneous combustion, and burned up the soil in spots, leaving these buttes standing as monuments of its withering and consuming power.

This is not all imagination. In several places the fire is still burning. About seven miles from the Little Missouri we come to the Burning Mine. It is sometimes called the "Burning Mountain," which sounds larger. Deep down under the surface a bed of coal is on fire. The heat is felt all around, as you approach the region. In places the earth is cracked, and we can look down thirty feet and see the ground heated to a white heat. This fire is slowly advancing, consuming every thing combustible, leaving behind a sunken, disorganized mass, from which the water will soon wash every thing soluble. Kind Nature, perhaps, may cover it with green, and then it will be a grassy slope at the foot of a hard baked butte. Thus the process is going on, a process which is probably nearly completed. The fire has made the valleys, and now the increasing rainfall is busily engaged wearing away the hills.

I could not help imagining that there was something distinctly national in the "Burning Mountain." America would scorn to have a volcano like Vesuvius, whose heat is supplied from the mysterious fires within the earth; but here is the truly American volcano, burning away by its own heat, proud and independent of the outside or *inside* world. I still hold this fancy, notwithstanding the assertion of the German professor who was stopping at the hotel, that "Ve hab two, tree zootch blaces een Zhermany."

The agatized and petrified wood, the moss agates, and various other rare specimens found in the Bad Lands are worthy of attention. The flora of the region, too, is very tempting; but we have little time for such things at present; so we again board the train and are whirled away westward. Our route is through the Bad Lands for some miles; then we have a long stretch of prairie, and then Bad Lands again. Finally we stop at Glendine, where the Northern Pacific meets the Yellowstone river.

It is nearly sunset, and we climb to the summit of the highest butte east of the town. It is a strange sight, for back of us are buttes upon buttes, which look like architraves on a masquerade. Romanesque domes, gothic towers, and vulgar church spires are joining hand in hand. French roofs and Swiss cottages, Chinese pagodas and Turkish mosques are playing bo peep with the flat roofs of Jerusalem. Just at our feet is the little town built on an arid plain covered with sage brush, while the white, new houses look like so many mushrooms springing out of the dirt. Beyond the town is the Yellowstone, hurrying on its way to shake hands with the muddy Missouri. On the farther side of the river is a little fringe of cottonwoods, whose green leaves form a pleasant background to this picture. But, best of all, beyond town, river, and trees, the sun is setting behind the distant buttes on the other side of the valley. Glorious old Sun! How kind and friendly he seems at bedtime. He allows us to look him straight in the face, and he actually expands with good humor as he nods to an old acquaintance. It is the same sun that set a few hours ago on my young relatives two thousand miles away; and the old sun looks as though he had a message from them to their uncle. Never mind,

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old man, I can guess it. One was playing croquet with the young man next door, while her baby brother within was manifesting his disapproval in the most emphatic baby language; one was putting her room in order for the fifteenth time, another was longing to get home to see her mother, and little Tat was saying smart things in a language which no one but mamma can understand.

But, look! the sun is going down. He is almost out of sight, when—was it a refraction, or was it imagination? He seems to raise up his head as if he had forgotten something, and then with a sigh he sinks quietly to bed. Well done! That was a beautiful sunset. A sunset is always beautiful; but now that old Sol has gone, there is little that is beautiful left behind. This view is not beautiful, not pretty, not grand, nor magnificent; but it is very strange—capricious is the best word I know to describe it. Surely, to use a Western phrase, Dame Nature laid herself out for a big "racket" when she formed the Bad Lands.

I would gladly take my friends farther west, but time and patience are wanting. So we will descend and seek the "leading hotel." There for the first time in the experiences of a roving life, we are asked to pay in advance for a night's lodging; but the comforts of the room fully atone for injured feelings. We sleep soundly, dreaming that one of those nieces has married the sun, and that they have taken apartments for the summer in the interior of the "Burning Mountain."

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER XII.

A lowing of cattle, a cackling of busy hens, a screaming of inquisitive geese, a quacking of gossiping ducks, a gobbling of self-important turkeys, a trampling of horses' feet, a creaking of cartwheels, a shouting of men. Such were the sounds which, mixed in strange confusion, roused Ruby from sleep on the morning after her adventure on the moor. At first she gazed in misty wonder around the unfamiliar room, but when full memory came back to her she sprang briskly out of bed and hurried to the window, her cheeks all rosy with slumber, her spirit all glowing with new hope, as she recalled some of the many bright, happy, strengthening thoughts and resolutions Miss Chichester's words had wakened in her heart, and brain, and soul.

On looking out, Ruby found that her window gave a view into a large courtyard, which was crowded with all sorts of lively animals and birds—cows coming in to be milked, cart-horses having their morning toilette hastily performed by their drivers, and their harness buckled on; chickens making a hearty breakfast and chattering over it; and among them all was moving hither and thither a blithe, active figure, in a neat-fitting cotton dress and a broad-brimmed straw hat, such as the brilliant morning required. Ruby gazed at this form at first a little doubtfully, watching curiously how she stroked the horses, and how she fed the poultry from a basket on her arm; but when the busy lady turned toward her and smiled, and beckoned with her slender white hand, she became certain that it was none other than Miss Chichester herself.

As she looked down at this morning scene, Ruby gained a certain notion of what was her new friend's position in the world, though she did not, till afterward, fully understand it. Miss Chichester had been left a small estate by her

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father, whose only child she was. He had been a man of but a limited income, but he had loved his little property more exclusively than a king does his royal realm, and had always lived on it in calm, complete content. At his death he had expressed an especial wish to his daughter, who had never married, that she should live on at the old place just as he had done, farming the land herself, for he knew that she had a considerable knowledge in agricultural matters, and keeping on the old workmen each in his own cottage.

It had seemed to Blanche Chichester that God's voice and will had spoken in the voice of her dying father. Was not this her appointed sphere of work and duty? She had strong, active abilities, no doubt, which would not have found too wide an arena in a large public field of usefulness; but her Master in heaven had put her task into her hands in this remote corner of the world, and so she took it up, and quietly settled down on the borders of Exmoor. She had a great talent for influencing and lifting up the common people, and this she exercised freely, to God's glory and her own great joy, at the same time that she attended diligently to the farm, with old Noah acting as her lieutenant, and filling at once the offices of bailiff and head carter. She was not, by any means, rich, but thrifty management and her long-practiced habits of spending very little upon herself, made her able to plan and carry out more liberal schemes of charity than go through the hands of many people with treble her income, but five times her talk about their own good deeds. All of this, though it has been thus briefly told here, was, of course, only found out by degrees by Ruby about her new friend, Blanche Chichester.

When Ruby was dressed, and came down-stairs, she was at first somewhat at a loss whither to turn her steps to find Miss Chichester. Should she go and look for her in the courtyard where she had seen her a little while ago, or had she come in by this time? These questions were soon answered by certain sounds, which told with sufficient plainness which part of the house was inhabited, and seemed to suggest that its mistress might, very likely, be found in the room from whence they proceeded. They were such strange sounds, too—sounds that excited greatly the listener's curiosity; sounds that seemed a mixture of a murmur, and a patter, and a faint tinkle of laughter. What could it be? What could Miss Chichester have going on in her house? Led by the indistinct noise, Ruby went on until, in a few moments, she stood outside the door through which it found its way.

Ruby hesitated for a moment, then she knocked, and a voice, which was Miss Chichester's bade her enter. What a pretty sight it was that met Ruby's wondering gaze! There, crowding around Miss Chichester, who seemed the active center of the whole scene, was a band of tiny, merry children, many of them little more than babies. They were all busily employed, and yet all appeared to be playing at the same time; some were marching, hand in hand, to the tune of a little, wavy chant, sung by themselves; some, with eager, earnest faces, were stringing beads in many-colored hues; some were bending over gaily-tinted picture-books, their heads making a fresh bouquet of roses and of smiles; some, who were not old enough to do any thing else, were lying on the floor, all rippling over with baby laughter and fun, as they played some small, sly trick on each other, or flung about balls of varied gaudy hues, or tried to catch the dancing sunbeams in their chubby fingers; for there was no lack of sunshine in the wide, airy room—it came streaming in, in golden rivers, through three

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large, open windows. And all about, among the different groups of children, thus bathed and washed in summer air and summer light, moved Blanche Chichester, now stooping for a kiss, now holding up a playfully-threatening finger, now pausing to set a bit of unsuccessful work in order, now laughing as merrily as the veriest babies themselves.

Miss Chichester greeted Ruby with a smile on her entrance, and, noticing her perplexed face—for the girl, new as she was to the house and its ways, could not understand the scene—came to meet her, and said, kissing her and pressing her hand:

"Why, Ruby, you have found your way into my garden of buds—that is what I call it, though the fashionable name for it is kindergarten; but we are not fashionable here. I always wanted our country laborers' children to enjoy the same privileges as the children of richer parents in great cities; and so, after wishing it for a long while, I one day made up my mind to do something better and more effectual than wish. I set about establishing a place of play-teaching for our little ones on my own account, and you see here the results."

"Oh, what a charming notion!" cried Ruby. "And how clever of you to carry it out; and what a pretty picture you make with the children. I could scarcely think where I was when I first came into the room."

"Couldn't you?" said Miss Chichester, smiling; "we always begin school an hour before breakfast, because there's a good deal else and a good many others to be attended to besides these babies; they can only have their share."

"Isn't there a story about some one who turned every thing he touched to gold?" cried Ruby. "You seem to have just that same power, Miss Chichester, in the way of making people happy. How did you get all these babies to be so entirely at home with you? I think you must use some spell."

"Just the spell, Ruby, of taking a real, hearty interest in them while they are with me; it is a spell in which I find there lies a wonder-working power with grown-up people as well as with children."

"It seems an easy spell," said Ruby laughing, "but I think very few people know how to use it."

"Try it yourself, dear. I don't think you will find it hard, if you put thorough earnestness into it."

Those words of her new friend filled Ruby's mind a good deal, as did many other words she heard from her throughout that whole long morning she spent with her. It deserved the title of a long morning, not because it went wearily, but because Miss Chichester contrived to get so much into it, and yet without any hurry or fuss. Ruby had seen Ella spend more time in settling what scarf she would wear than it took Blanche Chichester to teach her whole infant school; and Miss Nancy in a far greater state of fidget and excitement in ordering dinner than this lady was in discussing the affairs of her whole property with old Noah.

In all Miss Chichester did Ruby had noticed a great repose, and yet a great quickness and regularity; it seemed as if there was a deep well of sweet water in the woman's nature that nothing could make bitter or dry up. In the little school Ruby sat down among the babies, and at first got on very merrily with them, but when one or two of them grew somewhat mischievous and tiresome, Ruby felt that she was fast becoming very irritable, when Miss Chichester drew near, and stilled the threatening storm in a few moments. Her influence was just as sovereign with the roughest men who worked on her farm. Old Noah declared that very morning that

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there was one with whom he could do nothing;, would the missus please to take him in hand? And the missus did please, and he left her presence—this same rude, apparently unmanageable farm laborer—after he had had half an hour's conference with her, with a bow that would have done honor to a gentleman.

"How is it you manage to make every one better?" asked Ruby of her friend.

"I think it may be, in the first place, simply because I give each one who has any thing to do with me credit for having some good in them," she answered, smiling; and then added in a lower tone: "But, Ruby, I know it comes, most of all, from a strong prayer each morning to our Master, who went about doing good, to show me how I may follow Him ever so little in helping others."

Seven years have passed away! We left Ruby Stanton with her home at the Priory, and so we find her still. A great, sweet, gradual, ripening change has taken place with Ruby during this period; from a bright, impulsive girl, she is grown into a calm, brave, earnest Christian woman.

Many things had helped to form and strengthen thus Ruby's character, and most of all, perhaps, her frequent intercourse with Blanche Chichester. She had been a constant visitor, from time to time, at that lady's house, which had grown to be almost as much of a home to her as the Priory; and year after year she had taken more and more of Miss Chichester's way of thinking and acting into her own being; then she had boldly and perseveringly striven to carry out in her own life all she had learned from her friend. It was one strong, pure, radiant torch of womanhood kindled from another.

Mr. and Miss Lindhurst had not altered much with time, except that the old man had grown milder and gentler as his sunset drew near, and had cast off more of his former narrow selfishness. He was fonder of Ruby than ever, and more ready than he used to be to help her in every good work she undertook in her heavenly Master's cause. Harsh, bitter words, were also far more seldom upon his lips, and he would say sometimes, as he stroked his adopted child's fair head—

"Little Ruby, you have put honey upon my tongue, and into my heart too. God bless you for it."

As for Miss Nancy, she reigned in her household much as usual, and wore the same terrible and majestic caps, and was the dread of all her servants and of every one that entered the doors of the Priory. With Ruby she was, however, more kind and less snappish than she used to be; Ruby's own gentleness and patience with the old lady had brought about this alteration. She had learned better to govern her temper with Miss Nancy and with every one, and the result had been that Miss Nancy had actually softened toward her, and grown quite fond of her in a sort of way. She could not at all have done without Ruby now. She was so used to her quiet, active, pleasant ways in the house; she had got accustomed, too, to Ruby's going out among the poor, and had ceased to find fault with her on this subject. Miss Nancy did not, it is true, think it a desirable practice for a lady, but she tolerated it in Ruby, because Ruby had grown to take so calmly and smilingly all her hard words about it, and because she found she could not stop her in what she thought right.

That mystery which had hung around Ruby's early girlhood still continued to haunt, in some measure, her life at the time when we find her again; but it had grown, as it were, so natural to her that she had quite ceased to trouble her brain

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with conjectures about it. She saw that such vague guessing was but an unprofitable employment which hindered her in the active work of real life, and so she had resolved to give it up, and had carried out her determination with all the strength of her healthy nature. Many girls in her singular situation would have indulged in all sorts of morbid dreams, which would have greatly injured their character, but Ruby fortunately escaped without the slightest harm.

Far from being a heavy, painful thing to her, this mystery had become, in a certain fashion, sweet and precious to Ruby; it brought her so much that was dear to her. In the first place, there was that letter, which was still as dear to her as ever; then, after that, there had reached her at intervals, in the same mysterious way, a brooch with her mother's miniature (she knew it was her mother's face, because Mr. Lindhurst had told her so when she showed it wonderingly to him); a book with her mother's name written in it, and several other trifles which she found out, from different but evident marks on them, had belonged to Mrs. Stanton in years gone by. Once, too, when she had some charitable enterprise in hand, but could not go on with it for want of funds, Mr. Lindhurst had put, suddenly, exactly the sum she needed into her purse, and when she had thanked him, he had shaken his head and turned quickly away, thus plainly meaning to tell her that she was not indebted to himself in the matter. Thus, by degrees, Ruby had grown to have a vague, yet restful feeling that some kindly beneficent power that was in some way connected with her dead parents watched over her, and took an interest in her.

Ella Ringwood's story had been a very different one from that of her friend Ruby. In the course of these seven years she had gone through many sad experiences. She had married some two years after her first arrival at the Priory, and had gone with her husband to America, where he had held some office under Government. At first her life had been bright and happy, then troubles had come one after another. Her husband entered incautiously into some rash New York money speculations and lost the whole of his own small fortune and a considerable part of Ella's. Worry of mind, and grief at these reverses, had gradually undermined his health, which had never been very robust, and some months before the end of those seven years he had died, leaving Ella a widow with one child, and with a very limited income, which a kind legal friend managed to save for her from the wreck of her once ample fortune.

Ruby's old friends, the Bryants, still lived on in the same cottage, and the father followed his course of quiet daily labor; their younger, and now their only daughter, Annie, had grown into a very fair, sweet flower, who greatly resembled Bessie in her looks and ways, though, happily for her parents, there was no hectic flush on her cheeks. This girl was their perfume, their sunshine; but their son Ben had become a dreary shadow to both their hearts.

When he grew to early manhood, he had taken very decidedly to bad ways, and the company of wild companions. His mother and Ruby had done what they could to reclaim him, now telling him of God's love, now of His wrath, now seeking to influence him by calling up Bessie's fragrant memory to their aid; but all in vain. He would soften, perhaps, a little for a while at the dear name, and then harden into sin as perversely as ever. At length he had become mixed up in a fray among poachers on a neighboring gentleman's estate, and, with two or three of his worst comrades, had had to fly the country, to escape from the strong arm of the law. Where he was

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no one knew, not even his nearest relations, for he never wrote to them; but still, in the silent watches of the night, the mother's prayer went up for her lost boy; and still, Ruby remembered him when she knelt before the mercy-seat; and still, when they thought and spoke of Bessie, safe in her Father's kingdom above, the laborer and his wife and little Annie would name, too, in low, wavering tones the son's and brother's name, because the recollection of Bessie, somehow, always brought that of Ben with it; and they would recall all that the dear Lord had said about repentant sinners and the prodigal son, and hope that His mighty love would yet bring their lost one back.

When we take up Ruby's story again, she was standing, one June afternoon, in the porch of the Priory, with the summer sunshine making a most radiant halo round her fair head, with her eyes gazing eagerly down the avenue. No wonder that there was earnest expectation in those eyes, for she was to-day to see Ella again after a separation of five years. Mrs. Ashby—that was Ella's married name—had resolved as soon as her entangled money affairs were settled, to return to England, and had written to ask her former guardian, Mr. Lindhurst, if he would receive her and her child in his house for a time, until she could decide where she should live. Miss Nancy had at first violently opposed this plan; for, however much she might have honored and petted Miss Ringwood, the heiress, she was very far from wishing to show especial kindness to Mrs. Ashby, the poor widow. Besides, the notion of having a baby in the house was something utterly horrible to her. But Mr. Lindhurst, whose sympathies were all aroused on Ella's side, insisted on receiving her as a loved guest, and Ruby's heart and Ruby's lips thanked him for this decision.

A fair, gracious, winsome picture was sweet, brave Ruby, standing there in all the glory of her early womanhood—standing there, with the porch wrapped in green creepers making a frame for her, with the sunbeams kindling each thread of gold in her brown hair. Her slight, flexible figure was a little bent forward in her intent watching; her dress was all one silent harmony of delicate color; there was a soft flush on her cheek in the excitement of the approaching meeting. There was one bright tear-drop hanging on her long lashes at the thought of Ella's sad story, and yet her mouth and her brow were full of smiling calmness; she seemed the very ideal of earnest, active, sympathetic life.

But hark! what was that? surely it was the sound of wheels! She went out a few steps on the gravel, and caught sight, between the sea of green which the avenue now made in its summer dress, of a carriage coming up the drive. Here they were, Ella and her baby-boy! A few moments after—moments in which the whole of her old girlish life with Ella seemed to be crowded into Ruby's mind in one great picture—they had stopped at the door and were getting out. Could that figure be Ella—that figure in deep widow's mourning, with the pale, thin face and shrunken form? Yes, surely it was Ella; she knew it from the way in which she was clinging to her, and sobbing in her arms!

They neither of them spoke many words at first, the hearts of both were too full; but Ruby, with a sweet, womanly instinct, hurried to the nurse, who was standing behind Mrs. Ashby, and took from her softly the eighteen-months-old baby, and brought him to his mother. He stayed the flood of tears far quicker than any thing else would have done. Ella could not help smiling, even through her weeping, as she heard how Ruby, to

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whom he appeared to have taken an immediate fancy, prattled to him in baby-talk, and how he laughed in return, and saw how he stretched out his small hands to herself and pulled at her dress, as though he were resolved that she—his mother—should not be left out of the new bond of love that he was forming. Then when he thought that Ella was near enough, he sat upright in Ruby's arms, as upon a throne, with a satisfied air, and began to survey seriously the surrounding objects—the old house and the trees, and the flowers, and the blue June sky.

"This is indeed a treasure which God has given you," said Ruby, very softly.

"Yes, Ruby," answered the mother, "a treasure, and more than a treasure; for he, my boy, has shown me the way to the Friend who sent him to me in my hour of deepest gloom. Ruby, when my first troubles came upon me, I was very hard and rebellious; but when my child came, my heart seemed to thaw and melt, until the light of God's great love found its way into it."

"Thank Him, in His dear mercy, that so high and precious a thing has come to you through suffering, Ella," murmured Ruby.

"And, Ruby," went on the widow, "I know now that you were right, and that to be a child of the King and to serve Him is the one thing worth living for in this world. I have but one wish, too, for my boy, and that is that he shall grow up a brave and noble Christian soldier."

"And so he shall, with God's grace," said Ruby, solemnly, as they passed into the house.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

HEART'S-EASE—A SONG.

On mountains, in valleys, or sweet-scented leas,
There's no flow'r that grows like the gentle Heart's-Ease.
That dear little flower was e'er my delight,
And its name sounds as sweet as its petals are bright.
Heart's-Ease—Heart's-Ease,
There's no flow'r that grows like the gentle Heart's-Ease.

It grows in seclusion, its head peeping up
'Mid violet and daisy and bright buttercup:
Its colors are purple and gold fair to see,
They are royalty's colors in sweet harmony.
Heart's-Ease—Heart's-Ease,
There's no flow'r that grows like the Royal Heart's-Ease.

That dear little flower, tho' scentless it be,
Its golden-purple petals are aye dear to me:
When Nature deprived it of scent she did wrong,
So I now throw around it the perfume of song!
Heart's-Ease—Heart's-Ease,
There's nothing I sigh for so much as—*hearts-ease!*

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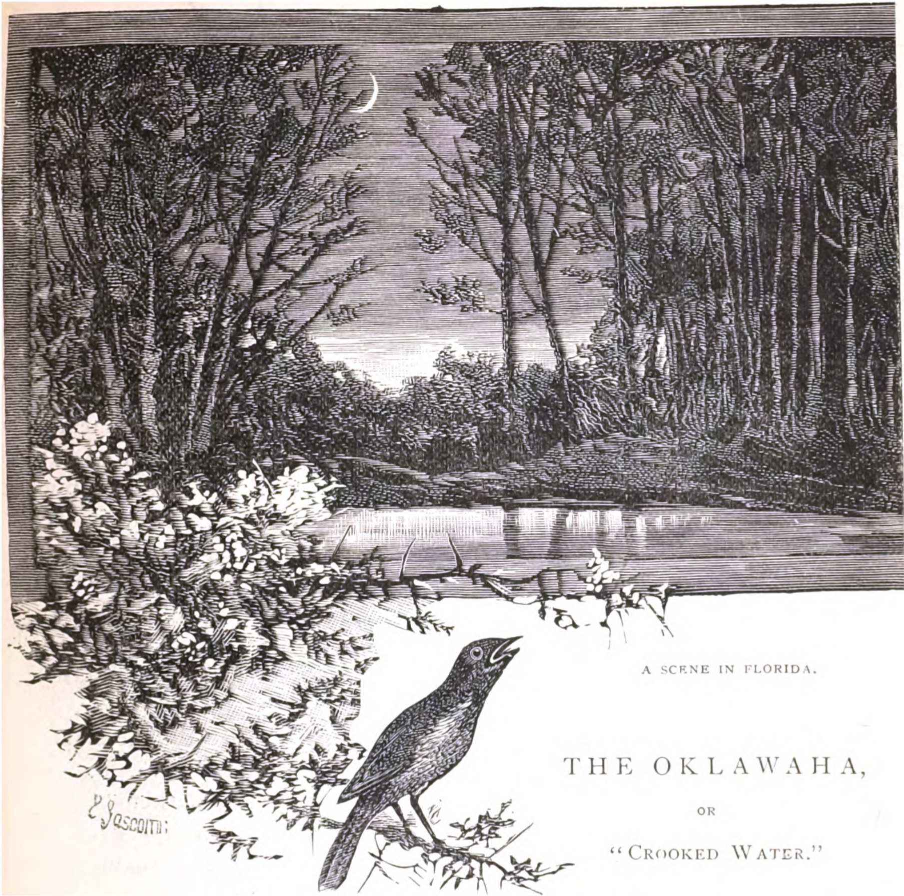

A SCENE IN FLORIDA.

THE OKLAWAHA, OR "CROOKED WATER."

This is one of the strangest rivers in our country. Rising in some distant lake, it flows into Lake Eustace, and continuing its course it forms the outlet from Lake Eustace into Lake Harris, in a run several miles in length known as Dead River, though the inhabitants prefer the Indian name of "Still Water." The waters of this stream are apparently motionless; it is a river without a current, hence its name; but at times the high winds blow continuously in one direction for several days, say from Lake Harris toward Lake Eustace, or *vice versa*, and they force the waters from one lake into the other through Dead River, raising its level sometimes several feet. When the winds cease, the waters flow back with force and rapidity, and at such times the little lake boats find it difficult to stem the current of this "Still Water." Its banks are dense swamps, heavily timbered and draped with moss, foreshadowing what the Oklawaha proper will be. Lake Harris, into which Dead River flows, is one of Florida's loveliest lakes, as we may judge from its Indian name, Astatula, or Lake of Sunbeams, and such it certainly is. It is eighteen miles in length, with a lesser lake at one side opening into it. Lake Harris empties into Lake Griffin, another of Florida's beautiful lakes, and from there flows the Oklawaha proper. At first, the river looks like a silver thread (somewhat tangled) lying on a carpet of verdure, and it runs so

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near the level of the green that it seems as if a good rain might overflow the whole valley; but it keeps its place in spite of rain or drought or even man, we might say, for its course is so crooked, forming innumerable S's, that the boat moving in one direction will, in following the windings of the river, in a few moments be sailing in an exactly opposite direction, hindering navigation so that man, with his ingenuity and dredging machines, concluded to straighten its course somewhat, and many a turn is quietly passed as the boat keeps the straight course dredged for it, through the sand, for the convenience of the tourist and the shipper. It is very odd-looking as the boat follows its silver path through a green plain, with the trees and apparent banks half a mile and more back on either side; it looks as if the valley of some great river had filled with sand and grown over with sawgrass and water vegetation, leaving only a narrow, winding channel for the remainder of the waters to pass through. Along the banks of this river are many beautiful groves; but it is when the high lands on either side approach each other that the wild scenery begins, and when the heavy timber reaches the water's edge then can we see and realize what the mighty swamps of the South are. It is the strangest, weirdest scenery one can imagine. The river is very narrow, and the great cypress trees seem to grow out of the black water, and the glimpses you get into the depths of the swamp are not enlivening, for the light, even of day, which falls through the trees and shrouding moss only serves to make darkness visible, and just a slight effort of the imagination would enable you to see forms as strange as the scenery, moving near you, as the trees brush the boat. The forests are so dense and tall that no stray moonbeams can penetrate the gloom of the swamp, and at night the darkness is simply intense; yet on no other river does the traveler, at night, have so good a view of the scenery, from the great trees even to the shape and size of the leaves of the vines growing so profusely around them. Now here is a question for the readers of the ELECTRA quite as difficult as the reading club can offer: How could we on the boat, passing along the stream, through darkness rivaling the Egyptian darkness of the Bible, have a good view of the scenery? I will be kinder than the usual propounder of questions, for I will not keep you waiting a whole month for the answer, but give it now, as I well remember how useless I used to think it was to defer useful information so long, when we were so anxious to have it immediately.

As night approaches, the captain orders the lighting of the fires, following an old Indian custom, I suppose; and huge bonfires of pine knots are lighted on the upper deck. A strange, red glow is thrown far and near, bringing out of the intense darkness the white, ghost-like trunks of the great cypress trees, among the darker ones around them, with their drapery of hanging moss and vines. If I should paint the scene as it is so indelibly impressed upon my memory, it would easily pass for a picture of the entrance into Pluto's dominions. As the boat passes under the overhanging limbs it is curious to notice what different colors the different kinds of vegetation will appear; some of the trees will seem to be covered with scarlet vines, some with gray, etc. Why this is I will not undertake to say, but leave it to the scientist. The fire has scorched the leaves in some places, they hang so low over the boat. As the river makes its sudden turns, and apparently the shore lies just across our path, many a strange picture is seen bathed in the red light, and we seem sailing into fairy grottoes, but we never enter, for just as we reach them the

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IN THE EVERGLADES.

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boat turns, and we glide on into darkness made visible. I did not leave the strange scene until after midnight, and could have enjoyed it many hours longer.

The next morning we reached the Run, the channel through which Silver Spring flows into "Crooked Water;" it is very deep and very beautiful. The waters of the Oklawaha are clear, but these are much more so, and here we fancied we had seen the most transparent of the Florida waters; but when we reached the "Fountain of Life," of Ponce De Leon, the "Silver Spring" of our day, one of Florida's most noted curiosities, we could but gaze and wonder.

In a circular basin, several hundred yards in width, with a setting of evergreens, fringed with vines and the soft gray moss, like a curious gem, a magnificent opal, lay the "Fountain of Life," the "Silver Spring."

The wonderful transparency of the water produces the novel sensation, as some one has said, of being suspended between skies. In a smaller boat we explored the beauties of the waters, and gazing into their depths we seemed looking into another world. From one side, many feet below the surface, juts out a rugged, moss-covered, limestone precipice, which seems to overhang a cavern of waters, and below it is an unfathomable abyss. From out of this cavern slowly sail great blue and silver fish, and as they clear the ledge of rock you can see them twine, and with no effort—a slight motion of a fin—they rise, their movements the very poetry of motion; as they near the smaller fish the little fellows scatter hurriedly, leaving the crumbs thrown them for their dignified majesties. Farther down in the waters you can see the turtles crawling into their homes among the roots of the trees. It is a never-ceasing wonder to watch these creatures of the water in their native element, more plainly visible than even the inhabitants of the air, for the limestone gives to the water a transparency and magnifying power not possessed by the atmosphere; as is proved by seeing objects eighty or one hundred feet below the surface, which are too small to be seen at the same distance through the air. A small coin, or even a pin, can be seen many feet below the surface as they slowly sink into the depths. The waters of this spring are said to have a subterranean connection with Lake Jackson, some twenty miles north of it, and through it (as is supposed) the waters of the lake have some times escaped.

The prismatic coloring imparted by the water to every thing under it is a curious and beautiful feature of the scene; the great ledges of rock spread far below us seem made of silver, enameled with blue, and the fish are as lovely as the blue sky above them; a splash of an oar in a distant part of the spring ripples it into a thousand-fold prism; in the words of another, "the multitudes of fish become multitudes of animated gems, and the prismatic light seems actually to waver and play through their translucent bodies, while the whole spring, in a blaze of sunlight, sparkles like a great liquid jewel, that, without decreasing, forever lapses away in dissolving sheens and glittering waves."

The pleasant books, that silently among
 Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
 Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

—*Longfellow.*

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GRANDMOTHER'S RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

I will give you another episode in my life, as you seem to like the recital.

My father visited his plantation in Louisiana every winter, while my uncle spent his summers with us in Baltimore.

There were no railroads then, and the journey over the mountains was long and tedious, even in the stage-coaches, which held nine people.

But my friends were about starting in the month of October, the carriage at the door, for they went in their private conveyance.

I remarked, "How I wish I was going with you!"

"If you had said so sooner, my daughter, I would have taken you."

"How long would it take you to get ready?" said my uncle, who was a widower without encumbrances.

"*One day*," I replied. The carriage was sent from the door, money placed in my hand, and when the day ended I was ready to start the next morning. Dress makers were put in requisition, and my wardrobe reached Natchez by sea long before we made our appearance. My *carpet-bag* held all I needed.

Thirty-five years after I would have deeply resented the title of "carpet-bagger." *Then* it was quite a respectable article of luggage.

The plan which my dear fellow-travelers settled upon was to travel about twenty-five miles a day, stopping at good places (very often roadside farmhouses) for the night, taking breakfast and having a lunch put up for our midday meal, with feed for the horses. My duty was to keep a good lookout for a gurgling stream, and a pleasant place to lay our cloth and set our picnic table. It was perfect enjoyment. In the month of October, the weather was mild, with the deep blue of the autumn sky above us, and around us the ever-varying hues of the forest—the gorgeous browns and reds which make our American woods unsurpassed in beauty. The Indian summer threw its veil over all, and produced the "*dolce far niente*" feeling for which Italy is famous. To make the traveling doubly interesting to their young companion, my dear ones stopped at all places of interest in Virginia—the Natural Bridge, White Sulphur Springs, Weir's Cave.

During the late war I was introduced to a lady who exclaimed:

"I have wanted to know *you* for over thirty years!"

"Why?" I naturally inquired.

"Because you climbed higher than I did in the cave. While I rested in 'Paradise,' *you* grasped the 'horns of the moon.'" Mrs. Shields was a Virginian and did not want a Baltimore girl to excel her in physical effort.

Passing through Tennessee, we found rougher accommodations than one can realize now, who sees the high state of cultivation in the country and marks of refinement everywhere.

One day, about an hour before lunch time, two travelers, on horseback, overtook us, and, as was the custom of those *primitive* times, accosted my father, and perceiving a young lady seated in the carriage, rode on each side of it. They were both young men, and one eminently handsome. He informed us that he was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, and would preach that night in the court-house, at Pikesville, the village where we intended to stop. As we came to a large, flat rock, beside a pure limpid stream of spring water, I whispered to my father to ask him to share our lunch. It amused him, but he did so, and will not all the girl read-

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ers of this little romance *know* I had "a good time?" And so we journeyed on till Pikesville was reached, and after supper my father and I proceeded to the court-house to hear our young preacher. Before I tell the sad *denouement*, let me explain the situation.

Recollect I was just from city life; I was unacquainted with the usages of the country, had never seen a loom, nor the process of dying wool with indigo, and so when three girls came dressed in little white-specked indigo-blue calico and sun-bonnets of the same, I glanced at their hands and saw that *they* were blue too, and *thought it was dirt!* So while my handsome preacher was expounding the Scriptures, I quietly moved my seat to the one in front, which was without an occupant.

To my horror, they soon followed me and my firm impression was that they had not quite *taken in* the cut of my traveling dress, or the fashion of my bonnet. So I was still further annoyed.

Presently, the minister came slowly down from the rostrum, and spoke to me these words, "Sister, are you anxious?" My readers *must* believe me, that it was perfect misapprehension of his meaning, when I replied:

"Yes, indeed."

"Since when?"

"Ever since you were preaching," I said.

He clasped his hands and ejaculated, "Thank God!"

Startled, I called out "*what?*"

"Are you anxious to get religion?"

"O, I meant anxious to get home!" and then I listened as these good, simple girls told their experience, and I then knew what a mistake I had made, and felt grieved and mortified, though I was innocent of any deliberate wrong. After the services I explained and apologized, but I never saw that good Christian again.

Traveling through Mississippi we came to the Choctaw Nation. Treaties had lately been made to remove the tribes to the Indian Territory, but these had not yet gone. General Jackson's grand National Road was the boast of the United States. It was a good macadamized way, and we were sorry to leave it for a road through a swamp, which, because it was made of logs, was called a corduroy road. This was terrible on our horses, and about a mile from the Choctaw Nation one of them died; it was three days before we could replace him, so I learned a good deal about Indian ways, and was taught by a young Indian chief to shoot with a blow-gun.

And so we journeyed on, till, after constant travel of eight weeks, we reached Natchez and civilization. Sometimes on the plantation, but more frequently in the gay circles of Natchez, I spent the winter, making many friends, and receiving many attentions from the cherished friends of my father.

But the winter passed "all too soon," and the month of May found us on board the steamer "Henry Clay," bound for Louisville. As we neared the Ohio some bright young spirit conceived the idea of uniting the two rivers. Among the passengers was Mr. Slidell, and as I was the only young lady on board, this poetic young man summoned the band, ordered a collation and requested me to perform the ceremony of marrying the two rivers by throwing in a plain gold ring, in imitation of the Doge of Venice. As we crossed the line I played *my* part, to the music of Yankee Doodle, from the very fine band on board the steamer. Speeches were made impromptu, the *best* by Mr. Slidell.

It is curious to look back, and then forward to thirty-five years afterward, when, immediately after the surrender of Southern hopes I made the same trip, with part of a returning regiment of

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Union soldiers on board, the band playing Yankee Doodle also. Mentioning the former circumstance to a New Orleans gentleman, as we sat in the saloon, he remarked: "If you had only told us in time we would have divorced them." But happily that feeling has passed away. Time has softened down these asperities, and though rough storms assailed the Father of Waters, as sometimes we find in families, he has opened his arms to receive his gentle bride. His swarthy bosom welcomes his blue-eyed consort, and they peacefully glide along, thankful to be once more united in friendly alliance. Had any one predicted to Mr. Slidell that the beautiful pictures he drew in his oration would be marred by civil war he would have spurned the idea. One might philosophize on the revolution of thought, but these trifling "recollections" aim only to amuse.

A year after, a winter spent in St. Augustine, Fla., was fraught with much interest. The town was very foreign-looking then, much more than at the present time. The old Minorcans thronged the beach, and with their red caps and mongrel Spanish, gave great interest to the scene. There was no sea wall, and the breakers dashed up with a melancholy sound. The old fort, Marion, reared its mighty, dark, stone walls —stone brought from Spain centuries ago, and the view from the ramparts was most lovely.

Jacksonville, on the St. John's river, was barely spoken of; a poor place with poor accommodations. The Seminoles were still adhering to their soil but the war, soon after, drove them from their homes. I used frequently to see the chief Osceola, and my little Indian pony, Wetumpka, was purchased from him for twenty dollars.

Notwithstanding St. Augustine was the resort of invalids, there was much gaiety. The citizens were attentive to the strangers, and one house was particularly attractive, for the lady, Mrs. Dr. Porcher, was a Baltimorean, and brought with her the grace and genial hosptality of my dear old city. A girlish friendship grew between myself and Mrs. Brantz Mayer, then a lovely Floridian, but soon transplanted to Baltimore. Her memory is still green in the hearts of her many friends.

These recollections are painfully sweet; they bring before me bright spirits, who made life so joyous to me, and whose absence was so deeply felt this past summer; yet, the few dear ones remaining gave brightness to the close of a life which has been full of chequered scenes, of gaiety and solitude, health and pestilence, of wealth and poverty, war and peace!

From 1838 to 1858, will, perhaps, afford more interest to the readers of these reminiscences, inasmuch as I was in scenes of the *then* Far West—the "men and manners" so utterly opposite to the society I have endeavored to depict, that some amusement may be derived from the recital. Married life then brought its cares as well as pleasures, but the latter predominated, I think. The sorrows brought their compensations, in a resigned and contented spirit. The incidents of my surroundings were full of amusement to me, for they were so utterly different from those I have already narrated.

When the "Baltimore Oriole" reached her home, it was not very long before she stretched her wings for a longer flight, and when she again visited Baltimore she was a *mother* bird. *Now*, her wings are clipped and her song is hushed, but her fluttering has not yet ceased.

At the opening of the year she breathes a prayer for the happiness of her young readers, and the prosperity of the ELECTRA during the ensuing year.

GRANDMOTHER.

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INTO THE LIGHT.

Dimly shone the light in the little bed-room of Mrs. Everest's home, revealing the wasted figure of a woman. Upon her face the signs of approaching death were written in characters too plain to be mistaken. Beside her kneeled a son and daughter, clasping a hand in theirs, as if by their firm grasp they would detain her yet longer with them, and ward off the approach of the dread adversary. But human love could not avail to save her. Slowly and steadily the hour of her decease drew nearer. She opened her eyes, fastened upon her children a look of earnest love, and in clear, firm tones committed them to the care of a covenant-keeping God.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!" Her eyes closed and she was at rest forever.

We will drop a veil over the bitter anguish of that night and the coming days. Arrayed by loving hands for her last home, the mother was laid to rest beside the little mound which contained all that was mortal of her first-born child. The March winds chanted a sad, fitting requiem above her grave, while their melancholy music accorded no less with the desolated hopes and cheerless prospects of the young orphans.

For a few days they were left much alone, to find in each other's sympathy all the consolation possible in their sad circumstances. With the buoyancy of childhood, they had begun to form plans for the future, not altogether void of happiness. But stern realities would thwart their plans and crush their hopes. A quiet Sabbath passed, and Monday dawned, bringing with it new scenes of trial and sorrow.

Eighteen years previous to this time, Paul Everest had led his bride to a home in which his love had provided every comfort his limited means would allow. She knew she would not enter upon a life of idle indulgence, but rich in his love, she gladly cast in her lot "for better or worse," with the man of her own choice.

A home dedicated to God from the first moment of its existence, in which his presence and favor were invoked morning and evening at the household altar, could scarcely fail of a blessing. The first few years of their married life glided peacefully away. One sorrow cast its shadow over them when their first-born child was called from earth to heaven. He had graced their home but a few short months, yet many and fond were the anticipations centered in him. But at God's call they could not hold him back. Bowing submissively beneath the stroke, they yielded their treasure to a Saviour's keeping:

"Thrice happy that their infant bore
To Heaven no darkening stains of sin,
But only breathed life's morning air
Before the evening's storms begin."

Before long a little daughter came to fill the void in their hearts with her winsome ways; then a second son, Paul, the namesake of his father. Several happy years passed by, then came business troubles. He had to seek other occupation, and was often called from home on long voyages. Long absences and short visits alternated for years, but constant letters back and forth broke the pain of the separation. At length he left for an absence of two years. The first year passed by and many months of the next. Mrs. Everest heard constantly from her husband. His health was good, and his prospects were brighter than ever. There

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came a change. Rumors of a terrible storm at sea were heard; then came well-authenticated accounts of the storm, and all who had friends in those parts awaited anxiously tidings from the absent ones. Mrs. Everest was among the number. Week after week wore heavily away in sorrowful waiting, and yet no tidings came. From her children she carefully kept all knowledge of the storm, hoping the sorrow it would cause might prove useless through speedy news of their father's welfare. Months passed, and still there was nothing to give her hope, or teach her that all farther hope was vain.

She was sitting alone one afternoon, her fingers busied with her needle to keep her thoughts from gaining the mastery, when Paul and Annette returned from a walk. Their cheeks glowed with exercise in the open air. Their mother smiled as she met their upturned faces with a kiss.

"I see you have enjoyed your walk, my children."

"Yes, mother, it was splendid. We only wanted you, and then we should have been perfectly happy. The sun is shining so brightly it would have done you good."

"I was well enough at home," she said. "You can tell me all you saw and heard, and that will do as well."

"We could not begin to tell you all, mother. We met so many that we knew and they were all so kind. But mother, they looked at us so sadly we didn't know what was the matter." A pang of anguish seized the mother's heart, but she replied calmly,

"You must not imagine such things; but whom did you see?"

Thus she turned their thoughts into other channels. Very long seemed the time before the children were in bed, for the burden of dread anticipations was crushing out her strength. It passed at length, and she was all alone when her pastor entered. He tried to greet her calmly, but she saw his emotion, and said hastily,

"You are the bearer of no good tidings. I have felt this was coming for hours past."

She was right. Fearing that in a more terrible way the news would reach her, he had come himself to break it to her.

A vessel had been heard from which, on the night of the storm, had received a signal from a vessel in distress. Tried to the utmost themselves, the crew were unable to lend a helping hand. The morning revealed nothing but a few broken fragments, one of which bore the name of the vessel in which Mr. Everest had sailed. Whether any had escaped they knew not. It was possible they may have reached one of the adjacent islands, but not probable, on account of the mad fury of the storm.

Mr. Williams well knew that all human words were vain, nor did he attempt to speak them. Opening a Bible he read the words of promise which have brought comfort to so many sorrowing hearts.

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

"These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Then, in a few words of earnest prayer, commending her to God's care and keeping, he left her alone, but not uncomforted. Sweetly had the words of the "Father of Comfort and God of all

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consolation" fallen upon her heart. He who had so deeply wounded had provided the balm.

Mrs. Everest did not seek her bed that night. Alone in the silent watches, she strove to submit her will to that of her Heavenly Father, before she should be called upon to reveal to her children their great loss, and help them to bear their heavy sorrow. He whose promise is, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me," did not forsake her in her hour of need.

Very early in the morning Annette came down, and standing beside her mother pressed her lips to her forehead. Instinctively Mrs. Everest knew that she suspected the truth. Convulsively, she seized her daughter's hand and covered it with kisses; then burst into tears. With a woman's thoughtfulness, Annette drew her arm around her and said:

"You need not tell me, mother; I know all. Last night I came down to ask you something. Mr. Williams was with you, and *I saw your face*. I knew then what the looks that had puzzled us in the afternoon meant, and why the papers had so carefully been put out of the way. Mother, it seemed as if I lived years in those few minutes, and this morning I feel no longer a child."

"My poor Annette," the mother said, rousing herself to comfort her stricken child, "the stroke has come when you are hardly able to bear it. You must let me help to lift this burden of sorrow from your heart."

"When yours is already breaking beneath its own? O, mother, God is good, I know; but why has He taken father from us?"

"'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight,'" Mrs. Everest replied through her tears. "The hardest trial would be to doubt His love. Let us take heed how the first faint feelings of distrust in God's goodness enter into our hearts, and fight against them as the deadliest darts of our great adversary."

"I will try, mother; I hear Paul; let me go to him."

She went, and in the gentlest way broke to him the story of their sad loss. There was no violent outbreak. Out from the sunshine he passed under the cloud, and his spirit was subdued. He had idolized his father, and in one moment his idol was snatched away. For many months his joyous laugh was silenced, and his childish nature seemed to have grown prematurely old.

The history of the next few years was the same old story of over-exertion and ill-success and of pressing want. The house was mortgaged to provide present want. With health shattered and hope gone, Mrs. Everest sank into an early grave. She left to her children as their only heritage the holy teachings, which both parents had striven to instil within them, and their parents' memory and example to urge them onward in the path of right and duty.

Their only heritage! Yet who shall say that any other could be so blessed! Wealth, if used for God's glory, is indeed a precious gift, but it may take to itself wings and fly away. Not so the memory of the holy deeds of those who have entered into their rest. The prayers they have offered up for those they have left behind are treasured up on high to be answered in God's own time and way.

For the present their affairs were worse than their least sanguine friends had hoped. When all was settled there was a mere pittance left. Nothing remained for them but to find homes where they could. There were many among their friends who sincerely felt for them, but none who were able to give them a home. Several weeks passed by, the children being with one of their friends, Mrs.

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Ray, and only two places offered themselves. One for Annette was from Mrs. Hadden, a lady who lived in the country. She promised to take good care of her if she would make herself useful. Mr. Penrose, a farmer from a neighboring county, would take Paul as an apprentice, and bring him up as a farmer. Neither offer was satisfactory, but as nothing else presented itself it was determined to accept them.

The indentures for Paul were drawn up and signed. As a farmer's life had some attraction for him, his prospects would not have been altogether unpleasant had it not been for the separation from Annette. As it was, a bitter trial lay before them.

It was the night before the parting. The brother and sister were alone. They had been silent for some time, though several times Paul's lips had opened as if he wished to say something; but each time he had checked himself. His sister asked at length,

"What is it, Paul? You have several times begun to speak, and then stopped short. If you have any thing to say, remember this may be your last opportunity."

"Well, Annette, I was not quite sure whether it was best to say it. Yes, if it is wrong, you can set me right if any one can, now mother is gone. Father and mother used to talk so much about the love and goodness of God, but how can it be true?"

"I do not understand you, Paul."

"No, I did not suppose you would. Mother and father loved God and served Him. His will was always their first thought, and they tried to teach us to follow in their steps. Yes, you know the history of the past years, the terrible sorrows which have fallen upon us. How can we make the two agree? How can God be good and yet permit such things?"

"O, Paul! think how sorry our parents would be to hear you speak such words, after all they taught us of His love."

"I know it, Annette, and I was afraid to speak so, but the thought will come. How is it?"

"I am too young to answer your question, Paul, but I know it is true. We must not forget that one great proof of His love, that can never grow weak or lose its power: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' When I remember that, I know that He only can be good to us, though He may seem to have forgotten us."

"Yes, Annette, it always sets me right when I think of that; but sometimes I will not think of it, because I feel angry that God has taken away all our blessings."

"All are not gone, Paul, so long as our Saviour and the Bible are left. Speaking of the Bible, you know how we loved the story of Joseph. You remember when we first listened to what his brothers did to him, we wept, because we thought of his loneliness, and his father's sorrow; but our parents told us to wait until we had heard the whole. Then they showed us how God made all his sorrow to work out good for him; and though, for years, he was a lonely prisoner, yet God raised him to a princely office, and he made laws for the kingdom. And his poor old father, who had refused to be comforted at sight of the bloody coat, because Joseph was no more, lived to see him again, and to know that, by means of the long separation, he and all his brethren were saved from death. Then there was Daniel in the lions' den; and the three captives in the fiery furnace."

"And that reminds me of what mother so often tried to teach us from their history, that we must be true and upright in

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all our ways if we would expect God's blessing."

"Yes, Paul, and we have need to remember these lessons now. We shall have to try hard to put them into practice, for it will not be so easy to do right when we have no one to be always pointing out the way."

"If you think so, Annette, you, who never could do wrong, tell me, what can I do?"

"Look to Jesus for help, as all must do, if they would be holy. I must not forget mother's message to you, Paul. She was talking to me the day before her death, and said she had given us both into God's hands, and she felt confident He would watch over us. She thought we might not be free from trials and hardships, but that we must remember these were not always evils. She believed that even though most of our life should lie in the shadow, at its end as we looked back upon it, we would see God's love had ordered it, and that at evening time, if not before, there should be light. She wished me to tell you this, and to bid you remember what she had taught you."

"I am afraid I shall not. All mother's efforts could not keep me straight; I shall have no one to lean upon now, and I know I shall go astray."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake,"

repeated Annette in low tones.

"But I have not leaned upon Him, sister."

"But you will now, brother?" she pleaded, amid the thickly-gathering tears.

Mrs. Ray's entrance put an end to further conversation that night. Had they but known how many anxious years would pass before they should hold another, would any human power have been strong enough to part them then?

Had they known! But they did not; for among God's manifold blessings surely we may count as not the least that the secrets of the future are known only to Him. He will only reveal them line upon line as we have strength and courage to bear them, supplying unto all who earnestly seek the daily strength to meet and profit by each day's trials and blessings. And when the discipline of sorrow is upon us, how sweet the lesson whispered in the "day by day." How well if all would lay to heart the great truths contained in the words of the poet:

"Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begins again.
Every hour that flits so slowly
Has its pain to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is nothing can equal the tender hours,
When life is first in bloom,
When the heart, like a bee in a wild of flowers,
Finds everywhere perfume;
When the present is all, and it questions not
If those flowers shall pass away;
But pleased with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay.

—*Henry C. Bohn.*

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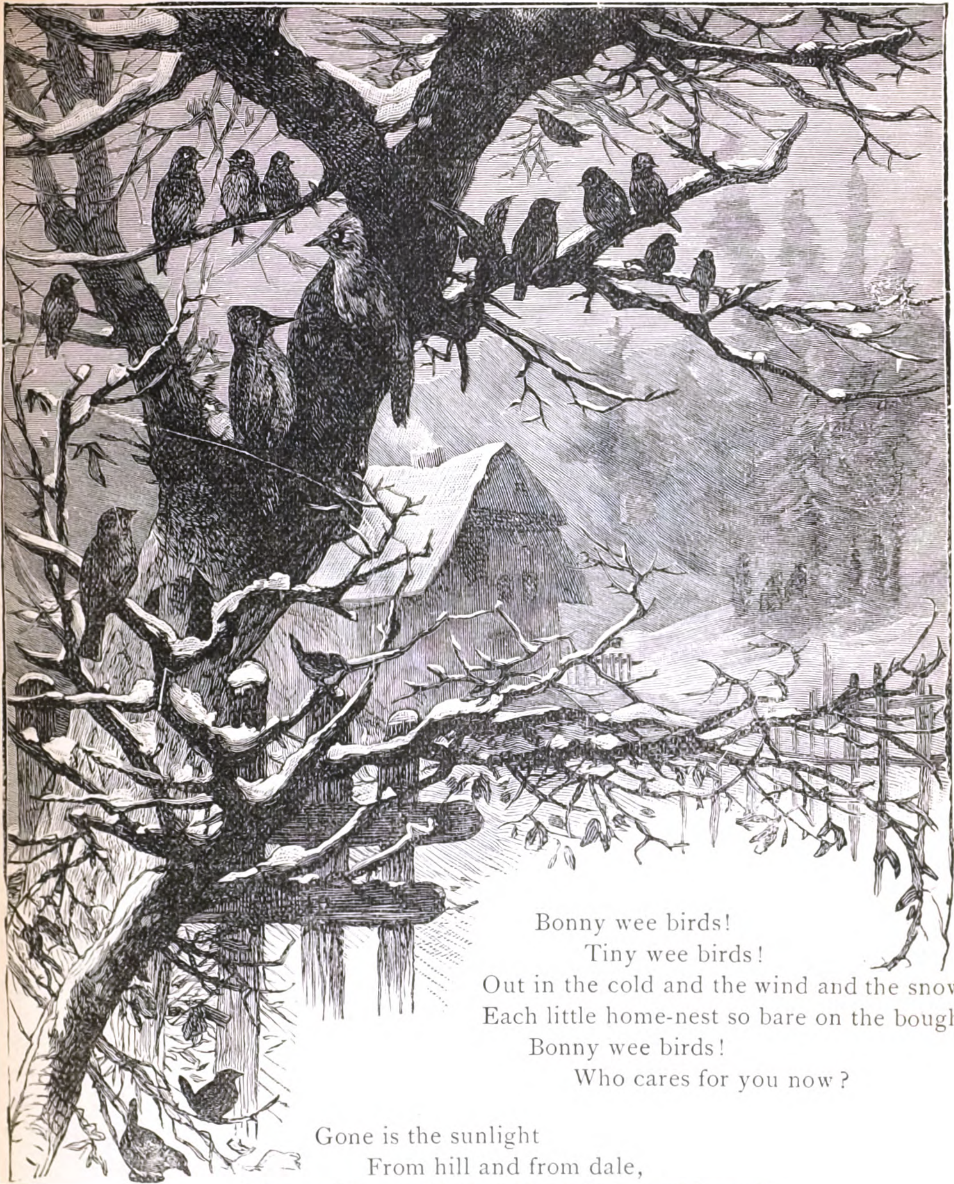

Bonny wee birds!
Tiny wee birds!
Out in the cold and the wind and the snow,
Each little home-nest so bare on the bough,
Bonny wee birds!
Who cares for you now?

Gone is the sunlight
From hill and from dale,
Wrapped is our Mother Earth in her white veil;
Forgetting her pets, so mute and so drear;
But, bonny wee birds!
Your Father is near.

For a farthing, two sparrows
We buy and we sell,
Yet our Father in heaven knows each full well,
Though barn nor storehouse to you he hath given,
Yet, bonny wee birds!
He feeds you from heaven.

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If we, whom God
From His bounteous Hand,
Our hearts and our homes with pleasure hath filled,
Share all our joys with the poor of His land,
Then, bonny wee birds!
We do His kind will.

And when the winter of life
With its sorrows each day,
From the life of His loved ones is passing away;
Then all, who the "cup of cold water" hath given,
Shall dwell, bonny birds!
In the sunlight of heaven.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The Woman's Department of the New England Institute Fair has been particularly fortunate in demonstrating the practical adaptability of woman to work which seems out of her regular line of action. The New England Institute is a young institution, the present exhibition being its third annual. The plans of the Institute were laid broad and deep, with educational aims; the management is in the hands of young men who believe in growth, and believe also most firmly in the capacity of woman to develop her faculties in almost any line she may choose to pursue. It was through the liberality and generous opportunity offered by the management, that the Woman's Department was founded. The committee of the department fully realized that the large part of the work of woman could not be publicly shown, such as home-work, which, essentially private in its nature, could not be manifested by outward sign; all that could be shown was gathered, in the hope that such a display would encourage women to acquire greater skill, and use it for their own benefit and that of the community also, that seeing how the large opportunities are now open to her to earn an honorable livelihood by intelligent and skillful labor, woman would take up her work wherever it lay. Mrs. Dio Lewis once said: "If a girl wants to be a carpenter, let her be one; there is no harm in it." It is the feeling that there is no harm in it, that a woman can mold her work, whatever it is, into true womanly fashion, that while she conforms to acknowledged forms and methods, she accomplishes results in a refined, womanly fashion. A true woman will carry her individuality with her everywhere; apropos of this, the heavy machine shown in the department, that is used for channeling and piercing the soles of shoes to be sewed by hand, is owned by a lady, the inventor, who goes into the factory and superintends every detail of the work, and puts the machine together with her own hands, adjusting every part, till it is perfect. The right to manufacture was sold for $150,000, beside the royalty. This lady is accomplished, and a refined, graceful, society woman. The flexible halter, to be used in the stable, or wherever horses are to be left, was invented by a lady who is prominent in society, and who said: "I never could invent any thing," but she did. The scientific display is made, very largely, by Mrs.

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Richards and Mrs. Ordway, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There is a large collection of grasses, prepared slides for the microscope, drawings of fungi, samples of spices, flour, baking powder, soap, and sugar, examined for adulteration, from the Woman's Laboratory. Architectural designs, photographs of heavenly bodies from Miss Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College; ferns of Massachusetts; botany group of mosses from the New England Woman's Club; and collection of botanical specimens. Mrs. Morgan, of Cincinnati, shows fifty plates of fungi, in oil; Miss Monks, of Cold Spring, N. S., one hundred and fifty pressed medicinal plants; North American ferns are shown on large plates in movable frames; from Canada there are thirty specimens of seeds of forest trees, with colored plates of the flowers; a large collection of marine algæ; drawings of ovaries of plants; one hundred and fifty chemical preparations from Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; samples of silk, examined for adulteration at the Woman's Laboratory, also minerals from Cuba, with analysis, and an interesting group of sun-prints; a collection of antique and modern marbles from Miss S. M. Burnham, of Cambridge, Mass., a collection of fossils and insects from the white birch; a collection of galls and caddis cases, Echini; marine shells, and a patent mattress-holder; the French utility bedstead, and Mrs. De'L. Shiplie's hat and bonnet wiring and binding machine; slate-enamelled surfaces, with Greek figures in bright draperies, in imitation of Pompeian decorations; patent Marqueterie, showing the work of women in designing and coloring; decorated china and pottery from Cincinnati; garments, embroidery, and fancy articles from the Woman's Exchange, of Indianapolis; a patent trunk, with canvas partitions, for packing dresses without crushing; stuffed birds, sent by Eleanor G. Pattee, National City, California—the birds were shot and prepared by an amateur. The library in the Woman's Department contains books written by women, from twelve leading publishers, and thirteen newspapers and periodicals edited by women. D. Lathrop & Company make a large display of books written by women, with the original pictures furnished for *Wide Awake*, and a charming original story from Kate Greenaway. Samples of Brussels carpeting are shown by the Lowell Carpet Company, from designs by Ella C. Frost and Lucy W. Valentine. The work in the department is largely contributed by parties who wish to show what women can do. There is a number of business women who do a good business, paying ten per cent. of sales to the department. The work of women in all lines can be shown, and the results have justified the expectation that women would be able to represent themselves in this matter. Business rules govern the department, and all possible help is extended to women all over the world who desire to enter a department which it is hoped will become a permanent feature of the Institute, and headquarters for woman's work.

The tears that trickled down our eyes,
  They do not touch the earth to-day;
But soar like angels to the skies,
  And, like the angels, may not die;
For ah! our immortality
  Flows thro' each tear—sounds in each sigh!

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HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

We might detain our readers in Marseilles, and visit with Harry and his traveling companions, all the places of interest in that famous old city. Beautiful drives on the Prado; a morning in the musuem of the Palais du Longchamp; an afternoon in the zoological garden, one of the finest in the world; a sunrise excursion to the Notre Dame de la Garde, from whose lofty pinnacle is a most magnificent view of the city—the country around in one direction, and a mighty expanse of the blue Mediterranean spread out before them in another; charming sails out into the harbor and beyond to the islands around. These and similar pleasures occupied the few days of their sojourn there, and the time for the sailing of the next steamer came around all too fast. But early one morning of the following week, Mrs. Lynn, Alice, Fannie, and Harry found themselves on board a magnificent French steamer, ready to set sail—to bid adieu to the shores of western Europe for those of eastern Europe.

A lovelier day could not have been found, and as their great steamer steamed proudly out of the harbor of Marseilles into the "Great Sea," the whole party were lost in admiration and wonder. Nor was their pleasure diminished on the route.

The Mediterranean is much like the little girl who, when she is good, is very, very good, and when she is bad, she is horrid; or it might be transposed, when she is quiet, she is very, very quiet.

So it was in their trip from Marseilles to Naples, where they were to meet Mr. Morton. The sea lay beneath their vessel like a mighty transparent mirror, as smooth as the surface of an inland lake, with nothing to ruffle its composure, save the rippling track of their steamer, and occasionally a similar one made by some passing vessel. During the day, it was bright, calm, and beautiful, and at night the three young people seated themselves on the great coil of rope to which the anchor was attached, in the forepart of the ship, and enjoyed to the utmost the deep, deep blue of the sky over head, studded with its countless gems, and its wonderful reflection in the limpid water beneath.

The route of the steamer took them north of the island of Corsica, between that and the island of Elba, both places rich in memories of Napoleon.

They were most of the two days in sight of land in the distance. The second night brought them at twelve o'clock into the bay of Naples, so the captain informed them at dinner at six P. M., and the whole party sat up to await the beautiful panorama which he said would greet them on their entrance into the bay.

But no imagination could picture its grandeur and beauty, nor words describe it. The glimmering lights of the crescent city, as they approached it, looked like diamonds in a crown, while the tall, dark Vesuvius shot up to the very heavens a glaring red flame; like some imaginary fiend it seemed to stand and hold aloft a fiery wand, threatening to consume, as it were, the heaven itself, and ready at any disturbance to upheave from her fiery chasm a mighty wave of molten lava that would burn and waste the world around, and consume every living thing in its pathway. There is always a strange intermingling of awe and admiration as one looks upon this mountain and ponders on its mighty, unseen power. This feeling, in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious Italian peasantry, has given rise to many and vague superstitions concerning Vesuvius,

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or the Devil's Kitchen, as they prefer to call it.

It is no wonder; and our travelers seemed almost to imbibe it as they sat and gazed, and gazed upon it. They lingered thus entranced till the early gray dawn of the morning, when the captain informed them very politely that the deck must be washed and other preparations made for landing that day, and it would be better for them to go down for awhile. Harry, however, climbed up above the awning and hid himself where he could still watch the scene, while Alice and Fannie each went to sleep with their heads in the open windows of their state-rooms; Alice to dream that she was lifted up, up, on the fiery wand of some great monster, into and above the clouds overhead, and just as she was timidly trying to stand so as to see still farther, she was shaken by a little motion of the vessel and dropped—to wake very much excited in her own sleeping berth.

Fannie insisted she had better not tell her dream until after breakfast, as she had dreamed that Harry had tempted her to go beyond the edge of the crater, and both had tumbled into the "Devil's Kitchen," when, very much to her surprise, she saw Harry run up and embrace an old colored woman, who, he informed her, was no less than his dear old mammy. And stranger still, the old woman had invited them to stay to supper, which she said she was cooking, but the preparation of the meal had been suddenly interrupted by the loud gong on deck sounding for breakfast. When the party met at breakfast, which they were to take on the steamer, they found Harry, his face radiant with joy, standing by a tall, very intellectual-looking but exceedingly reserved young gentleman of about twenty-five, whom he introduced as his friend, Mr. Morton. The cordial greeting, congratulations on his recovery, and kind words of Mrs. Lynn, warmly reciprocated by Alice and Fannie, were lost on this demure-looking student. Harry was so glowing with enthusiasm and joy at having them all meet, that he scarcely noticed it, but when Fannie asked him about it later, he apologized for his friend by saying that he had been shut up in universities abroad so long that he scarcely knew how to welcome friends, to which Fannie rejoined:

"If we have an opportunity we'll give him a sly push into the Devil's Kitchen, or at least I will make him wish he was there, if he does not unbend and make himself more agreeable."

Harry, however, had a damper cast over his feelings when he went on shore with his friend, by the question:

"Push, how in the world did you ever happen to get so many women hanging to you? How on earth are you or I either ever going to do any thing this winter but attend to baggage, hire hacks, and pay unnecessary hotel bills. Our trip will cost us five times as much money. Then, too, you will not study with those two girls to talk to you all the time."

Had Harry been older and a little wiser he would have known that the intimate association of two such really cultivated girls with a young man of tastes which were very similar, would only take time to make it agreeable. But, as it was, it shed a great gloom over his spirits, and he answered very meekly,

"I'm, sorry it happened."

Then remembering he wasn't sorry, he tried to explain,

"I mean, I'm not sorry, but—but—"

"Well, old fellow, I don't think you know what you do mean," and Mr. Morton slapped Harry on the shoulder, rather pitying his embarrassment. "We have got them; let's make the best of it."

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"Oh, Mr. Morton, don't talk that way about them!"

"Why not? Are they any thing to you?"

"No—yes—at least, I like them so."

"Well, I don't," said Harry's old preceptor very emphatically.

It was enough. When Harry returned to the ship he looked so woeful that Fannie at once inquired if his old mammy was dead, to which he replied abstractedly, "No."

But they all secretly suspected that some unpleasant news had come to him in his letters from home, which had been forwarded him to Naples from London, as he had directed before leaving France.

However, the party went on shore and took possession of apartments chosen by Harry and Mr. Morton, and that afternoon an excursion was planned, into which Mr. Morton reluctantly allowed himself to be inveigled by Harry's entreaties.

"I can't talk to a woman, Harry Push, and it's no use putting myself in their company."

"But they will talk to you," Harry argued.

"That's just what I do not want; I haven't had any one to talk to me now for five years, and its made a better student of me; I have time to think."

But he went. The excursion was to the top of St. Elmo, the old castle that crowns the hill, just back of the city.

Mrs. Lynn engaged a small Italian carriage to take her up, and the young folks walked. Fannie dropped her handkerchief in front of Mr. Morton, wanted flowers from the terraced walls of the ascending hill-side, which were just too high for Harry to reach, asked for water to drink on the wayside, which, as Harry could not speak Italian, Mr. Morton must demand for her. In fact, she conceived of every imaginable annoyance she could, to unbend or break the stiff formality of Harry's friend. She cared not one iota whether she provoked him to pleasant deeds, or drove him into deeper reserve. Alice was as nature had made her, very polite and winning, and when they reached the top where their mother was in waiting, she proposed that Fannie and Harry should be left to follow the bent of their own inclination and roam all over the monastery and museum, mount the old castle walls, in fact, do just as they pleased; while Mr. Morton should conduct her mother to some one pleasant place, where they could enjoy the view at sunset. She did it with a double motive, thinking at once to suit herself to her mother's strength, and relieve Mr. Morton of any care of them.

But when he took them out on a balcony of the old monastery, where the beauties of Naples and the surrounding bay and country are most gloriously displayed, he did not leave them as Alice quietly suggested, but sat down, and in the course of the hour they spent together, he conversed very pleasantly with the ladies. But strange to say, *he* did most of the talking. In his life abroad and hard labors as a student he had acquired an immense stock of information, and as they sat together, had unconsciously imparted a great deal of it to his companions.

The scenery around naturally suggested many questions, and he had answered them very intelligently.

When Fannie and Harry came up to join them, and catch the last rays of the setting sun, Mrs. Lynn remarked:

"Fannie, I'm so sorry you missed all Mr. Morton has been telling us."

Fannie could not answer her mother rudely and say she was not, so she only looked quizzical, and replied:

"I am sure you have not enjoyed sitting here, half so much as we have, going everywhere. The old monk who acted as our guide, has given out completely.

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"Miss Fannie," said Mr. Morton, very solemnly, "he is now the only monk left alive here in the monastery, and I am afraid he will die to-night."

"Yes," said Alice, "Mr. Morton has just been giving us such an interesting account of this monastery and its former occupants, and says they are all dead but one now, and he lives here all alone."

"You can't blame Fannie if he does die to-night," said Harry defensively, "for she was very careful not to fatigue the old man, and at every turn invited him to sit down and rest; she is more thoughtful of him than she is of you or me, Morton."

That night when they went to their rooms, Mr. Morton remarked:

"Mrs. Lynn and Miss Alice are really very pleasant, but Harry, what on earth can you see in that younger one to like?"

Harry prudently made no answer to this soliloquy, but went quietly to bed, wishing every body would think and feel as he did.

GIOTTO.

One of the prettiest pieces of sculpture found in the Italian division of art at the Centennial Exposition was the marble figure of a boy reclining apparently on the grass; and if the sculptor's chisel was true to life, the shepherd boy, Giotto, had a noble form and a shapely head, enhanced rather than otherwise by the peasant's garb and bare head and feet. In his hand he held an irregular fragment of slate or stone upon which he was sketching, with another fragment, the figure of one of his own sheep.

Thus Cimabue found him in his native Tuscan Valley of Vespignano, combining his duty of watching the flocks with the pleasure of an inborn artist. And, himself considered the greatest painter of his time, discerning the dawn of a genius that was to eclipse his own, received him into his studio and taught him the rudiments of art.

This was probably in the year 1286, when Giotto was about ten years of age. How glad the boy must have been; and yet it was not in vain that his earlier life had been spent in such close communion with nature. What else could have enabled him to breathe into art such life as had never been known before? to quicken its hitherto stately rigidity with the fire of natural incident and emotion? With this strange, new, vivifying power within him, trammeled only by the consecrated traditions of the past—the religious spirit of the age—by rapid strides he outstripped all competitors, and his is one of the few names in history which having become great while its bearer lived has sustained no loss of greatness since. What though he could only express by symbol and allegory the truths of nature, which he felt with such intensity, still his work produces in the spectator less sense of imperfection than that of many later masters, to whom the resources of art were so greatly expanded.

Though a peasant lad, the genius of Giotto introduced him into the elite of society. Dante, the refined and elegant patrician, was his personal friend. He and our sturdy-framed rustic, with his genial strength of mind and body, seem to have had a mutual admiration for each other. Dante writes of him and his first master, Cimabue:

> "Cimabue thought
> To lord it over paintings field, and now
> The cry is Giotto, and *his* name eclipsed"—

And mentions him in other places as the most celebrated of painters, while his own poetry and personal intercourse

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was an acknowledged inspiration to the painter.

No doubt the young artist was good company, for he was possessed of great equanimity of humor and massive good sense, and was never at a loss, whether he was to design some great spiritual allegory or imperishable monument in stone, or whether he had to show his wit in the encounter of practical jest or repartee.

The following incident is told of him: "One day when Giotto was taking a walk in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them running between the painter's feet threw him down. When he got up again, instead of swearing at the pig, as another man might have done, he observed, laughingly, 'People call these beasts stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladle-full of soup in my life.'"

But now as to his work, for it is as a workman—an artist, that he lives in the world to-day, and these anecdotes of every-day life are but glimpses into his heart nature, from whence spring his ideas and ideals; or, at least, this big, glowing heart of his was the medium through which every image must pass before his magic touch could quicken into life the dead canvas.

A large part of his fame was won in the service of the Franciscans, and though this gave him but a limited and stereotyped range of subjects, still, by earnest study of nature, and a steadfast resistance of all that was false and unnatural, he effected a reformation in painting, the value of which could hardly be overestimated.

The best authenticated works of his mature powers are to be found at Padua; but at Rome also, at Naples, and at Florence he left happy mementos of his wonderful genius. And still another lives in the very expressive Italian proverb, "Rounder than Giotto's O," that is, impossible, reminding us that when Pope Benedict XI. sent a messenger to bring him proofs of the painter's powers, Giotto would give the messenger no other sample of his talent than an O, drawn with a free sweep of the brush from the elbow. But this was so perfect that Giotto was immediately engaged at a very great salary to go and adorn with frescoes the Papal residence at Avignon.

This commission, however, was not fulfilled, owing to the Pope's death.

It was in his fifty-eighth year that Giotto received the final and official testimony to the esteem in which he was held at Florence. By a solemn decree of the Priori, April 12th, 1334, he was appointed master of the works of the Cathedral of Sta Reparata, subsequently and better known as Sta Maria del Fiore, and architect of the city walls and of the towns within her territory.

Dying in 1336, he only enjoyed these dignities for two years. But in those two years he found time to plan and in part superintend the execution of two monuments of architecture, of which the one remaining is among the most exquisite in design and richest in decoration that were ever conceived by man. We refer to the west front of the cathedral, which was afterward barbarously stripped of its enrichments, and its detached campanile, or bell-tower. The campanile remains pretty much as it was left by the pupils of Giotto after their master's death, and in the consummate dignity of its fair proportions, in the opulent, but lucid invention of detail, and in the pregnant simplicity of its sculptured histories, it is a most appropriate crown and monument of a strong and memorable career.

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A ROYAL POET.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

The whole history of this amiable but unfortunate prince is highly romantic. At the tender age of eleven he was sent from home by his father, Robert III., and destined for the French court, to be reared under the eye of the French monarch, secure from the treachery and danger that surrounded the royal house of Scotland. It was his mishap in the course of his voyage to fall into the hands of the English, and he was detained prisoner by Henry IV., notwithstanding that a truce existed between the two countries.

James was detained in captivity above eighteen years; but though deprived of personal liberty, he was treated with the respect due to his rank. Care was taken to instruct him in all the branches of useful knowledge cultivated at that period, and to give him those mental and personal accomplishments deemed proper for a prince. Perhaps, in this respect, his imprisonment was a great advantage, as it enabled him to apply himself the more exclusively to his improvement, and quietly to imbibe that rich fund of knowledge, and to cherish those elegant

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tastes, which have given such a luster to his memory. The picture drawn of him in early life, by the Scottish historian, is highly captivating, and seems rather the description of a hero of romance, than of a character in real history. He was well learned, we are told, "to fight with the sword, to joust, to tournay, to wrestle, to sing and dance; he was an expert mediciner, right crafty in playing both of lute and harp, and sundry other instruments of music, and was expert in grammar, oratory, and poetry."*

With this combination of manly and delicate accomplishments, fitting him to shine both in active and elegant life, and calculated to give him an intense relish for joyous existence, it must have been a severe trial, in an age of bustle and chivalry, to pass the springtime of his years in monotonous captivity. It was the good fortune of James, however, to be gifted with a powerful poetic fancy, and to be visited in his prison by the choicest inspirations of the muse.

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfinable; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon. Such was the world of pomp and pageant that lived around Tasso in his dismal cell at Ferrara, when he conceived the splendid scenes of his Jerusalem; and we may consider the "King's Quair," composed by James, during his captivity at Windsor, as another of those beautiful breakings-forth of the soul from the restraint and gloom of the prison-house.

The subject of the poem is his love for the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and a princess of the blood royal of England, of whom he became enamored in the course of his captivity. What gives it a peculiar value, is that it may be considered a transcript of the royal bard's true feelings, and the story of his real loves and fortunes. It is not often that sovereigns write poetry, or that poets deal in fact. It is curious, too, to get at the history of a monarch's heart, and to find the simple affections of human nature throbbing under the ermine. But James had learnt to be a poet before he was a king; he was schooled in adversity, and reared in the company of his own thoughts. Monarchs have seldom time to parley with their hearts, or to meditate their minds into poetry; and had James been brought up amidst the adulation and gayety of a court, we should never, in all probability, have had such a poem as the Quair.

I have been particularly interested by those parts of the poem which breathe his immediate thoughts concerning his situation, or which are connected with the apartment in the tower. They have thus a personal and local charm, and are given with such circumstantial truth, as to make the reader present with the captive in his prison, and the companion of his meditations.

Such is the account he gives of his weariness of spirit, and of the incident which first suggested the idea of writing the poem. It was the still midwatch of a clear, moonlight night; the stars, he says, were twinkling as fire in the high vault of heaven; and "Cynthia rinsing her golden locks in Aquarius." He lay in bed wakeful and restless, and took a book to beguile the tedious hours. The book he chose was Boetius' Consolations of Philosophy, a work popular among the writers of that day, and which had been translated by his great prototype, Chaucer.

After closing the volume, he turns its contents over in his mind and gradually

*Ballenden's Translation of Hector Boyce.

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falls into a fit of musing on the fickleness of fortune, the vicissitudes of his own life, and the evils that had overtaken him even in his tender youth. Suddenly he hears the bell ringing to matins; but its sound, chiming in with his melancholy fancies, seems to him like a voice exhorting him to write his story. In the spirit of poetic errantry he then determines to comply with this intimation; he, therefore, takes pen in hand, makes with it a sign of the cross to implore a benediction, and sallies forth into the fairy land of poetry. There is something extremely fanciful in all this, and it is interesting as furnishing a striking and beautiful instance of the simple manner in which whole trains of poetical thought are sometimes awakened, and literary enterprises suggested to the mind.

In the course of his poem he more than once bewails the peculiar hardness of his fate. There is a sweetness, however, in his very complaints; they are the lamentations of an amiable and social spirit at being denied the indulgence of its kind and generous propensities; there is nothing in them harsh nor exaggerated. James speaks of his privations with acute sensibility, but having mentioned them passes on, as if his manly mind disdained to brood over unavoidable calamities. When such a spirit breaks forth into complaint, however brief, we are aware how great must be the suffering that extorts the murmur.

Had not James evinced a deficiency of poetic artifice, we might almost have suspected that these lowerings of gloomy reflections were meant as preparative to the brightest scene of his story, and to contrast with that refulgence of light and loveliness, that exhilarating accompaniment of bird and song, and foliage and flower, and all the revel of the year, with which he ushers in the lady of his heart. It is this scene, in particular, which throws all the magic of romance about the old castle keep. He had risen, he says, at break of day, according to custom, to escape from the dreary meditation of a sleepless pillow. "Bewailing in his chamber thus alone," despairing of all joy, ease, and remedy, "fortired of thought and wobegone," he had wandered to the window, to indulge the captive's most miserable solace of gazing wistfully upon the world from which he alone was excluded. The window looked forth upon a small garden which lay at the foot of the tower. It was a quiet, sheltered spot, adorned with arbors and green alleys, and protected from the passing gaze by tall trees and hawthorn hedges.

Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall,
 A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green with wandis long and small
 Railed about, and so with leaves beset
Was all the place and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That lyf* was none, walkyng there forbye
 That might within scarce any wight espye.

So thick the branches and the leves grene,
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And midst of every arbour might be sene
 The sharpe, grene, swete juniper,
Growing so faire, with branches here and there,
 That as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The boughs did spread the arbour all about.

And on the small grene twistis† set
 The lytle swete nightingales, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrate
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the garden and the wallis rung
Right of their song——

It was the month of May, when every thing was in bloom; and he interprets the song of the nightingale into the language of his enamored feeling:

Worship, all ye that lovers be, this May,
 For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, away, winter, away,
 Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun.

Note—The language of the quotations is generally modernized.

* *Lyf*, person.

† *Twistis*, small boughs or twigs

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As he gazes on the scene, and listens to the notes of the birds, he gradually relapses into one of those tender and undefinable reveries, which fill the youthful bosom in this delicious season. He wonders what this love may be, of which he has so often read, and which seems breathed forth in the quickening breath of May, and melting all nature into ecstasy and song. If it really be so great a felicity, and if it be a boon thus generally dispensed to the most insignificant beings, why is he alone cut off from its enjoyments?

Oft would I think, O Lord, what may this be,
That love is of such noble myght and kynde?
Loving his folke, and such prosperitee
Is it of him, as we in books do find:
May he oure hertes setten* and unbynd:
Hath he upon our hertes such maistrye?
Or is all this but feynit fantasye?

For giff he be of so grete excellence,
That he of every wight hath care and charge,
What have I gilt† to him, or done offense,
That I am thral'd, and birdis go at large?

In the midst of his musing, as he casts his eye downward, he beholds "the fairest and the freshest young floure" that ever he had seen. It is the lovely Lady Jane, walking in the garden to enjoy the beauty of that "fresh May morrowe." Breaking thus suddenly upon his sight, in the moment of loneliness and susceptibility, she at once captivates the fancy of the romantic prince, and becomes the object of his wandering wishes, the sovereign of his ideal world.

He dwells, with all the fondness of a lover, on every article of her apparel, from the net of pearl, splendent with emeralds and sapphires, that confined her golden hair, even to the "goodly chaine of small orfeverye"‡ about her neck, whereby there hung a ruby in the shape of a heart, that seemed, he says, like a spark of fire burning upon her white bosom. Her dress of white tissue was looped up to enable her to walk with more freedom. She was accompanied by two female attendants, while about her sported a little hound decorated with bells; probably the small Italian hound of exquisite symmetry, which was a great parlor favorite and pet among the fashionable dames of ancient times. James closes his description by a burst of general eulogium:

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
Bounty, richesse, and womanly feature;
God better knows than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse,* estate,† and cunning‡ sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance.

The departure of the Lady Jane from the garden puts an end to this transient riot of the heart. With her departs the amorous illusion that had shed a temporary charm over the scene of his captivity, and he relapses into loneliness now rendered tenfold more intolerable by this passing beam of unattainable beauty. Through the long and weary day he repines at his unhappy lot, and when evening approaches, and Phœbus, as he beautifully expresses it, had "bade farewell to every leaf and flower," he still lingers at the window, and, laying his head upon the cold stone, gives vent to a mingled flow of love and sorrow, until, gradually lulled by the mute melancholy of the twilight hours, he lapses, "half sleeping, half swoon," into a vision, which occupies the remainder of the poem, and in which he allegorically shadowed out the history of his passion.

When he wakes from his trance, he rises from his stony pillow, and, pacing his apartment, full of dreary reflections,

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* *Setten*, incline.
† *Gilt*, what injury have I done, etc.
‡ Wrought gold.

* *Largesse*, bounty.
† *Estate*, dignity.
‡ *Cunning*, discretion.

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questions his spirit whither it has been wandering; whether, indeed, all that has passed before his dreaming fancy has been conjured up by preceding circumstances; or whether it is a vision, intended to comfort and assure him in his despondency. If the latter, he prays that some token may be sent to confirm the promise of happier days given him in his slumbers. Suddenly, a turtle dove, of the purest whiteness, comes flying in at the window, and alights upon his hand, bearing in her bill a branch of red gilliflower, on the leaves of which is written, in letters of gold, the following sentence:

Awake! awake! I bring, lover, I bring
The newis glad that blissful is, and sure
Of thy comfort; now laugh, and play, and sing,
For in the heaven decretit is thy cure.

He receives the branch with mingled hope and dread; reads it with rapture; and this, he says, was the first token of his succeeding happiness. Whether this is a mere poetic fiction, or whether the Lady Jane did actually send him a token of her favor in this romantic way, remains to be determined according to the faith or fancy of the reader. He concludes his poem by intimating that the promise conveyed in the vision and by the flower is fulfilled, by his being restored to liberty, and made happy in the possession of the sovereign of his heart.

Such is the poetical account given by James of his love adventures in Windsor Castle. How much of it is absolute fact, and how much the embellishment of fancy, it is fruitless to conjecture; let us not, however, reject every romantic incident as incompatible with real life; but let us sometimes take a poet at his word. I have noticed merely those parts of the poem immediately connected with the tower, and have passed over a large part, written in the allegorical vein, so much cultivated at that day. The language, of course, is quaint and antiquated, so that the beauty of many of its golden phrases will scarcely be conceived at the present day; but it is impossible not to be charmed with the genuine sentiment, the delightful artlessness and urbanity, which prevail throughout it. The descriptions of nature, too, with which it is embellished, are given with a truth, a discrimination, and a freshness, worthy of the most cultivated periods of the art.

As an amatory poem, it is edifying in these days of coarser thinking, to notice the nature, refinement, and exquisite delicacy which pervade it; banishing every gross thought or immodest expression, and presenting female loveliness, clothed in all its chivalrous attributes of almost supernatural purity and grace.

James flourished nearly about the time of Chaucer and Gower, and was evidently an admirer and studier of their writings. Indeed, in one of his stanzas he acknowledges them as his masters; and, in some parts of his poem, we find traces of similarity to their productions, more especially to those of Chaucer. There are always, however, general features of resemblance in the works of contemporary authors, which are not so much borrowed from each other as from the times. Writers, like bees, toll their sweets in the wide world; they incorporate with their own conceptions the anecdotes and thoughts current in society; and thus each generation has some features in common, characteristic of the age in which it lived.

James belongs to one of the most brilliant eras of our literary history, and establishes the claims of his country to a participation in its primitive honors. Whilst a small cluster of English writers are constantly cited as the fathers of our verse, the name of their Scottish compeer is apt to be passed over in silence;

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but he is evidently worthy of being enrolled in that little constellation of remote but never-failing luminaries, who shine in the highest firmament of literature, and who, like morning stars, sang together at the dawning of British poesy.

Such of my readers as may not be familiar with Scottish history, may be curious to learn something of the subsequent history of James, and the fortunes of his love. His passion for the Lady Jane, as it was the solace of his captivity, so it facilitated his release, it being imagined by the court that a connection with the blood royal of England would attach him to its own interests. He was ultimately restored to his liberty and crown, having previously espoused the Lady Jane, who accompanied him to Scotland, and made him a most tender and devoted wife.

He found his kingdom in great confusion, the feudal chieftains having taken advantage of the troubles and irregularities of a long interregnum to strengthen themselves in their possessions, and place themselves above the power of the laws. James sought to found the basis of his power in the affections of his people. He attached the lower orders to him by the reformation of abuses, the temperate and equable administration of justice, the encouragement of the arts, of peace, and the promotion of every thing that could diffuse comfort, competency, and innocent enjoyment through the humblest ranks of society. He mingled occasionally among the common people in disguise; visited their firesides; entered into their cares, their pursuits, and their amusements; informed himself of the mechanical arts, and how they could best be patronized and improved; and was thus an all-pervading spirit, watching with a benevolent eye over the meanest of his subjects. Having in this generous manner made himself strong in the hearts of the common people, he turned himself to curb the power of the factious nobility; to strip them of those dangerous immunities which they had usurped; to punish such as had been guilty of flagrant offenses; and to bring the whole into proper obedience to the crown. For some time they bore this with outward submission, but with secret impatience and brooding resentment. A conspiracy was at length formed against his life, at the head of which was his own uncle, Robert Stewart, Earl of Athol, who, being too old himself for the perpetration of the deed of blood, instigated his grandson, Sir Robert Stewart, together with Sir Robert Graham, and others of less note, to commit the deed. They broke into his bedchamber at the Dominican Convent near Perth, where he was residing, and barbarously murdered him by oft-repeated wounds. His faithful queen, rushing to throw her tender body between him and the sword, was twice wounded in the ineffectual attempt to shield him from the assassin; and it was not until she had been forcibly torn from his person, that the murder was accomplished.

Never quite shall disappear
The glory of the ending year;
Fade shall it never quite, if flowers
An emblem of existence be;
The golden-rod shall flourish free,
And laurestini shall weave bowers
For winter; while the Christmas-rose
Shall blossom, though it be 'mid snows.

—*Moir.*

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OLD TRAVELERS—No. II.

MARCO POLO.

The indefatigable Italians pursued their course directly to Khoten, another city of great celebrity and trade, where very valuable chalcedonies, jaspers, and other precious stones were found. Though now far within the dominions of the great Khan, they were still far from having surmounted all their difficulties and dangers. They had to toil across the great desert of Kobi—called by the Mongol Tartars "the Hungry Desert." The horrid nature of this immense, barren, sandy tract, and the difficulties of crossing it, have been sufficiently confirmed by more recent travelers, particularly by the accurate John Bell of Antermony, who, in 1720, traversed another part of it in the suite of a Russian ambassador sent by Peter the Great to China; but Marco wrote in a superstitious age, and taking with too much faith the marvelous relations of the ignorant Tartars, he crowded the desert with all sorts of imaginary horrors, some of which may be reduced to the natural phenomena of the *mirage*, whilst others—such as the malignant spirits that decoyed the travelers from their path, and left them to perish of hunger in untrodden solitudes, and that filled the air "with the sounds of all kinds of musical instruments, and also of drums and the clash of arms," may be safely assigned to the effects of the winds and to fancy. Marco does not forget to make proper mention of the inestimable services of the camel in deserts like these. They were thirty days journeying across the Hungry Desert, after which they came to Scha-cheu, or "the City of the Sands," where they found among the idolatrous population a few Nestorian Christians and Mohammedans—one of the many curious proofs, afforded by Marco, that both those religions had penetrated into the most remote regions of the earth, where Europeans little thought they existed.

From the City of the Sands they traveled to Kan-cheu, now considered as being within the boundary of China Proper, but then belonging to the very comprehensive district of Tangut. Marco, on his way, describes the asbestos, which he found woven into cloth that was incombustible like the famous salamander. As this curious fossil or earthy mineral was little known at the time in the south of Europe, Marco's description of it was held as one of those things for which he had drawn on his imagination. That description, however, was perfectly veracious and correct. "The fossil substance," says the honest Venetian, "which is procured from the mountains, consists of fibers not unlike those of wool. This, after being exposed to the sun to dry, is pounded in a brass mortar, and is then washed until all the earthy particles are separated. The fibers thus cleansed and detached from each other, they then spin into thread, and weave into cloth. In order to render the texture white, they put it into the fire, and suffer it to remain there about an hour; when they draw it out uninjured by the flame and it is as white as snow. By the same process they afterwards cleanse it when it happens to contract spots, no other abstergent lotion than an igneous one being ever applied to it." Marco adds with great simplicity—"Of the salamander under the form of a serpent, supposed to exist in fire, I could never discover any traces in the eastern regions."

At the same part of his travels Marco also describes the country that produces rhubarb—a valuable drug which had long

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been known in medicine, though few Europeans in those days knew whence it was brought.

At Kan-cheu, on the borders of China Proper, the travelers were detained a whole year. So long a time had elapsed since the father and uncle of Marco had left China as Kublai's ambassadors that they were forgotten; the Khan, moreover, happened to be in a distant part of his immense dominions, and for some months heard nothing of the detention of his Italian friends on the frontiers. As soon, however, as he was informed of that circumstance, he commanded that the state mandarins should take charge of the Poli, show them all the honors due to ambassadors, and forward them to his presence, at his expense. At Yen-king, near the spot where Peking now stands, the travelers, after a journey that had occupied no less time than three years and a half, "were honorably and graciously received by the Grand Khan, in a full assembly of his principal officers." They performed the *cotou*, or nine prostrations, as they are now practiced in the Chinese court, and Marco's father and uncle then rising, related, "in perspicuous language," all that they had done since their departure, and all that had happened to them, the Khan listening "with attentive silence." The letters and presents of the Pope were next laid before the tolerant Tartar conqueror, who, it is said, received with peculiar reverence some oil from the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. The Khan was then struck with the appearance of young Marco, whom he had noticed, and asked who he was. "Nicolo Polo," says Marco, who speaks of himself in the third person, "made answer that the youth was his son, and the servant of his majesty, when the Grand Khan condescended to take him under his protection, and caused him to be immediately enrolled amongst his attendants of honor. In consequence of this distinguished notice he was held in high estimation and respect by all belonging to the court. He learned in a short time and adopted the manners of the Tartars, and acquired a proficiency in four different languages, which he became qualified to read and write." These languages probably were the Mongol, Ighur, Manchu-Tartar, and Chinese. As soon as he had acquired the languages necessary for his functions, he was actively employed in affairs of great importance by Kublai, who, in the first place, sent him on a mission to Karazan (Khorassan or Kharism—geographers are not decided which), at the distance of six months' journey from the imperial residence. He acquitted himself with wisdom and prudence.

The favor of the Poli at the court of the Tartar conqueror was also increased by Marco's father and uncle, who, soon after their arrival, suggested the employment of "catapultæ," or battering-machines, against Siang-yang-fu, an important city where the Chinese still held out against the Tartars, the siege of that place having lasted three years. The catapultæ were constructed under the superintendence of the brothers; and when employed on the walls of Siang-yang-fu, that city soon fell.

"Marco, on his part," again to use his own words, "perceiving that the Grand Khan took a pleasure in hearing accounts of whatever was new to him respecting the customs and manners of people, and the peculiar circumstances of distant countries, endeavored, wherever he went, to obtain correct information on these subjects, and made notes of all he saw and heard, in order to gratify the curiosity of his master. In short, during seventeen years that he continued in his service, he rendered himself so useful that he was employed on confidential missions to every part of the empire and its dependencies; and

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sometimes, also, he traveled on his own private account, but always with the consent and sanctioned by the authority of the Grand Khan. Under such circumstances it was that Marco Polo had the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge, either by his own observation or what he collected from others, of so many things until his time unknown, respecting the Eastern parts of the world, and which he diligently and regularly committed to writing, as in the sequel will appear." This is only a frank and fair exposition of the rare advantages that the Venetian traveler enjoyed.

So high did Marco Polo rise in the estimation and favor of the liberal-minded Kublai, who (unlike the sovereigns who preceded and followed him on the throne of China), readily employed Arabians, Persians, and other foreigners, that when a member of one of the great tribunals was unable to proceed to the government of a city for which he had been nominated, the emperor sent the young Venetian in his stead. Marco mentions this honorable event of his life in the most modest manner, and only incidentally while describing the said city, which was Yang-cheu-fu in the province of Kiang-nan, a place, then of great importance, having twenty-seven towns under its jurisdiction. These are the Venetian's words, and the only allusion he makes to the subject: "The people are idolaters, and subsist by trade and manual arts. They manufacture arms and sorts of warlike accouterments in consequence of which many troops are stationed in this part of the country. The city is the place of residence of one of the twelve nobles before spoken of, who are appointed by his majesty to the government of the provinces; and in the room of one of these, Marco Polo, by special order of his majesty, acted as governor of this city during the space of three years." Our readers must be reminded that, by a fundamental law of the empire, no viceroy or governor can retain the government of one place for a longer period than three years.

Though loaded with honors and enriched, the Poli, after seventeen years' residence in China, were forcibly moved by the natural desire of revisiting their native country. Their protector Kublai was now stricken with years and infirmities; his death might leave them exposed to a less liberal and less unprejudiced successor; and Marco's father and uncle were themselves far advanced in age, and might well feel an ardent longing to leave their mortal remains in the beautiful city of the Adriatic which had given them birth. They spoke to the venerable emperor, whose answer was negative and decided and not unmixed with reproach. "If they wanted more wealth," said he, "he was ready to gratify them to the utmost extent of their wishes; but with the subject of their request he could not comply."

The Venetians had no hopes of conquering Kublai's pertinacity, when the following curious circumstance came to their aid:

Arghun, a Mogul Tartar prince, who ruled in Persia, and who was the grand nephew of the emperor Kublai, lost his principal wife, who was also of the imperial stock. To replace her, he sent an embassy to China to solicit Kublai for another princess of their own common lineage. Kublai readily consented, and selected from his numerous grandchildren a beautiful girl who had attained her seventeenth year. The betrothed queen set out with the ambassadors and a splendid retinue, for Persia; but after traveling several months (owing to fresh wars that had broken out among the Tartars), the turbulent state of some countries through which they had to pass prevented their progress, and they were obliged to return to the Chinese capital.

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During the matrimonial negotiations, Marco Polo, whose passion for traveling increased with his means of gratifying it, was absent on the emperor's business in the Indian ocean; but he happened to return to China with the small fleet under his command just as the affianced princess found herself in this uncomfortable dilemma. Marco boldly proposed that she should be carried to her husband by sea—an idea that never could have struck the Chinese, who were timid navigators, or the Tartars, who were altogether ignorant of navigation. He described, from his own recent experience, the Indian ocean—which was deemed so perilous—as safe and easily navigable. The ambassadors from Persia, who had now been three years on their mission, were as anxious to return to their native country as the Poli were to return to Venice, and no sooner had Marco's observations reached their ears than they sought a conference with him. His representations dissipated all their doubts, and, it appears, the fears of the princess. He engaged he would carry them to the Persian Gulf at much less risk, expense, and in less time than the overland journey would cost them. But nothing could be done without the emperor's permission.

"Should his majesty," says Marco, "incline to give his consent, the ambassadors were then to urge him to suffer the three Europeans (the Poli), as being all persons well skilled in the practice of navigation, to accompany them, until they should reach the territory of King Arghun. The Grand Khan, upon receiving this application, showed by his countenance that it was exceedingly displeasing to him, averse as he was to parting with the Venetians. Feeling, nevertheless, that he could not with propriety do otherwise than consent, he yielded to their entreaty. Had it not been that he found himself constrained by the importance and urgency of this peculiar case, they would never have obtained permission to withdraw themselves from his service He sent for them, however, and addressed them with much kindness and condescension, assuring them of his regard, and requiring from them a promise that when they should have resided some time in Europe and with their own family, they would return to him once more. With this object in view, he caused them to be furnished with the golden tablet (or royal passport), which contained his order for their having free and safe conduct through every part of his dominions, with the needful supplies for themselves and their attendants. He likewise gave them authority to act in the capacity of ambassadors to the Pope, the Kings of France and Spain, and the other Christian princes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOETHE said well: "Nobody should be rich but those who understand it." Some men are born to own and can animate all their possessions. Others can not, their owning is not graceful; seems to be a compromise of their own character; they seem to steal their own dividends. They should own who can administer; not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the greater proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars, but they whose work carves out work for more, opens a path to all. For he is the rich man in whom the people are rich, and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor; and how to give all access to the master pieces of art and nature, is the problem of civilization.

—*Emerson.*

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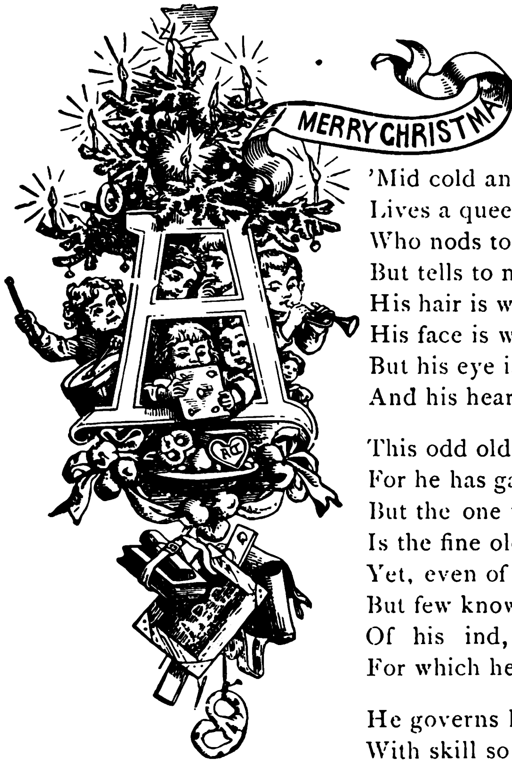
Home Sunlight.



CAROL.

'Mid cold and snow at the far North Pole
Lives a queer old man, a jolly soul,
Who nods to himself and laughs and winks,
But tells to nobody what he thinks.
His hair is white with the frosts of age,
His face is wrinkled like an ancient sage,
But his eye is bright with the gleam of fun,
And his heart is warmer than summer's sun.

This odd old fellow has many a name,
For he has gained a world-wide fame;
But the one that brings him most applause
Is the fine old title, Santa Claus.
Yet, even of those who love him well,
But few know the half there is to tell
Of his ind, and wise, and prudent ways,
For which he merits our loudest praise.

He governs his realm of sleet and ice
With skill so great and judgment so nice,
That, through the whole of his vast domain,
Happiness, hope, and industry reign.
His subjects labor from day to day,
And all that they make he gives away.
Yet, never once do they raise complaint,
For they each revere him as a saint.

There, clustered around his house of snow,
Reaching as far as the eye can go,
Are factories, all in working state,
And turning out toys at lightning rate:
In some the most lovely dolls are made,
Decked in dresses of every shade;
With hair precisely the same as a girl's
The front in bangs, and the back in curls.

In others are marbles, knives, and tops,
And even a monkey that skips and hops;
And bright tin kitchens, and stoves, and churns,
And fine table sets with coffee-urns.
O, yes! and just such velocipedes

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As every boy in the whole land needs;
And piles of books laid safely away,
Waiting the coming of Christmas-day.

And in these domains rich mines unfold,
Yielding their stores of jewels and gold,
Which cunning workmen, with skill and taste,
Polish and fashion in joyful haste.
The loveliest rings, and bracelets, too,
Beautiful lockets and ear-rings new,
Watches and pins the girls to adorn,
All are prepared for Christmas morn.

Nor is this all; for up near the roof
Of the house of snow, from others aloof,
A painter sits, and with earnest care,
Mixes his colors, bright, dark, and fair;
For his is the brush designed to paint
The Yule-time cards with mottoes quaint,
Which, over the land both far and wide,
Old Santa Claus scatters at Christmas-tide.

And hard by the painter's studio,
A poet's den is built in the snow,
Where sits the poet with tireless hand,
Writing his greetings for every land.
His Christmas carols, his odes, his songs,
Are found on the lips of countless throngs,
For he drops glad tidings from his pen,
"Peace upon earth, and good will to men."

"Peace upon earth;" yes, that is the theme,
Which pervades old Santa's constant dream.
"Good will" all over the teeming land,
Wherever a child may stretch its hand.
"Good will and peace and happy smiles,"
For Santa Claus rides a million miles,
In order that everywhere he may leave
His tokens of love on Christmas eve.

By some, Christmas is regarded as a sacred festival, commemorating the birth of Christ and observed with religious services. Others argue against this view of the matter, and claim that our Saviour could not possibly have been born at this season of the year. But all agree in the time-honored custom of making it a happy time, especially for the little folks. A time for gathering in at the old homestead, children and grandchildren around the two dear old arm-chairs, where we are always sure of finding kind indulgence and ready sympathy.

Even in the long ago pagan times, there was a deeply-rooted belief that the winter solstice (December 22) was an important point in the year—the birthday

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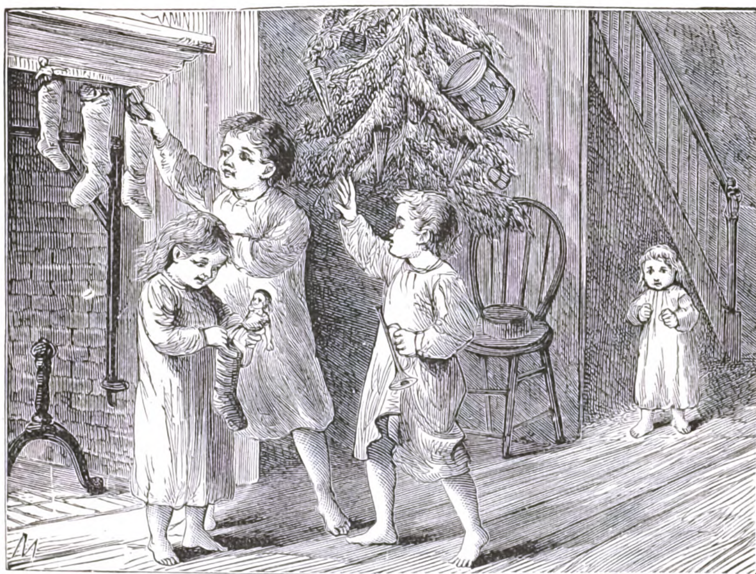
as it were of a new year in the life and activities of nature, when the sun turns back in his course to bring us once more the seedtime and harvest. And in connection with this thought, there seems a special appropriateness in the custom of decorating our homes with greenery and loading a tree with gifts. But whatever reasons there may be for observing the day, it is certainly right to get all the good and all the pleasure we can out of it.

And now, as a friend, sitting with you around the blazing fire, we would like to ask our young friends one serious question before the Christmas romps and Christmas eve stories begin. Do you know the very best way to be happy?

Suppose, instead of answering this question for you, I leave it in your hearts until after Christmas, and ask as many of you as will, to send us an answer from your own experience.



"TURN the records of memory over and see
What days of your childhood were fullest of glee,
What scenes are remembered as brightest with joy,
For the old and the young—for the maiden and boy.
When home, with its festive and innocent mirth,
Seemed the sweetest and sunniest spot upon earth,
And the chimes of your heart most responsively rung
To the song that the angels at Bethlehem sung,
Be sure that these red-letter days will be drawn,
Now is it not so?—from your Christmases gone?"

—*Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.*

"Mamma!"

"Well, what is it Lucy?"

"Mamma, I want you to do me a favor."

"Want me to do you a favor? pray what can it be?" and she patted the soft cheek until a shy blush crept into it, and the gentle eyes fell before her gaze.

"What is it, daughter?" the mother asked again.

"Mamma," Lucy answered, timidly, as if half fearing she were saying what she should not, "I want you not to give me any thing Christmas;" then waxing warm with her subject she continued

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earnestly, "you know I have had so many Christmases, mamma."

"How many is it? thirteen altogether?" the mother interrupted smiling again. But Lucy was too intent upon gaining her point to notice now.

"Yes, thirteen Christmases, mamma, and I have had so many and such nice presents every time; I know father has not as much money now as he used to have, and I won't mind it, not a bit—I would so much rather do without and let the other children have the same as usual. Freddie wants a bicycle and a new sled so badly. Then Julia has her heart set on a big wax doll at the toy store, and Willie has been wishing and wishing for a hobby-horse: all these will take ever so much money, won't they; and I would a great deal rather they should have them. I am old enough to understand and to enjoy Christmas as you and father do, by seeing the others happy."

"And do you think you could be perfectly satisfied when the time came, if all the rest should get the very presents they had been wishing for, and you had nothing?"

"O, I am sure I would, mamma," the child said with an earnestness of unselfish purpose, that brought gratified tears to the mother's eyes.

"Well, little daughter," the mother said, "it is true your father has been unfortunate in business, and we can not afford to spend quite as much as usual, on Christmas presents, still by strict economy in other things we have been able to set aside something, quite enough to make a reasonable set of children happy, and I have no doubt ours will be very reasonable. Besides, the others being younger than you, do not remember so well, and so their expectations will not be raised by what they have received in former years. Now, do you not think, all things considered, it would be better to divide what we have, let all share alike as, of course, your father and I had intended?"

"No! No! mamma, please do as I asked you," pleaded Lucy.

"But what about making the other children selfish? Would that be right?"

"I don't think it will, mamma; they will be so busy with their own they will not notice."

"Well, daughter, if you are right sure you will be perfectly satisfied, I will talk to your father about it."

The stillness of night's darkest hours brooded over the little town where Lucy Lacy lived. The mystical hero of the children's dreams—Santa Claus—had made his imaginary trip with his generously-loaded sleigh and wee, tinkling, musical bells to lull the little ones to sleep. He had stopped at almost every house where dwelt loving parents and dutiful children, and left his benison in the ruggedly-filled stockings, or on the glittering tree, and then sped away to his home among the snows, where his milk-white reindeer steeds were safely stabled for another year.

Not the faintest gray gleam of light had ventured through the old-fashioned shutters, and the children as yet only dreamed of these things. All save Lucy; she lay with wide-open eyes, listening, wishing for the first sound from the children. How soundly they sleep this morning, she thought, just as if Christmas were not here. How can they, when there is so much pleasure in store for them? for they have each gotten the very things they wanted.

And how is it that Lucy is so wise? Has she been awake all night prying unlawfully into Santa Claus' council?

Nay, but this is the unselfish little maiden who begged that all her Christmas should be given to the younger children, and so her mother, in compensation, had taken her with her to the toy stores and allowed her the pleasure of

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choosing each one. So she had really been admitted into the secrets of Santa Claus, after all. And what an excitement she had had over Julia's doll! She knew exactly which one the child wanted, for they had seen it in the window one evening when out walking, and it was Julia's wishing for it so eagerly that made her think of the plan she had proposed to her mother.

But when they came to ask the price, it was considerably beyond what her mother could afford. In vain they looked for one nearly like it in the cheaper lot, or in other stores, and leaving the matter in abeyance, Lucy had followed her mother out, with a sorely disappointed heart.

"Can't we arrange some way to get it, mother?" she asked rather dolefully.

"I am afraid Julia will have to be content with something else," her mother replied.

Then they tried to find a less expensive bicycle for Freddie, or a hobby-horse that would leave some margin, but the cheaper ones were either too small or too unsubstantial. What was to be done?

Now Lucy had an idea, but it was not a very agreeable one when it first presented itself: so she put it away, but it would come back again. It was this. In her own little box, Lucy had a precious quarter, saved penny by penny, nickel by nickel, with the hope that some day soon it would reach the full price of a certain story-book she was wanting very much. Now it was just twenty-five cents that was needed to get the doll, but it was right hard; she had resigned all claim upon Santa Claus, could she give up her book, too? Yes, at last she could even do that, so eager was she that the others should each have exactly what they wanted, and her own self-denial have its full reward; so the doll was secured.

Then there had been some trouble about Freddie's sled, for father had said from the beginning that he could not afford bicycle and sled both; the latter he could show Fred how to make for himself after Christmas, but when he saw the shade of disappointment on his little daughter's face another plan suggested itself; he would try to find leisure to make it himself, and Fred could paint it afterward.

How good and kind father and mother are to us, Lucy thought as she lay there in her bed that Christmas morning, and what a good time I have had helping them. I believe this is going to be the happiest Christmas I ever did have, even though I am not to get any presents. And now there comes a merry shout from the little adjoining room where the boys sleep, and four bare feet come pattering over the floor regardless of cold.

"Hello! Luce and Jule, you don't mean to say you are asleep yet? you must have forgotten what day it is. Christmas gift! get up, you lazy girls! hurry and let's get the key."

"The door is open," said Lucy.

"O, is it?" the boys exclaimed, forgetting to wonder how Lucy knew, and scampered off, the girls following, to the mysterious room which has been kept so carefully locked for a day or two, and which now holds all their hopes and treasures. Who thinks of fire or fears Jack Frost?

But father and mother knew very well where the fire would be first needed, and had given orders accordingly the night before.

"There's my bicycle! Hurrah for St. Nick! What a jolly old fellow he is!" shouted Fred. Willie was soon astride his hobby-horse, and Julia, with more quiet ecstacy, was embracing her doll, the very one she had wished for, with all the devotion of a little mother.

If Lucy had been wishing or hoping for any particular thing, it might have

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been different, but as it was, she only felt a little blank once when Freddie turned to her suddenly and asked: "I say, Luce, what did you get?"

It is after breakfast; Lucy has helped Willie to draw his horse into a good place, has steadied Fred's bicycle half a dozen times for him to get a start, and now she has come for a needle to assist Julia on her doll's wardrobe, when her mother stops her to ask: "Well, Lucy, are you still content that the others should have all the presents, and you none?"

"O, yes, mamma!" she answered, looking up with her brightest smile. "Why, I have had the pleasure of all three Christmases instead of only my own."

"Then it is a pity I brought this bundle home," Mrs. Lacy said, taking from the chair, a little behind her, what was evidently a book. Lucy's eyes fairly sparkled, was it for her? Her whole face was one interrogation mark.

"Yes, it is yours, if you want it," her mother replied; and Lucy, untying the string wonderingly, discovered the very book she had so much wanted, and had been saving her money to buy.

"I kept my bargain, too, Lucy," Mrs. Lacy said; "and this was the way it happened. I went into the book-store one day in search of a little book to send Aunt Sue, and when I saw so many tempting ones that I knew would so greatly have delighted you, I almost repented of my promise. Your father's old friend, Mr. Walton, happened to be there, and when he saw me looking at them all so wistfully, he came near and asked me if I found difficulty in choosing among so many; so I told him of your proposal and how cheerfully you were carrying it out, and how I was tempted to get one for you, anyhow, only I could not bear to spoil the beautiful lesson you were trying to learn. Just as I was leaving the store he handed me this package and said: 'Give this, for me, to the little girl who was not to get any Christmas presents, and tell her I hope it will always remind her to seek her happiness in making others happy, as she has done this time.'"

Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of William, first Earl Cadogan, was married at the age of thirteen to Charles, second duke of Richmond, aged eighteen. It is said that this marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a co-heiress.

The young Lord March was brought from college, and the little lady from the nursery for the ceremony, which took place at the Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" Married, however, he was, and his tutor then took him off to the continent and the bride went back to her mother. Three years after, Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife, was in no hurry to join her, and went the first evening to the theater. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, Lady March," was the answer he got. He hastened to claim her, and their lifelong affection for each other is much commented upon by contemporaneous writers—indeed, it was said that the duchess, who only survived him a year, died of grief.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

—*Longfellow.*

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"THE TABLES TURNED."

[A HOLIDAY POEM.]

Now, young Master Jack was a mischievous sprite,
And he said to his comrades three:
"We'll leave on the table this sponge-cake so light,
Which mother has given to me;
And into the nursery, where Nellie and Guy
Are fixing their dinner, next door,
We'll cautiously steal, and a chicken and pie
We'll add to our snug little store!"

And laughing ha! ha! (for a glorious joke
It seemed to their fun-loving eyes),
They hurried away, and not one of them spoke
As they crept toward the coveted prize.
They raised up a window both spacious and high,
Where the table was carefully spread,
And seizing a chicken and rich pumpkin-pie,
Down the alley they hastily fled.

Then placing their spoils by the sponge-cake most rare,
Cried Jackey, surveying the room:
"Why, boys, 'tis a jolly good feast, I declare,
In spite of the clouds and the gloom!
We'll leave Master Beppo, as butler, to guard
The dinner while we are away;
For now we must hurry, and hide in the yard,
To laugh at Miss Nellie's dismay!"

Now, Beppo, a monkey both cunning and wise,
Said softly: "Ha! ha! I will hide
This dinner where Jackey can never lay eyes,
Though he search for it far and wide!"
And soon, up the stairs, came the boys with a bound;
Oh, dear, but 'twas jolly to see
How Guy and Miss Nellie went stamping around,
As angry as angry could be!

Then missing the sponge-cake, and chicken, and pie,
They shouted: "Well, this *is* a go!"
While Beppo lay winking, with half-open eye,
Half-dreading a kick or a blow.
But seeing the joke was all turned on himself,
Poor Jack, with a humor most rare,
Said, gaily: "Our dinner is laid on the shelf,
And joking's a bore, I declare!"

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Reading Club.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Through the Reign of Henry IV., in English History.

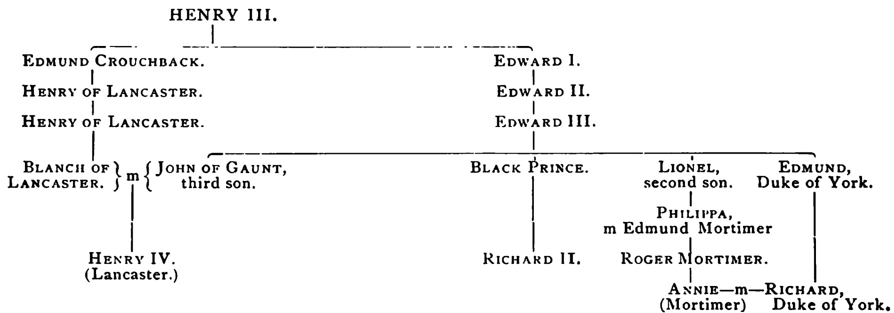
Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. III.

Shakespeare, Henry IV.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

FRANCE.	SCOTLAND.	SPAIN.
Charles VI.	Robert III.	Henry III.
		John II.

One of the English historians, introducing the reign of Henry IV., says: "Henry soon found that the throne of an usurper is but a bed of thorns." And just here begin, we may say, the long wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, hinging on the question, "Richard II. being dead without descendants, which of the two families had the best right to the throne?" Henry IV. (Lancaster) based his claim on his descent from the eldest son of Henry III. (Edmund Crouchback, who was set aside on account of his deformity), as well as from John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III. The house of York claimed the throne on plea of descent from the second and fourth sons of Edward III. We give below a genealogical table, which may assist memory a little.



From here, it will be easy to follow the fortunes of the two families through all the various changes.

The "thorns" which disturbed the peace of Henry were, for the most part, his own seditious nobles leaguing sometimes with the Scotch, sometimes with the Welsh, sometimes with both. Robert III., who was at that time King of Scotland, was by nature peaceable and just, but not firm of mind, and easily imposed on, especially by his brother, the Duke of Albany, a man of enterprising character, but crafty, ambitious and cruel.

This prince, the next heir to the crown if the king's children could be displaced, continually sowed strife between the king and his eldest son, and his animosity was only satisfied when the young prince had died a cruel death by famine in one of his uncle's castles.

Encouraged by the internal disturbances of this reign, Wales, for the most part tranquil since conquered by Edward I., rose at the call of an adventurer, Owen Glendower, who proclaimed himself the descendant of its native princes. He pursued the same plan of warfare that had always proved most successful for Wales—left the invaders to contend with famine and the mountain storms, but they no sooner retired than he would sally out from his inaccessible fastnesses and win victory after victory. The restoration of comparative calm in England at length enabled Henry to roll back the tide of Glendower's success, and the repulse of a bold descent upon Shropshire drove Owen at last to take refuge among the mountains of Snowdon, where he seems to have maintained the contest almost single-handed until his death.

The King of France, Charles VI., was subject to fits of insanity, which, of course, unfitted him for his duties in the government, while the princes and nobles were divided into two great parties, the one headed by the Duke of Burgundy and bearing his name, the other by the Duke of Orleans and bearing the title of Armagnacs.

Henry III., of Castile, and John of Portugal, had each married a daughter of John of Gaunt,

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which helped to keep the bond of peace between those two near neighbors, and the descendants of John of Gaunt sat upon the Spanish throne for many generations.

NEW MEMBERS FOR READING CLUB:

Robert L. Cunningham, Mo.
Alice Harris Smith, N. C.

THE BELLEWOOD CLUB.

Miss Minnie Alexander,	Miss Grace McCallie,
Miss Annie L. Allen,	Miss Julia McCallie,
Miss Myra Bedinger,	Miss Susie McKissack,
Miss Nettie Bedinger,	Miss Emma Miller,
Miss Kate Benson,	Miss Druzie Moore,
Miss Emma Caplinger,	Miss Jeanie Moore,
Miss Mattie Colville,	Miss Mattie Moremen,
Miss Minnie Conner,	Miss Lillian Prigmore,
Miss Helen DeBard,	Miss Maud Revill,
Miss Mary Dunn,	Miss Annie Renick,
Miss Luella Greer,	Miss Susie Rout,
Miss Nellie Hall,	Miss Laura Seeman,
Miss May Bell Hamilton,	Miss Lettie Saunders,
Miss Lynah Hamilton,	Miss Julia Saunderson,
Miss Lee Hutchison,	Miss Agnes Scott,
Miss Kate Jones,	Miss Rena Scott,
Miss Sue Jones,	Miss Frank Steele,
Miss Sallie Jordan,	Miss Maggie Steele,
Miss Annie Lantz,	Miss Lena Tyson,
Miss Mary McCall,	Miss May Turner,

Miss Annie Young.

These forty-one names have just been sent in from Bellewood Seminary, forming one of the most promising and interesting branch clubs we have. We hope to be able to give you next month some account of its organization and plan of working, as it may be helpful to those who have already made up their minds to some plan of the kind, and encourage others to follow their example.

A WORD TO NEW MEMBERS.—As new members are coming into the club every month, some of them may find it hard to decide, in their own minds, just how and where to take hold—where to begin with the reading. Of course it would be better if all could begin at the beginning, and for those who have even an ordinary amount of leisure and good will, we think it would not be at all difficult to do so and still overtake us before very long, as we have purposely made the list each month short, so that it might never be burdensome or irksome to any. In this plan, the result has justified us entirely, and gives a still greater advantage to the enthusiastic new-comers who want to catch up. Still, we know with some this is impossible, either from want of time or from not having the ELECTRAS from the first. To these we would say, if you have any knowledge of English history you can readily take up the course of reading for any month without loss of interest. But if you feel that you are not as familiar therewith as you would like to be, then get a good, full history, read that carefully as far as we have gone and let the other books go if need be. Knight's history is, we believe, about the best for our purpose; but Greene's, Yonge's, Dickens', Pinnock's will, any of them, answer very well.

Some of you, too, no doubt, find difficulty in getting *all* of the books. If you do the best you can, however, you will do well; only be sure of that. And we would say once more, if your home is in a small town, village, or even in the country, you will find it greatly to your own advantage and pleasure, as well as to that of others, to get up a circulating library, be it on ever so small a scale. We will repeat here the suggestions on that subject made in the June number, for the benefit of those who did not know us then:

We find in almost every small town or village that there are some people who would read if they only had the books, but the idea of a circulating library seems an utter impossibility—something not to be thought of. Yet it is not only possible, but the simplest thing in the world, and these are the very communities where a library of this kind will be most highly appreciated. There are not many places where three or four girls or boys can not make or save a dollar between them, though they might begin on even less than this. Let them, with this dollar, buy five or ten good books, in some one of the cheap editions, and place them in the care of a regularly-elected officer as treasurer or librarian, or both combined. Allow any body who wishes, the reading of these books, say for five cents, after having made them as substantial as possible by putting heavy paper covers on them, and sewing them if they need it. Buy a certain number of new books each month. As your funds accumulate, you can gradually replace the books that are wearing out, if valuable, with the same in more substantial binding. In an incredibly short time your library will be a tangible and a very enjoyable affair.

Another plan, and a more rapid one, where you can get a good many interested, is to have a monthly contribution, all who contribute having free use of the books. Whenever any are inclined to try either of these plans, or any other that may suggest itself to them, we will

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be glad to hear of their success, or give such further helps and hints as we are able.

WE give another question this month, thinking a good many of you might like to have it to study over during the holiday week. For the best answer to this question we will give Shakespeare, bound in one volume.

QUESTION.

Nine Henrys wore the royal crown and swayed the scepter of England. Who was the ninth?

IT may be true that Sir Walter Scott only reached the real field of his genius when he turned from poetry to historical romance, but it will be long before the critics can rob Sir Walter's admirers of their love for his sweetest poetic romance, Lady of the Lake. "Never has the analogy between poetry and painting been more strikingly exemplified than in the writings of Scott," some one once wrote in the *Quarterly Review*, and so vivid and fascinating are his pen pictures, that we all feel, as we read, how easy it would be to paint them, if we only knew how to use the brush. No wonder then that artists never tire of it, and that each in turn brings out some new beauty as some precious gems of thought unnoted by others appeal to his appreciation or special genius. We have no hesitation in saying a more acceptable Christmas present could hardly be found for a friend who has any appreciation of the beautiful, than the handsomely-bound, handsomely-illustrated, and handsomely-printed edition of Lady of the Lake, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., No. 18 Astor Place, New York. Price, $2.50.

SOME one has said of Professor Mathews' works: "His pages are thickly strewn with gems—precious stones always well set." Of his new book, "Literary Style, and Other Essays," we may add that the jewels are strung on a golden thread of literary interest, which fills the measure of their beauty and value. The Essay on Literary Style comes first, and glancing over the table of contents one would suppose that, with a few exceptions, he left the circle of the exclusively literary there, and wandered off to scatter a few crumbs of good thought to "other folks;" but, as we read we catch a glimpse of that golden thread and find that though other folks may without doubt be entertained, there is still an undercurrent of special interest running all through for those who devote themselves entirely to intellectual pursuits, and, sometimes, comes to the surface where we least expect it. As, for instance, in the essay on "The Secret of Longevity." After devoting some ten or twelve pages to the pros and cons, the whys and wherefores of longevity in all the different stations and circumstances of life, he drifts, toward the last, into the discussion of the bearing of brain-work upon longevity. Even in "The Season of Travel" he irresistibly touches up its intellectual effect, and in "A Plea for the Erring" gives Henry Martyn, Chalmers, etc., as illustrations of the redeeming effect of intellectual and religious culture.

We can safely say, that while Professor Mathews' new book will be an entertaining companion to any one who can appreciate good, practical ideas clothed in graceful, vigorous style, it will be a double treat to those whose pursuits will lead them to immediate use of these ideas.

Sold by all booksellers, or mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price, $1.50, by S. C. Griggs & Co., 87 and 89 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

TRAVELING has been made so easy in late years, and the rage for traveling and seeing new countries, has left comparatively so little to see or read of, that we hail with unusual eagerness Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's little book "Among the Alaskans." It is a little book of 342 pages, but gives a full and pleasing account of the country and people, the story of its past, of its present, and the possibilities of its future; something of mission work there, and its results, with other items of information which can not fail to interest us, especially as they relate to a new part of our own country, hitherto so little known and so little cared for by the rest of the world. This comes to us from the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM the same publishing house comes a book for the little folks called "Birds and Their Ways," by Ella Rodman Church. The entertaining instruction she gives about the various members of the feather families, and those who have studied their habits, is woven in with pleasant pictures of the every-day and school life of a young teacher and the three children who were under her tuition. It will be a rare treat to any child who loves birds;

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and what child does not love the pretty warblers that vocalize our forests and come with their gentle, twittering music even to the doors of our city homes? Either of these volumes would make a very attractive Christmas gift to some young friend.

MR. RAND is a favorite writer with our young people, his stories being full of life and action, and rather calculated to arouse one to do the best they can. "Little Brown-Top," the title of a new work just published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, Mass., is the name given to the school-house, which the young teacher finds in a most dilapidated condition generally. She enters upon her work with the determination to look on the bright side of every thing, and her pleasant ways and sunny disposition soon win for her many friends in the district around. Her influence is felt among parents and pupils, and many happy changes are wrought in the neighborhood, and all the result of her brightness, energy, and love of order. The story opens in Boston, but changes to an out-of-the way country town, where the heroine goes to teach.

Scrap Book.

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out;
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You can not her refute.

There's dislo-Kate in quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo;
The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
You can not take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind
And aims at something great.

HOW TO DISCOVER A GIRL'S WEAK POINT.—Do you wish to find out a girl's weak points? Note the failings she has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings she is herself conscious of, but they will be their next door neighbors.

"MISS Mollie," said a little boy who had been strictly charged by his mother not to ask for any thing to eat, when he went to his neighbor's house, "can't you give me a cake every day when I come over here without my asking for it?"

"WILLIAM," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know sir," replied William, 'cept it be that the 'east makes every thing rise."

WORDS, like water, may float an idea into a mind, or, if in too great abundance, may wash the idea completely out of it.

THE bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

"MY son," said a French colonel of the reformed school, "in life always make it a point not to fight." "Suppose a man calls me a liar,

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what must I do?" "Find out whether he has told the truth or not; if he has, acknowledge the accusation, and if he has not, move to another neighborhood."

"Is IT wrong to cheat a lawyer?" was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was, that it was not wrong, but impossible.

A CHEERFUL disposition and an accommodating spirit are among the best recommendations you can have for any position in life.

NOTHING makes so much noise as a rickety wagon with nothing in it, unless it be a man who insists on talking when he has nothing to say.

UPON a writer claiming that his works contained "much food for thought," a friend remarked: "That may be so; but it is wretchedly cooked."

THE sweeping of Paris' streets, according to the latest official returns, costs 5,234,000 francs. The number of persons employed in the work is 3,016, including 820 sweepers, 2,010 "auxiliary sweepers" and 186 foremen. The sweepers receive 100 francs a month, and the auxiliary sweepers thirty centimes per hour. The total coast of maintaining, cleansing, and repairing the road-ways is 8,402,000 francs a year, and of the pavements and crossings 1,265,000 francs or 9,767,209 francs altogether.

THE DAWN OF GENIUS.—A boy once came to Mozart, wishing to compose something, and inquired the way to begin. Mozart told him to wait.

"But you composed much earlier."

"But I asked nothing about it," replied the musician.

THE mind of a man must be filled with something. If knowledge and character be lacking, conceit is allowed to fill up the empty space. It is not worth while to mind the opinions of such people.

AND yet I know, when I stop to think,
That what I miss is the best away—
That a patient need is the truest link
Between the night and day,
The darkness and the gray.

Bits of Science.

A PLANT SELECTING ITS FOOD.—Mr. Darwin has observed in the *Drosera Rotundifolia* a faculty for selecting its food, which in animals would be attributed to volition. Mrs. Treat has described the same trait in the plant. On being deceived by means of a piece of chalk the drosera curved its stalk glands toward it, but, immediately discovering its mistake, withdrew them. The plant would bend toward a fly held within reach, enfold it and suck its juices, but would disregard the bait if out of reach, showing not only a purposive movement —or a refusal to move, as the case might warrant—but also a certain power of estimating distance.

THE brain of Tourgueneff, it is said, weighed 2,012 grammes. The average weight of the human brain is 1,390 grammes. Tourgueneff's is said to be the heaviest which has yet been weighed. Cuvier's brain is said to have weighed 1,800 grammes. There are many cases in which an extraordinary intellect has accompanied a heavy brain, but men whose mental superiority is undoubted by both friend and foe had often brains under the average weight. The cast of Raphael's skull shows that it was smaller than the average British skull; Cardinal Mezzofanti's head was but of the average size; Charles Dickens' head was rather smaller than the average; Lord Byron's head was remarkably small; Charles Lamb's did not come up to the average weight, and it is well known that at the death of Gambetta his brain was found to be smaller than that of an ordinary Prussian *ouvrier.*—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THERE has been exhibited at the rooms of the National Health Society, Berners street, London, a novel dress, intended for the protection of sanitary visitors, nurses, and others who have to enter the rooms of persons suffering from infectious diseases. The garment is of mackintosh, glazed inside and out, and made completely to envelop the wearer, and with a hood to cover the head.

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The Grapheion.

"O! Old Father Time grows tender and mellow,
As, roving the round earth, the sturdy old fellow,
Year in and year out, keeps coming and going,
In Winter's wild wrack and in Summer's green blowing."

And now, let's give the old fellow a hearty shake of the hands. when he closes upon us the portals of the old year, and opens to our expecting gaze the glad, new light of the New Year. Father Time is a jolly old soul, if we only get on the good side of him, and we might just as well do that. Some, in making up the retrospect of the closing year, will doubtless say, "What a dreadful Time!" But then there are any number of constitutional croakers, who, like the frogs in summer, do nothing but croak. Yet, as the calmness and beauty of a summer's night remains undisturbed by this croaking, so will we be unmolested by these human frogs.

And there are those whose lot has been "a sad time." Afflictions and sorrows—real, genuine, heartbreaking—have come to some. Let us tread lightly on the threshold of such hearth-stones. The hand that smites also molds the figure into grace and beauty. The power that wounds has sovereign power to heal. To us, then, is left but *the joyous time.* Some one has said "Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny." Let us, in thinking over the past year, gather up only the sunshine to store away in our memories; and during the year 1884, let us walk on the sunny side.

WHY do all who see ELECTRA like it and want it? The reason is plain enough; because we, whose work it is, have lived too long with and among the young people not to know just what they like and just what they want. We know the earnest purpose that lies hid away in each fresh young heart to make something of the life which has been given them. We know the good intention underlying even the grasshopper existence which a great many young people lead, and we would fain stretch out a helping hand to this better part of their nature, and lead them into gardens and fields where the smallest moment planted with faithful care will be sure to bring a rich harvest. And while it is true that in our work we are thinking mostly of these grown-up young people, still it is also true that all those who are intent upon self-culture or the cultivation of others will find their interests to be one and the same. And so we are not surprised to find that some of our warmest friends and most cordial greetings come from among faithful teachers who are bending every energy to the improvement of those under their care, and devoted mothers who, with the true woman's heart, find their highest duty and highest pleasure in teaching and training their children, and in watching and guiding their development. Our letters from these have been exceedingly gratifying.

We intend, too, that even the butterflies and grasshoppers may find something pleasant here, and may be tempted to linger in our midst. For we do not by any means believe in a garden without flowers, and, as we said before, there is almost always a good intention, at least, underlying the most frivolous young life of pleasure. Perhaps, if they will but give us a few moments of steady attention each month, they may find that in this literary world of ours there are dew-laden blossoms upon which they may feed the whole year around. The little folks, also, will find that we can not altogether forget them. They have such a big, warm place in our hearts we must e'en give them a little corner every now and then, for instance, in the Home Sunlight of this Christmas number. And so with many thanks for the kind welcomes we have met with every where, we go on bravely and hopefully with our work, finding a new gladness in it every day.

"THE Americans know not the meaning of the word punctuality," a friend remarked in the GRAPHEION the other day, and a short time after we stumbled upon a story in one of our exchanges which seemed to bear upon the same point.

The story was of a little boy who was exceedingly anxious to get a perfect mark for punctuality the session through. But his mother one morning had to go to a neighbor's for a cup of yeast, and there became so much interested in a recipe for chocolate cake, a pattern for a boy's blouse, and the pound party at the minister's, that she entirely forgot the time

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of day and her little boy's desire to win the prize for punctuality. The bell began to ring for school. His mother had not yet come, and the little fellow, only six years old, grew desperate. And yet, Casabianca-like, he was unwilling to quit the post of caring for his baby sister. At last, snatching her up in his arms, bundling her hastily but carefully in the blanket, he sped off to the school-house, reaching there just as the bell gave its last clang, and deposited his strange burden in the lap of the young lady teacher, greatly to the amusement and wonder of both teacher and scholars. No harm happened to the baby, and the mother found it in the course of a few hours, after a severe fright, which, it is to be hoped, proved a wholesome lesson on punctuality.

Now, this little narrative, coming so close upon the heels of our friend's sweeping assertion, set us to thinking. Whether the want of punctuality is an Americanism or no, we can not say, as we do not know any other nation quite so well as we do our own. At any rate, none can deny that it is a very common fault, to which, perhaps, we all some time plead guilty, for who of us can not recall a number of instances within our own experience or observation similar to the one given above. only the little boy does not always find a way of escape from the inconsiderateness of others.

And what does it mean? what does it amount to? some one may ask. Sometimes it means nothing more than a bit of thoughtlessness and amounts only to the threatened or actual disappointment of a little child. While sometimes it means *arrant selfishness*—an unpardonable indifference to *other people's* time, and where time is money, what is it, if not actual dishonesty? This sounds extreme, but think of it; you make an engagement to meet a friend at a certain hour that he may give you some desirable information. In the meantime, you cease to care for the information, and forget or deliberately disregard your appointment. He, on the contrary, is there promptly, relying on your promise and waits an hour. That hour may cost him thousands of dollars, and who is responsible for his loss if not you?

Owing to the irregularity of meals at home some children never get to school in time, missing one or two lessons every day of the session. The *loss* of that part of its education is the *child's*, but whose is the fault. Of course when it is the teacher who is late it is that much worse, inasmuch as that involves the time of all the pupils. However, it is useless to multiply instances. Late at meals, late at school, late at divine services, or failing in a business appointment, it is all one and the same thing, proceeds from the same loose screw in the character, the same selfish disregard for others; and whether it be a national fault or not, it can only be cured individually. Let us be candid with ourselves in this matter, and if any of us stand condemned, the beginning of a new year is a good time to turn over a new leaf. And no doubt we will find, if we make an earnest effort, that it is just as easy to be always in time as always late, and vastly more comfortable both to ourselves and others, even if it were not a question of positive right and wrong, as we fear not many people regard it.

A FRIEND, who, by the way, has never been a reader of the ELECTRA, accosted us in the street a few days ago with the question: "What is your position?" As it was a very raw, cold day, the sidewalks slippery and muddy, and a drizzling rain overhead, we were about to answer, most uncompromisingly, "Very uncomfortable!" when the qualifying remark fell upon our ears: "I mean, of your magazine?"

We hardly think it can be necessary to define our position to the *readers* of ELECTRA, as it is clearly defined in our Prospectus, which has appeared in each issue of the magazine. Yet, if any among the numbers of new readers desire the same question answered, we refer them to this Prospectus, to be found on one of our succeeding pages.

SUBSCRIBERS will please inform us immediately if their magazine does not reach them promptly. We publish near the close of the month, and all subscribers, in this country, should receive the ELECTRA the first of each month. If we are promptly informed we will gladly send a duplicate. The loss by mail to the magazine is always ours.

Bank checks, money orders, and registered letters sent to us, addressed to Miss I. M. Leyburn, are at our risk. Postal notes and currency must be at the risk of the sender. Premiums or books sent by us are not at our risk. But such packages will be registered by us, if ten cents additional is sent us with the order for the premium.

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Current History.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.—The defeat of Hicks Pasha, near El Obeid, in Upper Egypt, by the troops of El Mahdi, the false prophet, seems to re-open the Egyptian question.

This defeat was a frightful disaster to the Egyptian arms. An army of ten thousand men, under command of a British general, Hicks Pasha, was surrounded north of Khartoum by the followers of El Mahdi and completely destroyed. Suakim, on the Gulf, was also attacked, and Captain Montcrieff, the British Consul, who had made a sortie, at the head of five hundred men, was killed in battle near Tokkar, and a great part of his men joined the rebels.

Later on, a similar fate attended a body of eight hundred men sent by Mahmoud Tapis Pasha to clear the road to Berber. Suakim itself, the principal port of the Soudan, is safe under the guns of English men-of-war; but the whole valley of the Nile seems now to be opened to the rebels as far south as they will choose to go, and the lines of communication between the seaports and the valley are also in the hands of El Mahdi's partisans. Khartoum and a few fortresses in Upper Egypt have yet small Egyptian garrisons, but it is conceded that none are of sufficient strength to resist an attack, and oppose the invasion. Thus practically, not only the Soudan, but the whole of Egypt lies at the mercy of El Mahdi's bands, unless foreign assistance enables the Khedive to arrest their progress or bring them again into submission.

Mr. Gladstone had always declared to the European powers that England would respect the national independence of Egypt, and would be ready to recall her troops as soon as order and security for life and property were restored in the country. Lord Granville was lately prepared to redeem this promise, and the movement of evacuation had commenced. Will it continue now?

On the other hand, Turkey would be delighted to secure again a firm foothold on Egyptian soil, and has offered to send soldiers to the relief of the Khedive. Is it not the suzerain's right and duty to succor the vassal in his hour of need? The same offer had been made when Arabi Bey was the rebel. England then rejected it in the name of the Khedive, and rejects it now. Can she do so, however, without doing now what she did then; that is to say, herself giving the succor wanted?

With what kind of feeling would such a venture be accepted in England? To fight in the rich delta of the Nile, close to the sea-port, and for the safety of the Suez canal, is one thing, but to fight in the barren regions of the Upper Nile, to restore the Khedive's authority over the half barbarian hordes of slave-traders who follow El Mahdi, is another thing. The experience of the Abyssinian war is not forgotten.

The Soudan was conquered by Egypt, very much at the instigation of England, because the Soudan was the great stronghold, refuge, and nursery of slave-traders. Hence the Soudan was made an Egytian province, and under the watchful eye of England, slave-trading was driven to its last wall. But submission was not given voluntarily, and revenge was bred everywhere. Since the conquest the country has never been at peace.

Then, of late years, came the Panislamism movement which was preached in every Mohammedan country, and everywhere kindled anew the fire of fanaticism. Nowhere could it succeed better than in the deserts of Africa, with the hardy and ignorant Arabs, who believe yet to-day that all Christian kings and emperors receive their crowns from the Sultan of Constantinople. When Abdul-Ahmid, a few years ago, at the end of the war with Russia, found himself despoiled of the best of his European provinces and even of some of his Asiatic provinces, and saw that his temporal power as Sultan had come to an end, he remembered his spiritual power as Caliph, and he fell back upon it, in imitation of the Pope of Rome. As Caliph he was yet the chief of 200,000,oco Mohammedan followers, the representative of Mahomet the prophet, the one whom all believers must obey when he orders in the name of Allah and Mahomet. In this was an immense store of power which had been neglected by his predecessors, and he 'asked himself to make the most of it. Panislamism was preached in every mosque and by every dervish in the desert, not openly, because the Christian powers might have been roused to anger--and all around that old Mohammedan world covering North Africa, South-west Europe, and Asia to the range of the Himalayas, stand now Christian powers stronger neighbors if not masters—but secretly

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and intently. It was not the sacred war which was preached, but the sacred hatred. The green standard of Mahomet, around which every believer is bound by faith to rally, was not thrown defiantly to the breeze, but it was shown dimly in the distance. Every Christian became again a dog of an unbeliever.

Hence, the insurrections in Algeria and Tunisia; hence, the rebellion of Arabi Bey; hence, the agitation throughout India; hence, now, the rising in Upper Egypt. It is true that Sheik Mohammed Ahmed, calling himself El Mahdi, the prophet, is not the true Caliph, and the orthodox Mohammedans may call him the false prophet, but he represents the true Panislamism movement, the true fanaticism of the believer, and for his people he is the true prophet if he is victorious in battle. It is not even so sure that the orthodox Caliph at Constantinople did not encourage him as he encouraged Arabi Bey. The Soudan is very far from Stamboul, and its allegiance is of little value to Abdul Hamid, but the trouble which the Soudan and its false prophet may cause to the hated English in Egypt is not of little value to the Sultan of Turkey. To embarrass an enemy is a great pleasure, and there is no doubt that El Mahdi's movements are embarrassing England at the present hour.

These considerations may show some of the reasons of the close alliance which has existed for forty years between France and England, resulting from their owning each some of their finest possessions, conquered from and in contact with the Mohammedan race. England fought Arabi Bey in Egypt for something beyond the safety of the Suez canal, and France went to Tunis more to protect Algeria than to possess Tunisia.

The Panislamism movement will probably cause some trouble yet to the Christian powers, but the force of Islamism is gone, because Islamism could serve no purpose to-day in the cause of civilization.

Islamism has made a race of men who, believing in fate, are taught to face death without fear, but also to face life without nerve. In the progress of the world the first rank belongs now to the men who know how to live, and not to those who know only how to die.

TONQUIN.—During the past month the Tonquin battles have been fought in the French Chamber of Deputies between Premier Ferry and his adversaries. After a protracted discussion the Deputies have voted all the credits asked by the Ministers in order to carry on the war in Tonquin, and active operations in the field will now soon be heard of.

China has retained her threatening attitude, and declared herself more or less officially for war, in case the French would occupy Bacninh and Tongtay.

At the last hour comes the news of a fresh complication, in the death of the King of Annam, Hiep-Hoa. This king, who succeeded Tu-Duc, was favorable to the French, and signed the treaty of Hue on the 25th of August last. He is said to have been poisoned by the mandarins opposed to the French alliance, and that his death has been followed by the general uprising of the people against the French. The news lacks yet proper confirmation.

THE late municipal elections throughout England show that the Conservatives have made great gains in the country since the elections which sent the liberals into power, under the leadership of Gladstone. It is somewhat a matter of surprise that the present Cabinet should have lost much in popular favor, nothing having occurred to mar its prestige since it has managed the affairs of the country.

RUSSIA.—Great importance has been attached to the visit of Mr. De Giers to Berlin and Vienna. It is stated that the Czar himself advised these visits, which an invitation from Prince Bismarck had preceded, and advised also that Mr. De Giers should proceed to the courts of Germany and Austria, in his official character, as Chancellor of Russia. The object of these visits is to give to the German powers an emphatic assurance on the part of the Czar, that the maintenance of peace stands at the head of Russian politics, and would not be endangered by any of Russia's actions. It is presumed also that Mr. De Giers discussed freely, on this occasion, the policy of Russia in Bulgarian affairs, and the views entertained by other European powers as regards this same policy.

THE visit of the Crown-Prince of Germany to Spain has ended without any noticeable incident. The Prince is now ordered, upon his return, to stop at Rome and visit, officially, the King of Italy and the Pope. This event is causing no little surprise and excitement in the

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political circles of Europe, and especially of Germany. The question asked is whether the objective is the Vatican, or whether the Quirinal?

THE Forty-eighth Congress of the United States of America, opened at 12 noon, December 3d. The first business was the reading of the President's message, the tenor of which, shows the quiet and prosperous condition of our country.

The President first congratulated the government upon the favorable aspect of the relations of the government with foreign countries.

With regard to our domestic affairs, the President expresses satisfaction at the financial standing of the country; deprecating, however, the rapid extinguishment of the national debt, as such could only be accomplished by excessive taxation. He recommends that a portion at least of the surplus revenues be wisely applied to the long-neglected duty of rehabilitating our nation and providing coast defences for the protection of our harbors.

Attention is called to protecting the forests upon the public domain, by suitable legislation, as a matter of vital importance to the country. The destructive floods of last year, followed by the almost equally distressing low water is attributed to the cutting down of the forests around the sources of the rivers.

The President expresses himself much gratified at the success of the Boston Exhibition and the Louisville Southern Exposition, and predicts a like success for the New Orleans Centennial Exposition of 1884.

Hon. John G. Carlisle, Democrat, of Kentucky, was elected speaker of the House of Representatives. His speech made on his acceptance of this honor, defines his position on the great question of the day, and shows that his platform is for tariff for Revenue Reform, not "Free Trade."

"Sudden and radical changes of the laws and regulations affecting the commercial and industrial interests of the people ought never to be made, unless imperatively demanded by some public emergency, and in my opinion, under the existing circumstances, such changes would not be favorably received by any considerable number of those who have given serious attention to the subject. What the country has a right to expect is strict economy in the administration of every department of the government, just and equal taxation for public purposes, the faithful observance of the limitations of the Constitution, and a scrupulous regard for the rights and interests of the great body of people, in order that they may be protected, for Congress has the power to protect them against encroachments from every direction."

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY: By a generous and spontaneous contribution of the French people, a bronze statue, representing "Liberty Enlightening the World," has been wrought by Bartholdi, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, and is to be presented to the people of the United States. The figure will be one hundred and fifty feet high; and it is proposed to erect it at the entrance of New York harbor, upon a pedestal of equal height whereon the name and arms of each State of the Union will be deeply engraved.

The cost of the statue was $250,000, and it is desired that an equal sum be raised for the construction of the pedestal. Of this amount $100,000 has already been subscribed, and an effort is being made to collect the rest in time to receive the great work which is now ready for shipment.

The amount desired could easily be raised from the wealthy citizens of New York, but the committee in charge of the matter have properly concluded that such a collection would impair the significancy of the gift, and be in a sense violative of the spirit with which the offering is tendered.

The cost of the statue was defrayed by the people of France, by contributions from the peasantry, from artisans, and from the pittance of humble workingmen, as well as from members of the professions and capitalists. It is not merely the gift of the wealthy and higher orders of French society, but of all classes and conditions of the French people. It comes to us as an expression of national friendship from a sister republic, and as commemorative of the day when the patriots of France stood by our revolutionary fathers and poured out their blood upon our battle-fields.

It has been a sad feature in the history of our republic, that from our position and policy, we have never been enabled to properly express our good will to the people who shared the dangers and sacrifices of our forefathers in their desperate combat with British tyranny. Since then, France has been time and again racked and ruined by the harrow of war. She has

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been driven to severe sacrifices and humiliations, while we have turned our faces from her.

But the sympathies of that gallant people are still with us, and they lose no opportunity to express their unshaken friendship in graceful words and works.

It is with this spirit that the rich and poor alike have united in the construction of an enduring monument, as a reminder of the sacred association of the past, and a noble expression of the friendship of the present. In a similar spirit the gift should be received. The people of Kentucky, we are sure, will eagerly embrace the opportunity presented for testifying their gratitude and their love. The State was one of the earliest additions to a republic which France did so much to establish, and one of the oldest in the enjoyment of those liberties which could have been won only by the aid of French treasure and valor. We should be foremost, therefore, in every movement calculated to hallow old associations and to bind more strongly the existing ties. It is a work which would prove grateful to the gallant spirit of Lafayette, and lighten with a smile of satisfaction the stern ghost of Washington.

The undersigned have been deputed by the General Committee in New York to lay the subject before the people of Kentucky, and to that end, we ask the newspapers throughout the State to lend their aid by publishing this address and calling attention to it, and by offering to receive subscriptions in their respective localities. We suggest that the different social and benevolent orders and societies, and the religious associations throughout the State, unite in the effort to give Kentucky a conspicuous place upon the pedestal. Large contributions are not asked for, and the smallest sum may be received. It is desired that the money necessary shall be raised by small contributions from a great many persons, and, therefore, the names of persons subscribing should be put down in all cases, and forwarded with the sums contributed, to Charles D. Jacob, Chairman of the Committee, who will remit them to the person designated to receive them in New York.

CHARLES D. JACOB, *Chairman.*

W. N. HALDEMAN, SAMUEL B. CHURCHILL,
ANDREW COWAN, B. DUPONT,
ISAAC CALDWELL, C. E. SEARS,
R. M. KELLY.

We publish this address with the more pleasure as we share all the sentiments expressed in it, and believe that they should find an echo in every State of the Union, as well as in Kentucky. The Bartholdi monument will remain the marvel of the nineteenth century in art and industry combined, the first produced by the world since the Colossus of Rhodes, twenty-five hundred years ago.

DEATHS OF PROMINENT MEN.—Dr. George W. Bagby, the humorist, lecturer and correspondent, is dead at Richmond, Va., aged fifty-five years.

Prof. J. H. Tice, the well-known weather prophet, died suddenly at St. Louis, November 30.

Owen Nilson, the Swedish naturalist, is dead at Stockholm, in his ninety-seventh year.

Charles William Siemens, the eminent scientist, engineer, and electrician, died at London, November 20th, of rupture of the heart, at the age of sixty-three years. He was a member of many scientific societies, and has given to the world a number of valuable inventions.

ROSA BONHEUR, whose portrait at sixteen years of age appeared in the last issue of the ELECTRA, has been quite ill for a month past, but at last accounts was thought to be convalescent. She was born on the 22d of March, 1822, so that she is now nearly sixty-two years old. It is feared that her health will remain permanently delicate. Since 1849, Mademoiselle Bonheur has devoted herself to the direction of a gratuitous school of design for young girls in Paris. As the "most distinguished female painter, living or dead," her loss would be greatly felt.

WE make, this month, a special offer to our old subscribers. It is, that any one of them who shall send us new subscribers before the new year, can deduct from the amount sent ($2.00), a commission of fifty cents for each subscriber. Or, any subscriber or contributor whose name is on our books has the privilege of sending the ELECTRA for the year 1884 as a Christmas or New Year's present, for $1.50, *paid in advance*. The January number of ELECTRA is issued December 22d, so as to reach all subscribers by Christmas.

We wish also to call special attention to "OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER."

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1884. No. 10

WINTER.

O, Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.
* * * * * * *
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

—*Cowper.*

SAUNTERINGS ABOUT MONTICELLO.

Monday morning, November 5, 1883, a member of the Virginia Presbyterian Synod was standing, valise in hand, on the main street of Charlottesville. He was debating with himself how and where to pass the time waiting for a train to carry him to his home in the valley of Virginia, near the Rawley Springs. This mental discussion was abruptly, yet most pleasantly interrupted by a party driving past, consisting of an elegantly-attired lady and two gentlemen, seated in one of the finest hacks available. They paused, and invited him to join them in a visit to Monticello, the home of Jefferson. It appeared they had driven over a good part of the city looking him up, since they deemed it quite essential to their pleasure to have his company. In a moment the party were rapidly driving up the winding road leading to one of the most interesting and memorable places in all our Union.

Throngs of people were met, flocking

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to town to attend court, or to see "Texas Charley" with his retinue of painted braves, docile squaws, dogs, and Indian ponies.

The early day was of the most charming description, such as one often sees in dreams, but rarely, however, in reality.

The leaves die a natural death but seldom; this year there was no frost to hasten their fall, so the forests and the parks were in their most beautiful autumnal array, radiant with every imaginable leafy hue. The morning air was bracing and exhilarating as the famous wine quaffed from Lesbian bowls.

Southern-Virginia scenery has been charmingly and truthfully delineated in words like these: "Fancy a country of varied surface, mountain and plain, hill and dale, symmetrical slopes and rounded knolls, broad savannas carpeted with green well-nigh perpetual and breezy uplands purple with rising and setting suns; a land vocal with the song of birds and the murmur of rippling streams; where furrowed fields make generous response to the appeal of the husbandman and forests of primeval growth keep guard over measureless acres of soil never yet touched by the plowshare; a land of flocks and herds, of fruits and flowers, of grain and grass; a land fruitful of whatever is needed for the sustenance, the comfort, and happiness of man, for his highest physical, intellectual and moral development; a land of soft atmosphere and clement skies, of bold rivers and broad estuaries; a land of kindly hearts and hospitable homes, of brave men and beautiful women; a land consecrated by noble deeds and illustrious with immortal names; a land of pure hearthstones and undefiled sanctuaries—fancy such a country, we say, and if you be a dweller in this fair land of the South, look around you, and, beholding all that you have fancied, lift up your hearts in grateful recognition of the good Providence that has placed you in the midst of so many blessings. The original legend on Virginia's seal of State should be the daily remembered motto of every Southern man: "*Deus hæc nobis otia fecit.*"

With that happy party it was no question that for charms of scenery and thrilling associations there is nothing surpassing the cycloramic prospect from the terraces of Monticello.

A turn in the winding ascent brought us, all of a sudden, to the grave of Jefferson, in a secluded place. The enclosure—as much as a quarter-acre, apparently—is surrounded by an iron railing of gigantic proportions, and well adapted to secure the honored dust from all desecration.

The new monument stands just inside the ponderous gate, that rarely ever turns upon its hinges. The inscription is easily read from the roadside, by persons while seated in their carriages.

An obelisk of solid granite is placed upon a massive granite cube. On the face of the obelisk nearest the gate is the epitaph, found among Mr. Jefferson's papers, as the one most agreeable to himself, were it possible for the dead to be interested in whatever occurs after dissolution:

HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR OF
THE DECLARATION
OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE
STATUTE OF VIRGINIA,
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Just below upon the cube is the brief inscription:

BORN, APRIL 2, 1743, O. S.
DIED, JULY 4, 1826.

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During the eighty-three years that intervened, what wonderful events occurred that should be in everlasting remembrance. They will not be forgotten by any worthy of the blessing of "freedom to worship God" and appreciate the proper principles of governmental administration.

In this secluded place, so remote from noise and confusion, the busy hands have lost their cunning that achieved most memorable results in guiding the affairs of the State. Mr. Jefferson's official administration embraces a period, in the history of our Union, that is intensely interesting wherein measures of lasting importance were consummated. The aggressive Tripolitans were promptly chastised, and the agents of the Spanish government were effectively repelled in their deceitful encroachments, designed to deprive our people of the right to navigate the Mississippi.

Louisiana was purchased, the internal policy of the Union was modified in many important particulars, measures were adopted for the speedy discharge of the public debt, strict economy was observed in conducting the government, and useless offices were suppressed.

But to return from this digression however instructive it may be, let us proceed. Two oaks, of a variety indigenous to the region stand opposite to each other, and blend their upper boughs over the memorable granite. Some of their leaves were gathered as souvenirs for friends at home.

Upon reaching the gate opening into the mansion grounds at the summit, it looked as if we were to be sadly frustrated in our intention of visiting the home of Jefferson. The gate was securely fastened, and from that point only a glimpse of the dome could be had. Two of the party resolved to climb the rail fence built on the old zigzag fashion, and thus gain a nearer view. While sitting on the fence, the driver pathetically cautioned them to be careful of the fence and dreadful dogs, that were kept about the house.

"Are you a good hand to keep off dogs?"

"O, yes, boss; I knows how to stop them."

"Then suppose you come along and get some silver."

With due caution we wound around the way leading to the ruins of the porter's lodge, from which point we discovered a very little terrier dog, reconnoitering the approaching party from a mutually safe distance.

Our guide seemed panic-stricken at the barking of the dog, and fell back in some disorder, while we took our stand near the ruins and armed ourselves with fragments of stone and brick, thickly strewn around.

In the meanwhile, a colored urchin peeped over the upper terrace, and to him our retreating guard called to send his father down to us.

This important personage soon came to us, but there were still many impediments that seemed well nigh insuperable. The key of the gate was out of place, time was precious, and visitors were so apt to deface the walls and injure the grounds that he did not know what to say or do about our coming any farther.

"Come here; let me show you something," said our driver, with a significant emphasis. After a whispered interview for a moment, between the colored persons, the perplexities of the situation seemed to clear away.

A silvery lining was now upon our cloud prospective, and when the keeper declared his purpose to draw the staple and bring up the carriage, we felt assured all we hoped for was near realization. The key, it seemed, had been inadvertently put into his pocket, and was found by the time the driver had returned with

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the keeper, so called, to the entrance. Our party having joined us, there was nothing now to mar the pleasure of our visit. Even the much-dreaded dogs wanted to fawn upon us, lick our gloves, and dust our vestments with Jeffersonian democratic gesticulations.

The city of Charlottesville, so beautiful for situation, now spread out before us all its charms. The University of Virginia never appeared more sweetly attractive, because of the enchantment that the intervening distance lent through the autumnal haze of that peculiar tint that impressed the devout Indian with the idea that the Great Spirit was near.

Standing on the east portico, where the silent clock over the door ever points to ten minutes of four and the very large compass overhead indicates the cardinal points, we overlooked Pantops Academy, where fifty-five young persons are faithfully instructed in all that is fitted to prepare for noble and useful lives. While Monticello awakens historic, patriotic, scientific, and literary reflections to an interminable extent, and ample justice has been attempted by historian, poet, orator, and novelist, still there remains something for Christian writers to gather up and enlarge upon. One of our party, a few days previously, had the pleasure of meeting, at his hospitable board, James Alexander, Esq., the veteran journalist of Virginia, and founder of the *Jeffersonian*, a Charlottesville journal. He verges eighty years of age, and is a native of Boston. A person more intensely imbued with the spirit of Jefferson, or who knew him better, is not living, perhaps, anywhere in this whole country. He mentions the interesting fact that Daniel Webster, the orator and statesman, visited Jefferson at his home. A Sabbath intervened during that memorable visit, which was spent, in a large measure, by these illustrious men in reading from a folio volume of the Scriptures, dated 1458. Some passages were read from Jeremiah, and their sublime beauties eloquently discussed.

It was during this Sabbath study of the Bible that Jefferson said to the great expounder, "that Sunday-schools presented the only legitimate means under the *Constitution* of avoiding the rock on which the French Republic was wrecked. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands."

These memorable words seem to have impressed Mr. Webster very deeply, for, in speaking of this visit some time subsequently, he said this about Sabbath-schools: "The Sabbath-school is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction, it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution, it is priceless. It has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved until the end of time. I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked him what could have induced him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow-being? Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied: 'Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.'"

Most of our party remembered that the Rev. Dr. Theodoric Pryor was one of the most prominent members of the recent Synod. He frequently referred to Mr. Jefferson when upon the floor during its sessions.

Mr. Jefferson's appearance was very familiar to him in his student days, and he had early learned to admire him for many admirable traits of personal character. Dr. Pryor referred to a former

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meeting of Synod at Charlottesville, at which time Mr. Jefferson called on Dr. J. H. Rice, at his room, and expressed his wish that the Theological Seminary then in contemplation, might be located near the university. He would have been much pleased had there been a group of such institutions, representing several denominations near enough for officers and students of each, to have met in social amenities and religious services. This was a wise desire; university and seminary would have been mutually benefited to a high degree.

While we were upon the grounds we were joined by seven or eight students from Pantops, and while we leisurely enjoyed the scenes around us, we endeavored to call up Mr. Jefferson by way of paying him our respects. We taxed our imagination to reproduce a present view of his person; six feet and two inches tall, erect and well-formed, though spare, and with yellowish-red hair. After a time he seemed to look upon us with light intelligent eyes; his complexion was fair, forehead broad, face square, expressive of thought, and yet his countenance was wide awake and open as the day, so full was it of good will and kindness, and at times beaming with enthusiasm. Had he walked around with us it would have been with firm and sprightly step. With the mind's eye we saw a gentleman whose bearing was unassuming, blended with native dignity, vivacious and correct in conversation, giving forth, without apparent effort, knowledge the most varied, and yet in a manner so modest that he seemed rather to be inquiring for, than imparting information to his visitors.

One of the last things we did was to turn to the window of the chamber, where he died the Fourth of July, 1826. There was something truly pathetic in the attempt to realize what a gloom-giving day it must have been at Monticello. While the whole nation was in transports of patriotic joy over the recurrence of another anniversary of Independence, and orators from a thousand platforms were celebrating the day, and pronouncing eulogies in praise of Jefferson and his patriotric compeers, the venerable man himself, had called around him his family and domestics to see him die. He assured them that their tears and grief gave him no sadness, but that he was gratified by their affectionate solicitude. In the supreme moment, he distinctly articulated these words; "I resign myself to my God, and my child to my country," and then breathed out his life without a struggle or a groan.

However pleasant it was to muse and loiter in the shades of Monticello, our waning time admonished us to turn away, and so we were soon descending the steep, winding way hastening to the junction depot where we parted; our accomplished lady friend to her sweet home at the university, one to his duties at the Theological Seminary, Columbia, South Carolina, the other two to their manses and churches in the valley of the Shenandoah, across the Blue West Mountains.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
* * * * * * *
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

—*Collins.*

Stand fast, and all temptations to transgress repel.—*Milton.*

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WILL'S SISTER.

There was nobody like Jane Raymond—so her brother Will and I always declared; nobody half so dear and sweet, though with a sweetness that had plenty of flavor, and now and then a slight edge of tartness withal.

She was younger than Will, but his age never stood in the way of her giving him a piece of her mind; and I think now, as I thought then, that her breezy little scoldings did him more good than all his mother's mournful lectures.

Poor Mrs Raymond was always saying, tearfully, after the least indecorum: "My son, why *will* you? My son, how *can* you? Don't you see you are breaking my heart?"

His stern father, on the contrary, said nothing, but fixed his eyes on Will in awful silence, as if his wickedness transcended human speech. The boy began to suspect he was on his way to the gallows, and that his arriving there was merely a question of time.

Yet I think there was not so much amiss with him after all, except his being the only son of a rich man and entering college at sixteen, before he was old enough to know the distinction between pure fun and mischief.

During his sophomore year, Jane had a bad cough and was far from well. Her mother kept her indoors, and she was always begging me to come and see her. I remember we had a long vacation that fall on account of our teacher's illness, and instead of staying at home to help about the sewing, I spent half my time at Mrs. Raymond's with Jane. To be sure, I never failed to take my work, but it was seldom unrolled. "Baby's sack doesn't grow very fast, does it, Sarah? But never mind," said my mother indulgently. "If you can read to Jane and interest her, I don't care for the sewing."

A strange remark from my notable mother, who had in general very little patience with idle fingers.

"She thinks Janie is a great deal sicker than she really is," thought I, with a prick of conscience, as I set off as usual with a book at the bottom of my satchel and the venerable sewing at the top for the sake of appearances.

It was a rainy morning, and at the corner a sudden gust of wind nearly turned my umbrella inside out and blew me against Rachel Doty, who was coming along with a little pail in her hand to borrow some yeast. Rachel was Mrs. Raymond's maid-of-all-work—an affectionate, but gloomy creature.

"Ah, is that you, Rachel? How's Janie?"

"Well, Jinny's worse. Have you any aconite?"

"Oh, dear! perhaps so. I'll go back to the house and look, for mother can't leave the baby."

While I was rattling the vials on the high shelf in the pantry, I heard Rachel say to our Martha: "I should put on a blister the first thing, if I had my way. I *never* thought Jinny was long for this world."

Down went one of my bottles with a crash, and I rushed out of the pantry breathless with fright. This was the first hint I had had of Janie's danger.

"What does ail you, Sadie? There ain't an atom of color in your cheeks!" exclaimed Rachel, receiving the aconite from my shaking hand. "Yes, Marthy,"—in a resigned tone—"poor little Jinny's doomed. She takes it from her mother's folks. You know the Kittredges, way back, went with consumption. There was John and Abel and—" Finishing the death-list with cheerful briskness, she added:

"Ah, well, this is a world of trouble. And now there's more to worry about at the Raymond's over and above Jinny's sickness."

"What now?" said Martha, stopping her rolling-pin.

"That's more'n I know; something about Willy. There was a letter came from some of his college folks last night; I saw it; it was mailed New Haven, and Mrs. Raymond looked as pale as a sheet when she opened that letter. I'd have run for the camphor, but she drew herself up, proud-like, as if she didn't want any interference, slid the letter into her pocket, and out she goes into the entry and Mr. Raymond after her. I heard 'em talking up-stairs ever so long, and they look this morning as if they'd had a fit of sickness—both of them."

"How curious!" said Martha, who saw no impropriety in Rachel's disclosures. "Do you s'pose Willy's got into trouble?"

"That's it, Marthy, you may depend. I've always been expecting it; he's so lively and kind o' heedless. Why, I got a cap ready to take down to mother last fall, and come to open the basket, he'd put a couple of peaches inside the crown. Real kind of him; but, of course, the peaches had rotted and left spots on the lace. Ah, well, he's just so heedless. I hope he hasn't done any thing that'll bring him to State's prison; but you never can tell."

I hurried to my beloved Janie with an aching heart, Rachel puffing for breath as she tried to keep up with me, and saying again and again:

"Now, Sadie, do be careful and keep dark about this."

To my delight and surprise, Janie met me at the front door, radiant with smiles.

"Why, darling, how well you look!" said I, quite reassured. "What an old croaker Rachel is! She said you were worse."

"O, I was a little sick in the night, but I'm better now, and so glad to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't come—it pours so."

"And you're happy, Janie? You're sure you're happy? You see I expected to find you crying."

"Me crying? What for?"

"Why, hasn't—hasn't something happened?"

"What can you mean, Sa? Nothing happens when Will's gone," replied she, diving into my satchel to see what book I had brought.

It was plain she knew nothing of the letter. Why not? What was this great mystery that must be kept from Janie? Perhaps Mrs. Raymond, knowing my unusual discretion, would confide it to me.

"Janie, where's your mother?"

"Quilting in the north chamber."

"I guess I'll run up a minute and see her, but don't you come, Janie; it's too cold."

Mrs. Raymond turned her head as I entered the chamber, where she and Rachel were tacking comforters.

"Good morning, Sarah. It's very kind of you, my dear child, to come and see Janie."

She smiled, but her face looked gray and her eyes red and heavy with weeping. I settled it in my mind that Will was in jail for some terrible crime, and Janie ought to know it. But so far from confiding in me, Mrs. Raymond talked only of the weather, and finally advised me to go down stairs, where it was warmer.

"Rachel, go with her and see that it is comfortable in the sitting-room, and give Janie her wine."

I remember Rachel's mysterious manner as she poured the wine and wheeled up the lounge before the fire. She seemed to walk under a cloud of unknown and awful trouble, and to feel the dignity of her position.

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She left the room sighing, and we girls sat by the fire for some time in silence, listening to the howling of the wind and the beating of the drops on the windows. It was delightfully cosy, but I could not forget that brooding mystery, and kept thinking, "How dreadful that Janie should be so happy! Isn't it my duty to give her a hint?"

"Janie"—in a portentous tone—"this is a queer world."

"Queer; O, very! I was just thinking how beautiful the *other* world must be, with no storms, but always sunshine and flowers."

"Janie, Janie!" I cried, for something in the whiteness of her clasped hands, something in the beauty of her rapt smile, made her seem too far away from me, like one gazing into heaven.

Just then the gate-latch clicked very faintly; I scarcely heard it, but Janie started up, exclaiming, "Why, Will Raymond!" and was out of the room and in his arms in a moment.

She brought him into the sitting-room (dragging him almost), for he saw me, and did not like to come in.

"How d'ye, Sa?" said he, looking so shamefaced that I sprang for my bonnet, but he caught my hand then and held me.

"Stop, Sa. Why do I care? You'll *have* to know it first or last; I'm—I'm—*suspended*."

Being fully prepared for murder or worse, I was really relieved, but Janie turned fearfully pale.

"Speak low; shut the door. O, Will, I know you didn't mean to do wrong!" said she, pressing her cheek close to his; "but what *did* you do, dear?"

"Had a little fun, that's all," replied he, forcing a smile, but breaking down suddenly, and exclaiming in a choked voice, "O, Janie, why didn't somebody tell me how sick you are? O, Sa, this is too bad!"

"Does she look sicker than you expected?" I asked, that same new dread knocking at my heart again. "You see, Will, she's a little tired to-day, that's all."

"Lean against me, darling," said he, drawing her down to the sofa; but, losing all self-control, he shook so with sobs that I saw it troubled Janie.

"She has taken cold because the weather is bad; she doesn't always look so pale, Will. Besides, she never likes to talk of being sick; she'd rather hear the rest of your story; wouldn't you, Janie?"

Then he told it. How he and some "other fellows" had managed to get a cow up-stairs into the chapel and tie her to "Old Prex's" desk; afterward cutting the bell-rope, so that the summons to morning prayers was unheard.

"Rather lonesome for Old Prex with nobody in the chapel but Mrs. Brindle," resumed Will after a pause, during which nobody laughed.

"And you were all suspended for that? How many of you?"

"Only two, Janie—my chum and I. There were half a dozen of us, but the rest went scot-free. Lucky scamps, weren't they?"

"That's always the way, Will. You're no worse than other boys, but you get found out; it's because you are not a sneak, but so truthful and noble," said Janie, stroking his hand.

Will turned away to hide his tears.

"If I'd known you were so sick, Janie, I wouldn't have cared for that fun."

"Why, Will, *was* it fun? It doesn't amuse me a bit."

"Well, it sounds different, of course, telling it over to you girls," returned he, coloring a little.

"But, Willy, boy, it wasn't a nice thing to do. I'll leave it to Sa if it was. You know, Will, papa wants you to be a gentleman."

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"Now, Janie, aren't you rather hard on a fellow?" said the boy dropping his head; "but I'm glad you've got strength enough left to scold."

"There, Willy, never mind," said she, twining both arms around his neck; "I'm so glad you did it."

"Glad!" sobbed he. "Why, I'm just beginning to be sorry."

"I mean I'm glad you had to come home. Why, Will, I've wanted you so —O, how I have wanted you. There, darling, don't cry. I'll soon be better, now you're here. You'll stay three months; I'll plead with father, and —"

I couldn't bear it another minute, but rushed out of the house into the storm. I had not dreamed till now that Janie was so ill, but never again could I close my eyes to the truth. She was slipping away from us, and nothing we could do was of the least avail, though we would have died for her—yes, I really think Will or her mother or I would have died for her—we loved her so.

It was at last decided to take her to Aiken, South Carolina, though everybody feared it would be too late. Her mother and Will were going with her, and half the village assembled at the cars to bid the party good-bye. It was very touching to see Will arrange the cushion with such tender care, and look at his sister as if she were all the world to him. Poor boy! Everybody went home crying, and Rachel said it was like a funeral.

How eagerly we looked for letters, and how long the days seemed while we waited.

The first news was good—Janie was improving; the next news alarmed us—she was worse.

About the first of February, however, she began really to improve. She liked the smell of the pines—so her mother wrote—and lay nearly all day in her hammock, among the trees, breathing their sweet odor.

"Will keeps up with his classes," was her message to me; never a word about her own health.

"O, Sa," she wrote in March with a pencil, "you don't know what a good boy Will is, and mamma has great hopes of him now. I always said he wouldn't do wrong if it wasn't for the other boys."

"Will! always Will! I believe she thinks she went South to keep him out of mischief," said I.

She came home early in the summer as fresh as one of June's own roses; and my heart was so full of joy for her that I cared very little what had become of her brother. But I soon found she had been telling the truth; he was vastly improved.

Indeed, Will was never the same boy, after that quiet winter with Janie in the South. All the coarse grain that was in him had passed through a refining process, and his father felt obliged to admit that he was "coming out a true gentleman after all."

When he graduated from college in due time with the first honors, nobody was surprised; and when he became an eminent lawyer, it was only what everybody had expected.

"O, well," says Rachel, "there's never any telling how these boys will turn out. Willy was kind o' reckless at one time, and I don't know what would have become of him if it hadn't been for Jinny."

Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms
At once discharged grow cool again and calm.

—*C. Johnson.*

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GASPAR HAUSER.

The attempt of a recent publication to identify the house of Baden with the unfortunate Gaspar Hauser, has awakened renewed interest in the life of this individual. If to become a celebrity involves misfortune, surely no one should have greater hold upon the memory of of men than the subject of this sketch.

What a destiny greeted the birth of this wonderful being; what a fate awaited him, as after eighteen years' imprisonment under circumstances which even forbade the knowledge that the Supreme Being had appointed "a greater light to rule the day and the lesser lights to shine by night," deliverance was found. The delight of childhood, as it discovers the flowers with their gay tinges and varied perfumes, the birds with their radiant plumage and wonderful instincts, and, later, the world of enjoyment that proceeds from companionship with congenial spirits; all these had been withheld from the being, who, as he neared the age mentioned above, found himself mysteriously transported to the gates of Nuremburg, in Bavaria, on the 26th of May, 1828.

Never having been burdened with the weight of the body, the limbs refused to do his bidding, and helpless as an infant, the stranger to light, sound, speech, and motion, yielding to his incapacity had to be carried to the police station. The wisdom which suggested that pen, ink, and paper be brought was rewarded, for at once the eyes of this melancholy being lighted up, as he, seizing the pen, traced the name Gaspar Hauser. Interpreting the mysterious conduct as the result of imposture, he was condemned to the tower prison of the city, a place for the confinement of vagrants and beggars.

The records tell us that Dr. Daumer, one of the witnesses, became interested, followed him to the prison, and there suggested that something to eat be given him. The sight of the food filled him with such delight that he fainted. On his return to consciousness, he gladly partook of bread and water, and then fell into a profound slumber. What a sensation of curiosity must have filled the mind of every beholder; what an intense desire for the revelation of that life, around which such mystery hung. Of the gifts which the many visitors who saw him offered, none awakened emotion save a wooden horse; from this circumstance, the conclusion was that the object was familiar; that, indeed, he must have cherished something of the kind with the idolizing love peculiar to childhood. Still, the story of his life was enveloped in darkness, and there was no hope for the desired information.

Notwithstanding this, the feeling of humanity which prompted the request of Dr. Daumer, was reciprocated by the authorities, who consented that his petition to educate this grown-up child should not be refused. Slow, indeed, was the progress, yet each day an advance was made; the eyes that closed involuntarily under the influence of light, gradually strengthened and rejoiced at beholding the mighty works of Omnipotence; the organ of hearing, which experienced such pain on hearing a march played by the band of a passing regiment that lost consciousness was the result, perceptibly developed. Indeed, despite the heaviness of the task, the noble aim to restore to society a being to whom existence had been denied was rewarded, and in less than two years Gaspar was able to arrange in his mind such remembrance of the past, as to give the following history:

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"I know not how long I have existed, for as I was ignorant of what days and nights were, it was impossible for me to calculate years; but for a long time—a very long time—I felt that I lived in a room where all was dark, and where no one approached me, when one day I felt that I was not alone in the world. I say one day; it was, perhaps, one night; but a being—a man, though then I knew not what man was. He, however, of whom I wish to speak, entered my dungeon by an opening which I had not before observed. I heard a sound; it proceeded from this man; he had spoken, but neither did I understand the human voice. He brought me my customary food, bread and water. He placed beside me an object which I did not understand, but whose form pleased me; it was a wooden horse. The man left me; I saw him open and close the aperture, and I wanted to walk as I had seen him walk; but after a few steps I felt my head violently struck. The blow was occasioned by my stumbling against the wall, for as yet knowing nothing about open and closed doors, I thought I could pass through the opening by which the man had passed. For the first time I learned that suffering existed, for I long suffered from this blow, but still without being able to account for the pain I experienced. I now understand how from time to time I found myself with cleaner clothes, my hair in better order, and my hands whiter. I imagine that the man must have mixed with my food some substance capable of plunging me into a profound sleep, and that during this sleep he changed my clothing. It is also a very long while since he brought me for the first time some paper, a pen, and ink; he traced in my presence some characters, and, after many attempts, which may perhaps have occupied a year, I succeeded in imitating these characters, which were constantly before my eyes and which formed my name. This name is doubtless not my true name; my father must have borne another, but this, perhaps, I may never know. But I ought to thank that man who charitably bestowed upon me the one I have hitherto retained; for it is owing to his foresight that I shall not have graven on my tomb, 'The Unknown.' I doubtless became a burden to him who took care of me; for one day, at the hour at which he usually brought my food, he came, but without bringing the bread and water, while I impatiently awaited. He placed a bandage on my eyes, took me on his shoulders, and I felt myself carried away without even asking myself what they intended to do with me. Here my memory fails me. I suppose that the effect of the air must have been so painful that I fainted almost immediately after leaving the house. Did the man come from Nuremburg, or from a greater distance? I can not tell; all that I can say is that he put me down at the gates of Nuremburg, after having removed the bandage from my eyes. When I was alone I tried to endure the daylight and to stand up by the aid of my stick, but my strength must have failed me, since I was soon after picked up in the street."

What a recompense to the benefactor this must have been! How brightly the prospect for future development, now occupied the mind of the being who so suddenly realized the pleasure of mental effort. The sensation of delight was reciprocated by the protector, who was kind enough to permit the curious to visit his protegé. A strange hand, finding suitable privacy, attempted to take the life of the new born with a poignard, but happily only a wound in the forehead was the result. Thus, it was apparent that the object of such determined persecution was not safe in Nuremburg, and Lord Stanhope, an English

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nobleman, gained permission to take him to Anspach, where his education was to be completed, after which he would be taken to England. A second opportunity for the work of an assassin was afforded while Gaspar was walking in the gardens of the palace. While near the statue of Uzen, a paper was handed him by a stranger, which engrossed his attention while the dagger was thrust into the region of the heart. Sufficient strength was left for him to reach the house of his tutor, and to utter the following words: "Palace!—Uzen!—monument!—purse!" On examination of the designated locality, a purse was found in which a paper revealing the date of his birth, April 30th, 1812, and announcing that of his death 14th of December, 1833, was found. The paper was laconic, and thus tantalizing, conveying no intelligence beyond the declaration, "You will know that I come from the confines of Bavaria, on the river—and these are my initials, M. L. O."

Lord Stanhope's reward, though handsome, was not sufficient to develop any revelation of the brutal deed; hence the air of mystery which surrounds the life of Marciali, the man with the iron mask, who passed a tedious existence during the reign of Louis XIV., envelops that of Gaspar Hauser. The effort to furnish additional light by the recent publication met with little encouragement from the German press.

INTO THE LIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

It was growing toward dusk the next evening when Mr. Penrose reined up his horse before a plain farm-house bearing the marks of industry and thrift, yet destitute of all external adornments pleasing to the eye of taste.

"Here is your home for the present, Paul," the farmer said, jumping out quickly, and leaving Paul to do the same. "It may be either unpleasant or agreeable to you, according to your own actions, for every boy of mine has enough to eat and drink. If he does have to work pretty smart sometimes, well it is all the better for him, according to my notions."

Paul made some reply, hoping that he might be able to meet his employer's approbation, and then was silent. If the truth be told, Mr. Penrose's words had struck a chill to his heart, and weary and homesick already, he was in no mood to take a cheerful view of the matter, and throw off the weight the remark had caused.

Enough to eat and drink! This, then, was the end and object of life in the farmer's household. No higher ideas! no thought of happiness arising from pleasant social intercourse or intellectual occupations, but like the brutes that perish, satisfied if the basest appetites are ministered to. Thoughts like these, if they did not frame themselves into definite shape, passed through Paul's mind, as he jumped from the wagon, and watched the farmer unharnessing the horse, and preparing to put it away for the night.

"That is right," Mr. Penrose said, on seeing him eagerly watching his operations. "This will be your work in future and I want you to be quick about learning," and he proceeded to give Paul a few directions as to what was to be done.

Paul was interested. Was there ever a boy that was not interested in horses, and proud to learn about their management? For a few moments he forgot his present position, and plied the farmer

with questions, which the latter was glad to answer, as they bore on the boy's future usefulness. It was soon over, however, and Mr. Penrose was ready to go into the house.

"They can not have heard me coming, or Madge would have been out to meet me and hear the news. I did not expect to be back quite so soon, so they were not on the look out for me. I should not wonder if they had gone away, and we would have to see to our own supper to-night."

"O, if they only had!" was Paul's mental exclamation, dreading to meet any strangers just yet, until he should feel a little more at home.

He followed Mr. Penrose into the house, hoping that there would be something more attractive inside than had been the case outside. All through the day's ride he had been picturing to himself what his future home was to be, and had painted quite a fair picture of a pleasant farm-house with the grounds around it tastefully arranged, and the early vines beginning to unfold their leaves in the accustomed places on the walls, for it was the early Spring, and vegetation was just commencing. They passed many such places on their way, and he had often hoped that Mr. Penrose would stop at one of them, so that it was greatly to his disappointment when the right place was reached at last.

Every thing was comfortable inside, and yet so different to what his own home had been. Every thing that was needful or useful was there, but none of those little things which so often make our homes attractive, and teach us to display on their selection and arrangement those principles of taste innate in some natures.

Paul seated himself before the fire which was burning in the stove. The heat felt pleasant after the long ride, and the evening air was chilly. He had prepared himself for a reverie of home and friends, when his thoughts were driven into far different channels by the abrupt entrance of a girl about his own age. Her hair was flying loosely about her shoulders, and to Paul, the little snatch of song he heard seemed coarse and boisterous. Mr. Penrose had entered a closet, and was hidden from view when she opened the door. The sight of the stranger seated so quietly before the fire, as if he had a right there and intended to remain, took her quite aback. Ceasing her song, and advancing a step farther into the room, she stared at him with a look of wonder. Notwithstanding his heavy heart, Paul could scarcely restrain a smile at her odd expression, and he was on the point of explaining his presence there, when Mr. Penrose stepped from his hiding-place.

"Oh, it is you! is it, Madge?" he said, advancing to meet her. "I thought perhaps you were out!"

"No, but it is more by good luck than good management that we are not. We expected to go, but mother and I lay down for a little while, and slept too long, and so, we are at home. We did not expect you so soon, and I did not know what to make of—"

She stopped short, but looked from her father to Paul, fully showing her meaning.

"O, yes, I do not wonder you are surprised, but not more so than I was, for it was farthest from my intention to bring another boy here, after my experience with the last, but I was led into it, and here he is. His name is Paul Everest; and, Paul, this is my daughter Madge."

Paul arose and offered his hand. She seemed surprised at this, but recovering herself in time, held out hers in return, and mumbled something about his being welcome. The fact was that he was so entirely different in appearance from any

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boy her father had ever had in his employ, there was such a gentlemanly air about him, that it rather awed her, and that was saying a great deal for Madge Penrose.

"I will tell mother you are here," she said, turning again to her father, and glad to escape from the room so as to recover her wonted self-possession.

In a few minutes she returned, and her mother with her, a pale, delicate-looking woman, who seemed to have had too much energy for her strength, and consequently felt old before her time had come. She spoke kindly to Paul, though as in the others, so in her manner there was something contrary to what he had been accustomed to.

When they sat down to the supper table, Paul felt that his master's words were verified in part; that, at any rate, they had sufficient for their appetites; but why was it that in the midst of all the plenty, though during his ride he had felt the pangs of hunger keenly, he could not eat? Was it that the few accustomed words beseeching God's blessing to follow the partaking of his bounty were unuttered, or that he remembered the faces which had sat around him in his old home, making cheerful and bright the family circle? We can not tell. Perhaps Paul himself could not have told. He only knew that it was so, and that fact was in itself a trial to him. Mrs. Penrose noticed several times that he ate nothing, and spoke to him about it, until at last, Mr. Penrose, who was heartily enjoying the good things that had been prepared for him, and seemed annoyed and irritated because every one else did not do the same, said impatiently:

"Do let him alone, wife. I never believe in coaxing any one to eat. If they are hungry they can eat what is set before them, and if they are not they can go without. Those are my sentiments. And you, sir," he said turning to Paul, "the sooner you get over your homesickness, that is what the women call it I believe, the better. I can tell you, you will not have much sympathy from me. If a thing has to be done, it has to be done. If I like you, this is to be your home for some years to come; there is no help for it, so you had better make the most of it."

Madge looked up angrily as her father spoke, frowned, and, as soon as he finished, began to talk to her mother about something which she knew would draw off his attention from Paul. She succeeded in her effort, thus giving the latter time to recover from the effect of the rude, cruel words which had been spoken. Paul thanked her in his heart at the time, and afterwards, when he caught her eye, by a pleasant, meaning smile. She managed to intercept him on his way to bed, and to say hastily:

"I don't know any thing about this homesickness father was talking about, as I have never been from home, but if you feel badly about leaving all your friends and coming among strangers, I am sorry for you. You must not mind when father speaks in that way to you; all the boys get used to it, and so will you in a little while."

"I do not think I can ever be, but I am much obliged to you for your kindness."

"I have not done any thing worth thanking me for. Good night. I hope you may sleep well after your long ride."

"Thank you, I think I shall."

And so Paul found himself settled in his new home. Whether to you, my readers, it seems a pleasant one, whether the prospect appears, in your eyes, dark or bright, remember that while in each lot God appoints some days of cloud and darkness and rain; in each lot, also, there are seasons of sunshine and peace. If we fulfill his will, and follow him as he

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calls us to obedience and duty, we shall find that both darkness and light are intended for our good.

It was the early Spring, and in a farmer's life it is no idle time. Paul, though young, and with but little knowledge of farming, could yet be of great assistance in various ways, and Mr. Penrose did not mean that time should hang heavily on his hands. Paul was well satisfied that it should be so. He had always been accustomed to outdoor exercise, and was very fond of it. Added to this, when he was kept busy, there was no time to dwell too much on old scenes and associations. The only time to indulge in home memories was after he had retired to his room at night, and fortunately for him, though he was large for his age, and strong, by the time night came he was generally tired out from the day's labor, and so fell asleep soon after his head touched the pillow.

From his first entrance into it, he had seen that the home into which he had been thrown was not governed by Christian principles. He had seen no Bible in the house, save the one he had brought with him, and from various things he had heard, he felt that even if there was one, there was little use made of it by its inmates.

From his earliest infancy he had been thoroughly trained to acknowledge God's right over him, and very many had been the endeavors to make him feel that right not irksome, but his greatest blessing; and although he had never from the heart accepted God as his Father or felt His love through Christ, he was too well instructed to forget the lessons of his childhood, or to fail in those outward duties he had ever been accustomed to perform. Mrs. Ray and Annette had tried to impress upon him the necessity of remembering his early teachings, and proving in his new home their worth, whatever the character of the people by whom he was surrounded. For a few days he very much feared that he would be required to work on the Sabbath. It was very greatly to his relief then that on Saturday night all the garden tools were put carefully away, Mr. Penrose saying in explanation,

"You know, Paul, I never work on Sunday. It is not that I set myself up to be better than many of my neighbors who do work then, for I do not care to be thought better than I am; but I have found from experience that it is better for myself, my hands, and my horses, to rest one day out of the seven. As Sunday is set apart as a day of rest, I had as lief use that as such as any other. To-morrow you are free to do as you please, unless you please to do something I do not approve."

Paul was satisfied that work would not be required of him on that day, and so far he was glad, but he was rather doubtful from Mr. Penrose's words as to the manner of their spending the day; no doubt it was in idly lounging about, or in any amusement that chanced to present itself to their mind.

Paul overslept himself the next morning, and when he awoke the sun was shining brightly into his window. His thoughts turned to Annette, and he wondered what she was doing then, whether her home was a pleasant one, and if she was thinking of him at that moment. It seemed so very long since he had seen her last, and yet it had not been a week. He thought, too, of his Sunday-school, of the class he had met, with very few exceptions, every Sunday for years past. He wondered whether the boys would miss him, how his teacher would feel when she read his name on the slate and remembered that he was far away.

"She will pray for me, I know," he thought to himself, "for she told me she would, and her prayers would do any one good."

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But his reveries were abruptly ended loud knock at his door.

"Paul, Paul," Madge called. "Are you up? Breakfast is nearly ready, and you will have a scolding if you are not down in time."

"Thank you, I will soon be ready."

He needed no second bidding, and hastily dressed himself in his every-day clothes, for there was no time now for his usual careful Sunday morning's toilet. He felt a little ashamed as he entered the kitchen just in time for breakfast, not to look different to what he did on ordinary days; it seemed to take from the day part of its sacredness. He was relieved, however, when he saw it was the same with the other members of the household, and his looks seemed to make no impression on them.

Breakfast ended. Mr. Penrose seated himself by the window and looked idly out; Mrs. Penrose went to her usual task of clearing away the breakfast things, and Madge was off somewhere. Paul noticed that Mrs. Penrose looked paler and more weary than usual, and wished he could render some assistance in her work, but did not like to offer. Presently, however, he saw that when she went to the water bucket, it was empty. She took it up with a little sigh, for it was quite a walk to the well, and she did not like the idea of going for it. Paul was beside her instantly, and taking the bucket from her hand, said quickly,

"I will bring some water for you. I have nothing to do, and such work suits me better than you."

Mrs. Penrose was evidently surprised at the offer, but she accepted it pleasantly, saying,

"I shall be very glad of it, Paul, for I am rather tired this morning." As the door shut after him, she looked at her husband and smiled a meaning smile.

"You see that?" she asked.

"Yes, I see it, but what of it?"

"He is very obliging."

"Humph! 'A new broom sweeps clean.' It is a good thing to get on the right side of the women folks."

Meanwhile, Paul, unconscious of his master's words, went quickly along in the direction of the well, singing snatches of the Sunday-school hymns he had loved so well at home. He had filled his bucket, and was on his way back when he encountered Madge, who in a race with a dog ran against him, nearly upsetting the bucket.

"Halloo!" she cried, "you here? What are you carrying water for? I thought it was your holiday."

"This isn't work," he said, laughing. "Your mother looked tired, and I knew I was better able to bring water than she was."

"And so you did it. Well, it is something new for one of our boys to do a thing without being told. Did you say mother looked tired?"

"Yes, I thought so."

"I did not know she ever could get tired, she never says any thing about it. She does a great deal of work, too, when you come to think of it. I suppose you think I ought to be helping her instead of running races out here, now don't you?"

"I do not think it would hurt you," he said with a smile.

"Hurt me! I guess not, that or any thing else; I am as tough as a piece of leather; but I should not have once thought of helping her if you had not brought the water, so it is all your work." They walked along in silence a moment, then he asked:

"Do any of you here go to church?"

"No," she said. "I never was in one."

"Madge!"

"It is true. I do not know any thing about such places."

"But there is one somewhere about here, isn't there?"

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"Yes, over in that direction. If you take the public road, it is two or three miles off; but why do you ask?"

"I want to go to-day if I can."

"Want to go? You? I thought no boys or girls ever went unless their parents made them."

"You thought wrong then," he said, smiling in spite of himself at her puzzled expression; "a great many of them love to go. I always did."

"Well, you are a queer fellow, that is all I have to say; but if you are going it is time you were off, for it will take you some time to reach there."

Thus warned he quickened his pace to the house, and giving Mrs. Penrose the bucket, hastened up stairs to change his clothes. As he passed by the kitchen window on his way out, he had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Penrose seated by the window, while Madge had taken her place at the breakfast table. The latter on seeing him smiled pleasantly, and waved the towel which she held in her hand.

During the first mile of his walk he met no one, but after that every now and then little groups of two and three made their appearance, taking the same direction, so he judged they were bound on a similar errand. Many eyed him curiously, but when he reached the little church, some one kindly showed him a seat, and he felt more at home than he had done since he left Annette. There was to him something very attractive in the minister's manner, so much so, indeed, that he wished he knew him; but he was too diffident to wait and speak to him, as Mrs. Ray had warmly urged him to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN AND THE BIBLE.

To the artful question of the Pharisees, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" He answers, "Have ye not read" what God did and said "at the beginning:" How He "made them male and female, and said, * * * they twain shall be one flesh!" Thus God made her and thus He meant her ever to be. Even the Pharisees must have felt the keen rebuke and seen the divine wisdom of this matchless answer. But this was not all.

These words have a wider scope, and admit of a manifold application. They answer many questions; they condemn many a custom of the ages and the nations; they dispel the fogs of many a prejudice and error, and with equal clearness they expose the fallacy and folly of many a claim, which, in these latter days, is being pressed by the so-called advocates and champions of womankind. They pour a flood of light over this whole subject, *e. g.*, should woman be the slave or toy of man, as in heathen lands? Or be regarded as a soulless thing, kept in ignorance and banished from society, as in Mohammedan countries? "Have ye not read?" Or, as is asserted by a few, shall she be head? Or, as many claim, shall she occupy exactly the same position as man, and share with him in all rights and duties, social, civil, political, religious? "Have ye not read?"

Such is something of the scope of the Saviour's words. And by these words He at once lifts woman from that deep abyss of degradation, which in so many lands and for so many ages has been her portion, and takes her from, or rather keeps her from, that high but rugged, dangerous eminence, up which false friends would rudely thrust her; and He places her again, and for all time,

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just where God first put her and meant her ever to abide, beside the man; not inferior nor yet superior, not with precisely the same characteristics physical, mental, moral, nor with the same sphere and duties; but each the complement of the other, either alone imperfect and incomplete, yet both together realizing the divinely-imaged man, the true unit of the race. For thus we "read:" "In the likeness of God made He him: male and female created He them: and blessed them, and called *their name Adam.*" "In the beginning" God made them twain indeed, but the twain one.

And Christ *re-affirmed the divine law of marriage* by adding His own solemn sanction thereto. This, too, has been directly and powerfully instrumental in elevating woman. For, in the time of Christ, this marriage law, even among the Jews, had been so dimmed and obscured that the Israelites were but little better than their heathen neighbors. Some married many wives; all could and many did "put away their wives" for every cause. It was under these circumstances that Christ gave that answer to the Pharisees, part of which has been quoted above. And by that answer He swept away their false interpretation of God's law, and the yet more false addenda of their man-made "traditions." Then, with all the added weight of His own authority, He re-affirms the great primal law of marriage, as being between (only) one man and one woman, and for life: a real union of twain, not to be dissolved or disturbed save by one heinous sin of deepest dye, or by the hand of God in death. Such is the plain teaching of Christ in this passage. Matt. 19: 3-9.

Upon this Geikie in his Life of Christ remarks: "This statement was of far deeper moment than the mere silencing of malignant spies. It was designed to set forth for all ages the law of His new kingdom in the supreme matter of family life. It swept away forever from His society the conception of woman as a mere toy or slave of man, and based true relations of the sexes on the eternal foundations of truth, right, honor, and love. To ennoble the house and the family by raising woman to her true position was essential to the true stability of His kingdom, as one of purity and spiritual worth. By making marriage indissoluble, He proclaimed the equal rights of woman and man within the limits of the family, and in this gave their charter of nobility to the mothers of the world. For her nobler position in the Christian era, compared with that granted in antiquity, woman is indebted to Jesus Christ."

And last of all, Christ has elevated and blessed woman by giving her a full and equal share in the benefits of redemption.

This far transcends in value and importance all else that Christ has done for her. This was already hers—at least in part—among God's people, the Jews; there were faithful and believing women in the olden time, and this largely accounts for the character and position of the Jewish women—so much better than that of others around them. But their ecclesiastical standing under the Mosaic dispensation was secondary and inferior. Often they appeared only by proxy, being represented by the male members of the family; they personally received but one of the Old Testament sacraments, and that one perhaps but seldom, while at the Temple service, when present, they occupied a separate and an outer court. But Christ changed all this. He removed all hindrances, broke down all walls of partition, and gave her in His kingdom—official position alone excepted—an absolute and equal right to all the benefits of the new covenant, with equal and perfect freedom of access to Him, the Mediator, and through Him to God.

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While He lived on earth, in their approach to him, women needed no human mediators or priestly intercessors; they stood not afar off in the "women's court," but directly, personally, and without let or hindrance, they came to Him. In loving ministrations they followed Him, as He "went about doing good;" in the attitude of child-like hearers they often sat at His feet and learned of Him; with their "many sins" to be forgiven, their "divers diseases" to be healed, their sorrows to be comforted, and their "little children" to be blessed, all freely came to Christ, and He gladly welcomed and received them all.

Nor did they desert him in the last, trying hour, but when others "forsook Him and fled," they stood lovingly near His cross, and watched Him while He lived; then helped to bury Him when He died. And, as they were last at the cross and sepulcher, so He put special honor upon them in making them the first human witnesses to His resurrection, the first to speak the glad words, "He is risen from the dead."

Afterward, His apostles and disciples catching this spirit of their Master, which is the spirit of His Gospel, too, went forth and preached to "every creature." They not only proclaimed salvation for woman, which to many seemed a "strange doctrine," but they declared that "in Christ" all the redeemed were one; that henceforth all minor differences and human distinctions were done away; all were swallowed up in the one grand idea, "a new creature in Christ Jesus." For "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free; *there is neither male nor female*, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

This is one of the crowning glories of the Gospel. And this is pre-eminently *the* blessing which Christ bestows on woman. He makes her to be a full partaker of His "great salvation."

Since these things are so, it behooves all true friends of woman to prize this Word of God, to receive its teachings, and to obey its precepts. These teachings, or some of them, are not very "popular" just now; by many they are esteemed as antiquated and obsolete, and are openly rejected. But this is a sad mistake. For be it ever remembered that wherever God's Word and its truths have been disowned and rejected, hurt and damage have surely come to all, and *woman has been the chief sufferer.* So has it always been and so will it ever be. Only where true Christianity has prevailed, where God's Word has been received as such, and its teachings regarded as authoritative and final, there, and only there, has woman occupied the position she deserves, or enjoyed the blessings which are hers of right, or filled the station for which God designed her.

Let every true woman, then, even above all others, receive this Word as the truth of God, believe it, prize it, love it. "*It is your life.*" "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."

Lo, what gentillesse these women have,
If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
How busie they be us to keepe and save,
Both in hele, and also in silkenesse!
And alway right sorrie for our distresse,
In every manner; thus shew thy routhe,
That in them is al goodnesse and trouthe,

—*Chaucer.*

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MY RIGHTS.

Yes, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Jus what He meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He,
Who knows me best and loves me most, has ordered this for me.

A woman to live my life out
In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight through their busy days.

I am not strong nor valiant,
I would not join the fight
Or jostle with crowds in the highways
To sully my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim my right—

The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink,
And none to utter a nay
If it reaches a root, or points a thorn, as even a rose-tree may.

The right of the lady birch to grow,
To grow as the Lord shall please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness, akin to the stronger trees.

The right to a life of my own—
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life, flung out,
That taking hold of it
I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man;
Taking with free hands freely, and after an ordered plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest!—
To stand all undismayed,
Whenever sorrow or want or sin
Call for a woman's aid;
With none to cavil or question, by never a look gainsaid.

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I do not ask for ballot—
Though very life were at stake;
I would beg for the nobler justice
That men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold, till I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal;
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army roll,
And God, who made man's body strong, made, too, the woman's sóul.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

FALL OF HUNGARY.

Thirty-five years ago, Hungary was fighting for her independence from hated Austria.

The revolution of 1848, in France, had sent a breeze of liberty all over Europe. Every nation which then felt oppressed made an effort to gain freedom. In Italy, Germany, Poland, Austria, the clash of arms was heard between kings and subjects, oppressors and oppressed. Kossuth led the movement in Hungary against the domination of the house of Hapsburg.

Hungary represents a rather singular body. A fine head and base, nobles and peasants; but barely any trunk, no middle classes. These two extremes are cemented, not by common interests, common aspirations, but by a strong patriotic love of country. The political system is modern, giving to the people the right of representation in the legislative bodies; but the social system is feudal, differing little in spirit from what it was in the middle ages.

Kossuth struck the patriotic chord. Hungary was ruled by a German prince, had to obey the order of the German officials, to bow before the influence of a German court. The proud Magyars who had saved the empire under Maria Theresa, were deeply humiliated, and when Kossuth called on them to drive the Germans away, to win again all Hungary's riches, power, historical prestige for Hungarians alone, the Magyars responded, and the peasants responded also. But when it appeared clearly, that victory in the struggle could not restore the antique glory of the St. Stephen monarchy, and could only end in some confused trial of a Hungarian republic, then Magyars and peasants responded differently. Division, desertion, and distrust prevailed; after the battle of Semesvar, on the 9th of August, 1849, where Kossuth and his small army of faithful followers were defeated, the movement ceased. Hungary became again part of the Austrian Empire, and the crown of St. Stephen was again worn by a Hapsburg prince.

More fortunate than Poland, however, Hungary did not expiate, in the wholesale murder of her children, the attempt which she had made toward gaining freedom. She even secured greater autonomy than she had before, and she stands to-day the proud half, if not the living half, of the Austrian Empire.

After his defeat, Kossuth found refuge first in Turkey, then in the United States, where he arrived in December, 1851. The next year he traveled extensively through this country, and met everywhere an enthusiastic reception.

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ella Ashby's whole earthly love was concentrated on her child. He was a most winning, pretty little fellow, with hair like sunbeams, and a face that was full of lively, playful intelligence, while at the same time there was often a deep, earnest look in his eyes, that told of the waking of the young soul within. Ruby also grew very fond of the boy, and he gave back her affection in a rich, childish store, and almost clung to "Aunt Ruby," as she taught him to call her, as much as he did to his mother. Ruby was always a favorite with children; she seemed to have a spell for opening the doors of both their little hearts and minds. Mr. Lindhurst took a decided fancy for the child, and unbent and softened wonderfully at the touch of his baby fingers; Miss Nancy grew stiffly to tolerate him, and all the servants, Mrs. Tredwell at their head, made a pet of him; thus little Harry found a bright and happy home in the old Priory.

Great, therefore, was the uneasiness and grief in the whole house when Harry, in the following spring after Mrs. Ashby's arrival in England (it had been settled by Mr. Lindhurst that mother and son should spend a year at least at the Priory, before they went to a separate home) suddenly began to droop and lose color in his round, rosy cheeks, and to trot about the long passages and the garden less merrily. A medical man was, of course, at once sent for to see the child; he did not seem to think that there was much the matter with the little fellow; he said it was chiefly the languor, which so often comes on in warm, relaxing springs, especially in South Devon, and advised change, for a time, to a more bracing air. It was, therefore, settled that Ella and Ruby and the child and his nurse should go for a few weeks to Stonecroft, which, standing as it did on the borders of Exmoor, had blowing around it the very finest and most invigorating air in the West of England. Ella had not lost her landed property—that was the only thing secured to her by her marriage settlements—so this, though it was not much—for she had never possessed any large estates—was saved in the midst of the ruin of her fortune, and Stonecroft was still hers.

During the first fortnight of their stay at Stonecroft, the boy improved wonderfully, and the old busy activity came back into each strengthened limb; but unfortunately one evening his nurse, who was a good-tempered girl without much thought or experience, kept him out a little too late, after a misty moorland rain had begun to fall; he caught a severe cold, which grew worse and worse, till it ended in inflammation of the lungs. In a few days he became so dangerously ill that only a faint ray of hope for his earthly life glimmered around the bed where the little sufferer lay, still smiling feebly when those he loved drew near. This was a trying time for Ruby, a time of anxiety and responsibility, besides her sharp grief at the thought of losing the child. Miss Chichester, it is true, drove over frequently to speak cheery words, and to give valuable hints with regard to the management of the patient; but Ella was completely overwhelmed and crushed by her sorrow, so that she could only sit in the dressing-room of the room where the child lay, and weep. Thus all the nursing and all the care fell upon Ruby Stanton.

It was lucky for Ruby that she had had some experience and teaching, which made her able to take the burden now

laid upon her. She had seen a good deal of illness in the cottages of the poor around about the Priory, and had given active help in many cases. She had also attended a course of lectures in Exeter, delivered for the training of nurses. These things, and her own brave spirit, acting under her trust in God, made her equal to her position. Each day strength was given her for what she had to do. It seemed as if her character grew to meet every fresh call upon her. When she thought it all over afterwards, she could not help wondering at the way in which she herself had behaved. Harry's nurse, the real author of all the mischief, did nothing all day but sob; the farmer's wife, the mistress of Stonecroft, did nothing all day but regale every one in the house, and Miss Stanton especially, with accounts of all the tokens of death, such as cock-crowing at midnight, birds chirping at the window, etc., with which in true west country fashion, she reported herself to have been troubled. So Ruby got little support or comfort from those about her.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me." With what blessed melody the words ran in her heart, as if chanted by a kindly strengthening angel, as she watched her little playfellow of former days lie there, pale and still, as a broken snowdrop. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Those were the words she breathed into the ear of the anguish-striken mother, as she knelt beside her, striving to soothe her pain, and not without some softening result; for Ella, now utterly prostrated by her distress though she was, was not unmindful of her God. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." It came borne gently on the breeze over the moorland, as she kept her silent night watches by the little bed. Oh! thank the gracious Master, who spoke it long ago.

At length, one bright afternoon, the spark of hope that gleamed so dimly was changed all at once into a brilliant flame. All the morning, Ruby had had a trembling half fancy that things were taking a turn for the better, and when the physician, who came out from Barnstaple, arrived, he confirmed the notion. Quickly the joyful news spread through the house. "The child would probably live." Who shall describe the almost wild joy of the mother! What words can give the hymn of silent thankfulness that rose from Ruby's soul.

"And you think that, under God, he will certainly recover?" asked Ruby, looking earnestly into the doctor's face, as he and she stood in the passage, where he was giving her his final directions for the treatment of the patient.

"Oh, yes, he will pull through, now," he answered, cheerily.

"Have you any thing more to say to me?"

"No, nothing, Miss Stanton, that you won't know better than I can tell you," was the reply, given with a genial smile. "The boy owes his life much more to your skillful nursing than to my prescriptions. And yet there is one thing I would say," he added, coming back to her after he had turned to go; "the slightest alarm or excitement must be avoided for him for the present. It might prove fatal."

The doctor's face and manner were very grave as he spoke these last words.

"O, I can guard him from that!" answered Ruby, with assurance.

A minute after, the doctor's carriage was driving away.

Yes, Ruby did feel very calm and assured when she was talking to the friendly doctor that afternoon, with the spring sunshine pouring in upon her through the passage window, with this good news about the child ringing a merry chime in her heart; but, somehow, that night, when Ella, lulled by happy hopes, was

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sleeping a sound, tranquil sleep, such as she had not enjoyed for many a day, and every one else in the house was also retired to rest, and she, Ruby, was the only watcher in the midst of a great, solemn stillness that brooded over the wide moorland outside and wrapped the whole place about with its mysterious wings, she felt more vaguely uneasy and nervous than she had done since the child was first taken ill. All sorts of uncomfortable fancies and thoughts would go on hovering around her brain, as she sat there in the dimly-lighted room and watched the pale, attenuated features of the slumbering boy, which looked whiter and more shadowy than they really were as the yellow, flickering gleam of the night-lamp fell upon them.

What if the cry of some night-bird, or some other unexpected sound, should waken the child with a sudden start, and bring about the fatal crisis the doctor had warned her against? What if the physician should, after all, have been wrong —doctors are mistaken, sometimes—and the boy should be sinking, and this sleep should end in death? Hark! how the soft breeze which had just risen was sighing at the window, and how like it was to the voice of a sister spirit calling the young soul away! Suppose the child were, indeed, dead already, even as she sat there! His face looked still enough for death. A sudden terror seized her, and she started up and bent over him. "Thank God!" he was breathing regularly and quietly. She whispered a prayer, and reproved herself for her timid restlessness, and sat down again.

But do what she would, her mind was still in an anxious, excitable state; it was, she thought, no doubt the weight of trouble of the last several days. The many wakeful nights of watching were beginning to tell upon her; but she really must not give way like this till her little patient was in greater safety; she must do something to employ herself, and so she took up first a book and then some needlework, but could not fix her attention upon either. Then she rose and went to the window, and drew back softly the curtain and looked out. It was a dark night; there were great black patches of cloud scattered all over the sky, and only here and there a glimmering star peeped out and twinkled with a watery gleam. The trees in the garden took all sorts of fantastic shapes in the gloom, and, as she gazed out at them and watched their branches wave in the night wind, as though they were instinct with some strange, unnatural life, it seemed to her that she saw a dark form gliding along behind them; this idea haunted her so, and made her so vaguely uncomfortable, that, feeling quite certain that this was only a nervous fancy, as her reason told her it was, she withdrew from the window, and resolved to approach it no more till dawn.

What was that? It was surely something speaking—it was a human voice in the stillness! Where did it come from? It was in Ella's room, which opened out of that where Ruby watched the child. She glided noiselessly in through the connecting door. Ella still slept, but talked disjointedly, and sobbed in her slumber.

"He is dying! he is dying!" she was murmuring. "His father looked just like that before he went; I knew the angels would not let me keep him."

A chilly feeling stole over Ruby as she listened. The sleeping mother's words woke up afresh her fears for the child. The sad dream, however, passed away again from Ella's pillow, and she once more slumbered peacefully. Ruby crept back to her post of weary watching.

She had sat on quietly for some half-hour or so, when suddenly she became certain that she did hear an unwonted noise somewhere in the house. Her

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mind all alert with her dread lest the child should be disturbed, she listened. It was certainly a low, but audible sound, which was more like the very soft working of a saw than any thing else. She was utterly at a loss to imagine what this could be. The farmer and his family inhabited quite another wing of the old house, on the opposite side of that occupied by their lodgers. The nurse, Mrs. Ashby's only servant, had gone to bed in a room up-stairs, thoroughly tired out, and was not at all likely to be moving; besides, her bedroom was not over that of little Harry. The mysterious noise still went on, and Ruby, fearing that it might end in something louder, lit a candle and stole out into the passage.

Here she paused, and threw every sense into the single one of hearing. She found out now where the noise came from; it proceeded from an unused room which was on the other side of the passage, just opposite that of the boy. It was, now that she heard it more distinctly, very like the sound made by a snail climbing up a pane of glass. Could it be only that? She would go in and see. She was just turning very softly the handle of the door, when she felt certain she heard a noise like the raising of a window-sash. Her heart beat faster and faster, but nevertheless, she entered. The next moment she was standing face to face with a man.

"A burglar!" Such was the certainty that flashed through Ruby's brain. The sound that she had heard had been his cutting out a pane of glass to insert his hand, and thus he had opened the window and found his way in. Many burglaries had taken place lately nearer London, and Ruby, like every one else, had frequently read accounts of them in the papers. But such things are always far more rare in the West of England. A housebreaker had not been among the fears which had haunted her to-night. Now she knew that the figure she had seen among the trees in the garden had been no creation of her fancy; but that it was, at this very moment, all too real before her eyes.

These thoughts passed through Ruby's brain with a rush and a whirl. She knew, distinctly, that a burglar was standing there, close to her; but before any realization of her own danger, came the recollection of the sick child. If the man should leave this room and cross the passage, and, entering the boy's bedchamber, thus startle him suddenly from sleep! And what was more likely than that this might happen? If even Harry was only disturbed by the burglar's heavy step in the corridor, it would be almost certain death for him. With this thought, making both her heart and her temples throb like some busy machine, she turned to the door, and, without pausing to glance at the consequences for herself, locked it; removed the key, and darting forward past the man, who had gone a little on one side at her entrance, flung it with all her force through the open window, so that it fell, as she had meant it to do, into a cistern that there was in the little court-yard into which this room looked, and she heard the splash it made in the water.

All this—Ruby's thoughts; the locking of the door; the throwing out of the key—had happened with almost lightning swiftness; but still it was strange that the burglar had not stirred since she came into the room. In the first moments of her terror, however, Ruby was too bewildered to make any mental comment on the singularity of this fact.

Ruby's situation was a sufficiently alarming one. Here she was, locked in a room of which she had thrown away the key, in the dead of night, with a burglar, with no one besides herself awake, as far as she knew, in the whole

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house; and even if she did cry out, with no one likely to hear her except a timid woman and a sick child. Her position stood out with sudden, dreadful distinctness before her, as she turned away from the window, after flinging out the key; and yet she did not regret the act done to save Ella's boy; and, mindful of that child's dear life, she sent forth no scream of terror that might arouse and startle him.

It now, for the first time in the midst of her fear and confusion of ideas, struck her as remarkable that the burglar had hitherto stood by perfectly passive; and, breathing a prayer for strength and guidance, she glanced timidly at him, there where he stood leaning against the wall, not many yards from her! Then she saw that his eyes were fixed upon herself with a strange expression in them—an expression which was one of extreme wonder and almost of fear. His attitude, too, was a singular one for a housebreaker who had just entered the place he had meant to rob. His hands were clasped upon his broad chest in a tight convulsive way, and his head was hanging down. The light which Ruby carried illuminated fully his face, and as she gazed at it something in it seemed to strike a spark of memory in her mind. For some moments, during which the burglar still neither moved nor spoke, her mind went groping about, then she exclaimed—

"Ben—Ben Bryant!"

"Miss Ruby; who would have thought of seeing you here?" he answered, in a tone which was half surly, yet full of abject shame.

"Oh, Ben," she cried; "and you on such an errand as this!"

"It is as good, perhaps, as many other errands," he replied, doggedly, evidently struggling to overcome the impression the first sight of Ruby had produced upon him, and partially succeeding.

"Ben, you once knew a better way; remember it to-night, and give up this wicked design."

Her hand which held the light trembled a little, but her voice was quite calm as she spoke. She saw that all hung on her regaining something of her old influence over Ben, and she sent up a cry for help from her inmost heart.

"Now, Miss Ruby," said Ben, recovering more and more his hardened self-possession as he grew accustomed to her presence, "I'm not going to stand here all night for you to preach to me. I have something else to do in this house. You are entirely in my power—besides, there are two others, just the like of me, waiting behind yonder wall—so show me at once where all the valuables in the house are, and I won't harm you."

Ruby's breath went and came, as if she were carrying a heavy load up a steep hill; but her eyes met his unflinchingly, as she answered—

"Ben, you shall go no farther than this room. That door is locked, and you can not find the key. Thank God that you are stopped before the full committal of a crime, and can go back to your companions."

"Thank God!" he repeated, mockingly, and yet his voice was not quite firm, as he spoke thus the sacred name. "Come, Miss Ruby, no more of this. Show me where the plate is."

"I will show you nothing beyond that door," she replied, with intense resolution in her tone.

There was, in truth, in the house very little worth a burglar's taking, but still she feared for little Harry, the one precious treasure which Ella possessed. If she could prevent it, the child's life should not be put in danger by his being startled and disturbed.

"You will not?" cried Ben. "We will soon see about that. Look here, Miss Ruby; do you know what this

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means?" and he drew a revolver from his pocket.

She was as pale as the rays of the gleaming star which had just stolen from behind a cloud, and was looking down upon the old house. As pale, but yet as steadfast, she stood before him without a quiver of lip or eyelid. She drew closer to him, and laid her hand on the arm which held the weapon. Again a strong prayer rose up without words. Then she said in a calm, low tone—

"Ben, you will not commit a crime to-night. You will not, because Bessie is looking down on you from above."

As she spoke Bessie's name, the man trembled like a leaf touched by the breeze; she could feel that as she held his arm, but his tone was still sullen, as he said—

"I don't want to hear about old bygone things, Miss Ruby, so have done with them."

"And Bessie," went on Ruby, without seeming to have heard his last words—"Bessie seems even now to be whispering softly to you what she said when she was dying in your arms, 'Come and trust in Christ who died on Calvary,' and the dear Lord, who gave Himself so freely, is calling you, too, in love."

"Those words are not for such as I am now, Miss Ruby," he said, hoarsely, trying to avoid her steadfast gaze, and sliding the revolver back into his pocket with a sudden, rapid movement, as though his mind had just awakened to the shame of having thus threatened with it a defenseless woman.

"But the thief the Lord pardoned on the cross was a greater sinner than you are. I used to teach you about Him at school, Ben. I do not think you have forgotten."

"There can't be any turning back, Miss Ruby, for a man that has gone as far down hill as I have," he said, his voice, lately so stern and defiant, faltering and trembling, his face quivering and softening, until he almost looked like the boy in whose arms Bessie had died.

"There is joy in heaven, Ben, over one sinner that repenteth; and Bessie is one of the angels that are waiting this very night to rejoice over you."

Ruby's voice rang out very clearly and solemnly. As she spoke, her eye kindled, a soft glow overspread her cheek, lately blanched with fear. She looked as if an angel were standing by her, strengthening her, and telling her, in soft whispers, what to say; and so, doubtless, there was.

As she spoke, the strong man seemed stirred and shaken as by a whole tempest of feeling. He covered his face with his hands, and for upwards of a minute stood there silently before her. Then he fell on his knees, and cried out—

"Oh, God! help me."

And great, terrible, bitter sobs broke from him.

Then Ruby knew that, by God's grace, she had conquered, and that the evil spirit was gone out of him. She breathed a short, heartfelt thanksgiving. The struggle had been a hard one, and the sudden relief made her almost break down; but she controlled herself with a strong effort, for she recollected the two other burglars waiting behind the wall, and felt that prompt action was still needed on her part.

"Ben," she said, stooping over him, "the dear Lord be praised, who has taken away to-night your heart of stone. Now, I want you, at once, to show some fruits of your repentance by getting your companions quietly away from the neighborhood of this house."

He hesitated a little, for a touch of false shame was aroused within him at the thought of meeting his old comrades in crime, with his newly-awakened conscience; but good, at length, obtained a final triumph in his soul.

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"I will go. Miss Ruby," he said, rising to his feet, "and do my best to get them away without their making any further attempt upon the house. They will be two to one, and I can not be sure that I shall succeed. They are rough fellows, and may very likely use me hard enough; but it will only be a just punishment for me, Miss Ruby."

"The Master will be with you; you are on His side now, Ben," said Ruby, earnestly.

Then she asked him one or two hurried questions, from the answers to which she learned that he and his companions had come down into Devonshire for what they called "a spree." That being very short of money, they had resolved to break into Stonecroft, where they had heard some rich lodgers were staying. They had all been engaged in burglaries near London, and so were well up to the trade. Ben little thought that Ruby was in the house. They had found a ladder in an outhouse, and by its means Ben, the most active of the three, had easily reached the window. There was a hasty, silent parting between Ruby and Ben, and he left the house as he had entered it. It was settled between them before he went, that if he could succeed in getting his companions away quietly, he should make known to her the fact by three low whistles given beyond the wall.

And now there came a time of terrible suspense for Ruby; it seemed to her as if it must have lasted the whole night, but, in reality, it perhaps only lasted about a quarter of an hour. There she stood at the open window, gazing out l , which was full of nothing but silence and black shadows —there she stood, with a million fears and misgivings thronging around her. What if the child should wake, left alone and unwatched as he now was—should wake and be injured by fright at finding himself thus alone? What if Ben's good resolution should fail when he had reached his companions—such things used often to happen to his better resolves when he was a boy—and the three men should be even now breaking into the front of the house? She strained her ears to listen for any sound which might make known to her that such was the case, but she could hear nothing except the rain-drops falling slowly from the eaves, for a heavy shower had just come rattling down. What if—even if Ben were true—his two comrades should refuse to heed his words, and should have fallen on him and overpowered him, so that he could do nothing in her cause? Oh, why did not those three longed-for whistles come? Why was there no noise inside the house or out, save those monotonous rain-drops ever falling, falling?

At length there was a sound beyond the wall of the courtyard: a sound like confused voices speaking—voices of several men at once: then the report of firearms rang out upon the midnight air, breaking fearfully the stillness.

What had happened?

Ruby felt literally sick with terror; but yet her very anxiety prevented her fainting. Suppose it should have awakened the child, and given him the deadly fright which she had striven to preserve him from? She had scarcely time to frame this thought in her mind, when she saw, as she leaned out of the window, a dark figure advancing through the gloom.

Had that shot killed Ben, and was this one of the other burglars coming to enter in the same way that he had done? "Oh! Father in heaven help me in my sore need."

That prayer had but just left her lips, when she heard some one calling softly beneath the window—

"Miss Stanton! Miss Stanton!"

"Who's there?" she answered, a little reassured by hearing her own name.

"It's John Ridler, Miss Stanton."

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John Ridler was the farmer who rented Stonecroft. "They be took't to their heels, those rascals, and there be no danger now. Thank God, Miss Stanton, that He ordained that there should be such a bold Christian woman as you are in my house to-night, or else who knows how it might have gone with me and mine."

She knew, as this man was here speaking these words, that all must be well, and she fell a-weeping in the reaction of the sudden relief, as she had not wept through all she had so lately gone through; and the farmer the while, not seeing in the darkness those tears, told her briefly what had happened. He and one of his men had risen in the middle of the night to go to see a sick horse, and they had come upon the burglars just when Ben had been shot by his two companions, who, however, had fled at Ridler's and his servant's approach. Ben had been very badly hurt, but he had been able to tell the farmer the story of himself and Ruby.

A few minutes after, Ruby, having been released by Ridler with another key which suited the lock, was holding in her arms, first Ella—who, knowing now the whole story, was sobbing and thanking her for the self-devoted courage she had shown for her child—and then little Harry himself, who had slept calmly with trouble and danger all around him, but was now awake, with his small, thin hands lovingly clasped around Aunt Ruby's neck.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A USEFUL TREE.

Among the varied palm trees of South America and elsewhere, that have been turned to good account, the carnahuba palm, *copernicia cerifera*, is one of the most useful as well as beautiful species of the palm.

It abounds in the northern parts of Brazil, in some places forming vast forests. It is also found in Ceara, Rio Grande de Norte, Bahia, etc. It attains a height of only twenty to forty feet; but its timber is valuable and is used in Brazil for a great variety of purposes, also is imported into Great Britain for veneering. The fruit is black and about the size of an olive. It is sweet, and is eaten both raw and prepared in various ways.

"Perhaps in no country," says Morgan, a British consul to Brazil, "is a plant applied to so many and varied purposes. It resists the most prolonged drouth, and preserves itself constantly luxuriant and green. Its roots possess the same medicinal qualities as sarsaparilla. From the trunk are obtained strong fibers which acquire a beautiful luster, corner-pieces of timber and excellent palisades for enclosures. From this wood, choice musical instruments are made, as also firm tubs and pumps for water, etc.

From the tree a sort of flour like maizena and a liquid resembling that of the Bahia cocoanut are obtained. Wine, vinegar, and saccharine matter are also extracted, as well as a kind of gum similar in its tastes and properties to sage. The pulp of the fruit is of a pleasant taste, and the nut—oily and soft—is, after being roasted and reduced to a powder, often used in lieu of coffee. Owing to its nutritious and appreciable food, the carnahuba palm, it is said, has, during the period of excessive drouth, been the means of sustenance and support to the entire population.

From the dried straw, mats, hats,

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baskets, and brooms are made. Of this straw large quantities are exported to Europe, where it is employed in the manufacture of fine hats. The whole value of which exported and such as is utilized by native industry amounts now to about £117,500 per annum.

Among the many useful things combined in this one valuable tree, is also that of wax. Scales of wax cover the under side of the leaves, and drop off when fallen or withered leaves are shaken. Being collected in this way, the wax is melted into masses, and bees-wax is often adulterated with it. It has been imported into Britain and used in the manufacture of candles; but, we are told, no method as yet has been devised to free it of its yellowish color. However, the annual exportation of these candles is said to exceed in value £162,500.

Thus is found in one tree which our Heavenly Father has permitted to grow upon the earth, numerous useful things for the service of mankind. How rich and bountiful is nature in many, many things to administer to our comfort and pleasure! And yet, how little real praise and gratitude fill our hearts in acknowledgment of them to the Giver of every good and perfect gift lavishly scattered around about us.

SIX YEARS OLD.

"Oh, wind, as you sigh through the clover,
Answer a question for me:
When summer is ended and over,
Where will the buttercups be?

"I shall be wiser, older—
Six, when the summer is done;
The brown thrush knows it; I told her
Just as her song was begun.

"Bee, don't you think I'm growing?
I'm tall as the sheep-cote door;
I measured to-day, not knowing
That I was so tall before.

"Heigh-ho! how I wish the summer
Would hurry along her way!
Pretty brown quail, if you are a drummer,
Drum me a tune to-day!

"When I am older, bird, do you hear me?
I shall be drumming, too.
Teach me your song; don't fear to come near me;
Who could be cruel to you?

"I shall grow up as a soldier, may be,
And eager to march and fight;
Now, I am nothing but mother's baby;
She calls me that, every night."

He yawned and looked languidly 'round him;
Shady and green were the trees;
And there in the gloaming they found him,
Asleep with the birds and the bees.

OLD TRAVELERS—No. III.

MARCO POLO.

To convey the future Queen of Persia, a fleet of appropriate magnificence was prepared—it consisted of fourteen ships, each having four masts and nine sails, and four or five of them crews of from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and sixty men each. The emperor furnished this fleet with stores and provisions for two years. At their audience of leave the Poli were further enriched by the generous Kublai "with many rubies and other handsome jewels of great value."

This remarkable expedition sailed from the Peho, or the river of Peking, about the commencement of the year 1291. It was three months in reaching Sumatra, and in a northern port of that island, near the western Straits of Malacca, it waited five months for the change of the monsoon which was to carry it across the bay of Bengal. On his way, thus far, Marco touched at many interesting places, all of which he afterward described. During the detention of the fleet at Sumatra he was entrusted with the command on shore of two thousand men, there being probably only a few sailors left on board the ships to take care of them. He erected barricades to secure the Chinese from attack, and shortly so far conciliated the wild natives of the island, that they brought regular supplies of provisions to the encampment. The country was divided into eight parts, called kingdoms. As eager as ever for information, Marco visited six of these.

When the fleet sailed from Sumatra it passed the Andaman islands, the inhabitants of which Marco describes as being "idolatrous—a most brutish and savage race, having heads, eyes, and teeth resembling those of the canine species. Their dispositions are cruel, and every person, not being of their own nation, whom they can lay their hands upon, they kill and eat." Mr. R. H. Colebrook, who visited the islands in 1787, concluded that "from their cruel and sanguinary disposition, great voracity, and cunning modes of lying in ambush, there is reason to suspect in attacking strangers they are frequently impelled by hunger; as they invariably put to death the unfortunate victims who fall into their hands."

From the barbarous Andaman islands the fleet proceeded to Ceylon, many of the particulars of whose inhabitants, customs, and productions, Marco describes in a manner little differing from the narrative of Robert Knox.

Leaving Ceylon, the fleet traversed the narrow strait which separates it from India, and again came to anchor at the peninsula where Tinevelly and Madura are situated. Here Marco obtained a knowledge of the great pearl fishery, which is still carried on there as well as at Ceylon. He describes how the merchants formed themselves into different companies, how the fishers dived and employed enchanters to keep off a "kind of large fish" (the shark), and mentions several particulars confirmed by the Count de Noé and other modern writers, but quite new to Europe at the time the Venetian published his travels.

From visiting the spots himself, or,

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from the descriptions of Eastern travelers, he collected information respecting Masulipatam, the diamond mines of Golconda, Cape Comorin, the pepper country, the pirate coast, or southern parts of Malabar, Guzzerat, Kambaia, Sumenat, and Makran. In speaking of these extensive countries he is very correct as long as he draws on his own observations, but he is far otherwise when he gives up his belief to the recitals of imaginative Orientals. This is particularly visible in Marco's account of the diamond mines of Golconda, which have been in all ages a favorite theme of Eastern exaggeration and hyperbole. Here he will remind the reader of the adventures of Sinbad, the Sailor, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." He says, that in the diamond mountains, the waters, during the rainy season, descend with fearful violence among the rocks and caverns; and that, when the waters have subsided, the Indians go in search of the diamonds to the beds of the rivers, where they find many. That he was told that in summer time, when the heat is excessive, they ascend the mountains with great fatigue, and greater danger, for the mountains swarm with horrid serpents; that in the deep cavernous valleys near the summit, where the diamonds abound, many eagles and storks, attracted thither by the snakes, their favorite food, build their nests; and that the diamond-hunters throw pieces of flesh into the caverns which the birds dart down after, and, recovering them, carry the meat to the tops of the rocks—that the men then immediately climb up after the birds, drive them away, and, taking the pieces of meat out of the nests, frequently find diamonds that have stuck to them when thrown into the caverns.

It has been ascertained that the inimitable Arabian Tales were written chiefly about the middle of the thirteenth century, so that, as Mr. Marsden reasons, Marco Polo, on his return homeward at the end of that century, might very well have picked up Sinbad's story of the Valley of Diamonds; though as that gentleman afterward shows, a similar story had been current in the East long before the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" were known.

On his way from the coast of Coromandel to Ormuz, in the Persian gulf, Marco describes the islands of Socotra, Madagascar, and Zanzibar, or the southern part of the peninsula of Africa; and gives slight sketches of Abyssinia, and of several cities on the Arabian coast, avowedly on the authority of persons who conversed with him and showed him maps of those countries and places. Speaking on this dubious authority, he has introduced in his description of Madagascar that monstrous bird, the rukh, or roc—another fable of the Thousand and One Nights. With greater truth he mentions the camelopard, and when speaking of the African coast he correctly describes that interesting animal, whose existence was long called in question. He says it is "a handsome beast. The body is well proportioned, the fore-legs long and high, the hind-legs short, the neck very long, the head small, and in its manners it is gentle. Its prevailing color is light, with circular reddish spots."

After eighteen months' navigation in the Indian seas, the Chinese fleet reached Ormuz, the place of their destination, which was in the territory of King Arghun, the destined husband of the Tartar princess, who had occasioned this (for the time) extraordinary voyage. "And here it may be proper to mention," says Marco, "that between the day of their sailing and that of their arrival, they lost by death, of the crews of the vessels and others who were embarked, about *six hundred persons*: and of the three Persian embassadors only one, whose name was Goza, survived the voyage; whilst

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of all the ladies and female attendants one only died."

A dreadful calamity, however, awaited the princess, who had come all the way from China to Persia for a husband. This was nothing less than the death of that very husband.

"On landing," says Marco, "they were informed that King Arghun had died some time before, and that the government of the country was then administered, in behalf of his son, who was still a youth, by a person of the name of Ki-akato." On communicating, by letter, with this regent, they were instructed to convey the widowed bride to Kasan, the son of Arghun and his successor to the throne, who was at the Portæ Caspiæ, or Caspian Straits, with an army of 60,000 men, to prevent an expected hostile irruption. The Poli made this journey, which must have been in itself of considable danger or difficulty, and placed their imperial charge in the hands of the young prince.

From the camp of Kasan the Poli went to the residence of the regent Ki-akato, "because the road they were afterward to take lay in that direction." "There, however," continues Marco, "they reposed themselves for the space of nine months." When they resumed their journey homewards the regent furnished them with tablets or passports, like to those of the Grand Khan, and moreover ordered that in turbulent districts they should have an escort of two hundred horse.

After these long and perilous adventures, the Poli at length were fairly on their way home. Marco says, "In the course of their journey (*that is, after they had left the residence of the Persian regent, which appears to have been Tabriz*), our travelers received intelligence of the Grand Khan (Kublai) having departed this life, which entirely put an end to all prospect of their revisiting those regions. Pursuing, therefore, their intended route, they at length reached the city of Trebizond, whence they proceeded to Constantinople, then to Negropont, and finally to Venice, at which place, in the enjoyment of health and abundant riches, they safely arrived in the year 1295. On this occasion they offered up their thanks to God, who had now been pleased to relieve them from such great fatigues, after having preserved them from innumerable perils."

A LITTLE AFTER CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas morning. As I was passing down the street, I noticed on the stoop of a small, dingy cottage, a little girl and a large doll. The large doll was evidently a gift of the morning. It had blue eyes, rosy cheeks, immaculately clean, and a great deficiency of dress; yet it was smiling happily. The little girl was slightly richer in garments than the doll, and she, also, had clean, rosy cheeks, and very large, blue eyes full of happiness. She held the doll in her lap, very tenderly; and as the wind was cold, she had wrapped a piece of an old, red shawl around Dolly, to keep Dolly warm. But still it was cold outside and the little girl shivered, and then she knew that Dolly was certainly feeling very cold, and so she slipped from her own shoulders the little, faded and ragged shawl that had covered them so far, and tenderly, very tenderly, she passed it around baby-doll, leaving only Dolly's little smiling face out, exposed to the wind. And then she pressed the dear, little bundle against her heart and kissed it. That is all I saw, and I passed on. I would not like to say all that I felt.

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THE EARLS OF MARCH.

"And at this same Parlement the Erl of March, in the playn Parlement among alle the lordis and comunes was proclamed heir—and next to the croune after King Richard."

Thus writes one of the old chroniclers. These Earls of March, of the family of Mortimer, lived in the time of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., and remind us in many particulars of the Saxon Athelings. They stand in the same near relation to the crown and show the same chivalrous loyalty and the same happy faculty for winning and retaining the confidence and friendship of those who had most reason to regard them with suspicion, and these qualities carried to such a rare extreme as to make one question whether they were not totally wanting in ambition and deficient in courage.

The first of the Mortimers, who was called Earl of March, was the one who was so largely responsible for the deposition and murder of Edward II., and this fact does not predispose us to any special interest in the family. But previous to that time the Mortimers had been held noble, honorable, and as brave as the bravest, as Lords of Wigmore. And again, the son of this very Roger, was restored to favor by Parliament, and his great grandson married a granddaughter of Edward III.; which marriage made the families next neighbors to the throne with only a thin partition between, though they never got any nearer.

But let us see how much we can glean from various sources to tell the story of their quiet, unpretending lives.

Philippa, who married Edmund Mortimer, was the daughter of Lionel of Clarence, second son of Edward III., and Elizabeth de Burgh, the little Irish heiress who was adopted into the royal family of Edward III. and Philippa of Hainault. We can easily finish the story of how her bright, winsome ways won the heart of the big, handsome Lionel, and how warmly she responded to the motherly care bestowed upon her, in token whereof she calls her only child Philippa. All this comes in as a memory.

Around this young Philippa and her husband, Edmund Mortimer, we find grouped a family of five children, Elizabeth, Philippa, Roger, Edmund, and John. They still retain the ancestral home, Wigmore Castle, and here probably these young people grew up, the boys getting an early taste of war as they lived in what was called the Marches, that is, the border territory between England and Wales, and Elizabeth becoming the bride of the famous soldier, Henry Percy, the brave and gallant son of the Earl of Northumberland. Shakespeare, in his Henry IV., gives several very pretty pictures of her as a wife. We find no record of Philippa Mortimer's marriage, nay, nothing save the bare mention of her name.

Of the three brothers, Roger was the eldest, the Earl of March. When Richard, sole surviving child of the Black Prince, became king he was only eleven years old, and Parliament appointed a council of nine to assist the young king in the government. Among these we find Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, and there is every reason to believe he executed his part of the trust faithfully, nobly, and *kindly* towards the king, and was repaid by Richard's most affectionate regard, in testimony whereof, Richard, having no children, recognized him, and had him recognized by Parliament, as presumptive heir to the

crown, and gave him in marriage his own niece, Eleanor Holland, to whom he was much attached. Will these favors stir his ambition, and cause it to whisper of the incompetence of his cousin Richard?

There were not wanting some to suggest and encourage such thoughts, and the test of his loyalty came most surely.

The Duke of Gloucester, one of the uncles of Richard II., was a man of restless, imperious temper, and soon grew weary of the king's weak government. Besides, he had fallen under Richard's displeasure, and kings, in those days, were not slow, nor overscrupulous in getting rid of an enemy. And so it came to pass that Roger, Earl of March, was one day invited to visit him at his home, Pleshy Castle.

No doubt the pure, high-toned young earl was somewhat surprised at the invitation, and still more at the honor and respect with which he was received, for the mutual ill will of the king and duke was no secret, while he, Mortimer, was known to be Richard's staunch friend. What must have been his astonishment, then, when the whole plot was unfolded to him—the conspiracy to depose and imprison the king and queen and place him on the throne! Did the thought come that he might make a better king, and it would, after all, only be forestalling nature by a few short years, or months?

No, not for a moment did he give any encouragement to the plan proposed; yet, thunderstruck as he was, there was no outburst of indignation. Too well he knew the narrow path he had to walk, but loyal, even to those he did not admire, he agreed, at the solicitation of the duke, to keep the matter secret, and faithfully kept his promise.

And now, what was to be done? Temptation and peril—peril to his integrity and loyalty, stared him in the face on every side. He could not be a stranger to the wide-spread disaffection toward the government; his presence would be a nucleus to give it life; and would he always be able to resist temptation and wait patiently until the crown should come to him or his heir in the natural way?

The one wise thing for him to do, he did; craved leave of King Richard to visit his Irish domain, for he had been made viceroy of Ireland, and took refuge in absence.

Here his star went down in darkness and death. He was slain in a skirmish with the wild Irish, but it was a star, a bright star of honor and loyal friendship to the last, and Richard never knew how his loyalty had been tried.

However, Mortimer's sacrifice and self denial could not save his cousin Richard nor secure the rights of his own son.

When Henry IV. had won his way to the throne the two little boys, Edmund, next Earl of March, and his brother, Roger, were sent as prisoners to Windsor Castle, where they were treated with respect, but carefully guarded. The uncles, Edmund and John Mortimer, seemed willing enough to defend the rights of their brother's heir, for when Owen Glendower, the famous Welsh chief, trespassed upon the young earl's estate, Sir Edmund led out the retainers of the family and gave battle. And for some like offense John had even before this been immured in prison by the English king, though, like a fettered lion, it was hard to find prisons that would hold him, and his frequent attempts to escape caused him to be thrown at last into the gloomy fortress of Pevensey, where we lose sight of him.

Sir Edmund consoled himself in his captivity by falling in love with the Welsh chieftain's daughter, whom he afterward married.

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Just here there seems to be some confusion among historians between the uncle and nephew of the same name, but as Henry IV. already had the young Earl of March in his power, we think there can be no doubt that it was this Sir Edmund, wife's brother to Hotspur and brother and uncle to the Earls of March, whose ransom Henry IV. refused to pay, thus rousing the ire of Northumberland's fiery son, and provoking him into rebellion. It is true some authorities tell us that the little earl had been allowed, temporarily, to return to his Castle of Wigmore. This makes a very plausible explanation of his being with his uncle at the time of his fight with Glendower and needing to be ransomed, but brings up other difficulties still harder to be reconciled.

About two or three years after, the two little boys are still in Windsor Castle, and a zealous friend, Lady Despenser, having procured false keys, is trying to spirit them away secretly, with the intention of putting them under the care of Glendower. This was a very natural thought on her part, as their uncle had by this time married the Welsh chief's daughter, but, unfortunately, the little fellows were retaken and carried back to prison, and this is the last mention we can find of the little Roger; he probably died there in Windsor Castle, though there is no reason to suppose they ever suffered harsh treatment at the hands of their keepers. On the contrary, the little earl was given as a ward to the Prince of Wales, afterward Henry V., who not only showed no fear or suspicion of him, no dread of his rival claim, but formed for him the tenderest friendship, and one of the first acts of his accession was to release the Earl of March from prison and receive him graciously near his person.

We can scarcely understand the loyalty between these rival claimants to the crown. Roger, Earl of March, and his son after him, had been acknowledged by Parliament as rightful successor to Richard II., and it would seem as if all rights were on the Mortimer side, except the right of possession. And yet, Henry appears so secure, Mortimer so true.

Had a secret compact been entered into between them in their early days? Was the Earl of March indifferent to the honors of royalty, or was it only that Henry had disarmed all rivalry by his fearless generosity? We know not; we only know that during their whole life their friendship for each other never faltered nor failed; that Prince Henry employed his own and his step-mother's influence to obtain his father's consent to the marriage of the Earl of March to Annie of Stafford; that at his own marriage, and the coronation of his queen, the young Earl of March was given a conspicuous and honorable part in the ceremonies; that, in 1417, this same Earl of March was sent by Henry V. against a hostile fleet "with a suffisaunt power forto kepe the se;" that when the temptation came to Edmund as to his father, and the crown was offered him by ambitious and discontented nobles, among whom was his own brother-in-law, he not only rejected the proposal but revealed the whole plot to the king.

In this transaction Edmund does not appear in quite so attractive a light as did his father under similar circumstances. For, with *exaggerated* loyalty he not only betrayed the names of his tempters to Henry's anger, but prayed forgiveness for having listened to treason.

He is said to have fought by Henry's side and "won great fame" at Agincourt. After this we have only the record that he died in 1424. He died childless, but the claims of the rival house of Mortimer did not die with him, for his sister had married the Duke of York, and her grandson, Edward IV., based his chief claim to the crown on this relationship.

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LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON (L. E. L.)

"I love L. E. L.," says glorious old Christopher North, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, "for in her, genius does the work of duty, and the union of the two is beautiful exceedingly."

L. E. L., of whom Maga's editor has written thus tenderly, was Letitia Elizabeth Landon, a gifted woman, well known to those whose tastes lead them through the realms of imagination, and around whose brief and checkered life-drama there lingers a melancholy interest.

Shining in the sphere her genius had won for her—a brilliant literary and social star—we, nevertheless, find her ever pursued by the grim phantoms of poverty, calumny, and disappointment, and these haunt her remorselessly until the light of life is forever quenched in gloom and mystery.

The daughter of an ancient, but impoverished race, she was born on the 14th of August, 1802, in the Parish of Chelsea, England. Her girlhood, however, was spent in sunny Old Brompton, where, amid roses, and honeysuckles, and sweet-smelling meadows, the future poetess drew deep draughts of inspiration from the broad bosom of the great mother—Nature.

Old Brompton was famous in those days as the resort of dramatic and literary celebrities, and chief among the latter ranked William Jerdan. A clever writer informs us that this gentleman first beheld L. E. L. from his study window, which overlooked a quaint, narrow street in Old Brompton. She was then a laughing girl, daily trundling her hoop, but stopping, ever and anon, to read from a book of poems which she held in her disengaged hand. It is a pleasant picture for the mind's eye to dwell upon—this earnest, successful writer watching, with keen interest, the embryo poetess who, though a dreamy girl, still reveled in the sports peculiar to childhood, and played merrily beneath smiling skies, whereon lurked no shadow of the sorrows that were so soon to cloud her young life.

It was William Jerdan who first predicted that the poetic girl would prove a genius, and it was through his instrumentality and encouragement that her first efforts in composition were brought before the public.

When quite young, L. E. L. became a pupil in Mrs. Rowdon's school. This was an institute of deservedly high repute, and associated with it are the names of many brilliant women whose talents won for them, in after years, lofty niches in the "gilded lists of fame."

It was for a brief time only, however, that Miss Landon remained under the care of her admirable preceptress. Two years later her father established his family at Trevor Park, East Barnet, and Letitia was taken from Mrs. Rowdon's school and intrusted to another teacher. This last proved a relative, and it was while profiting by her excellent course of training that Miss Landon's first dawnings of imaginative and poetic fancy were revealed. We are informed by a biographer, who speaks so tenderly of L. E. L., that we feel he is half in love with the "sweetest little girl in the world," that in the luxuriant gardens and groves that surrounded Trevor Park, Letitia would wander for hours, weaving into graceful, flowing verse the bright brain pictures with which her young imagination teemed.

Those were happy days for the child poetess. Free to follow the bent of her inclinations, she read with avidity all

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books that came within her reach—not lightly and carelessly, but with pains-taking and diligence—laying up, in the retentive cells of her active young brain, large funds of information, culled from the inexhaustible stores of history, biography, and poetry, and drawn on later, when her pen began to do good and faithful duty in the life-work she had chosen.

As a child, she is described as a loving little creature, self-willed and passionate, and quick to resent a wrong, and equally ready to forget it. In after years, when the discipline of life had subdued her, she is represented as impressionable and impulsive still, but singularly sweet and gentle in disposition. Miss Landon was just budding into her teens when heavy, irretrievable misfortunes overwhelmed her father.

Their charming home, Trevor Park, was given up, and Old Brompton, opening wide its hospitable arms, offered a resting-place to the world-weary man and his almost destitute family.

It was here, at the age of sixteen, that L. E. L. wrote "The fate of Adelaide," a poem, which was soon followed by the "First Grave," an exquisite gem composed on the first mound that was made in Brompton's churchyard. Then appeared a series of "Poetical Sketches," which, by their grace and elegance, created no little sensation among the magnates of the literary world. These poems were published in the *Literary Gazette* under her famous initials, L. E. L., and as Blanchard says, these initials soon became a name. Miss Landon suddenly found herself famous, and extravagant praise, mingling with cool, dispassionate criticism, was showered upon the mysterious bearer of those magical letters.

We are told that in the reading-rooms there was a demand every Saturday for the journal to which Miss Landon contributed, and men turned eagerly to the column where stood the mysterious characters, L. E. L. Curiosity was on tip-toe to discover the identity of the charming writer, and this was increased tenfold when it was whispered that the unknown contributor was a lady. Miss Landon was now rapidly ascending the ladder of fame, and if gratified ambition and successful literary effort can conduce to happiness, then was she eminently happy, but

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You touch the flower—its bloom is shed;"

and L. E. L.'s sweet dream was rudely broken by a calamity that convulsed her heart with agony. This was the death of her father—an event deeply to have been deplored, as it deprived her of the care and protection of one on whose warm heart and encircling arm she could have reposed in those dark days when the voice of misrepresentation and detraction wounded the sensitive, pure-hearted woman.

Mr. Landon left his family in a most impoverished condition, and L. E. L. now turned to her divine gift as a means of support for her mother, herself, and a delicate sister. She gloried in her power to aid them, and, ever after, worked faithfully so as to contribute to their maintenance.

But Miss Landon's home was no longer a happy one; she missed the kind, thoughtful father whom she had devotedly loved, and with her mother she found it impossible to live amicably.

This lady possessed a warm, affectionate heart, but her temper could brook no opposition, and L. E. L., who was self-reliant and elated by the triumphs she had achieved as a writer, could still less submit to the restraint and control which her imperious mother wished to exert over her. Altogether, it was a period of great anxiety and unhappiness, exaggerated by the grinding poverty with

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which she was daily forced to battle. The pen is, at best, but a precarious means of livelihood, and often L. E. L.'s brave spirit bent beneath its weight of care and disappointment. Most of her earnings she gave to her mother and sister, reserving but a small amount for her own personal comfort, and we, who are women, can best appreciate the bitterness with which she deplored her inability to afford *two* new dresses at a time. Pretty and varied clothing is dear to the heart of every woman, and Miss Landon often winced beneath the sneering laugh which her plain, and oft-times shabby attire provoked among those whose mental calibers were too contracted to permit them to estimate her by her talents instead of by the meaner standard of dress.

L. E. L. was twenty-two years of age when "The Improvisatrice" made its appearance and proved a complete success.

"The stamp of originality," says Mr. Blanchard in his Memoirs of L. E. L., "was on this work. There was a power in its pages that no carelessness could mar, no obscurity own—and the power was the writer's own." Its gorgeous imagery and voluptuous elegance fascinated its readers, and as the name of the authoress was no longer shrouded in mystery, she was welcomed amid the plaudits of an admiring host into the social and literary circles of London.

"The Troubadour" soon followed "The Improvisatrice," and L. E. L.'s fame and popularity reached their zenith. Eminently social in temperament, she plunged with eagerness into the vortex of fashionable life, and was flattered and admired to her heart's content.

A contemporary of hers has left us a pen-picture of the young poetess as she appeared at this period, the proudest, if not the happiest of her life, and from it we may conclude that she was fair to look upon, though not the perfect beauty, perhaps, that one of her panegyrists has pronounced her. She was small in stature with a complexion of dazzling fairness, soft brown hair, and deep gray eyes full of thought, and shaded by the darkest of lashes.

Miss Landon's poems treat largely of love, broken hearts, despair, etc., and people expected to see in her a pensive, melancholy girl; instead, they found a bright, lively, social woman—laughing at the *divine passion*, and protesting she had never felt its power.

And yet, after such assurances, she would return to her room and in its solitude breathe forth such sentiments as are embodied in the following extracts; one from "The Improvisatrice," and the other from a minor poem:

"I know not why my soul felt sad,
I touched my lute, it would not waken
Save to old songs of sorrowing—
Of hope betrayed of hearts forsaken.
Each lay of lighter feeling slept,
I sang—but as I sang, I wept."

"Love is a pearl of purest hue,
But stormy waves are 'round it,
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it."

It was now, when the wine of life sparkled brightest, that cruel, cowardly attacks were directed against her fair reputation. These insolent attacks, the offspring of envy and malice, were as gall and wormwood to the soul of the proud and sensitive L. E. L.

She writhed beneath the lash of venomous tongues, growing bitter and desperate while realizing how impotent was her wrath. "Sorrows," Shakespeare says, "never come as single spies, but in battalions," and it was L. E. L.'s fate to feel the bitter truth of this assertion. While prostrate beneath this tide of wrong and humiliation, she lost her only sister, and grief for this loved one, added to the pain already wrung from her cruelly-tortured heart, so wrought upon her physi-

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cally that she succumbed to the ravages of a wasting fever.

Nor did the effects of these evil reports stop here; they were very soon to influence her destiny. There was in London a Mr. Forster, a talented young barrister, on whom the beauty and genius of Miss Landon had made a deep impression. He was, in every respect, a desirable *parti* for the unprotected girl, and—though it is questionable whether L. E. L's affections were ever enlisted in his behalf—she did not reject him when he offered his hand in marriage. Could the thousand-forked tongue of scandal have been silenced just then, Miss Landon's destiny might have been happier; as it was, she drifted on down the river of life, to that mysterious death awaiting her on the desolate shores of Africa. No sooner was her engagement to Mr. Forster announced, than envy and malice renewed their attacks. It was whispered to him that his gifted *fiancée* "was not what she ought to be—that she had been guilty of great imprudences, and that her virtue, even, was questioned." Mr. Forster's faith in the purity of his promised wife was unshaken, but he thought it best that these imputations should be investigated, and their authors brought to retribution.

For this reason alone he broached the subject to Miss Landon. Grieved and indignant, she referred him to her oldest and truest friends to learn from them whether these slanders were deserved. From his interview with these friends, he returned to L. E. L. satisfied, and more eager than ever to expose her calumniators and make her his wife. But she had misunderstood his motives. "You have doubted me!" she cried, indignantly; "do not importune me, for I can never marry the man who has distrusted me."

His entreaties were unavailing; she remained firm, and he passed forever out of her life.

L. E. L. felt very keenly this fresh sorrow. She grew morbid and depressed, and believing herself the most unfortunate of women, bitterly declared that "a curse rested upon her."

It was while her spirit still rankled beneath its wrongs that she met George Maclean—the man who was to affect the future tenor of her life, and who may be justly regarded as her evil genius. He was then Governor of Cape Coast, Africa, but had just returned to England on a brief visit, and at the house of a mutual friend he was introduced to L. E. L. He was immediately attracted by her appearance, and soon after addressed her, and the weary, tempest-tossed woman readily accepted him—happy in the thought that, in the far-off home to which he would bear her, with his strong arm to protect her, calumny could assail and wound her no more. Mr. Maclean was a grave, quiet man of about forty years of age, when he became engaged to Miss Landon. He was by no means prepossessing, in person or manner, and that she should have fancied him, was a matter of comment among her friends.

We are told, however, that for a brief time L. E. L. was intensely happy, "basking in the sunshine of protective love;" but clouds were gathering, and the storm broke when she was most confiding. The dark reports that had caused the estrangement between her and Mr. Forster were now repeated to Maclean, and he, deigning no explanation to his betrothed, suddenly left London. He maintained a strict silence during his absence, taking no notice whatever of poor L. E. L's letters. She felt, intuitively, that the slanderers were again at work, and was schooling her heart to meet, bravely, this new disappointment, when Mr. Maclean unexpectedly returned. He volunteered no explanation of, nor apology for, his singular beha-

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vior, and, strange as it may appear under the circumstances, the engagement was renewed. It seemed, however, as if fate had determined that Miss Landon should not enjoy uninterrupted peace of mind during her brief betrothal.

Doubt and suspicion now assailed Maclean's character. L. E. L. was informed that her lover was already the husband of a native woman at Cape Coast. This was denied by Maclean, and so emphatically as to convince L. E. L. that the whole story was a vile falsehood. With renewed confidence in his truth and affections, she yielded to his persuasions and forthwith began preparations for her marriage.

This took place on the 7th of June, 1838, her brother performing the ceremony, and Sir Eduard Bulwer giving her away. In compliance with the groom's wishes, the marriage was so strictly private that only a few of the bride's friends were aware of it until a fortnight had elapsed.

On the 28th of June, L. E. L. bade adieu forever to London, after having held a last reception of the friends who had so nobly stood by her in her hours of trial, and who now gathered tearfully around to bid her godspeed on the long voyage stretching before her.

How little did they dream that never again should they clasp the gifted woman's hand; that the vessel then waiting to bear her away would, on its return, bring the startling intelligence of her untimely death.

It was while on this voyage that she wrote two exquisite poems—"Night at Sea," and "The Polar Star," the last that were destined to fall from her pen. The events that comprise L. E. L.'s brief sojourn at Cape Coast are soon summed up. Her home was in a gloomy old castle whose barren surroundings must have struck a chill to the heart of the woman who had been so lately the idol of a refined and cultivated *coterie*. From her letters we learn that her books were her only companions, the sole beguilers of the long, lonely hours she dragged through, day after day. Judging from the different accounts we have of Mr. Maclean, it is conclusive that there was little or no congeniality of mind or purpose between him and his intellectual wife.

He was singularly reticent regarding himself or affairs, and treated L. E. L. with inexplicable indifference and neglect. He would absent himself for whole days, giving his wife no clew to his occupations, though she was fully aware that he was entrenched in some remote portion of the fortress where she dared not intrude.

After her mysterious death—when the circumstances attending it, and those of her life, were laid bare, this strange neglect of his gave rise to many dark surmises, and there were many who did not hesitate to express their belief that L. E. L. had been the victim of jealousy; that Maclean's repudiated wife or mistress was still at the castle, and that poison had been resorted to, to remove the fair English rival.

On the 15th of October, the Brig Maclean was to sail for England, and L. E. L. devoted the earlier portion of the previous evening to writing letters which she wished to send by the vessel.

Later, she visited her husband who was ill in a distant room of the castle, and after ministering to his comfort returned to her own apartment. Here she received and drank a cup of coffee brought to her by a young native, and he was probably the last person who looked on her in life, for a few hours after, when the stewardess of the Maclean entered L. E. L.'s room, she found her lying upon the floor to all appearances quite dead. There was a bruise on her face, and one hand grasped

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an empty bottle, labeled, "Prussic Acid."

Mr. Maclean and the surgeon were hastily summoned and efforts made to restore her, but in vain. With a single sigh the weary spirit burst its bonds and passed "through those dark gates across the wild that no man knows."

L. E. L.'s death was a dark and baffling mystery, and not until Time's impenetrable veil has been forever rolled away, shall we know whether this gifted woman perished by suicide, accident, or deep and black design.

Her name shines with brightest luster in the galaxy of England's poets, and who that is familiar with her human and poetical character can refrain from exclaiming with Christopher North: "I love L. E. L."

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

"Harry! Harry Push! Are you not up yet?" exclaimed an excited voice outside of his door early the second morning after their arrival at Naples.

"I'll be there in five minutes," said Harry. "Don't wait for me."

"Well, how could you sleep?" exclaimed Alice and Fannie, in unison, as Harry joined them at the breakfast table, a few moments later, and Alice added—"The thought of seeing Pompeii has haunted me all night. In fact, I heard the clock strike every hour in the night, and we have all been awake two hours and a half, at least."

"Then why did you not call me earlier?" asked Harry.

"Because, this is just the hour that we ordered breakfast and the carriage; and what was the reason in having you prowling around? You would have been as cross as your friend, Mr. Morton is, by this time, and one such is as much as we can stand at a time."

Harry was wincing just a little under Fannie's cut at his friend, when Mrs. Lynn asked, in an interested tone:

"But where is Mr. Morton? I thought he would join us to-day, and sincerely hope he will."

"And so do I," responded Alice. "He is so communicative, and knows so much."

"Well, I should decidedly prefer gaining my information from between the leather backs of a Murray, or a Bædeker," rejoined Fannie. "But you haven't told us where he is?"

"At Pompeii, I suppose," replied Harry. "He woke me up making his toilet, two hours ago. He told me, last night, that he would walk out, and as he has a student's pass into the ruins of Pompeii, he is now, doubtless, seated there, devouring 'Pliny the Younger,' Volume VI., with as much relish as we are this good, Italian breakfast."

"Yes, and will be ready to walk with us in the *Popidian*, and to introduce us into the *tablinum*, through the *cavædium* and *atrium* of the houses of *Pompeion*, with a Latin oration."

"Well, Fannie, you seem to have some familiarity with both Latin and Greek terms," Alice interrupted.

"Oh, no, I only studied up Pompeii last night, and shall promise to confine myself strictly to plain English to-day, unless Mr. Morton or our carriage-driver confounds me with his foreign tongue."

But just here the carriage, or carriages, was announced. A double two-horse vehicle seems difficult to find in Naples, so, two, small, one-horse carriages, with a driver's seat perched away up in front of each, had been substituted.

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Alice and Fannie soon decided that they would take it in turns to ride with their mother, and that the fourteen miles from Naples to Pompeii should be equally divided. So they started off.

The city of Naples seems to extend for miles around the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, when, in fact, it is a continuation of suburban villages. Where one ended and another began would, however, never have been known by our excursionists, had not the driver in each carriage called out the names of the villages as they passed from the boundaries of one into another.

At length the broad and beautiful plain extending from the foot of Mt. Vesuvius down to the sea-shore was entered, and on and on they drove. The carriages stopped once or twice, that their occupants might have an interchange of words, as well as position.

However, after a time, it became quite a conundrum as to how the old city of Pompeii ever was to be reached, and when and how they were *first* to see it. After fully an hour's ride into the country, the familiar form of Mr. Morton was seen standing on the roadside, just ahead of them.

Even Fannie was glad to see him, for she had heard so much of the duplicity of Neapolitan boatmen and carriage-drivers that she was quite ready to believe that they were being driven to the wrong place, and would be demanded their purses or their lives. Mr. Morton was standing at what seemed to be the entrance to a little country tavern, and our party were much surprised when they drove up to hear him say:

"I welcome you to Pompeii!"

"Which Pompeii must be in the dim distance," responded Alice.

"No, just here," he replied; so helping the ladies out of the carriages, and offering Mrs. Lynn his arm, he bade them all follow them.

Up into this little wayside inn they went, then up a flight of stairs, and then another. Mrs. Lynn was by this time out of breath, and Alice, Fannie, and Harry speechless with amazement at this strange procedure. Harry had visited some panoramic views of the "Siege of Paris," from the top of a building in Paris, and he began to fear they were going to have only a bird's-eye view of the ruins of Pompeii, when Mr. Morton led the way out from the upper story into a terraced yard beyond.

They then soon discovered it was the real entrance to the city, and, buying each a ticket, passed through the gate, to the edge of the embankment, surrounding the excavated portion of Pompeii. And now before their wondering vision burst forth the strange, weird desolation of the old city of ruins.

The city is, of course, below the level of the surrounding country, and as they stood on the brow of the embankment overlooking it, it seemed to them like an open grave—a grave though, of immense circumference, and disclosing not a ruined, charred mass, but a clean, white, desolate-looking city, the houses without windows, without doors, and without roofs. Perhaps an extract from Harry's own journal may be more interesting:

"The old city looked, as we passed through its narrow streets and into one and another of its public or private buildings, as if it might have been destroyed by fire, except that the whole had been whitened instead of blackened by the process.

"The houses in Pompeii are certainly complete, most of them only one story, but divided into numerous rooms, many of them very small. This can be accounted for, as each room seemed to be set apart for some special domestic purpose. In some instances the frescoing on the walls designated the uses of the room.

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"The houses were built around a court, in the center of which there was often a marble reservoir for water, around which stood beautiful little statuettes, through which the water was cast into the basin in the center.

"One, we noticed particularly, had encircling it at least a dozen of these little statuettes. One represented a dog, another a fish, another a serpent, etc., and out of the mouth of each had issued a stream of water into the basin below. But the pipes, reservoirs, dog, serpent, and fish were all dry and thirsty now, for not one drop of water had they had for eighteen hundred years.

"Leaden pipes to convey water all over the city, and sometimes into and through the houses are all there. At almost every street corner stands the skeleton of a fountain, and one or two whole squares are taken up with public baths. We visited one of these bathing establishments. There was a large reservoir for cold water, around which were small apartments for dressing rooms; small divisions for private baths; a room with pipes arranged, evidently for steam or vapor baths; and a splendid apartment for a waiting-room. This room was beautifully ornamented with frescoes and figures in bas-relief. Then there was a large, common reservoir for the poor people. We were all impressed with the splendor, ease, and even luxury of these Pompeians of the first century. We began to be convinced that even the nineteenth century, with all its vaunted progress, was not much ahead, at least in home comforts and splendor.

"A visit two days later to the museum in Naples, where we saw among the Pompeian relics, the household furniture, the exquisite works of art, master-pieces in bronze and marble, restored paintings from the frescoed walls, only confirmed us in our opinion.

"The streets in Pompeii are paved with irregularly-shaped Vesuvian stones, with elegant stepping-stones at the crossings—no danger of muddy feet in rainy weather. The sidewalks are raised nearly a foot above the street level and paved in fine Mosaic, as are the courts of the houses as well as the floors of the rooms. These latter in much finer style, both in the stones used and in the figures represented.

"We visited the cellar of the wealthy Diomede, and saw the impression of the skeletons of the family on the wall. I believe I did not tell you that we bought a copy of 'The Last Days of Pompeii' in Marseilles, and read it on the steamer as we came to Naples. The houses, you know, bear the name of the owner, instead of the number as now-a-days.

"We visited a number of ruins of temples, and each house had a little temple for the *Lares*, near the entrance.

"But my letter can convey no idea of Pompeii. You must all visit it in order to form any conception of it, as it really is."

The party took a lunch at the wayside inn and stopped on their return at Herculaneum. There, things seemed to be just the reverse of the entrance to Pompeii. The drivers stopped them in a narrow, dirty street, soon after getting back into what seemed to be the city of Naples. Here they were met by a large, fat Italian, who took them down into the basement of his house, then unlocking a door he gave them each a lighted candle and down, down they continued to go. The old guide's only explanation was, "one step," "one step." This finally became monotonous, and they concluded to return to their carriages, though not without first visiting, by a subterraneous route, the part of Herculaneum now uncovered.

The party returned to Naples that night very tired, hungry, and well-nigh worn out. Mrs. Lynn was less fatigued

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than either of the girls, as she had consented to being carried over the ruins of Pompeii in a Sedan chair, by two athlete Italians at the rate of three francs an hour.

The next day proved one of the most eventful of their stay in Naples. They drove in the morning down the seacoast to Puteoli, where Paul landed; got out of their carriages and walked some little distance along the Appian Way; then visited, in the vicinity, the ruins of an old amphitheater where Nero is said to have reveled in the agonies of some of his human victims.

On their return from Puteoli they drove to Solfitari, and got out and walked up to the volcanic eruption which is still in operation there. The old crater is now thickly overgrown with herbage, but there is still near one side of it an opening in the crevices of the rocks, from which issue, with a loud, rumbling sound, smoke and steam, strongly impregnated with alum and sulphur. The rocks picked up near are thickly coated with these ingredients.

It is strange, too, that when this volcano roars vociferously, Vesuvius, twenty miles distant, is almost quiet, simply sending out a little smoke, as if from the dying embers of a fire, and, *vice versa*, showing plainly that there must be, between the two craters, a stream of molten lava. In fact, the whole surface of the crater of Solfitari seems to be but a crust over some cavernous hollow beneath, and a stone thrown down. or even a violent stamping of the feet will resound in the depths below. The younger members of the party concluded that it would not be difficult to set the world on fire at this point.

Mr. Morton accompanied them on this excursion, at least he went by boat to Puteoli and joined them there, and intended walking back, but at Mrs. Lynn's earnest solicitation he occupied the carriage with her, and Harry shared the driver's seat on the carriage which contained Alice and Fannie. This arrangement seemed more satisfactory to all parties than to Harry, but the girls tried to comfort him by telling him he would have such a fine opportunity of speaking Italian, a few words of which he had learned.

Their route back to the city took them through a long tunnel, which penetrates the chain of hills back of Naples, said to have been made in the year 1, by Augustus. Of course this was interesting, and as the terminus nearest the city led almost to the tomb of Virgil, Mr. Morton proposed to Mrs. Lynn, if she was not too tired, they should take this in their day's journeyings.

To this she readily assented, and at Mr. Morton's direction to the drivers the carriages were turned up a little narrow street or road, which seemed to be a winding ascent to the summit of the hill under which they had just passed by way of the tunnel. Going but a little distance, however, the drivers halted before what seemed to be a succession of blacksmiths' shops, and a sooty boy from one of the anvils came out with a large key, by means of which he opened a little narrow door in the high wall which fenced in the street on the lower side. The terraced hillside formed a natural wall on the other side.

Just as they entered the gate Mr. Morton spied a notice posted up, "One franc only to see the tomb of Virgil." Stopping abruptly he demanded of the boy, what it meant, *one* franc for the entrance of the whole party, or one franc each. The boy insisted in French and Italian "only one franc for all." So the party came inside of the gate and the boy locked the door and pocketed the key. The entrance through this little gate was only to the foot of a long irregular flight of steps which went up a steep, terraced

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hillside. The wall for some time closed them in on one side and the hill on the other. But finally they reached the summit of what seemed to be a garden, and then after walking a little distance they began to go down some steps. This brought them to a little dark, cavernous-looking entrance, which was unlocked by another big key and they entered what was either a natural cave in the hillside or a small room cut there.

Around the walls of this room were niches, in each of which, the small boy said, lay some member of Virgil's family. At the end of the room was a marble slab, containing the name and epitaph, which their knowing guide informed them was composed by Virgil himself. As two other places in Europe claim the burial place of Virgil, our travelers were not very deeply impressed with the information the boy guide so officiously offered. However, the girls gathered clematis which grew over the door and picked up a stone or two from near the marble slab, as mementos of this illustrious place.

No sooner had the party made their first exit from the tomb of Virgil than the boy stopped them and demanded a franc for this part of the performance. Mr. Morton had dealt with Italian inferiors long enough to understand them fully; so, looking savagely at the youth, he informed him that he would give him nothing. At this the fellow darted off before them, and giving a whistle, was soon joined by a gardener, who was evidently a party to the conspiracy. The two walked briskly ahead, looking back occasionally at the party as they led them out of the garden, as much as to say, "We'll have you in our power yet." Down the steps they went, with Mr. Morton, leading the array of tourists, following in the rear. Soon they arrived at the little door in the wall, the only outlet, and there stood the stalwart form of a six-foot gardener, pick-ax in hand, with his back against the door, and the black-faced boy grinning at them. "Five francs, one franc each!" was the vociferous demand of both parties.

"I'll not give you one cent until you unlock that gate," said Mr. Morton, addressing himself savagely to the boy. He was too much excited now to talk any thing but English. "You rascal, you, I'll knock your head off if you don't open that gate!"

"Oh, Mr. Morton!" pleaded Mrs. Lynn, "please pay him the five francs!"

"Not one cent, madam! I'll make him unlock this gate first."

Up the steps the ladies retreated, at least far enough to be out of the way of blows, for they were sure there would be a fight, and if the big gardener joined in with his agricultural weapon, it might be fatal.

Harry was too brave to run, but did not particularly relish having to stand his ground at Mr. Morton's back. And so the fight began in real earnest.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
 And awakened the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
 The twopenny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
 A magic on blossom and spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
 In chorus on Valentine's day.—*Pred.*

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Home Sunlight.

TRIFLES.

WHAT will it matter in a little while,
What for a day,
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile
Upon the way?
What will it matter whether hearts were brave,
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?
These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are,
By love or strife?
Yea, yea, a look the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul.

SILENT INFLUENCES.

We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say, or do, even by what we think and feel. The flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process, on a wider scale, is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself. Others are built up and strengthened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.

"QUARTER to nine, time to go; are you all ready?" And Mr. Carrington's clear, decided tones called each one by name.

The little tribe gathered promptly at his bidding, and, he in their midst, set off, books in hand, for the Sabbath-school, Cora, the eldest, with the two little ones, in front, the other two following with their father.

Thus, wending their way with brisk step and cheery talk, they came to a yard, inclosed by a tall, plank fence, on the top of which was perched a funny mite of a little darky, evidently there for a purpose, for, just as they were passing, he called out, in his loudest tones, "Mammy, Mr. Karngton and his chillun dun gone to Sunday-school." Whereupon down he tumbled on the inside, his duty done, and was seen no more.

Mr. Carrington laughed heartily at the

comical picture, and, speaking to Gail and Emily, who walked beside him: "See," he said, "how we sometimes, unconsciously, influence others. No doubt somebody has been making a time-piece of me, simply because I am always punctual. We laugh over this, as an amusing incident, but let us be sure we remember the lesson it carries. What would that be, Gaillard?"

"Always to be in time, father?" the lad answered, with some hesitation.

"That is true, as far as it goes," Mr. Carrington answered, smiling, "and what else, daughter?"

"To do right all the time—in every thing; is that it, father?"

"Yes, it is just this; the very least of our actions, words, or looks, may influence some one when we least expect it. Let us be sure it is always for good."

Of course the little narrative had to be retailed to mother when they reached home, and she laughed, too; but there was a grave look in her tender eyes, as she repeated, softly, "'For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.'"

"I suppose that is true of most people, but how can it be of me?" thought Emily, as she slipped away from the circle around mother and curled herself up in her big chair, that she might hide all signs of the pain in her poor, lame limb. "How can I ever influence anybody?"

And she looked down, gloomily, at her crutches, the badge of her helplessness. "Sister Cora is so brilliant, so fascinating, of course she will influence everybody. she does even now, though she is only sixteen. And Millie, with her great *spirituelle* eyes, so full of love and goodness, will be queen of hearts, though she never open her lips. And then our sunbeam, our song-bird, our merry Phebe—why, she winds everybody around her finger now!

"Then Gail is a boy, and boys always seem to have great things before them. I only am a cipher; my life only touches others to give trouble. So often, when the others would be merry and gay, they have to be hushed and suppressed, because mother knows the noise makes my head ache down to the tips of my toes. But I wish she wouldn't. I would rather bear any thing, almost, than have their fun spoiled."

The mother's eye had followed the tap of Emily's crutches, as she left her side, and was watching her though she knew it not. Indeed, they all understood, perfectly, what it meant when Emily curled herself up thus among the cushions, with the fever flush on her cheek, joining in the family talk only by an occasional sarcasm, as sharp as her own acute sufferings, but always with fun enough to blunt its edge.

Mrs. Carrington saw it was more than mere physical pain now; so, with motherly ingenuity, she dispersed the rest, and drawing up close beside Emily's chair, she said: "What are you thinking of, daughter?"

"It is just that verse you repeated awhile ago, mother;" and Emily told her all the hopeless feelings she had been cherishing. Most girls would have given this confidence with weeping and sobs, but Emily did it with dry eyes, that were only the brighter from the glow of intense pain and the almost fierce effort at self-control.

How tender the mother's face grew in its instinctive sympathy!

"Useless! Why, Emily, my child, if I could but tell you what a help and comfort you have been to me with your brothers and sisters, your life of suffering in itself, has drawn out toward you the love and sympathy of the rest, and made your slightest word or act of more weight with them, than those of anybody else. What should I ever have done with my big,

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rough boy if he had not had his little sick sister to make a constant appeal to his nobler nature; to make him gentle as well as strong, tender as well as brave? Nay, my daughter, never think but what you have just as much to do as any one else, in scattering sunshine and helping, along the household path. Yes, of you also it is true 'None of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself.'"

It is another day, and the children have all gathered in a little knot of excitement, for a genuine sensation has fallen into the midst of their quiet circle.

"If Uncle Gaillard is like father we will be glad when he comes," said one.

"O, but he is not though," said Cora. "Mother said so and besides I read his letter and it was different every way."

"What was the letter like?" asked Gail, with a boy's eagerness for proof.

"I don't know," replied his sister, "it read as if he might be unhappy or discontented or bitter or something, and you know father never is."

"Mother says he has been embittered," remarked Emily in her quick, convincing way: "First by reverses and disappointments, and in later years by terrible suffering from rheumatism or gout."

"And then you know he has nobody in the world to love him but us," said little Millie in her quiet tone.

And so Uncle Gaillard came.

"Well, brother, I did not suppose you wanted the plague in your house, but there was nowhere else for me to go, and I thought may be it would be better for your pride than to have me go to the poor-house."

"A great deal better," smiled Mr. Carrington with genial good humor. "That would be the next worst catastrophe to going there myself."

"There, let me help you, brother," he said, as the new-comer gave a yell of pain, that startled them all as the roaring of a lion would have done.

"And so this is your son," the uncle said, when he had had time to recover somewhat from the fatigue and pain of transition; "what is it you call him?"

"Gaillard," replied Mr. Carrington.

"It is," he exclaimed in no very gentle tone, "what in the thunder did you curse him with that name for? Hasn't it brought disgrace enough in the family already? Perhaps, however, you gave it in those days when I had made a fortune in the East Indies, and was supposed to have something to leave my namesake. Ha! ha!"

Nothing could exceed the cynical bitterness of his tone, but Mr. Carrington only answered in a low undertone that gave no sign of his hurt feelings:

"I hoped, then, as I do now, to give him with the name the heritage of my love for my only brother."

"There! see what a brute I am," murmured the brother in awkward penitence; "you had better send me to the poor-house after all; I deserve it."

"O, my foot," he suddenly roared, as the sharp pain seized him, and for a few minutes he writhed in agony, raging like some tortured, furious beast.

The children stood off in terror, and even Mr. and Mrs. Carrington could only look on helplessly. But Emily sitting down fearlessly by his side looked into his face with a mute, appealing sympathy that seemed to quiet somewhat his frenzy. Then with quick tact she said, "Uncle, may be if you would let me put this soft cushion on the stool under your foot, it would feel more comfortable." He was quite exhausted now, so he sank back in his chair and let her do what she would, watching her movements with a strange wonder.

When she took her seat again beside him, he laid his hand half fiercely on hers and said: "Why were you not afraid like the rest? Why did not you get out of the way as everybody else

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does when I have one of these howling agonies of suffering? O, if you could but know what it is," he added, almost in a tone of apology, "to be on fire all over, as if the quenchless fires had begun on earth, and thousands of imps were plucking your flesh with fiery fingers, piece by piece, from the bone. But tell me, why did not you fear to come near me as everybody else does?"

"Why should any one fear?" she asked simply.

"Child, have you ever suffered like that?" he asked abruptly.

"No, never so bad as you, Uncle, but I do suffer with my hip sometimes."

"And what do you do then?" he queried feverishly.

"I don't know; just like other people I suppose."

The next day Uncle Gaillard was better, hobbling about the house in *his* highest good humor, when he came upon Emily curled up in her big chair.

"Ah," he said, "you here and in a regular fit of sulks! I thought you never indulged in any thing so human. So you are like other folks after all, as you said."

"Yes, I am just like other people," Emily replied quickly, "but what a blessed thing it is that I am *only* sulky; if I should do as you did yesterday, and we should take a notion to begin at once, wouldn't we have a concert? Imagine poor mamma and the rest of the family."

And she gave a little sharp-edged laugh that, to the household ears, so plainly bespoke her suffering. But her uncle was unaccustomed, these many years, to thinking of any one but himself, and never for an instant guessed that pain fully equal to his own was at that moment racking that frail form as he answered lightly: "Come, don't be too hard on a fellow, Emily; if you had this many-plagued misery griping you with hot irons at the end of every nerve, you would howl too, now wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I expect I would," she said; but as she lifted her thin face so pinched and weird with the pain, the truth half flashed over him and he hobbled away wondering.

When he had taken his seat, Millie and little Phebe came and stood beside him and the latter, the usual spokesman of the two, said: "Uncle, were you just talking in fun, as Emily always does, when you said she had the sulks, or didn't you really know that her hip was hurting her? We always know it by her going off to herself that way and curling up and keeping quiet, and mother says we must remember all the time how much she often suffers."

"Does she then suffer much?" he asked.

"O, yes!" answered loving little Millie. "Mother says it is dreadful."

Uncle Gaillard put his hands over his face for a moment, and the children feeling that they were no longer welcome wandered away, while a swift tide of memories came rushing over him, casting him far back on the shores of his boyhood, when he, too, had a mother to be his guardian angel. For several days he really did have the sulks, and the children, still standing a little in awe of his outbreaks, kept somewhat aloof. But Emily said to him one day: "Uncle, you are better now, are you not? And your foot did not hurt you near so bad this time as before, did it?"

"Yes, just as badly, little Emily, but what would you say if I were to tell you that I am beginning to be thoroughly ashamed of myself, since I find that a little, frail girl can bear sufferings, perhaps, fully equal to my own without giving any trouble to anybody, while I, with my fifty-five years' experience, must rave and roar like an untamed brute."

This was only one of the silent influences which Uncle Gaillard felt and had reason to be thankful for in his brother's love-brightened home.

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Reading Club.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH:

Through the Reign of Henry V., in English History.

Shakespeare's Henry V.,

Tales of a Grandfather, through Chapter XXI.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

SCOTLAND.	FRANCE.	SPAIN.
James I.	Charles VI.	John II.

During the next ten years nothing memorable occurred between England and Scotland. Either because a truce had been entered into between the two countries; or because Henry V., King of England, was so much engaged in the affairs of France; or, because the governor of Scotland dared not stir lest Henry should send back the true heir to the crown, which he at length did. France was still rent by factions. The Duke of Orleans was murdered by some men of the Duke of Burgundy's party; the Duke of Burgundy in turn was slain, as is supposed, at the instigation of the Dauphin. We can hardly wonder, when we find the ambitious young King of England preparing to take advantage of these dissensions, and revive the pretensions of the English crown to the throne of France. After the battle of Agincourt, peace was made by the marriage of Henry V. with Catharine of France, though the condition of the country was still not very greatly improved—could not be, so long as the poor, crazy king lived, and his queen, the Dauphin and the nobles of France were as wicked and quarrelsome as they could very well be. Henry V. is called the conqueror of France, but there was a very fair portion of the country which never gave allegiance to him nor owned his supremacy.

The daughter of John of Gaunt, granddaughter of Pedro the Cruel, married Henry III., King of Castile and Leon, grandson of her grandfather's old enemy, thus ending this family quarrel. Philippa, sister of Henry V., married Eric, King of Sweden and Denmark. The long schism which had divided the Latin Church for nearly forty years, was finally settled during this reign by the Council of Constance.

NEW MEMBERS FOR READING CLUB:

Mr. J. T. Jones.
Miss Laura Anderson.
Miss Jennie Anderson.

In response to our request, the following account of the origin and working of the Bellewood Reading Club has been sent us by one of the officers:

"The first quiet hour of our vacation shall be employed in giving you some account of the organization of our Reading Club, as well as the manner of conducting it. We feel that in doing so, we are performing a very pleasant task, as we are very much interested in the success of your efforts to lead the young to engage in a more profitable line of reading. Our young ladies have taken an increasing delight in history during the last few years, and we think no branch can be rendered more attractive.

"We are not vain enough to think that our plan is *the best* that can be devised, but we hope to find that it answers our purpose admirably. When the ELECTRA made its appearance among us last year, we made the remark, 'How delightful it would be if all our history classes would resolve themselves into a club, and begin upon the historical course, and follow it year after year. How many things would be brought to our notice that otherwise we would never investigate.' Hardly had our fall session begun, than some recalled the half proposed plan and would not let it be forgotten.

"But you may know how difficult it is in a busy little world like our own, to command time for any thing that may be classed as an 'extra' This difficulty has given shape to our plan. The movement coming spontaneously as it has from the classes in history, left nothing for us to do but to co-operate and to a certain extent direct. We meet twice each month, on alternate Friday nights. We spend from seven to nine or half past in working up the period under review and in reading aloud. This time may seem inadequate to the purpose, but it is all we can afford at present.

"We may be denominated a semi-official body. We have two officers, a president and a secretary, the latter recording the names, writing the minutes of one meeting, and reading them at the next. Each secretary will remain in office one month, resigning her place at the end

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of that time to another, appointed by the president. Each member of the Club binds herself to observe the following regulations:

"We, the members of Bellewood Reading Club, promise to read faithfully, according to directions, the portion of history that may be assigned from time to time.

"We also pledge ourselves not to communicate during the session of the Club, unless we have special permission from the president to do so.

"We furthermore promise to be present at all the meetings of the Club, unless unavoidably detained.

"We agree that repeated failures to comply with the above regulations shall be sufficient reason for suspension or the final dropping of our names from the roll of the Club.

"You can see that the plan followed will remove, in a degree, some of the difficulties growing out of the limited time we can spend together. The reading of the historical portion is accomplished in the interval between the meetings. The first half hour of the regular session is employed in touching this up, laying broader and deeper the historical foundations, in taking, from different members of the Club, answers to questions proposed at the previous meeting, questions which grow naturally out of the illustrative reading of that evening. These questions may take a wide range, may refer to the authorities, may refer to customs, or perhaps to historical connections not clearly traced by the author consulted for the history.

"For instance, one of the most interesting points as yet presented was in reference to Colme-Kill. When Rosse, in Macbeth, asks, 'Where is Duncan's body?' McDuff makes answer:

> 'Carried to Colme-Kill,
> The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones.'

"The effort to realize the truth of these lines opened up quite an interesting chapter of the history of Iona. Why was it the favorite burial place for royalty? In attempting to answer the question, we became intensely interested in the revelations.

"Then again, and akin, was the question—'Why should Macbeth repair to Scone to be crowned?' This brought under review quite a period of history. One can scarcely follow the famous stone of Scone without sending the mind backward to the earlier events, giving new ideas of the primitive connection between Scotland and Ireland, as well as taking a forward glance to the time when it was honored by a place in Westminster Abbey.

"Such questions and a few photographs awaken keener interest. These, with the readings from Shakespeare, etc. (the middle division of your course), consume the time. Then, if any of the Club have time and inclination to read the fiction illustrating the period, the books are ordered; but there is no *obligation* resting upon the members to accomplish this—it can be referred to the future, if desired.

"Such is our course; we anticipate pleasure and profit from it, and heartily appreciate your work in placing before us something definite."

The successful answerer of the question this time is Miss Florence Leftwich, Maryland, and we give below her very full and correct answer. The interest manifested in these questions and answers is increasing, and we are sure our young friends will find a growing pleasure in the historical research which they call forth.

"When Henry II. entered upon his long struggle with Becket and the Papacy, he deemed it expedient to find a sharer in the dangers and responsibilities of sovereignty. For this purpose he caused his eldest son, Henry, to be crowned king, by the hands of the Archbishop of York. Afterwards Prince Henry, who, like all his brothers, was a monster of filial ingratitude, upon the plea that his coronation gave him the right to royal power, rebelled against his father. The Scotch King and a large number of the Norman nobility espoused his cause, and but for the promptness and policy of the king, the rebellion might have proved successful. But the king, immediately upon learning of his son's treacherous revolt, set out on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Becket, whose assassination he had instigated, and there humbling himself to the dust before the shrine of the murdered priest, he did the severest penance, and finally received absolution. Having propitiated the Church, the rest was comparatively easy. A great victory over the Scots, gained on the very day of his absolution, practically put an end to the rebellion, and brought Prince Henry to his father's feet. In 1183, still plotting treason, Prince Henry was attacked by a fatal disease, and died six years before his father. Thus, though he never succeeded to the throne, and though you will not find his name in any list of English sovereigns, Prince Henry may be said to have actually worn the crown and swayed the scepter of England.

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Since this is the case, the order of Henrys with which we are familiar should be altered; and he whom we now know as Henry VIII. should more properly be called Henry IX."

BOOK NOTICES.

"MY LITTLE LOVE" is the title of a new novel, by Marion Harland, sent us by the authoress. In its leaves she unfolds the beautiful life of "the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes." Nor could we say the life, for it was only the brief span of existence on this earth. The author, with her remarkable descriptive talent, so vividly portrays the picture of little Ailsie Darling's childhood, that we are fascinated and won to the child. She becomes our "Little Love." We, too, stand by her death-bed and touch, for the last time, those wan and wasted fingers, and feel that we can hear no more the blithe and cheery words of our little spirit-friend, and when we close the volume we weep, as if she had really been with us.

The book is one of the most charming romances we have ever read. It is published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

"COOLE-MEE" --a tale of Southern Life, by Annie E. Johns, is a very thrilling romance of the war. It is, however, a book that can be read on both sides of Mason & Dixon's Line. Such stories will grow with interest as they grow with years. For a time the war, with all its horrors, opened too many bleeding wounds to be a subject of every-day conversation. But now our young people, whose fathers were soldiers, are discovering that they know too little of the war, and are eagerly looking for just such romances as the one Miss Johns has given us. It is printed at the *Leaksville Gazette* office, Rockingham, N. C. Price, 50 cents.

THE "ALPHABET CLUB." A book for very little folks dedicated by a mother to "A tiny, golden-haired lady, who stands with eager, upturned face at the foot of the ladder of investigation." Appealing, as it does, to two qualities seldom wanting in children, their imitativeness and their aptness to learn, it will be sure to find favor with the little folks, and give them a good deal of information besides. By Effie Hand Martin; published by Thomas S. Gray, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

LITERARY NOTICES.—We take a special pleasure in awakening the interest of the readers of the ELECTRA this month in our exchange table, from the fact that with most of them we have formed a combination, so that the readers of the ELECTRA can now obtain any one or all of them at a reduced rate. The January number of the *Eclectic*, the first number of the new volume, is at hand, and is of unusual interest. It contains a beautiful steel engraving of "The Titian Family," one of the finest that has ever appeared in the magazine. The first article is a striking one on "The Poetry of the Early Mysteries," by F. M. Capes, which gives a description of the wonderful old miracle play of the Middle Ages. The celebrated orientalist, W. R. S. Ralston, contributes a paper on the folklore and myths of India, under the name of "Some Indian Stories." A posthumous contribution of Ivan Turgenieff, under the title of "Senilia," is given. Here the great Russian's latest studies and dreams are collected. A striking feature of this issue is the number of brilliant short papers. Among these may be specially mentioned "Dust and Fog," by William Sharp; "The Napoleon Myth," from the *St. James Gazette*; "Martin Luther," from *The Spectator*; "An Annamese Decalogue," from *The Saturday Review*, etc., etc. This being the first number of the volume, it is a favorable time to subscribe for the year. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year

THE contents of the *Century* give a varied and wide scope for an intellectual treat. "Edinboro Old Town." by Andrew Lang; "Aurora," by Henry Tyrrell; "Log of an Ocean Studio," "An Average Man," "Some Old Considerations," "Extracts from a Journal of a Trip to Europe," by James A. Garfield, are among the leading articles.

AND *St. Nicholas*, from the same publishers, is as bright and charming and fresh as ever.

Wide Awake is, of course, never asleep, and we heartily suggest to our little friends to peep under the coverlids and see what it has to say for their entertainment, amusement, and instruction. While "Pansy," "Baby Land," and "Our Little Men and Women" come in to fill up, so that, even to the cradle, we find that D. Lathrop & Co., of Boston, are ready with suitable literature.

THE *Southern Historical Papers*, published by J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Richmond, is what its name designates—a Southern *History*, and one which all should read.

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WHILE the *Bivouac*, published by the Messrs. McDonald, just here at our own door, keeps up the lighter and brighter side of the war. Even the little folks are not forgotten, as they have a special corner for "war stories."

WE welcome, also, another neighbor, the *Medical Herald*. It comes at the beginning of the new year, in a clean, new dress, which we admire. The editorship of this excellent journal has recently been changed, and it is now presided over by Drs. Edward Miller and W. H. Galt. They promise a bright and successful future for the *Medical Herald*. We wish it every success. It is published by Messrs. Gleason & Skillman, of this city.

THE *American Psychological Journal*, published by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, is a medical journal of real value, and seems to keep abreast of the times in its psychological researches.

Brainard's Musical World is perhaps the best musical journal published. It is sold by all news dealers.

THE *St. Louis Illustrated Magazine* comes to us, looking brighter, and cleverer, and fresher than ever. Its illustrations, we think, compare very favorably with those of other journals. The general impression the magazine made upon us is, that it has proven a success, and we cordially welcome it to our exchange table.

THE *Ladies' Pearl* is, we believe, the oldest Southern magazine in existence, as it has been sustained for more than thirty years. It has always maintained the character of a magazine of pure literature, one which can be cordially welcomed to our households without fear of taint or blemish from any thing on its pages.

WE would refer our readers to our "combinations" for the price of these magazines, as our clubbing rates will enable them to get any or all of these cheaper than they could direct from the publishers.

THE Richmond *Literary Miscellany*, published by the Alpha Literary Society, in Richmond, Va, is an ambitious young aspirant in the editorial field that seems to be gaining a deservedly firm foothold, and whose progress we have watched with considerable interest, partly on account of its real worth, and partly from the fact that it is entirely the work of young men who are engaged in other business, and to whom this is merely a literary recreation for leisure moments.

WE note a laudable enterprise among the workingmen in the *Inland Printer*, Chicago. This paper, a quarto of twenty-four pages, is one of the brightest, freshest, cleanest sheets we have seen. Nor is it to be wondered at, when known that the work is all done by printers. Its object is the mutual improvement of themselves, and we especially commend it, both for its object and its success.

ALFRED TENNYSON has recently been made baron. This is but a just appreciation of real merit.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, the great archæological discoverer and writer, is spending the winter in the Isle of Wight.

Scrap Book.

ODDITIES.—One of the "oddities" in this section, is a good old farmer, whose amusing and original sayings are rehearsed for miles around.

When the first railroad passed through here, not many years ago, he was half wild with excitement. The huge, snorting, fiery engine filled him with alternate admiration and alarm. The officers of the road offered a free ride to any who would accept of the favor. After much halting, farmer Rustic, with his wife, "Horaby," were induced to join the excited excursionists.

All, at first, went smoothly enough. At length the first station was reached. As the cars jolted and shook and finally stopped, the old farmer, tightly clasping the arm of his seat, addressed his wife in tones of the wildest consternation:

"There, Horaby! I telled ye so! She is done struck a stump!"

The same man was attending preaching, where a new minister held forth. It had never been the habit to take up collections in that neighborhood, but the young divine, hoping to institute a more progressive order of things, insisted, after the sermon, that the trial should be made.

Farmer Rustic was the first one to whom the embarrassed deacon advanced, with the out

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stretched hat. The old man quietly took it, placed it on his head, and said:

"Thankee, neighbor! Don't keer if I du. Mine's a-most dun fur, enny-way!"

Imagine the picture!

> The good old deacon strove to frown;
> The youths and maidens smiled,
> While Farmer Rustic, looking down,
> Seemed lost in revery mild.
> The preacher's fair and saintly face
> Was flushed to rosy-red;
> He went to pray; instead, said "grace."
> "We'll close!" at last he said.

M. M. A.

A QUESTION for the Scrap book has been propounded by ——, one of our youngest readers. It is: "How many words can be made from the word ELECTRA?" The only limit to the answer must be the big, leather bindings of our best English dictionaries. Any word found within those boundaries shall be admissible.

As the question comes from a reader under twelve years of age, we propose that candidates for the prize shall carry the weight of less than one dozen years on their backs. Either old or young may send us answers, but the prize will only be given to some boy or girl under twelve years of age. The little friend who asks the question proposes to give the prize, *a pretty Easter Card*, to the one who sends the largest list of words, within a month.

Take care that the little reader does not keep the card herself.

THE following story has been told of the love-making of Daniel Webster:

He was then a lawyer. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher, he had, probably with a view to utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying: "Grace, we have long been engaged in untying knots, let us see if we can not tie a knot; one which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. In the little box marked by him with the words, "precious documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found—the knot never untied.—*Tit-Bits.*

MANY persons know what should be done, but they lack the ability to do it. Others have the faculty of carrying out whatever they are told to do, but they fail to see themselves what is needed.

OPIE was once painting an old beau of fashion. Whenever he thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said, very quietly: "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."—*Arts and Artists.*

THE researches of Dr. Schleimann on the supposed site of the city of ancient Troy have been rewarded by discoveries which have a world-wide interest—proving not only the existence of the city, so often asserted to be purely mythical, but the general accuracy, both of the Homeric and Virgilian, the Greek and Latin accounts of the people, their celebrated citadel, and its ten years' siege. These researches prove that the site of the city, supposed by Herodotus, Xenophon, Plutarch, and other writers to be on the heights now called Hissarlik, was accurately laid down by those writers.

NOTHING can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE worst class of sums worked in the everyday world is ciphered by the diseased arithmeticians, who are always in the rule of subtraction as to the merits and success of others, and never in addition as to their own.

LEARN never to boast. You are not of a bit more use in the world than your neighbor. Whatever may be your abilities, it is quite possible, nay certain, that he is of quite as much use in his sphere as you are in your own.

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired, naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

GREAT is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.—*Leighton.*

A WORTHY Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it *now*, for I shall not pass this way again."

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A SCHEME OF EMIGRATION.

The "Brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "Boobies" all to "Scilly,"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "Furriers" to "Chili."

The little, snarling, caroling babes
Who break our nightly rest
Should be packed off to "Babylon,"
To "Lap" land or to "Brest."

From "Spithead" "Cooks" go o'er to "Greece,"
And while the "Miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea Coast,"
"Spendthrifts" are in the "Straits."

"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
"Wine bibbers" to "Burgundy,"
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles."
"Wags" at the "Bay of Fundy."

"Bachelors" to the "United States,"
"Maids" to the "Isle of Man;"
Let "Gardeners" go to "Botany Bay,"
And "Shoeblacks" to "Japan."

Thus emigrate, and misplaced man
Will then no longer vex us,
And all who are not provided for
Had better go to "Texas."—*Boston Journal.*

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sowing any thing but tares?

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

The days of summer grow longer as we go northward, and the days of winter shorter. At Hamburg, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Finland, the longest has twenty-one and a half, and the shortest two and a half hours. At Wanderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not sinking below the horizon for the whole of that time, but skimming along very close to it in the north.—*Tit-Bits.*

"That's only a wedding trip," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's trail.

Salutations.—The negro kings on the African coasts salute each other by snapping the middle finger three times.

In Otaheite they rub noses, a custom common with many savages.

The Japanese remove a slipper, and the natives of Arracan their sandals.

Philippine Islanders take a person's hand or foot and rub it over their faces.

Laplanders smell of the persons they salute.

The Dutch say, in salutation, "May you eat a hearty dinner," or, "How do you sail?"

The Spaniards say, "How do you stand?" and the French, "How do you carry yourself?"

Glimpses into Nature.

Brief Notes on Flowers, Birds, and Insects.—*June 23d.* A short walk for fresh plum leaves for my larva, and as the English people say, "a constitutional," as well. Passed vigorous plants of Asclepias, and their peculiar little red beetle feeding upon them—not yet time for the Danius caterpillar—at least I saw none of them. Chased thousands of larval grasshoppers before me in the meadow. A practical thought came into my mind—these will make fine food for our turkeys.

25th. Last fall in nutting time a little child came along with a box-wagon full of walnuts. I saw, as the hulls of some of them were broken, there was a quantity of small, white worms concealed under them. I took two of the walnuts to see what kind of fly these worms would reveal. Putting them with about an inch of earth into one of my jars, I set them away for the winter. Every morning now for two or three days past, the jar has had some small flies in it, as unlike the parent worm as possible, about the size of the house fly—not so heavy quite—green eye, yellow thorax and abdomen, black-spotted, clear wings, and, as they say woman talks, "a sweet, little fly." The walnuts, too, have sprouted and I shall have trees as well as flies. Tent caterpillar moth—Clisiocampa—in its soft tints, this morning. One among the first insects whose habits I observed. Their carpets spread along the branches, as far as their tramping-ground extended, were exceedingly interesting to me as they served for a foothold for the young caterpillar.

27th. Emptying one of my jars to dampen

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the moss it contained, forgetting my plum larva, I tore open the cocoon it had constructed in it; when I saw the poor, quivering thing, transformation not yet complete, I felt as if I had torn my own flesh. Folding it in canton flannel and placing it between some pieces of moss, I set it away, having done what I could to repair the injury; but I fear it will die.

28th. One of my arctians out; beautifully marbled-grey and scolloped fore wings. Hind ones black, edged with a silver stripe. About an inch and a half across. It remained perfectly quiet all day, but when night came made its way through the open window.

29th. I have been watching, with an opera-glass, a pair of orioles feeding their young--and as the nest was not more than ten steps from where I stood, could see them plainly. They would come and go at quick intervals; the male generally with a song—could sing even with a worm in his bill—the female seeming to consider it too serious a business for such an accompaniment. But I must not forget that, among birds, the male is the songster, and that he, too, is the most gaily dressed. There was a heavy shower falling while I observed them, but through it all they continued to feed. At length they became very wary, and seemed to think my position not a casual one—would alight on objects around me, and seemed troubled, not going directly to the nest, as they had done before. They would take off with them pieces of egg-shell. Did instinct tell them not to drop the shells around the nest, for fear it would lead to discovery? The brood have grown so large that they have become quite clamorous. I shall not have the pleasure of watching them much longer. I saw the old birds when they selected the red maple in which to hang their nest, and during the process of building. They did not know their quiet ways were such a source of entertainment to any one.

30th. Going into the room this morning, I startled a little silvery moth. I knew it was a Tinea, and it brought to mind the larva I had imprisoned. On opening its glass, I found the case empty and the moth flown. It had escaped through the meshes of its covering, which, although doubled, was not close enough to retain so small a moth. I once visited the home of an old bachelor student, with his sister. She took the fly-brush from the dining-room and, going into his chamber, struck right and left around the walls at the moths that had come into his lamp the evening before. On remonstrating with her, she told me that they were so destructive to the woolen clothing and blankets about the house. I never see the guilty moth, without thinking of this wholesale destruction of "the innocents."

July 3d. My orioles are gone. I miss the sweet chattering of the young, as they received the delicious morsels the old birds brought. Their home life was brief; they now inhabit the wood, and we wonder how long they will keep sight of each other—keep unbroken the home bond! If they had given me notice they were going, or flung one good-bye from the tree-top, I should not miss them so much. There is a sad want in that part of the yard—though every thing is as green and beautiful as ever, we miss the brightness of their presence and their song.

I saw a butterfly of the Vanessa tribe, depositing her eggs on the runners over the porch, to day. I shall watch these eggs until hatched, as I am not acquainted with the caterpillar.

4th. Some one going into my little room, calls to me below stairs, "One of your butterflies is out." On going up I saw a papilio asteria—it had been so long coming, I thought it would never "burst its shell." I reared it as a grub, and witnessed its first transformation more than ten months ago.

5th. Minnie brought me in a hornet's nest—that of vespa maculata. She discovered it in the tree while gathering cherries, and it was well for her that some bird had rifled it of its contents before she laid hands upon it. It is a very pretty thing about the size of an orange, with a small hole torn into it near where it was fastened to the branch, just large enough to draw out the young larva. What a horror and dismay must have seized these hornets, when they returned to find their home so devastated.

7th. My white grubs of the 25th of June with which I was so aghast, have developed a species of Tachina—an ugly, bristly fly. I shall recognize it, hereafter, and understand its nefarious work.

10th. My "hawk" moth, taking advantage of the presence of company, took its departure without my seeing it at all. It was a large species, and tongue case free.

11th. From the half-transformed larva which I so daintily wrapped in canton flannel, has appeared a pretty, gray moth, with metallic spots, bright green, on the wing near the body; its wings closed like a delta moth. It did not

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pretend to weave another cocoon, but became a naked chrysalis, just resting on the soft flannel.

14th. Dick brought me, this morning, a square-browed harvest fly, or dogday cicada. It was the first I had seen this season, looking very meek (for it had scarcely hardened), after creeping from the old brown shell that had served it during its larval state. I put it out on the vines, for by-and-by, as the days increase in heat, it will send out its long-drawn cadences as if it was the time of perfect enjoyment.

17th. A walk – and what summer-blooms did you gather? The long, swaying plumes of black cohosh, the yellow foxglove (digitalis), the American harebell, enchanter's nightshade, and the sweet, little wintergreen, with its wax-like blossoms, and delicate perfume, and its beautifully-variegated foliage, with some of the interesting parasitic plants of the monotropsis family.

27th. As little Rebecca was giving the pointer his breakfast, she stooped to set the plate on the grass and saw, as she said, "a great many bugs crawling up the tree," begging me to come and see them. A great mass close on each other's heels, looking like a shoal of fishes, were moving up the trunk of the tree, their long antennæ tapping every thing as they made their way upward. I suppose they came from the earth around the roots of the tree. They settled on the first branch they came to, and continued there during the day, then moved their quarters to another branch. They soon commenced moulting, and their wings began to grow, at first perfectly transparent and erect. After a short time they got dark and rested on their bodies, extending beyond them a short distance. They were not more than the fourth of an inch long. I must try and keep up with these nomads.

Aug. 2d. The presence of guests has interrupted my communings with bees, and butterflies, and birds. Never before had such an opportunity for studying bees—for they have swarmed in the vines over the gable for the last month – five or six species, and the "cuckoo" among them seeming as busy as they, gathering the pollen.

A pair of American gold-finches built their nest in the maple over the walk near the gate, during the last days of July, and though many gay parties have started off on excursions with loud talk and laughter, and frequent games of croquet were played under them, they did not seem to mind it, but twittered and rollicked in flight till it was finished, and the eggs laid and partly incubated as apparently undisturbed as if in the depths of the forest. What is peculiar about this bird, is, that it rears its young in the month of August, when all the other birds have become mute, and retired to cool and shaded places to avoid the heat.

Bits of Science.

FLOWERS COURTING INSECTS.—Every flower, or at least every conspicuous and brilliantly-colored flower (which includes all the kinds that ordinary people usually notice), lays itself definitely out to secure the suffrages of some particular class of insects which aid in fertilizing its embryo seeds by carrying pollen on their heads and legs from one plant to another of the same sort. But all flowers do not lay themselves out for exactly the same kinds of insects; some of them are specially adapted for fertilization by one group of insect visitors, and others of them are specially adapted for other groups. We are most of us more familiar with the action of bees in this respect than with the action of any other pollen-seekers or honey-eaters, because the bee is a creature of immediate importance to man himself, as well as because more attention has probably been called in books to this particular case of insect agency than to any other; and there can be no doubt that a larger number of flowers have adapted themselves in shape, color, and in general arrangement to the tastes and habits of bees than have adapted themselves to all the alternative visitors put together. Still there are a great many plants which have laid themselves out to attract various minor insect tribes with more or less conspicuous success. Some of them cater rather for the small, color loving beetles, which specially affect bright, golden-yellow blossoms; others endeavor to allure the carrion flies by imitating the nauseous smell and livid color of decaying animal matter. Yet others seek to curry favor with the omniverous wasps by their dingy hues and open stores of honey; while a considerable number (amongst them our friend

the honeysuckle) conceal their nectar in deep, narrow tubes, where it can only be extracted by the long, coiled-up tongues of moths or butterflies. In the tropics not a few large and brilliant tubular flowers have even called in the birds to their assistance, and are habitually fertilized by the kind offices of humming-birds, sun-birds, and brush-tongued lories.—*Grant Allen, in Gentleman's Magazine.*

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.—The greatest success so far achieved in this department of science was accomplished not long ago by Mr. George Rockwood, of New York city. He made twenty photographs of sound waves! The instrument which represented the sound waves is a telephone, the vibrating diaphragm of which has a fine metallic point on the side opposite that on which the voice is projected. This point meets the pointed end of the conducting wire so nearly that a strong lens is needed to see that there is any space between them. The voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate, and of course the fine point touches the wire, and is then separated from it according to the rapidity of that vibration. The photographs show the alternate contact and separation of these two points. Inasmuch as the electric spark lasts only one twenty-four thousandth part of a second, the pictures were taken in that short space of time.

IF a man is wounded so that blood flows, that flow is either regular or by jets or spurts. If it flows regularly, a vein has been wounded, and a string should be bound tightly around below the wounded part, that is, beyond it from the heart. If the blood comes out by leaps or jets, an artery has been severed, and the person may bleed to death in a few minutes; to prevent which apply the cord above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart.

AIR-GERMS AT DIFFERENT SEASONS.—The observations conducted at the observatory of Montsouris show that there are, on the average, eighty bacteria in a cubic metre of air. The highest number was observed in the fall, the lowest in the winter. There were found fifty bacteria in December and January, only thirty-three in February, one hundred and five in May, fifty in June, and one hundred and seventy in October. The diagrams of daily observations show that the number of spores of these algæ increases with the temperature. Inversely to what takes place in the case of the molds, the number of the schizophytes, small in rainy weather, rises when all the moisture has disappeared from the surface of the soil. The counteraction of moisture is stronger than the direct action of temperature; and this fact accounts for the rarity of the bacteria after the great rains of February, April, and June. Still a long period of dry weather does not appear to be favorable to the development of the plants. The number rises at first during the hot season, but diminishes under the influence of a progressive dessication toward the second or third week. The diminution in hygrometric conditions manifested in September and October explains the recrudescence of the bacteria during these months. Some micographers have suggested that the germs may be transported by the vapor of water; but M. Miquel's experiments invalidate this hypothesis, and indicate that the evaporation of water from the surface of the ground never carries any schizophytes with it.

On the other hand, numerous tests have shown that dry dusts, especially those of hospitals, proceeding from substances in a state of putrefaction, sanious pus, and the dejections of the sick, are charged with microbes. Great agglomerations of men furnish the most of them. According to the measurements made in the Rue de Rivoli and Montsouris, the air in the interior of Paris is nine or ten times richer in bacteria than that in the neighborhood of the fortifications.—*M. Louis Olivier in Popular Science Monthly.*

DR. ABBOTTS recommends us all to breathe, as far as possible, through the nostrils, especially in cold, damp, or foggy weather, instead of taking the cold air straight into the warm lungs through the open lips. He says: "The air, passing more gradually to the lungs, is elevated in temperature by being brought in contact with the warm membrane lining the various nasal passages, while numerous small impurities, such as small particles of dust, or even germs of infectious disease, are detained by the minute, vibrating, hair-like filament with which the membrane is studded."

THE *Moniteur Scientifique, Quesneville,* for May, states that many iron slags contain as much as 10 per cent. of phosphoric acid. The value of such slags as a manure is unmistakable; but it is recommended that they should be simply ground rather than rendered soluble by means of sulphuric acid.

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The Grapheion.

THE special themes of annual calendaic interest to be remembered this month are General Washington's birthday, ground hog's day, and Valentine day. General Washington has been so frequently held up as a model to small boys in the use of the hatchet, etc., that the subject is threadbare.

The ground hog has been so overshadowed by Tice, Vennor, Signal Service reporters and their like, that their shadow is no longer noticeable on either clear or cloudy days. Whereupon, after a long ground-hog counsel, they have at last decided that man's contempt of them is beyond forbearance and they will no longer make their appearance on the earth on this, their appointed anniversary.

"Yes," said an old Mrs. Ground Hog to an aspiring youth, who was contemplating his first debut on February 3d, "When men were ignorant they gladly availed themselves of *our* wisdom. Your grandfather's shadow was the the almanac of this whole section of country, but now your shadow would have no more effect than the crowing of those impertinent cocks up at the farmyard. One thing certain is we will never have to bear the insult of having our mouth shut, as they will. Our wisdom was always silent and deep."

Thus dispatching two of the important eras we have only time to say a word about Valentine's day, and will give our readers Noah Webster's definition of it.

Webster says, "It was a very odd notion alluded to by Shakespeare, that on this day birds begin to couple; hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending, on this day, letters containing professions of love and affection."

And, as the day gives the privilege of sending these missives anonymously, the diffident swain is emboldened to express his affection with an ardor he perhaps would never have courage to do otherwise; and as, in these days, there must be a comic side to almost every thing, by most ridiculous caricatures, under shelter of the unknown, the keen shafts of wit are pointed at glaring faults and foibles, though these covert sneers do not even pretend always to confine themselves to fact.

THE month of February has glided in upon us almost unawares, and being the shortest month in the year will doubtless glide by us still more quickly.

February has, however, regarding her number of days, an old score to settle which suit, if brought and decided in her favor, may make her the longest month in the year. Be it known that in the time of Augustus, Emperor of Rome, that when the eighth month of the year received the august name of the emperor, one day was ruthlessly taken from February and added to this eighth month that it might not longer be inferior to July. After this manner the month of February has, for 1800 years and more, received a gross injustice in the loss of twenty-four hours of her rightfully-appointed time. The addition of one day in four years is no compensation for this, as that but makes up in part for her never having received her full measure. Now, the only possible cancelling of this old debt will be to restore to our injured February this entire period of time. Let us lay into her lap the 1800 days as her rightful possession. No honest thinker could deny her this right.

But how shall it be done? Shall we return them all at once—then the month of February would stand out over the year as long as Mark Twain's Mississippi river will over the Gulf of Mexico, by his ratio of its increased length, in the next one hundred years. If we give her a month at a time that will make winter so long and summer so short that the probabilities are we will all freeze to death, which would be an ungrateful return to us. Yet, again, if we only restore one day each year none of the readers of the ELECTRA will live to see it.

Yet, upon the whole, it will be some consolation to feel that we are the first instigators of this reform, and especially pleasant and profitable to remember that we as one body *will* still exist in the ELECTRA.

ONE great encouragement which has been given us is the vigorous aid of such a number of valuable contributors. Some of them have come to us by a sort of natural descent from the archives of *At Home and Abroad*. Others have been those to whom we looked for help from the very first dawn of the ELECTRA. Others still, seeing its brightness, have been tempted by its pages, and loaned us a help-

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ing hand. To them all we wish to express our profoundest gratitude. To them we feel that we are indebted for much, very much, of what is good in our columns. For and through their labor and influence have come to us many cheering and encouraging words that have lightened our labors and given us a hearty God-speed in our undertaking.

To each and every one we would echo back an earnest, heartfelt "God bless you!"

By our united labors the ELECTRA stands to-day an acknowledged success in the land. A periodical of which a leading journal in this city says: "It is now on a permanent basis of success, and readers need have no fears of its future."

Let us take courage and go on to higher and better things.

IT is a good thing to be sure of standing on a permanent basis, as we are reminded every time we venture out walking these icy, slippery days—which tempts us to tell of an incident that came under our observation once. A timid girl was walking warily on a pavement as slippery as glass, expecting each moment to fall, and dreading it as if it certainly meant a broken neck or limb, when a firm, cheery voice beside her said, "Take short steps, and don't be afraid." In a moment she recovered her courage, and stepped as firmly beside her friend as if the ice had all disappeared.

TWO more numbers will complete our initial year. The ELECTRA will, in April, send out its twelfth issue, and now, before the close of the year, we desire to make a proposition to *all* our subscribers. A large majority of subscribers have asked to have the back numbers, and consequently, their subscription for one year ends with our April number. The May ELECTRA will, therefore, begin a new year with very many of them.

So we now make you this proposition: That all who will send us, between this time and May 1st, four new subscribers and their subscription ($8.00 in cash), we will credit with one year's subscription to ELECTRA to May, 1885. We know that most periodicals and papers offer their best terms to new subscribers as inducements to subscribe, but we make all the difference in favor of our old subscribers.

To them only will premiums be given; that is, you must first subscribe to ELECTRA before you can receive a premium or commission (except in the case of our regularly-appointed agents).

To all others we offer the ELECTRA one year *free* for five new subscribers—to them we will give it for only four.

All old subscribers who do not wish to continue longer than one year, we hope will notify us by a postal-card before the 1st of May. We have, however, reason to hope that almost all desire to continue, so we propose to continue the ELECTRA to all who do not notify us to the contrary, and you can remit us the amount of subscription any time within ninety days after May 1st; or we will inclose your bill for the same, within that time, so as to give you the benefit of our advanced rates.

We hope, however, you will all respond by sending us four new subscribers before the 1st of May, and let us credit you for the year. In that way, we could augment each thousand on our mail list to five thousand. And we can promise this: the larger our subscription list the better we shall make ELECTRA for its readers.

WE will also call special attention to our combinations. We have now added to our list most of the best periodicals published. All subscribers to the ELECTRA can now supply themselves with the very choicest family literature, either for the older or younger members, at a decided reduction. The price of any magazine or paper subscribed for through us, can be ascertained by subtracting the price of the ELECTRA from the combination price. At this price, we will furnish it to any subscriber to ELECTRA. If you are not a subscriber already it is very easy for you to become one, by simply sending in $2.00 per annum.

We wish you to look upon this as a sort of initiation fee into one great family, the members of which will receive much choice reading at the most reasonable price.

WE introduce into our Current History this month a chart which, we believe, will be very useful to our readers. It will be continued in our next, so as to embrace Asia and Africa.

We will publish this chart at least once in every volume of the ELECTRA, and from time to time will give a brief sketch in this department of living sovereigns, or their families. We are determined to give the readers of the ELECTRA every advantage in the study of history.

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Current History.

NORTH AMERICA.

	Government	Chief Executive.	Title.
DOMINION OF CANADA: Ontario, Nova Scotia, Quebec, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, Hudson Bay Territory . . .	Parishes . .	. . . .	*Governor General.*
GREENLAND	Denmark.		
NEW FOUNDLAND	Great Britain.		
CENTRAL AMERICA: Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, Mosquito Coast	Republics .	. . . .	***President*, to each.**
MEXICO	Republic . .	GONZALES	*President.*
UNITED STATES	Republic . .	CHESTER A. ARTHUR	*President.*
*THE WEST INDIES			

* The West Indies forms an archipelago of about one thousand islands. Cuba, the largest, belongs to Spain; Hayti is divided into the republics of Hayti and San Domingo; Jamaica is a dependency of Great Britain; and Porto Rico of Spain, etc.

SOUTH AMERICA.

	Government	Chief Executive.	Title.
THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC .	Republic . .	GEN. ROCA	*President.*
BOLIVIA	Republic . .	N. CAMPERO	*President.*
BRAZIL	Empire . . .	DON PEDRO II.	*Emperor.*
GUIANA is divided into three colon	ies, British, D	utch, and French.	
UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA	Republic . .	GEN. R. NUNEZ	*President.*
PERU	Republic . .	DON GARCIA CALDERON	*President.*
ECQUADOR	Republic . .	DON JOSE DE VIENTEMILLA	*President.*
CHILI	Republic . .	DOMINGO SANTA MARIA	*President.*
FALKLAND ISLANDS	Great Britain.		
VENEZUELA	Republic . .	GEN. DON ANTONIO GUZMAN BLANCO	*President.*
PATAGONIA is a province belonging	one part to	Chili, and the other to the Argentine	Republic.
PARAGUAY	Republic . .	GEN. B. CABALLERO	*President.*
URUGUAY	Republic . .	DON FRANCISCO ANTONIO VIDAL . .	*President.*

EUROPE.

	Government	Chief Executive.	Title.
AUSTRIA is formed of the German Monarchy, Austria, and the Magyar Kingdom, Hungary	Dual State .	FRANCES JOSEPH I	*Emperor* of Austria, and *King* of Hungary.
EAST ROUMANIA is tributary to the Turkish government	. . . .	PRINCE ALEXANDER VOGARIDES . . .	*Governor General.*
FRANCE is divided into eighty-seven departments	Republic . .	F. J. P. GREVY	*President.*
BULGARIA is a tributary to Turkey	. . . .	ALEXANDER I	Reigning *Prince.*
GERMANY composed of 26 divisions	Empire . . .	WILLIAM I	*Emperor.*
NORWAY AND SWEDEN are under the same government . . .	Kingdoms .	OSCAR II	*King.*
THE NETHERLANDS	Kingdom . .	WILLIAM III	*King.*
PORTUGAL	Kingdom . .	LOUIS I	*King.*
SERVIA	Principality	MILAN IV.	*Prince.*
SPAIN	Kingdom . .	ALFONSO XII	*King.*
TURKEY consists of thirty-five provinces, governed by officials (Pashas) sent from Constantinople	Empire . . .	ABDUL HAMID II	*Sultan.*
RUSSIA comprises fifty provinces, administered by governors appointed by the Czar	Empire . . .	ALEXANDER III	*Emperor.*
SWITZERLAND is composed of twenty-five cantons	Republic . .	C. KAPPELER	*President.*
DENMARK (Iceland is a tributary)	Kingdom . .	CHRISTIAN IX	*King.*
MONTENEGRO	Principality.	NICHOLAS I	Reigning *Prince.*
GREAT BRITAIN combines England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales	Empire . . .	VICTORIA I	*Empress.*
ROUMANIA	Principality.	CHARLES I	Reigning *Prince.*
BELGIUM	Kingdom . .	LEOPOLD II	*King.*
GREECE	Kingdom . .	GEORGE I	*King.*
ITALY	Kingdom . .	HUMBERT I	*King.*

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RUSSIA.—The news which we receive from Russia is again a tale of the horrible social condition of that great empire. More political murders are announced—murders in isolated cases, on the part of the Nihilists; murders in agglomerated cases, on the part of the government.

Colonel Suderkin, one of the Directors of the Police, was assassinated in his own office by the Nihilists, in their usual bold manner, and strange to say, the murderers escaped capture. As a reprisal, the government is reported to have made wholesale arrests in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Perm, here and there, throughout the country. These arrests, as usual, were made on suspicion, and as usual the fate of the suspected parties points to prompt execution or to slow death in Siberia.

The gravest of these incidents is the reported attempt on the Czar's life. It had been published officially in the Russian press that the Czar had been thrown from his sleigh while on a hunting expedition, and had dislocated his shoulder. Later accounts, unofficial, report that the emperor had met, in the woods, a party of Nihilists dressed as peasants, and had been fired upon by them, one bullet wounding him in the shoulder. Here again the would-be murderers had escaped capture. Owing to the censure exercised in Russia over all news published by the press, it is difficult to know which of these two versions is the true one.

The only facts remaining undisputed are that Colonel Suderkin was murdered by the Nihilists; that the Czar is wounded; that numerous arrests are made on every side; and that political assassination continues to flourish in the land.

EGYPT.—Very little seems to have been known of El Mahdi's movements since he defeated and destroyed Hicks Pasha's army.

Now it was reported that El Mahdi had fallen back upon El Obeid, in the Upper Soudan, with his forces completely shattered by dissensions among the chiefs and desertions among the men; now he was said to be advancing upon Egypt proper, at the head of 300,000 men, collected from all parts of the desert; one day he was a powerless rebel, despised by his own people and abandoned by his troops; the next day he was the new Mahomet, with the strength and prestige of the true Prophet, and the leader of a whole race in arms. The truth probably remains between these two extremes.

It is true that El Mahdi has not moved lately, in any great force, upon any given point. Khartoum has not been attacked, and no other Egyptian post has been captured. But on the other hand, the Egyptians have been unable to advance to the relief of any of their exposed garrisons, not even to communicate with them. Baker Pasha was sent to Suakim with fresh troops, and an attempt has been made to relieve Berber and Khartoum from Suakim, but the Arabs were found to occupy the entire country, in overwhelming forces, and Baker Pasha has been unable to open a way through them.

England, as expected, refuses to give her money and the life of Englishmen for the reconquest of Soudan. To hold, firmly and securely, the control over the Isthmus of Suez, satisfies her interests. In order to hold that control intact, she must secure the integrity of Egypt proper, and she will do so against the attacks of El Mahdi, or of any other foe; but farther she will not go.

Hence, England's advice to the Khedive was to abandon the Soudan for the present, either to El Mahdi or to Turkey. The Khedive accepted; his ministers refused, on the ground of national duty. A new ministry was formed, and between England and Egypt, protectors and protected, there will now be unanimity of action. The Soudan will be given up. Good care will be taken that no seaport will go with it, and El Mahdi's movement will be allowed to spend its force inland, between Egypt, the Desert, and Abyssinia.

Will Turkey insist upon reconquering Soudan on her own, or on Egypt's account? Will England permit? Both contingencies are possible, but simply possible.

In the meantime, it is reported that France blames severely the course of action selected by England, in regard to El Mahdi. The reasons of this blame are obvious—El Mahdi, victorious in Soudan and allowed to enjoy, in peace, the fruits of his victory, means recrudescence of Mohammedan fanaticism all over North Africa, on the frontiers of Algeria and Tunisia, as well as south of Egypt; in the pathway of the French pioneers in Senegal, as well as in Morocco, Tripoli, and the Great Desert. It re-opens the slave trade on one hand, and it breeds insurrections among the Arabs on the other. France and civilization have thus nothing to gain by England's course of action, and may have much to lose. England herself may lose by it more of her

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prestige than would be good for her in her foreign possessions. For these reasons, and others which may arise from El Mahdi's next movement, the question of British non-intervention in the Soudan can hardly be considered as settled yet.

GERMANY.—The object of the Prince Imperial's visit to Rome proves to have had the Vatican for its object, as had been generally suspected.

There was a long interview between the Prince Imperial and the Pope, and a conspicuous exchange of amenities. The object was evidently conciliation, and carried out the personal wishes of Emperor William, whose religious feelings are more and more predominant as he advances in years. The extent of the conciliation effected in this memorable interview was shown by the final acceptance, on the part of Prussia, of three disagreeable prelates to their Catholic seats, and on the part of the Pope, by a more conciliatory tone exhibited by the Catholic press in Germany towards the government. It remains, however, evident that nothing less than the repeal of the May-laws will satisfy the Pope, and that neither Emperor nor Chancellor in Germany deem it safe yet to concede as much.

HUNGARY.—The law proposed and supported by the government, to authorize marriages between Jews and Gentiles, has been rejected by the House of Magnates. Thus, in Hungary, Jews remain deprived, on account of their religion, of the rights enjoyed by other citizens of the country. The Czar of Russia proves more liberal than the Magnates of Hungary.

TONKIN.—After new battles fought in the French Chambers, at the end of which the government received all the support it wanted, an advance was again made by the French troops in Tonkin and Sontay was taken. Sontay is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with extensive fortifications and a regular citadel, and an army of 30,000. Black flags, Chinese and Annamites conducted the defense. The place was taken by assault and cost the French four officers and twenty-seven men killed, and twenty-two officers and 261 men wounded.

The capture of Sontay did not cause China to declare war on France as she had so loudly threatened to do; and it is very doubtful that the capture of Bacninh itself, where now all the Chinese troops in Tonkin are concentrated, will have another effect. The French government, however, is not willing to leave a handful of soldiers at the mercy of such an emergency, and seems to have ordered a delay in the attack on Bacninh until the re-enforcements now at sea for Admiral Courbet shall have arrived and placed him in a position to hold Tonkin, even against attacks from China. Meanwhile, negotiations for a compromise are still carried on in Paris between Premier Ferry and Marquis de Tseng, and it is not improbable that the Chinese troops in Tonkin may be withdrawn, even before Bacninh is attacked.

The death of King Hilp-Hoa at Hue, by poisoning at the hands of the pro-Chinese mandarins, is confirmed, but there has been no uprising of the people against the French, as had been announced. The French Commissioner continued to reside in Hue, and appears to have gained upon the new Annamite court the same authority which he exercised over the preceding one.

The attitude of China towards France and all foreigners is still hostile and especially threatening, but no serious disturbances have taken place at any of the Chinese ports open to foreign commerce and to foreign residents, and none are considered probable.

AN EXPECTED TREAT.—The citizens of Louisville are to have a rare treat in a lecture to be delivered Friday evening, January 25, at the First Presbyterian Church, by Rev J. H. Bryson, D. D., of Huntsville, Ala. The subject of the lecture will be, "The Pyramids of Egypt." The lecturer, who has spent some time on the spot in the study of the pyramids, has had photographic views especially prepared for the illustration of his lecture. In the presentation of these, he will be assisted by Dr. Tanner, lecturer of the Polytechnic Society, under whose supervision the views will be presented with the very best effect. Under the improved lights that will be brought to bear on the canvas, the interior of the pyramids will be presented to the audience with much better effect than most observers can have by actually visiting the pyramids themselves.

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THE ITALIAN BOY.

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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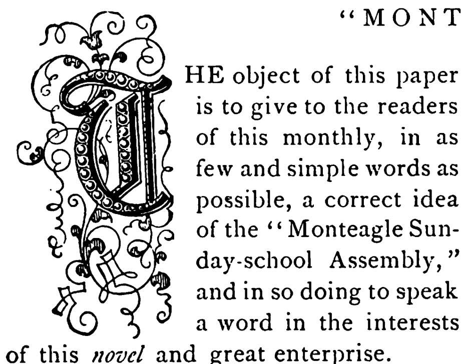
"MONTEAGLE."



HE object of this paper is to give to the readers of this monthly, in as few and simple words as possible, a correct idea of the "Monteagle Sunday-school Assembly," and in so doing to speak a word in the interests of this *novel* and great enterprise.

"Monteagle Sunday-school Assembly" is located at Monteagle, in Greenup county, Tenn. It is immediately on the line of the "Tennessee Coal and Iron Railroad," commonly called the "Mountain Road." This road connects with the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, eighty-seven miles from Nashville and sixty-four miles from Chattanooga, at Cowan. Monteagle is fifteen miles from Cowan, on the top of Cumberland mountain. You begin the ascent of the mountain at once on leaving Cowan. The ride up the mountain is very interesting and delightful. It has been compared in the beauty and sublimity of its scenery to the Colorado Central Railroad, winding around the seemingly uncertain footpath on the mountain side, between Black Hawk and Central City. "The generous spurs of the Cumberland—perhaps the most generous of all the Appalachian chain—are richly wooded to their tops, and in the soft, summer light look as fresh and green as the hillsides around Lake Maggiore." At Monteagle you occupy an elevation of 2,143 feet above the level of the sea, and a thousand feet above the surrounding country. The surface of the mountain top is that of a beautiful plateau from four to six miles wide, terminating on either side in splendid views overlooking the valleys far below; in which views are blended, by the inimitable touch of nature's Master, the beautiful and the sublime, the awful and the grand. Numerous caves are to be found at the base of the mountain; some of them so much as two miles in extent. These caverns of nature stand ever ready to receive their curious visitors, and to welcome them to the museum of their dark and strange chambers. The enchanting scenery of rugged and precipitate cliffs, of yawning chasms and receding valleys; the curious, romantic, and dark caverns that await the explorer's lamp of inquisitiveness and research, are easy of access to those desiring to feast upon the wonders of His hand.

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The Assembly grounds are situated about three-quarters of a mile from the sublime and beautiful views which overlook the valleys on the west. They contain one hundred acres, which are inclosed and laid out by a competent landscape-gardener into beautiful avenues and drives, charming walks and promenades. A large amphitheater is located near the center of the grounds, with seating capacity of about two thousand. The Trustees of the Assembly contemplate the erection, during the present Assembly-year, of a large and commodious hotel, where visitors may find comfortable accommodations at low and reasonable rates. The grounds are laid off into lots 50x50 feet. These lots, for seventy-five dollars each, can be leased for a term of ninety-nine years. Those leasing are privileged to build a cottage or a palace, at their option, for their summer home, and to use them in any way they please which does not conflict with the regulations of the Assembly. Those who do not care to incur the expense of the purchase and improvement of a lot, nor yet of the hotel accommodations, can purchase or rent tents at small cost, and take their meals at the restaurant. Membership in the Assembly can be secured by paying a fee of twenty-five dollars for laymen, and ten dollars for clergymen. Sunday-schools paying the membership fee, may annually confer membership upon any one they are pleased to designate; and so for each additional twenty-five dollars up to five memberships. The purchase of a lot confers membership without the payment of the membership fee.

After this knowledge of the location, situation, and surroundings of Monteagle Assembly, you are doubtless more ready to ask, "What is Monteagle Sunday-school Assembly?"

We answer that it is an *Association*, chartered under the laws of Tennessee; the object of which association is the promotion of the best interests of the people, in their moral, religious, mental, and social culture.

The design of the Assembly is to provide a summer resort for families and individuals, where they can spend a season in healthful recreation and enjoyable rest.

The Assembly is not and can not be managed for the pecuniary interests of any one, the charter providing against this, and prescribing its management only for the *public good*. Under the charter it is non-sectional, non-partisan, and non-denominational, and must so remain.

It is controlled by a body of trustees, selected from the various Christian denominations from the various States. The trustees are elected by the members of the Assembly, out of their own number. Each denomination represented in the membership of the Assembly is entitled to four members in the board of trustees, if it has so many members. One-half of the trustees is elected annually, which number is determined by the number of denominations represented in the membership of the Assembly present. The trustees appoint annually out of their number an executive committee of five, which has full charge of the Assembly's interests, in the absence of the trustees.

Watering points and summer resorts have become a fixed feature in the life of a large and increasing proportion of the American people—not less for the young and healthy than the enfeebled and sick; and since the most of these resorts are environed with features withering to Christian piety and destructive to good morals, there has been a growing sense, in the minds of the good and the pious, of the necessity of some inviting resort free of these demoralizing tendencies, where the youth of the land may

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breathe an atmosphere fostering purity of mind and heart, and *promotive* of good morals and religion. It is proposed to meet just this want in the provisions of the Monteagle Assembly. All objectionable and questionable amusements are strictly excluded. Instead of these are provided those which are at once pleasurable and instructive, entertaining and elevating. Special provision is made for the entertainment of the children, in swings, croquet, lawn-tennis, archery, and other simple and harmless amusements, together with frequent displays of fire-works.

The provision made by the Assembly for the entertainment and edification of visitors embraces, first, the *schools of instruction*. Here we have the Normal Institute, embracing all those branches usually taught in such schools.

Then the special departments, in which one may pursue almost any line of study he chooses in the languages, ancient and modern, in philosophy, and in the arts and sciences. Specialists are provided, in the several departments, not only bringing with them thorough knowledge, but the latest and best *methods of instruction*.

Free interchange of opinion is invited in the various schools, offering peculiar advantages to teachers.

If the prosecution of studies in the schools is, in the minds of any, inconsistent with the ideas of relaxation and rest, there are introduced such to the more inviting and pleasing entertainment provided in the *Assembly's Programme*. This is made up of lectures, addresses, readings, recitations, and musical concerts, vocal and instrumental. Certain days are given to the discussion of certain subjects; such as temperance, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, missions, home and foreign, education, etc. The addresses and lectures comprise every variety of subject, in the range of history, art, science, and philosophy, which subjects are presented by carefully-chosen lecturers, adepts in their appointments.

Special mention deserves to be made of Effendi Van Lennep, who, it is hoped, will be made a permanency in the *Assembly's Programme* for successive years to come. Mr. Van Lennep is a native of Turkey. Dressed in oriental costume, he is an odd and interesting character. Thoroughly familiar with the "Life in the Orient," he brings to his audience a great store of both wit and wisdom, which he employs, for the most part, in exposition and illustration of the "Land and the Book." He also puts upon exhibition his wonderful "Oriental and Biblical Museum," containing over a thousand articles, pronounced by Dr. Vincent (of New York) to be the best museum of its kind in this country of which he has any knowledge. Upon this he draws largely for the illustration of oriental customs and Bible history.

The normal and special schools are open for a term of five weeks. The Assembly's programme runs through three consecutive weeks. With the exception of two or three of the special departments, the schools and the Assembly's programme are free to all.

This is an imperfect idea of the Monteagle Sunday-school Assembly, and of what awaits the attendant upon the Monteagle Assembly. Monteagle offers to the heirs of the curse (Gen. iii, 19), an inviting retreat from the toils and cares of life, where they can recuperate the exhausted power of the body, and the wearied energies of the mind. The diseased and the enervated may here resort to the great sanitarium which a kind Providence has provided, where the pure atmosphere of the mountain heights becomes the gracious panacea of every ill.

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While health resumes its robust strength, and freshness is restored in joyous relaxation, the happy visitants are now feasted upon the beauties of truth, in one of its infinite variety of relations; now enchained under the power of the orator's art; now led out by the philosopher along the beautiful walks of science; now transported under the ravishing strains of the gifted daughter of song; now led up by the priest of the altar into the communion and fellowship and joys of the Most High. Who would not attend?

Dr. Vincent once said of Chautauqua that it was not so much a *place* as it was an *idea*. We would say of Monteagle, it is more than "place" or "idea," it is a *veritable thing*, "a thing of beauty and a joy"—if not "forever," we trust so long as it shall be needed—until truth and happiness shall be the common heritage of the race, and holiness shall reign from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.

THE DECEMBER TWILIGHTS.

LETTERS TO MY NIECES. No. IV.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Hamlet.*

There's a red flame after sunset
  That was never known before;
And the rosy cheeks of Eos
  Blush deeper than of yore:
But we live in an age of science;
  Cold science is our queen;
And her children wise claim the earth and skies;
  Their reason reigns supreme.

They have set the fauns and fairies
  At work on tread-mill laws;
Their facts have banished fancy,
  For "all things have a cause;"
The moon is weighed and measured;
  The sun's fierce steeds are tamed;
They have swept the sky with their big glass eye,
  Till every star is chained.

But the doctors now are puzzled
  At the twilight's purple glow;
The gravest and the wisest
  Must say "I do not know."
'Tis published in the journals,
  'Tis hawked about the street,
That telescope and spectroscope
  Confess complete defeat.

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True, there are fine-spun theories:
It may be "cosmic dust;"
May be volcanic ashes
From beneath the earth's thin crust;
Perhaps, ten million meteors
Are pattering down like rain;
Or the earth, in her course, has seized by force
On some comet's regal train.

But it shines for the poor and the wealthy,
For savage and for sage;
It laughs at facts and figures,
Test-tubes and printed page.
When Christmas bells were ringing,
Men saw a wondrous sight:
A pearly star, shone from afar,
'Mid a blaze of crimson light.

The diamond set in rubies
With dazzling beauty glows;
So the morning dewdrop sparkles
In the breast of the purple rose.
But fairer, the white-faced Venus,
Through her scarlet mantle, shone
Like the ravishing sight, when Aphrodite
First rose from the ocean foam.

So glowed the Christmas twilight,
Like the heavenly diadem
Which circled the brow of the Christ Child,
When he slumbered in Bethlehem.
And when Christmas joys were ended,
And we dropped the good-bye tear,
The morning glow, on the tinted snow,
Whispered a word of cheer.

It touched the hoary mountain,
That snow-capped tower of stone;
It glowed adown the river,
Where sleeps my childhood home;
Its arms stretched northward, southward,
With a touch as if to bless,
Or as if to enfold the earth, so cold,
With a warm and soft caress.

The earth is dark and somber,
When we part from those we love;
But the roseate hue of morning
Lights up the heavens above.

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Though doomed afar to wander,
 This same bright light I see;
A new world's dust, or an old world's rust,
 What matters it to me?

Perhaps, what men call science
 Has made too many claims;
Perhaps, instead of reason,
 The God of reason reigns;
Perhaps, the stars and sunsets
 Are not just what they seem,
And the glittering strand of Angel land
 Is nearer than we dream.

There may be tints immortal,
 Beyond the spectrum's span,
And lights above the portal,
 Not yet discerned by man.
Perchance, the heavenly warder
 Has left the gates ajar,
And a single ray of fadeless day
 Has reached us from afar.

A young world's childish fancies,
 The myths of ancient days,
Have scattered like the twilight
 Before the sun's full blaze;
But those unseen things, eternal,
 Draw nearer, day by day;
And, by faith, we rise beyond the skies,
 To the Land that is far away.

VOLCANO IN ICELAND.

The Oræfa mountain is not only the loftiest in Iceland, but has been rendered remarkable by the great devastation made by its eruption about a century ago. Nothing can be more striking than the account of this calamity given by Jon Thorlakson, the aged minister of a neighboring parish. He was in the midst of his service on the Sabbath, when the agitation of the earth gave warning that some alarming event was to follow. Rushing from the church, he saw a peak of the neighboring mountain alternately heaved up and sinking; the next day, this portion of the mountain ran down into the plain, like melted metal from a crucible, filling it to such a height, that, as he says, no more of a mountain which formerly towered above it could be seen, than about the size of a bird; volumes of water being in the meantime thrown forth in a deluge from the crater, sweeping away whatever they encountered in their course. Oræfa itself then broke forth, hurling large masses of ice to a great distance; fire burst out in every direction from its sides; the sky was darkened by the smoke and ashes, so that the day could hardly be distinguished from the night.—*N. A. Review.*

INTO THE LIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

Paul lingered in his seat until most of the congregation had left the church, and then went out to look at the graves, and read the inscriptions on the stones. He found it rather sad work, for it recalled so vividly the events of the past few weeks that he turned away and took the homeward road. He had not gone far when an old man overtook him.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I believe I saw you in our church to-day."

"Yes, sir."

"I think you must be a stranger in these parts. Your face is not familiar to me, and I know most of the boys around here."

"You are right. sir, I am a stranger here. I came this week from C—, in H—— county."

"Ah! And where are you staying?"

"At Mr. Penrose's."

"On the Rockville road?"

"Yes, sir, the same."

"Are you on a long visit?"

"No, sir, not on a visit at all. I have been apprenticed to him, and expect to stay there until I am eighteen."

Paul saw that the stranger was not well pleased with this information, from the silence with which it was received, and it made him feel uncomfortable.

"Well, my boy," the old man continued, "they are not much of church-going people, but I am glad you have found your way there. I hope you will continue to attend."

"I expect to do so."

"That is right. There are no safeguards for young boys away from home so great as remembering home lessons, if they have been rightly taught, and regular attendance at God's house. He has commanded this, you know, and if we obey His commands we are sure of a blessing. Would you not like to attend our Sunday-school, too?"

"I did not know there was one, sir."

"Yes, there is quite a good one for such a scattered population, and our young people seem much interested in it."

"I should like to go, then, very much, for I have always been used to doing so."

"That is right, just right, my boy. Let me see, what shall I call you?"

"Paul, Paul Everest."

"Well, Paul, the school is held after the morning's service in church, and we have church again in the afternoon. It is too far for you to go home, but I will tell you what you can do. You can go home with me, and take dinner every Sunday. Then you will become acquainted with me and my wife. All my children are married and gone off, but we will try to make it pleasant for you. Will you do that?"

"I should like to do it very much. I will speak to Mr. Penrose about it and see what he says."

"Very well, do not forget. I think he will make no objection. You can tell him my name is Mandeville, and he will know who I am. Now, my road turns off here, but I will look out for you next Sunday. Do not disappoint me."

"No, sir, I will try not."

"Good bye, Paul. May God bless you and make you early His child, or perhaps you are that already?" Mr. Mandeville said suddenly, looking earnestly into Paul's face.

"No, sir. I am not." His eyes sank beneath the old man's gaze.

"Let it not be long that you can say

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that, my boy. Remember, 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.'"

They parted and each went his way. At the dinner-table, after Madge had asked him various questions about his morning's walk, Paul turned to his employer.

"I have a request to make of you, Mr. Penrose," he said.

"What is it?"

"On my way home this morning I met Mr. Mandeville. He said you would know who it was if I mentioned his name."

"Yes, I know him very well; but what has he to do with your request?"

"He wanted me to come to his house to dinner every Sunday, so that I could go to Sunday-school, and to church in the afternoon. He said it would be too far for me to walk from here twice a day."

"Yes, I should think so. Mr. Mandeville is a very upright, honest man, but queer, very queer in his notions. I am sure if you can find any pleasure in such society, I know of no reason why I should object. You may do as you please with your Sundays, as those are the only days you have any control over."

Thus, happily for Paul, the matter was favorably settled.

Two or three weeks later Paul received a letter from Annette. She spoke very cheerfully, and hoped he was in a pleasant place, becoming used to the work, and trying to do his duty, as their dear mother would have wished him to do. She had much to say, and the letter revived his homesickness in full force. This, as the weeks passed by, was, at times, almost unendurable, and now he could not restrain his tears.

Madge, who was out in the field when his letter came and had been watching him narrowly, saw his tears. Knowing that if her father made the same discovery there would be an end to the receiving of letters, she went up to him, and said quickly, almost sharply:

"Paul, Paul Everest, put that letter in your pocket this instant, and stop crying. If you are not quick, father will be along, and will say that letters are not good for you, and unfit you for work. He will forbid your receiving any more."

"He could not keep me from it," Paul said, scornfully. "I would not obey such a command!"

"It does no good to think that, Paul. He has a plenty of ways to keep letters from coming here if he wishes; so be careful. Remember, I have warned you!"

She was off again. Paul hesitated for a moment, then, seeing Mr. Penrose not very far away, he put his letter in his pocket, wiped his eyes, and turned again to his work.

"Would he be so cruel?" he thought to himself, "could he be? It does not seem possible, and yet his daughter knows him better than I do. She loves him, too, and would not say such a thing unless it was true. I will take her advice."

Paul found afterward that he was wise for so doing. In a conversation with one of the hands he was informed that though Mr. Penrose had never done that very thing, he had done that which was equally cruel to some of the boys who had previously lived with him. From love of talking, not thinking of the effect it might have on Paul, the man went on to say that Mr. Penrose was notorious for treating his boys harshly, and that not one had ever remained with him until his term of apprenticeship was ended. The consequence was that he was unable to get a boy who lived anywhere in the neighborhood.

Slowly the weeks were numbered into months, the months into a year. Spring came and went again, and summer with

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its glad sunshine and flowers. The manner of life was so new to Paul—there was no social enjoyment, no literary culture, nothing, in short, that he had been taught was essential in making one's life happy —that it was becoming exceedingly irksome to him.

Mr. Penrose was a hard master. In many nameless ways, for Paul being anxious to succeed, and having been well trained, did not often go in direct opposition to his wishes, he made him feel that he was under his authority, and made that knowledge intensely galling to one of Paul's temperament. Once he had written to Annette in this strain, and in her reply she cautioned him against dwelling on it, or thinking of it at all, "For," she said, "all evils magnify by too much meditation over them." His own good sense told him how true this was, and so when he felt disposed to grieve over his position he resolutely set himself to think of something else, and often this proved successful.

Mrs. Penrose and Madge he liked. He knew that they had taken a fancy to him, and that he was indebted to them for many kindnesses which he would not otherwise have received. These acts were not lost upon him. He found there were many little ways in which he could be of use to them, and he often exerted himself to please them. These efforts brought their own reward, not only in their increased regard for him, but in the sense of happiness which comes to the heart after any act of self-denial for the good of others. How continually he wished that Mr. Penrose was more like them. Then his life would have been comparatively happy, notwithstanding his wish for more refined, better educated companions. But how could he be happy with a master ever on the alert to discover failures in duty, and never given to praise?

Early one morning in autumn Paul started on an errand into the neighboring city. It was quite a treat to him as he had been so closely confined about the farm for more than a year, and he set off in high spirits. He finished his errands promptly and satisfactorily, and then, as Mr. Penrose had told him, he need not return before a certain hour, he rode leisurely through the streets, enjoying as a great treat those scenes which had once met his eye every day. He heartily enjoyed his expedition, and strengthened by pleasure, set out for home with the resolution to think more cheerfully of the future. If trials should come he would bear them bravely, remembering that the few remaining years of his apprenticeship would soon pass away and he would be free.

He was within a half mile of the farm when he was surprised to see Madge coming down the road. It was growing dark, and there were no houses on that road for a great distance, so he felt she could not be going to any of them. He drew up the reins to speak to her as she approached.

"Where are you going, Madge?" he asked. "It is growing almost too late for you to be out alone."

"I am going no farther," she said; "I came to meet you."

"Why," he said, laughing, "you are very kind."

"I will not keep you waiting, Paul, for it is almost six o'clock now, and if you are late, father will be all the more angry. He is angry enough, now."

"Angry?"

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"You."

"With me; what about, Madge?"

"I have not time to explain now, only I want you, if you should know any thing about the matter, and have been to blame in it, not to let on. Hide it from father, if possible, or I am afraid

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you will suffer severely for it. He has a very hot temper, and he does not always mind showing it."

"I do not understand you, Madge."

"It is not necessary that you should. Only promise that you will do as I wish, and I will go."

"If he asks me about any thing that I know of, I shall have to tell the truth."

"The truth! Pshaw! You are very particular. Why should you be so careful to do that? It will get you into a sorry scrape, if you do; that is all."

"I can not help that. Mother always told us to tell the truth, no matter what came of it. She said it was the only right and the only safe way. 'Dare to to be true. Nothing can need a lie.' Oh, how often she repeated that to us! It almost seems as if I could hear her saying it now."

"Well, go ahead. You will be sorry enough for it, I can tell you; and another time I will not take so much trouble to save you from punishment."

"I hope you are not angry, Madge," he said, seeing her turn away abruptly.

"Go on," she said, impatiently. "I have said all I wanted to, and I do not want to talk any more."

"Will you not get in with me and ride home," he asked. "No," she said.

Paul saw that he could do nothing further to reconcile her, and that she was determined to linger behind him. He pulled up the reins, and the horse started for home with a brisk trot. Paul wondered, meanwhile, what Madge's warning could mean, and whether he had really done any thing to give offense. He was not quite prepared for the anger manifested in Mr. Penrose's face when he came out of the house to meet him, and he was frightened.

"You are back, are you?" was the salutation. "It is time, I should think."

"I did not hurry, as you said I need not be back until six o'clock."

"And it is just striking that, now. You were determined to stretch the permission I gave you to remain away to its utmost limit, I see. Boys must always have some one at their heels, if they are expected to do things right, or in time. Put the horse in the stable, and come into the kitchen. You need not wait to feed him. You can do that afterwards, and I am in a hurry."

Paul's hands trembled so violently that it took him longer than usual to undo the harness; but it was done in a few minutes, and he walked into the kitchen, as Mr. Penrose had directed him. Madge and her mother were both there, anxiously awaiting the result of the interview, as he could read in their faces.

"Now," Mr. Penrose said, "I want to ask you about a matter that has come to my knowledge to-day, and I want to hear the truth, sir, the truth I say, and nothing else."

"I am generally accustomed to speak the truth," Paul said, boldly, the blood mounting to his face at the bare intimation that he could do otherwise.

"Ah, ah, it is well enough when there is no risk involved in it, but I would not trust you, not I; I have had enough experience with boys to teach me better than that."

Paul deigned no answer to this, but awaited the disclosure.

"Well, sir, this morning I discovered that the pear tree down near the gate, which I have watched for several years, and which bears fruit for the first time this season, was injured. Do you know any thing about it?"

"Yes, sir, I do," he said, the blood mounting quickly to his forehead, as the whole truth flashed upon him.

"And what do you know of it, I should like to hear."

"This morning as I drove out, I was arranging some things in the wagon,

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and did not see the direction the horse was taking until he had driven the wagon almost against the pear tree. I tried then to back, but it was too late. The wagon ran against it and broke the branch containing most of the fruit. I should have returned at once to tell you what had happened, but knew it was important I should be in the city at a certain hour, and was afraid it would keep me too late."

"You were not afraid that if I heard of it in time it would put an end to your expedition to the city, and that some one else would be sent in your place?"

"No, sir, I did not think of that. I am very sorry it happened."

"Sorry! I rather think you will need a stronger word before you get through with this business. You are the most careless, destructive, good-for-nothing boy I ever laid my eyes upon. It serves me right for being so foolish as to have you bound to me, a thing I had determined I never would do again. What utter folly to think of getting any good out of any boy, I do not care who it is. Not any that I ever came across is worth the salt he eats. Go out now and feed the horse, if you can do that without mischief. I will be out by that time."

Paul turned away and left the room. Despite the heaviness of his heart, he could not withstand a smile as he thought of the folly of Mr. Penrose's words and actions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted by my mind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak; yet dying,
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

Oh, merciful One!
When men are farthest then Thou art most near;
When men pass coldly by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines upon my lowly dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I might see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear.
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

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THREE GERMAN DUELS.

I do not propose to go into a lengthy description of German duels in general, or to undertake much of a discussion of them. The large number of American youths studying in Germany and their frequent accounts of life there, sent to the home papers, have pretty much freed us from the old notion that these duels are a thing of the past, a piece of barbarism long since outgrown. My purpose is to give a simple account of three duels, or rather series of duels, and their results, and leave the reader to judge for himself whether they are indicative of refined civilization or equally refined brutality. Let me say, however, that we must not pass judgment upon them until we consider the different circumstances under which they are placed.

The Germans live in a land that has a history, and, being an imaginative, poetical people, they are very fond of bringing back the old legendary times in processions, ceremonies, and pageantry of all kinds.

Even a staid American is somewhat carried away into dreamland, and comes to think of those rough days of the old robber knights as the "good old times" and the times of poetry and romance. These duels are the direct successors of the old knightly tournaments, and the laws which govern them and the ceremonies surrounding them smack mightily of the stiffness and ceremonious courtesy of the middle ages. They, too, are fought for woman's love, and for glory as well as for wounded honor. Again, Germany is situated right in the midst of other powerful nations, one or two of which are inimical to her, and any of which may break into open hostilities at a moment's warning. She must sleep in her armor, then, and be ever ready to invade or repel invasion. Every citizen must be a soldier and able to undergo a soldier's hardships. There is no question but that these duels teach three very valuable soldierly qualities—steadiness of nerve, skillful use of the sword, and heroic endurance of physical pain. One of the most stringent rules is that no outcry shall be made. A man may faint from loss of blood, or become unconscious under the doctor's hands whilst having his deep gashes washed, cleansed with burning carbolic acid and sewn up, but he dare not utter a groan. All of which are very valuable qualities, but I question if the price paid be not too high?

Enough for the preface though, or we will never get to the story.

It was at the University of G——, during the summer session of a year not too far gone by for the story to have lost all its freshness. The summer had been unusually warm, and almost the only cool spot in the University laboratory was one little room which a small party of us were allowed to reserve to ourselves. Of course, this community of property drew us somewhat nearer together than usual and we formed a jolly set—four Americans and two Germans. Properly speaking, I should say one German, for the other, a so-called corps-student or member of one of the higher student societies, was too much taken up with the duties and pleasures connected with his club to spend much time at work with us. He was a nice fellow though, bright, good-natured, and gentlemanly, with an easy, jolly manner, which had clearly won for him his professor's heart. There was no telling how many others perhaps equally valuable, but certainly more easily given hearts, his big brown eyes and jaunty air

had won him among the ladies of the town. In stature he was short, but well and strongly built, and he was reputed to be the best fencer in his corps. He was the hero of the three duels of which I wish to speak. Not that these were his only duels. He was rich ; had been at the University a long time, and wore proudly his ribbon for duels fought. He had fought so many, in fact that, like an old veteran, he had been permitted to retire from the lists and rest on his laurels.

As the weather grew warmer and every one became lazier, we noticed that our corps-student seemed busier than ever, and more indefatigable in flying about the dusty streets doing every thing, in fact, except attending to his laboratory work.

"What is the matter?" we asked the other German.

"Oh, he's chief officer of his corps now, and has to see to all the feasts and duels."

The duels were fought at that time every Saturday and Tuesday—sometimes lasting all day, and scarcely ever numbering less than three or four.

It was a warm, dusty, Saturday afternoon, shortly afterward, that I accepted the invitation of a friend and accompanied him to see the duelling-ground.

"Only three duels to-day," he said, "and it won't weary you to sit it out. It will be lots of fun."

"Not much fun," I thought, "but I would like to see how some of those terrible gashes are given."

The duelling-house was only a few minutes' distant from the gate of the town. No attempt at secrecy was made. A long, straggling line of students could be seen making their way toward it, and about the building, which stood beside the high road, all was bustle—servants carrying water, towels, beer, eatables, and swords to be sharpened, and students passing in and out. Inside we found the usual gathering of students and the usual confusion of clinking glasses, of laughing and talking, and every now and then the peculiar hiss of swords—when some anxious principal or second was testing his weapon, or practicing cuts and parries.

Securing our seats in the low gallery, running around the hall, and ordering our coffee and beer, we were soon ready for the "fun." We did not have long to wait. One of the two sofas placed in the center of the hall for the two combatants was already occupied by a queer-looking figure when we came in. It was a man, apparently, but so padded and wrapped that he more nearly resembled one of those nondescript animals—an oil-clothed visitor under the falls of Niagara, or a submarine diver. Leg-paddings, body-paddings, breast-paddings—all of heavy, stuffed leather—neck-wraps of silk, goggles of steel, and a crown-pad of leather—all dirty and black with blood from many a battle. Such was his make-up. The opponent of this figure soon appeared, adorned with equally-dirty paddings. The gauntlets were drawn on their arms, and the glistening swords were placed in their hands. Rather a come-down from the gorgeous steel and gold armor of the old-time knights, but looked at in the light of the nineteenth-century common sense, equally serviceable, and decidedly cheaper.

Then there were ceremonies, as in the old days—a kind of dumb show of bows and lowered sword-points. The words of command were given, and the hissing and ringing of swords commenced. There was no especial interest attaching to this drill, as no one seemed to care about it, and in a few minutes the conflict was decided and over. One man, after swallowing a large amount of his own blood, was led off, disfigured for

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life, and the next three-quarters of an hour or so were devoted to sewing up his gashes. The doctor sewed very rapidly and worked hard, but could not get through any sooner. Meanwhile, the poor fellow had to undergo all of his pain without a murmur, and his bloody, gashed face, turned towards us, was terrible in its faintness.

Some way or other, I didn't want any more beer—got tired of it, I suppose. But for unwillingness to acknowledge to my friend that I had had fun enough for one evening, I should have left.

During the first duel I had noticed my acquaintance of the laboratory carefully selecting his rapier from a heap of them lying in one of the corners. These rapiers or "schlägers" as they call them, are long, narrow blades of steel sharpened to a razor-like sharpness and fastened in basket hilts. He seemed hard to suit—tried many of them with imaginary cuts and passes through the air, had some of them more firmly fastened to their handles by a workman standing near, and only after many trials fixed upon one which suited in every respect.

From the conversation of those around me I found that the next two duels were to be part of a contest between two antagonistic corps of the University—fought for glory rather than wounded honor, yet not without some feeling of hostility and dislike.

My acquaintance, as the best fighter of his corps, had been appointed their first representative, yet I was assured by the knowing ones that he stood no chance against his opponent. It was expected, however, from the reputation of the fighters that there would be a fine display of skill and by no means a walk-over for the red-cap or Hanoveraner who opposed my acquaintance. And they were not disappointed in their expectations.

My friend in the green color was led by his seconds to his appointed place, the seconds went through the usual show of bows and lowering of swords, and then all stood silent and in readiness.

"Are you ready?" came from one of the seconds, and I was startled by an outcry from my friend, the Bremenser, as he sprang within striking distance of his opponent.

"He is going to begin before the word is given," I said. But no, he stood perfectly still waiting for the remaining words of command. His outcry was intended to intimidate the stiff and silent Hanoveraner, but had clearly failed of its purpose.

The word of command followed very quickly and then came a whirring and whizzing of swords to which the first had been mere child's play. I could not begin to follow the strokes or see their effect—the constant parries gave out sharp, flashing sparks of fire and the glitter of the blades of steel was in itself dazzling. Some one had apparently been able to follow them, for soon the cry of "Halt" was heard and the seconds rushed in and knocked apart the swords of their principals. No blood had been drawn, but the swords had been badly bent. With some difficulty they were removed from the cramped hands of the fighters and new ones given them. The word was then quickly given again and the clashing of steel commenced once more.

The Bremenser fought so bravely that I was beginning to hope that he might possibly win, notwithstanding the odds against him. A moment or so, however, and then there came a more brilliant feint and stroke from the Hanoveraner, one whose course even my untrained eye could follow. I saw the sharp point touch behind the Bremenser's ear and a large tuft of hair flew to the other side of the room.

"Halt" was called immediately, and

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the doctor stepped up, and after a little feeling with his big, fat finger, issued his fiat that a dangerous wound had been given and the duel must cease. The Bremenser pleaded in vain to be allowed to fight on, but was led off very angry to have the wound dressed. The pain of the dressing quickly subdued him, however, and he was pale and quiet enough when it was over.

One more duel closed the evening sport. The result was even more easily predicted than in the former case. It was number two in the contest between the Bremensers and Hanoveraners, and to my eye was simple butchery. The poor Bremenser stood bravely up and tried to parry, but was hacked most fearfully by his opponent. Cut after cut was given, none serious enough to stop the duel, but each starting a fresh stream of blood down the Bremenser's face. Poor fellow! he was almost choked and gasping with the blood, but still the doctor let them go on until a stroke sent a stream into his eyes, and he was allowed to stop when he could no longer see to fight.

I had had enough now; was, in fact, thoroughly disgusted, and made a firm resolve never to be enticed into such a show again. Fortunately, the duels were over for the afternoon, and I bid my friends good bye.

During the next few days we saw very little of our friend in the laboratory. For greater ease of reference I will call him Gebhard, and this false name is the only part of the whole story that is not actual fact. He was not kept from the laboratory by his wound, because the duellists glory in showing themselves to all the world immediately after their fights and in walking the streets, however weak they may be from pain and loss of blood. In fact, we frequently met young Gebhard on the street and he seemed always bright and smiling, but very busy. The time for excursions and drinking-bouts was at hand, and he, as chief of his corps, had to make most of the arrangements for them.

The contest between his corps, the Bremensers, and the Hanoveraners was not yet over, however. There remained still a series of duels to be fought, and one of his duties was to make the necessary arrangements for this; to pick out who should fight for the corps; appoint the time and see to all the other matters connected with it. In this series there was one duel in which two first-year men or so-called "foxes" were pitted against one another.

Now, the older members of a corps always watch very carefully over the interests and welfare of their foxes. They train them very carefully in sword practice, and see to it that they are under no disadvantage when fighting. Gebhard had chosen himself to be the second of his fox, and took upon himself the care and defense of all his rights.

It is needless to follow all the duels in their course or even this one of the foxes on which the main interest turns. They fought, as in other cases, bled, and were led away. During the fight of the foxes "Halt!" was called, for a bent blade or a cut given, and Gebhard, as second, rushed in, striking aside his principal's sword. The other fox's second, for some reason, failed to do the same for his principal, and the Hanoveraner's unchecked sword cut deeply into the unprotected cheek of the Bremenser.

"That was done on purpose!" was the indignant cry of young Gebhard—an assertion which almost any high-spirited man would have made, and yet a foolhardy one, because it implied dishonorable practices in the corps' representative, and hence was an insult to the entire corps, which could only be wiped out by death.

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The Hanoveraners retired to their corner, where a whispered conversation was carried on for a few moments, then one of them, stepping forward, presented his card to Gebhard with a challenge for a duel with pistols, then another, and another, and another, until five had given him their fatal challenges.

There was no loophole of escape left him. If wounded in one duel—time was of no importance to them—they could wait until he was strong enough to hold his pistol again, and then he must fight the next on the list. The time was short. The five were all to come off in about a week's time after the giving of the challenge.

We in the laboratory knew nothing of all this. In fact, it was kept a secret from all except the members of the two corps since, perhaps, even the sleepy-headed authorities might be moved to interfere should they get word of the matter. Nor were we led to suspect any thing from any change in Gebhard's manner. He did not often come to the laboratory during those last few days, but was as cheery and bright and jolly as ever when we met him, and his bright eyes twinkled with all their old light of merriment and high spirits. In no single word or action did he let it be seen that he was a man whose very hours were numbered and who knew that with all his health and strength he could not hope for more than that one week of the world's happy summer sunshine.

I happened to be the first in the laboratory on one of these bright summer mornings and was whistling at my work when the old laboratory servant came in and with a terror-stricken face, said, "Herr Gebhard is dead."

"Dead?" Why I had seen him only a few days before and there was no sign of death then. But the words had come with terrible distinctness and there was no mistaking them. The very suddenness of the change from the brightness and happiness of physical existence to death and the loss of it all made me weak and speechless.

"He was shot through the body yesterday afternoon," continued the servant, "and I must pack away all his things now."

Of course, the only subject of conversation, as one by one the students came to their work, was this fatal deed. Soon another report reached us that Gebhard was not dead but lying at death's door, and then in an hour or so we learned the whole story. The duels had taken place the afternoon before. In the first, Gebhard had wounded his antagonist in the leg and had himself escaped untouched; in the second, he had been struck, shot through the body, and had fallen unconscious; had been carried to the hospital and lay there still unconscious.

One, two, three days passed, during which an anxious father and brother watched for each faintest sign of returning consciousness and then the end came.

We all gathered before the hospital on the evening appointed for the funeral. Little knots of students standing apart, as in all such German student gatherings, the different colored caps taking up different positions.

Drawn up beside the gate stood the draped hearse and the horses, with their plumes and long, black cloths. We did not have to wait very long. The beautiful casket, covered with wreaths and flowers, was brought out and placed upon the hearse. The father and brother, with the Lutheran pastor, in his long, black gown, came next, and then followed, two by two, the long line of students. First, the green caps of his own corps, then the white caps, and so on till the line stretched for many squares through the winding streets.

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The poor old father could bear it no longer when we all stood around the open grave in the cemetery. One look at the narrow chest that held him who was so bright and full of life a few days before, and his whole form shook with the bitter grief which could not be restrained. The wreaths and ribbons, with the crossed-swords and brightly-embroidered drinking-cap in their midst, the sorrow of his companions, the earnest tones of the preacher, all did not suffice to soothe his anguish at losing his bright, loving boy.

As the first clods from the hand of the brother fell, with a sullen thud, on the planks below, it was easy to read, in his stern-set face, the intensity of the purposed revenge. And the preacher's words of condemnation for the wickedness of duelling fell on heedless ears.

Before the week was over, all talk of young Gebhard's death had ceased; other duels had been fought, and still more were on the tapis, and rumor had it that the man who killed Gebhard had been allowed to go with some slight, insignificant penalty.

Is this a single instance, and an unfair one, to judge all German duels by? A few weeks afterward, when vacation had come, I was passing through another university, where I had once studied, and the first news that greeted me was that an old acquaintance had just fallen, cut absolutely in two, in a saber duel. Deaths from these duels are not so infrequent as we are accustomed to believe.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

It was an idea of the ancient Romans that those who were bereft of reason had lost their minds on account of lunar influence; hence, they have been called *lunatics*, and it is a common observation to say such unfortunates are moon-struck. I think it will follow as a conclusion that we are not moon-stricken, but moon-strikers, or endeavoring to be such. But how can we strike the moon except in imagination? Well, then, let us deal with imaginary things as if they were realities, for imaginations often become realities. So, we proceed.

Scene: Somewhere in America. Time not designated, but supposed to be in the remote future.

A Dutchman has prepared an immense cask of beer to be exhibited at the next annual Gambrinus' Congress. This cask is constructed of the hardest oak, and hooped with bands of iron.

The jolly German mounts upon it and dances for joy, because his cask is finished and filled, and he expects to get the gold medal of the Congress; but his dancing stirs up the contents within the cask and an awful explosion follows. Away he goes sailing through the upper air, while his good frau shouts at the top of her voice:

"Shon, you yust goom back!" and his little ones vociferate, "Vater, cum back!" as higher still, and higher he ascends.

The attraction of gravitation was not very strong in the immediate locality where that Dutchman was blown up. Upward he flies still, and upward. His wife and children are lost to view, then our beautiful earth looks like a vast ball beneath him, with its varied scenery of land and ocean.

The companionless wanderer in the heavens, which we call the moon, becomes in appearance like a mighty orb, growing greater and greater. Lake and ocean, vale and winding river begin to

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be discerned. Swiftly our subject flies through the lunar air. Plunging downward he falls into a deep snow-drift on the side of a lofty and extinct volcano.

Crawling out of this, he wends his way, like the solitary horseman in one of Mr. G. P. R. James' novels, down the mountain.

What a scene it is that he witnesses! There are no trees or verdure here, no animal life, nothing to wear, eat, or drink—no sweitzer cheese, no bologna sausage, no beer, no pretzels.

Our flying Dutchman soon becomes numb with cold and famished with hunger. In dread of his approaching end he makes a convulsive start and—awakes to find himself in a comfortable bed surrounded by his friends and a physician. The explosion had simply knocked him into a swoon instead of the moon, and his keg of beer was not his bier after all.

CHARLES LINNÆUS.

However familiar the name, Charles Linnæus, to naturalists, how few know any thing of the social life and true character of the individual! If, in the presentation of this sketch, beyond the delight always awakened by an interesting biography, there shall be encouragement to those whose labors seem fruitless, then the reward which the writer anticipates shall have been attained—his end fully accomplished.

While the whole life of this gifted man may be offered to the studious youth, as one of the best models, the first half of his career offers special encouragement to those ready to despair at the many obstacles which are encountered.

The circumstances of his father, who was a Protestant clergyman, of Roëshult, Sweden, offered little advantage for education, and yet the desire to prepare him for the church occasioned the self-denial needful on the part of his parents to send him to the neighboring college of Vexial. Natural sciences proved more inviting to him than theology. Turning away from the books of men, he sought the works of nature. Passing by the poets of antiquity, he was diligent to discover that poetry which is concealed in the opening leaf and budding flower.

Thus, while his father supposed that he was engaged with college duties, he was roaming the fields inspecting every variety of vegetation, with the desire to discover the secret of its reproduction. Hence, we are not surprised to learn that the professors announced him incapable of learning any thing, nor that his father, attributing his habits to a desire for roaming, determined to apprentice him to a shoemaker, by way of correcting vagrant habits. How tedious must have been these days; for, if not decidedly repulsive during the many months when snow covered the earth, how his spirit must have rebelled when, through the vanishing snow, peeped the leaflets, responsive to the beneficent warmth of the sun! Perhaps, only a few steps would have placed him in contact with the beloved objects of his search during previous seasons. With the re-awakening of nature, how he must have luxuriated in the return of each Holy Day, which restored to him liberty! Can we wonder at the information that, on his return from such excursions, the piece of bread for his mid-day meal was often found untouched?

What a world of delight must have filled the mind of the eager student, as the opportunity—purely accidental—was afforded for the acquaintance of Dr. Rothman, who, besides furnishing books

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and information upon the cherished subject, rendered class instruction again convenient. His poverty was nevertheless felt, for he had to resort to his trade for maintenance, mending the shoes of college-mates; and afterward taking a situation as gardener with a horticulturist. Under these circumstances, it is remarkable that privation should not have quenched the thirst for springs which nature alone could open. That his steps were directed by an All-wise hand, which placed at his disposal the friendship and purse of the generous man who furnished means for the publication of his first work, seems apparent, when we consider what a beneficiary he has proven, by the contributions which resulted from his travels in Lapland and Holland.

What a joy must have come with the announcement of his appointment as Professor of the University of Upsal, where he had once been the poorest of students!

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, composed his funeral oration, and had a tomb erected to his memory in the cathedral. The entire city mourned his death, which took place in 1778, when he was seventy-one years old. The tribute paid to the Creator, in his work entitled "The System of Nature," convinces us that it was Nature's God that he sought through the medium of His works. Let us cherish his memory by embalming in our hearts the words, over the door of his study:

> "Live in innocence,
> God is present!"

SONG OF THE LIGHTHOUSE GIRL.

The night winds are sweeping the desolate shore;
Deep, dark rolls the turbulent sea;
And the storm bird is screaming exultingly o'er
The heart that is beating for me.

Go, father, and see that the beacons are bright,
And my heart from its fear shall be free;
There's a promise to be at the mooring to-night
From the heart that is beating for me.

Blow, blow, ye wild gales, on the merciless main,
And ye breakers, dash high in your glee,
If ye bear to my bosom in safety again
The heart that is beating for me.

There! there, is the bark tossing gaily along,
And a light from the mast—it is he;
'Tis the sailor's return with an arm that is strong
And a heart that is beating for me.

MONEY is a good thing, but contentment is better. The only advantage of wealth is power; and this it sometimes, with poetic justice, turns against its possessor. Cultivate contentment, at all events, and if wealth comes into your possession, then you will be able to bear it gracefully.

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

Some months had passed away since the night of the burglar's visit to Stonecroft. Little Harry had fully regained his strength and his pretty looks, and his merry laugh and pattering feet were making a playful chime once more in the old Priory, from which he and his mother had not yet removed to any other home. Mr. Lindhurst, in the new light of Christian kindliness which had of late years risen upon his soul, had resolved not to let the poor young widow leave the home of her girlhood until her son's health was entirely restored, and so he had made them stay on with him till the autumn. Miss Nancy had made grim faces over the matter, but had at last acquiesced. Ruby had glided back into all her old ways and works at the Priory. The world in general had called her a heroine ever since it knew the story of that night at Stonecroft; but the grand title changed nothing in sweet Ruby's gentle bearing.

Ben Bryant was still in the hospital at Barnstaple, whither he had been carried after that eventful night, very slowly recovering from the effects of his dangerous wound. At first, small hopes had been entertained of his recovery, but now he was likely to get quite well. But a more precious cure had been going on in his heart and mind. Helped by the good offices of the hospital chaplain, who soon found out that there was pure gold left under the rust of sin in his nature, Ben had now, with God's grace leading him, got back to the steep upward path; and sincere repentance and a waking up of the good teaching of old days were making the way easier and easier for him. His parents had been to visit him; and, though his mother's eyes had filled with tears as they rested on the wasted features of her once bright, handsome lad, she knew that Our Father in Heaven was doing all things well for this child, even as she had learned to know He had done for that other child of hers whom He had taken to Himself. Then she laid Bessie's Bible softly on the coverlet of his bed, and thought that it would make Bessie glad, even amid the joy of the Eternal City, to look down and see with what reverence he opened the sacred book, and how his pale face shone as he bent over its pages. As for Ruby, when she heard how the bread cast upon the waters long ago, when she taught Ben in the village Sunday-school, was at last bringing forth good fruit, she thanked God, and took courage.

One stormy autumn afternoon, when the wind was tearing off the yellow leaves by handfuls and whirling them about in rough play, Ruby, having spent an hour or so with a sick woman, caring in turn for her body and her soul, was taking a little brisk exercise up and down the dry, garden gravel walks before going in.

In a few minutes she felt a hand on her shoulder. She started around, and saw that it was Mr. Lindhurst.

"Do you want me?" she began, and then stopped, for she had looked into his face, and it was strangely pale and troubled.

"Oh! guardian, what is the matter?" she cried.

"Ruby, I have just received a telegram," he said; "a telegram which deeply concerns you."

"Concerns me!" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Child," he went on in a low tone, "you must put on mourning. A near relation of yours is dead."

"But I did not know I had any nearer

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relation than you and Miss Nancy," she answered, her heart beginning to beat quickly, she hardly knew why.

"Yes, Ruby; though you never knew it, you had one, and your mother was once very dear to her."

"And you never told me this before!" cried she, her agitation increasing every moment.

"I could not help it, child," said the old man, with grave sadness. "I tried to persuade her to act differently toward you, but she thought your mother wronged her, and she could not quite forgive that in you. She was a strange, stern woman."

And as he spoke those last words Matthew Lindhurst breathed a long sigh.

"I can not believe that my mother ever wronged any one," cried Ruby, her cheeks flushing and her words coming quickly and vehemently; her mother's memory was a very sacred thing to her.

"She who is just gone thought much more tenderly of your mother as years went on," said the old man, laying his hand soothingly on her shoulder. "And, Ruby, you must never speak in any way except gently of this unknown relation of yours, for she has been a kind friend to you, though you have not known that the kindness came from her."

"Did she send me my mother's letter, and all those other things?" asked Ruby, in a low tone.

"Yes, she did," he answered, softly, drawing her arm within his, and beginning to lead her back toward the house; "and, Ruby, her death has given me much to tell you. In the first place, it has placed you in a very high and responsible position. But come with me into the study, and I will soon make it all plain to you."

Ruby began to breathe more quickly; a strange, waiting feeling was upon her, oined with an indistinct awe. It seemed to her as if her future was now going to be revealed to her—as if she should now know, for the first time, the full meaning of the secret. She was very pale, and a slight shiver passed through her frame, as though a sudden cold blast had swept by. When they reached the house, Mr. Lindhurst made her sit down at his side. She murmured a low prayer for strength to meet whatever might be coming, as she obeyed him, and then was calmer. After that the old man began to speak in a voice which faltered a little at first, but which grew steadier as he went on; and all the time the twilight shadows were gathering on that autumn afternoon as those two sat there together. We will tell, in as few words as possible, what Ruby now heard.

Ruby's grandmother, on the mother's side, had had a sister, a Miss Carew, who was one of the richest heiresses in the west of England. She was only a half sister, however, to Mrs. Litchfield (that was Ruby's grandmother's name), and her large fortune and wide estates came to her entirely from her maternal relations, so that Mrs. Litchfield was comparatively poor. But this did not prevent a strong affection growing up between the two sisters; and though Miss Carew was a good deal the elder of the pair, and though Mrs. Litchfield had married young, while Miss Carew remained a single woman, there was a wondrous tie of love between them. Miss Carew was the stronger character by far of the two, and ruled Mrs. Litchfield entirely, where her husband's will did not interfere.

Miss Carew's clinging attachment for her sister was increased in singleness and intensity by certain circumstances which had darkened her youth. She had once been engaged to be married, and the man who was to have been her husband was none other than Matthew Lindhurst, who was then in the prime of

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early manhood. But the connection had been entirely broken off between them, never to be resumed, on account of certain bitter misunderstandings on both sides, into the nature of which it is quite unnecessary to enter here; it suffices to say that Lindhurst's selfish pride, and narrow, suspicious disposition — these faults were already, even at that time, beginning to dawn in him—caused him to do his full part toward making the breach, while Miss Carew's willfulness and unforgiving sternness worked, too, their share of mischief in the matter.

Mr. Litchfield died at a comparatively early age, leaving his wife with two children, a son and a daughter. His income had chiefly been a professional one, for he was a doctor, and his widow was left in somewhat straitened circumstances. She was soon, however, relieved of one of her children, for Miss Carew adopted the girl. Miss Carew, who had been growing more self-willed in character and very eccentric in her habits as years went on, insisted on most strict conditions being made when she did this; and the mother had to give up every legal right over her child. It was a painful task for the widow, but, poor as she was, and accustomed as she was in every thing to bend to her sister's imperious will, she submitted. She was not long in following her husband into another world; then the boy passed into the care of his father's relations, and Lucy, the girl, grew up at her (Miss Carew's) side as the acknowledged future heiress of all her large possessions.

Nothing happened to loosen the tie between aunt and niece until Lucy married; then, through Miss Carew's arbitrary nature, it was suddenly torn asunder. Mr. Stanton, Lucy's husband, had no profession when he married her. Miss Carew wished him to take to agricultural pursuits, and to settle down in the country near and manage her estates; but he resolutely refused to be any thing but a merchant. The matter ended in a complete rupture between the aunt and the young pair. She was especially angry with Lucy, because she thought she ought to have held to her, her second mother, instead of siding with her husband. She declared her intention of entirely disinheriting her, and from that time forward sternly kept her resolve of never seeing her or even writing to her again.

Then followed quickly the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Ruby's parents. The people of the London lodgings, where Mrs. Stanton died, finding Miss Carew's address in her desk, sent her several things belonging to her, and among the rest that letter which she had left for her child, should it be a daughter; and at the same time they wrote to her, making known to her the orphan's desolate condition. But Miss Carew, still burning with wrath against her niece and her husband, chose utterly to ignore the child's existence. Then little Ruby, as we know, was handed about from one distant relation to another, for her uncle, young Mr. Litchfield, who had always been very sore at his aunt making Lucy her heiress instead of himself, entirely refused to have any share in her bringing up.

Stern and cold outwardly though she was, Miss Carew never ceased to yearn in her inmost heart after Lucy's child. Time somewhat, by degrees, softened the asperity of her feelings, and when she heard that Ruby, over whom she had always kept a sort of distant watch, was gone to live with Mr. Lindhurst, she made a sudden resolution to know more about the girl.

She wrote, therefore, to Matthew Lindhurst to make the first overtures, and also appointed an early meeting with him near his house. She had taken one of those new villas near the Priory

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for a time, and so she was able to manage this. Great was the emotion caused in Mr. Lindhurst by seeing her again. He felt how much his selfish pride had once done towards separating them, and this new, unexpected agitation had the happy result, as we have seen, of breaking up the ice in which his heart and mind had been frost-bound for so many years. No doubt God, in His mercy, sent this awakening to the old man's soul.

Years had made Miss Carew yet more singular and eccentric than she had ever been before. She refused, in spite of all Mr. Lindhurt's persuasions, to have a personal meeting with Ruby; but she made Matthew Lindhurst bring the girl that evening outside the villa, that she might see her without being seen herself; and Ruby's great likeness to her mother had so struck her that it had caused her to cry out and faint. After that she conceived a decided liking for Ruby, but still she would not make herself known to her. Guided in this by morbid feelings and fancies, and by the remains of her enmity against Ruby's parents, she remained, however, for some time at the villa, and kept her eye constantly, but secretly, on all Ruby's actions. It was Miss Carew who had sent that parcel in Ruby's name to Bessie Bryant, in whom she found out the girl took a close interest, and Miss Carew who haunted her on her return home that night. She was a tall woman, and she looked yet taller in the uncertain evening light. It was Miss Carew also who had sent Ruby that letter from her mother, and, from time to time, those other things, belonging to her, and who had supplied her with that large sum of money for a charity, and had caused Mr. Lindhurst to give her a liberal yearly allowance, paid by herself. She loved the girl in her heart, though she steadily refused, to her last hour, to see her; and at her death she left her her sole heiress, as she had often told Matthew Lindhurst in her lifetime she should very probably do. She did not, however, quite make up her mind on this point until just before her end, and she made Mr. Lindhurst promise that he would never reveal to Ruby any thing of the brilliant worldly prospects that might possibly lie before her, or even let her know that such a person existed as her aunt, Miss Carew. Such was the story of the mystery which had hung around Ruby Stanton's life.

* * * * * *

Several years have passed by since the events just related took place. To-day, as the traveler, on foot or in his carriage, winds along the lovely shores of the Tamar, which separates Devon from the sister county of Cornwall, he sees a large, stately house standing amid wooded, undulating, park like ground, not very far from the river, but somewhat raised above it on a softly-swelling slope; and when he asks what the place is called, and who lives there, the farmer or farm-laborer of the neighborhood whom he interrogates stares at him wonderingly, as if he had inquired if in these parts the sun ever shone or the rain ever fell, and the answer comes forth in a tone of pity for his grievous ignorance—

"Why, hav' ee never heard, then, of Miss Stanton, that do do such a sight of good with the power of money that she have? Why, they do know her up to Lonnon, they do tell us, and in a rare lot of places besides. That be Calstock Hall, and there she do live when she be down here, and a blessing sent straight from the Almighty we do all say that she be."

And a blessing from the Almighty is just what Ruby Stanton is humbly striving to be with the large income which

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yearly passes through her hands—with the wide estates which call her mistress. It is quite true that she is well known in London, where her still slight, graceful form is often seen gliding between the beds in a hospital ward or bending over the babies in some orphanage; for she can never forget that she herself was once poor, and an orphan, too. And still better is she known on her own property, especially on that part of it which is in Cornwall, and which has those rich mines in it. There the rough miners gather around her with loving loyalty whenever she goes among them; and she tells them, in Bible-class and at evening school, of the Light of the World, and they take the precious tidings down with them in their gloomy, underground work, and for them day and night become full of brightness; and these men love her, too, as a friend as well as a teacher, for she often sits by their cottage firesides with their babies on her knee.

When she is at home at Calstock Hall she has one constant companion—a pale, gentle-looking lady—whose name is Ella Ashby, and who often gives quiet, personal help in many a noble work of love done for God's glory. At Christmas time, or in the golden midsummer holidays, the two ladies always have a lively addition to their party—an addition that goes flashing and sparkling around them like a sunbeam; and it comes in the shape of a cheery-voiced, handsome lad, who has fair hair flecked with gold, and dark blue eyes that dance with airy fun. But notwithstanding all his tricky play, that makes the old home of the Carews ring with laughter from garret to cellar, there sometimes comes a grave, sweet light into his face, as he sits at Miss Stanton's feet and says:

"Aunt Ruby, I think I should like to be a missionary, and to carry the standard of God's Word into distant heathen lands; it must be the best sort of soldiership after all."

And she lays her hand softly on his bright head, and whispers: "God will guide it for you all for the best, my Harry, as years go on; only strive to serve Him from day to day, that is work enough for all of us, old and young."

In the lodge at the gate of Calstock Hall lives a pretty, young woman, who often stands at her door tossing a rosy, riotous baby, and looking out for her husband, the gamekeeper; and this baby's name is Bessie, and this husband's name is Ben Bryant, and Ben is one of the most steadfast Christians that ever strove to put on the whole armor of the Lord. Not far from the lodge live Ben's father and mother; the elder Bryant is a laborer on Miss Stanton's estate, and his daughter, Annie, is up at the Hall waiting on Miss Stanton herself, whom she loves more as a sister than as a mistress. It is a joyous day in Calstock Hall when Blanche Chichester drives up to the door, with a pair of fine ponies looking as frisky and fresh as when they started from home in the morning, and says she can manage to stay a few nights to see all her dear Ruby's brave doings. It must be confessed it is not quite so bright a day when Miss Nancy arrives with her crowd of bandboxes and army of umbrellas; but Ruby is, nevertheless, a very gentle, smiling hostess to her. As for old Matthew Lindhurst—a really old man now—he loves nothing better than sitting on the terrace of Calstock Hall on a summer afternoon; and, as the voices rise from the children of Ruby's village school below in that woody hollow, he knows that his child, his Ruby, has taught him to know what on earth is most like the music of angels—the music of work done heartily for God and man.

THE END.

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OLD TRAVELERS—No. IV.

MARCO POLO.

The dramatic scenes and adventures of our old traveler's life were not destined to end with his return to Venice. On the arrival of the Poli there, they found that their fellow-citizens had long numbered them with the dead; and their mansion was in the occupation of some distant relations, who were long before they could recognize, after so many years' absence, the returned travelers as members of the Polo family. To make themselves known to their forgetful relations, and at the same time to impress all Venice with a proper notion of their identity, wealth, and importance, the Poli gave a magnificent entertainment in their own house. When the numerous guests were assembled, the three travelers entered, clothed in long robes of crimson satin. When water had been carried around for the washing of hands, and the guests shown to their seats, they changed these costly vestments for similar ones of crimson damask; these again they changed, after the first course had been removed, for robes of crimson velvet; and at the conclusion of the banquet they doffed their velvet, and appeared in such plain suits as were worn by the gentlemen of Venice. The robes of satin, of damask, and of velvet, were taken to pieces and their materials distributed among the attendants. Then, when the dinner-table had been uncovered, and the domestics ordered to retire, Marco proceeded to an inner apartment, and presently returned with the three, coarse, thread-bare garments in which they were clad when they first sought admittance into their own house. They ripped open the seams, linings, and patches of these humble dresses, and brought to view such a quantity of diamonds and other precious stones as dazzled both the eyes and the imagination of the beholders. At the display of such incalculable wealth the company were at once convinced that these were indeed "the honorable and valiant gentlemen of the house of Polo"—all doubts vanished, and the hosts were treated with profound respect.

Not many months of tranquillity had, however, elapsed, when a hostile Genoese fleet, commanded by Lampa Doria, threatened some of the Venetian possessions on the opposite coast of Dalmatia. The galleys at Venice immediately put to sea under the orders of Andrea Dandolo, and the adventurous Marco, as a patriotic citizen and an experienced seaman, took the command of one of them. The fleets soon met; Marco, foremost of the advanced division, gallantly threw himself among the enemy; but he was not properly supported by his countrymen, and after receiving a wound, was obliged to surrender to the Genoese. The Venetians were defeated with great loss, and besides Marco Polo, Andrea Dandolo, their admiral, was among the number of prisoners taken by Doria.

From the Dalmatian coast Marco was carried to a prison in Genoa; but his fame had probably preceded him thither, and as soon as he was personally known he received every possible respect and attention, having all his wants liberally supplied, and the place of his detention, instead of a solitary and wearisome confinement, being daily crowded by the gentlemen of Genoa, who were as curious as those of Venice. Here, tired, as it is said, by being obliged so frequently to repeat the same stories, he first determined to follow the advice of those who

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urgently recommended him to commit his travels and adventures to writing. Accordingly, he procured from his father at Venice all the notes he (Marco) had made on his different journeys. From these original documents, and from verbal additions to them, Rustighello or Rustigielo, a gentleman in the Venetian service, who was in the daily habit of passing many hours with him, drew up the narrative in Marco's prison. The manuscript is supposed to have been finished and circulated in the year 1298.

Marco's captivity deeply afflicted his father and uncle, whose fondest hopes were to see him suitably married at Venice, and become the father of sons who should continue the name and inherit the wealth they had accumulated. They petitioned and offered large sums of money to the Genoese for his liberation in vain. It was not till after a lapse of four years, in consequence of the exertions in his favor of the noblemen and indeed of the whole city of Genoa, that Marco obtained his liberty and returned to Venice. He then married, and had two daughters.

When Nicolo died, full of years and honors, his pious and affectionate son erected a stately monument to his memory "under the portico in front of the church of St. Lorenzo, upon the right-hand side as you enter." Ramusio, who wrote about the middle of the sixteenth century, says this monument was still to be seen there. When Marco himself was gathered to his fathers can not be precisely ascertained, but "his last will and testament" bears the date of 1323; and he probably died shortly after, at the good age of seventy years. According to Sansovino, Marco also had a tomb under the portico of the church of St. Lorenzo. At present neither the tomb of Nicolo nor that of Marco can be found in Venice.

People did not wait for the death of Marco Polo to question his veracity, and to treat the narrative of his travels with ridicule. Even in his native city, and not long after his return, he was nicknamed "Marco Millione" (Mark Million), from his frequent use of that high numerical term in speaking of the immense population and the revenues of the Tartar-Chinese Empire. It is also reported that when he lay on his death-bed, some of his scrupulous friends entreated him, as a matter of conscience, to retract such of his statements as appeared to them fictitious; and it is added that the old traveler indignantly rejected their advice, protesting that, instead of exceeding the truth, he had not told half of the extraordinary things he had seen with his own eyes. But after his death he was treated with still greater disrespect by an ignorant populace. In the masquerades during the Carnival the Venetians always had for one character a "Marco Millione," and this buffoon amused the mob by telling whatever extravagant tale came into his head.

When Marco wrote, Italy was very far from having recovered from the losses which she had sustained at the dissolution of the Roman Empire; her population, moreover, was divided into a number of paltry States; the very recollection of what had been the extent of the empire of which they had once formed part seems to have been forgotten, and people turned with doubt from the traveler's account of the hundreds of cities, and millions of inhabitants in China. The exaggerations of fear and hatred had represented the Tartar tribes that had overrun a good part of the Western as well as the Eastern world as little superior to wild beasts; how then could they believe that this very race, in Tartary and China, were highly civilized, living under a regular government, having magnificent cities, manufactures, and a

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commerce compared to which that of Venice (then the most considerable in Europe) sank into utter insignificance?

Marco Polo had also the misfortune to write long before the use of printing; and during a century or more, the manuscript copies made of his work were liable to all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers. He was afterwards translated into different European languages by those who were, very evidently, ill-acquainted with the idiom in which his travels were written, and lamentably ignorant of geography and the physical sciences. These translations were again translated and errors heaped upon errors. Thus, in English, Hakluyt, who was one of our earliest collectors of travels, gave an account of Marco Polo's, from an incorrect Latin version he had somewhere picked up; "and here" as Purchas says, "the corrupt Latin could not but yield a corruption of truth in English."

At last, in 1559, more than two centuries after Marco's death, something approaching to justice was done him by his countryman, Ramusio, who published a corrected Italian version of his narrative, in the second volume of his Collection of Travels. Purchas used this translation, and made Marco Polo more popular in England. Robertson, Gibbon, and Vincent, also preferred Ramusio to all other editors and translators. Numerous other editions and translations continued to be made in different parts of Europe; but it was not till 1818 that full justice was done to Marco Polo by an Englishman, Mr. William Marsden, whose book (then first published) is altogether one of the most remarkable that have been produced in our days. This volume contains the results of many years of labor devoted to the task of validating the authority of the old traveler; and from the mass of evidence thus collected, has established beyond a doubt that the long-calumniated Venetian is most remarkably correct whenever "*si dice*" or "it is said," is not introduced. When these words occur, Marco is only telling what was told to him, and must, as we have before said, be listened to with reservation. By this remarkable volume (to use a favorite oriental idiom) the face of Marco Polo has been whitened.

THE END.

When some beloved voice that was to you
  Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
  And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches 'round you like a strong disease and new,
What hope—what help—what music will undo
  That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh;
  Not reason's subtle count. Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
    Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
  To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws,
    Self-chanted; nor the angels' sweet "All hails!"
Met in the smiles of God. Nay, none of these
  Speak thou, availing Christ! and fill this pause.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

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A SHORT STORY, SAD AND AUTHENTIC.

He was born in Afghanistan, out of one of those proud families of military chiefs who, for a century, have been almost constantly engaged in fighting the Russian to the north, and the English to the south. His full name was Mahomet Ismael Khan.

Left an orphan, at the age of twenty he conceived the project of coming to England and learning there the secret of that superiorty of power which the Western race has so constantly exercised in India over the Eastern race. After conquering this talisman, he would return to Afghanistan and give to his people the benefit of his learning. So he sold all the property which war and confiscation had left him, and converted the proceeds into English money and came to England.

Endowed with a brilliant mind and indomitable energy, he soon learned the English language, and then entered the Medical University of Oxford as a student. Five years afterward he graduated with high distinction, earned his diploma of Doctor in Medicine, and with it the privilege of taxing his professional visits at a guinea each. Meanwhile, alas! money had been spent. Mahomet Ismael had brought with him about £1,200; had devoted himself to his studies, heart and soul, and had lived wisely; but after a stay of six years in England there was little left of that capital. He came now to London, entertaining little doubt that in practicing medicine he would soon earn enough not only to support himself, but to pay his way back to Afghanistan.

The new doctor was not successful. His youth did not inspire confidence, and the dark color of his complexion created a decided prejudice against him. Patients did not come, and nobody helped him but a quack of Middlesborough, who hired him to write out murderous prescriptions for unseen patients. This was too much for the honesty of the Afghan doctor, and he came back to London, preferring starvation to murder in the dark.

And it was starvation. Like all the men of his race and of his religion he was a fatalist; had no fear of death, and considered the loss of caste a degradation worse than death. He could not, therefore, ask of manual labor the bread which his intellectual profession refused him, he could not beg. Alone in a strange land, he had no prospect before him but to starve, so he resolved calmly to die.

On the 20th of October last, Mahomet Ismael Khan, the Afghan chief, and the graduate of the Faculty of Oxford, went out on a last round in the streets of London, in search of that providential event which comes sometimes to the relief of the desperate, at the last moment, and he found nothing. He returned to his room, wrote a long letter to the coroner of the St. Giles' Ward, in which he lived, and took a dose of prussic acid which produced instantaneous death.

This letter to the coroner contained a brief sketch of his life, and was remarkable for its brilliancy of style, depth of feeling, and for quiet irony. "I bequeath my body to the Faculty of Oxford," said the letter, "to have it dissected in the interest of science. I shall thus return to society all that I have received from it. Our account will be balanced. Had I gone back to Afghanistan, I might have, some day, been made one of its rulers; but the journey costs too much."

Thus ended the career of the first Afghan who graduated at an English university.

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FELIZA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE LIONNET, BY H. DE LA RONDE.]

I.

Among the most charming patios of Seville, one of the most striking was certainly No. 7 of the Calle de las Palmas. The few passers-by who lingered at night in this retired street never failed to cast a look of admiration through the railings—a look which was fully justified by the luxurious elegance of this summer parlor. The slender columns which supported the gallery were of white marble, veined with pink, and were joined together by the exquisite Moorish arch. The pavement was of mosaic, the brilliant colors of which blended harmoniously. Heads of chimera, of great purity of design, ornamented the fountain in the center, and the column of water which rose from it fell back in a shower of pearls, on a border of variegated camellias, which had been brought from France at great expense. In a word, the costly furniture, the paintings by the old masters, which hung under the galleries, the gilt lamps, suspended by long chains from each arch, all contributed toward fascinating the spectator.

On a beautiful day in the month of May this brilliant frame set off a laughing picture. Two little girls, seated on camp-stools, near the fountain, were attentively watching some chameleons which, as is their wont in Andalusia, peopled the camellias. Suddenly the taller of the two held out her fan to one of them. The little animal immediately clutched hold of it. She then carefully carried it as far as the rope of the tela, which hung a few steps off. The hideous, but good-natured little reptile, grabbing hold of this new object, began to climb up with its characteristic slowness; but, on reaching the top, it cast its rolling eyes in all directions, and seeing no way of climbing up any higher, down it came the same way it had gone up. At this sight the other little girl also picked up a chameleon, and carrying it to the rope, made it go up while the other was coming down. The frightful little beasts met about half way, and the sight then became truly comical, for, not knowing what to do, they cast terrified looks at each other, indulging, at the same time, in contortions which their ugliness and the slowness of their motions rendered infinitely grotesque. The children laughed merrily for awhile, but, suddenly, the smaller of the two picked up her chameleon, saying:

"Poor little thing; it makes him unhappy."

"Let him alone," said the other; "it is so funny, and they are just too ugly!"

"Yes; but they are not wicked."

And the child tenderly carried her protegé back to the camellias.

This short conversation contained the moral picture of the two children. It would take longer to sketch their physical portraits.

In Regla, the elder and the taller, the purity of the Castilian features was combined with the brilliancy of the Andalusian type. In this city, in which beauty is so common, people would turn around to look after her as she passed; she always created a sensation at "The Delights," and distracted the attention of the worshippers at San Lorenzo; it was, therefore, easy to predict that in a few years a suitor would spring from every stone in Seville. The Spaniards when they marry do not seek for money like the French, but for beauty. Is this the

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wiser plan? I shall let the reader decide this delicate question to his own satisfaction. But, however that may be, as Regla had both beauty and money, every one agreed in saying she would not long remain in long dresses.*

This would all have been very well had she had a good, firm, prudent mother, but Regla's had died at her birth, and the poor child was left to her father's care—a father whose indulgent love did more and more to develop each day in her that tendency towards selfishness, which we, one and all, inherit as our natural birthright. As a natural consequence, Regla possessed no more fervent admirer of her own beauty than herself, and she already lavished more smiles on her mirror than on her doll.

Far different was Feliza, her cousin. Much smaller, paler, thinner, possessing irregular features and childish manners, her only charms were those common to every Andalusian, no matter how plain-looking she may be in other respects—superb eyes and magnificent hair. Doubly orphaned and without fortune, her uncle, Regla's father, had gladly adopted her, thus giving a companion to his daughter. He had also taken into his home, at the same time, the worthy Manuela, Feliza's nurse, a constant grumbler, but as devoted as a faithful dog. She bestowed on both children the same painstaking care, but a widely different affection. Her whole heart belonged to the one she had nursed at her breast, and whom she alone found *mas hermosa coms la reina de España* (more beautiful than the Queen of Spain), which, by the way, was no very great compliment at that time.

While the children were playing in the patio, Regla's father, seated in his study, was emptying the mail bag of its contents. He glanced rapidly over several notes, then opening a letter bearing a seal with a large coat of arms, he read it with profound attention. Here is the letter:

"MY DEAR HERNANDEZ: Providence has not yet wearied of afflicting me with trials. A new misfortune has overtaken me, and, in the embarrassing condition in which it has placed me, I have come to request a great favor of your goodness. It was not deemed sufficient that my unhappy Julio should be afflicted with blindness during a whole year, my youngest son, too, must now suffer in his turn. He injured his leg during the winter, and the wound during the last few weeks has grown worse so rapidly that amputation has been declared necessary. Several friends have advised me to take him to France for a consultation. I should have already done so had I not feared the journey for Julio, whose health, much shattered by his accident, could not stand a colder climate. On the other hand, the heat is much to be feared for Carlos, and I am urged to leave before June. But, what to do with Julio? Leave him with my brother? He would be unhappy in the midst of his four noisy cousins, whose games he will no longer be able to share, and my sister-in-law is too engrossed by society to bestow much care on him. I have thought that he would be more benefited by the climate of Seville, and the society of your charming Regla and her cousin. Their more peaceful games and gentler conversation will be more in harmony with his condition; and finally, I rely on the fine nursing of the good Manuela, whose praises you have so often sung. My dear Hernandez, will you keep Julio with you during my absence in France? I expect to be away several months, a year at the most, though this will depend altogether on Carlos' health. The satisfaction which this arrangement would give me, would greatly diminish, for me, the sorrow of the separation. Should your answer be favorable, as I trust it will, I will send you Julio immediately, with Cadenas, whom I beg you to keep. He is the most faithful of all my servants, and much attached to my son, who could ill afford to do without him. While awaiting your answer I shake you most cordially by the hand and beg leave to remind you that I shall always be most happy to oblige you, should I ever have occasion to do so.

"F. DE LOS RIOS.

"P. S.—I have said nothing of the expense

*In Spain young girls assume long dresses as soon as they are old enough to be married.

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Julio may cause you; write to my intendant for the sum of money you deem necessary. I shall leave orders before my departure, for it to be sent you immediately."

Don Hernandez read this letter over several times, and pondered over it a long while. At last, having finally come to a decision, he walked toward the patio whence resounded the shouts of laughter of the two little girls. His arrival in nowise disturbed their mirth. Regla ran toward him in order that he might admire a wreath of camellias with which she had ornamented her dark locks. This somewhat expensive caprice did not, however, prevent Don Hernandez from bestowing on her a smile of proud affection which betrayed his paternity still more effectually even than did the striking likeness between his pale and serious countenance and Regla's bright, fresh face. Feliza, too, had advanced joyously; her uncle was very good to her, though he had admiring eyes for scarcely any one but his daughter.

"My children!" said he, "I have a big piece of news for you; you are to have a new playfellow—the eldest son of the Duke de los Rios, the Marquis Julio. His father is going on a journey to France, and has asked me to take care of his son during his absence. I owe my fortune to the duke, and I can not refuse him this favor, which, moreover, I am happy to do him. Julio is fourteen years old."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Regla, "we will play at getting married."

"We shall see who can run faster, he or I," said Feliza, advancing one foot, as if on the point of starting.

"Not quite so fast!" interrupted her uncle, "I forgot to tell you the young marquis is blind!"

"Blind!" cried both children with an expression of terror mixed with disgust in Regla, with pity in Feliza.

"Yes, blind! and I expect you to have for him all the consideration and gentleness due his sad condition. Good-bye, my pets," said he, as he left them, "I am going to the telegraph office; be very good."

"Blind!" repeated the children, after he had left them.

"I thought," said Regla, "that it was only old people that were blind!"

"But," said Feliza, gravely, "he is fourteen, you know; that is rather old."

"Oh, hush up, and don't be such a goose! Will he be able to play at getting married, I wonder? Any how, a blind husband would be horrid; I won't have him!"

"How shall we amuse him?" asked Feliza.

"Let him amuse himself!" answered Regla.

"No, no!" rejoined the good little soul, "I shall tell him all Manuela's beautiful stories, and I shall hang the cage with my cricket in his room."

During the rest of the day the little girls' thoughts were busy with their future companion; they had hardly any other topic of conversation, till their heads sank down in their pillows and sleep had closed their lovely eyes. Feliza even saw him in her dreams, and more than once she was awakened by the cry of the sereno (the night-watchman, who patrols the streets and calls out the hours of the night), thinking that some one was announcing the arrival of the blind youth.

II.

When Don Hernandez returned, he remembered that he had not informed Manuela of his newly-taken resolution, and his brow clouded, for he dreaded the grumblings of the nurse. Should this surprise my readers, I beg of them to reflect on the embarrassing position of a widower encumbered with two children, two girls, especially, and they will,

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I think, admit that a faithful, intelligent, and devoted servant is a most precious thing. Moreover, in spite of the many humble, and even obsequious, expressions of the Spanish language, it is a known fact that in Spain the relations between master and servant are characterized by great familiarity. In a word, in the household of Don Hernandez, Manuela ruled supreme. Her open countenance did, indeed, wear an expression both of jovial good nature and of frankness; but the brown down which shaded her upper-lip was no deceptive sign. Manuela's character was decidedly masculine, and during her husband's lifetime she had been absolute mistress in her own house. Her family, however, had been none the worse for this; the worthy Pepito, indeed, who admired his wife exceedingly, thought himself only too happy in obeying her implicitly, and he had been rewarded by a tender affection and an unfailing attention to his wants, which had lasted to the day of his death. He died blessing her, and leaving her one son, who had remained with his father's parents, at Cabra, when his mother entered the household of Don Hernandez. Manuela considered it perfectly natural that she should order around the other servants, and even sometimes her master, as well.

"What will she have to say to this new order of things?" was the question the latter asked himself, somewhat anxiously.

He did not have long to wait for an answer to his question, for, at that very moment the portière was pushed aside, and the nurse appeared.

"I was just going to send for you," said Don Hernandez; "I wish to speak to you, Manuela."

"And I, too, wish to speak to your Grace. What is all this the children are speaking about. You are going to have the son of the Duke de los Rios to ... you?"

"Yes, you see I owe that much ... his father."

"Bless us! a boy and two girls ... Here is a fine lookout."

"A boy of fourteen, Manuela, and for a few months only."

"A few months or a few years, it makes no difference; when people want to get rid of their children, they should get rid of them as much as possible."

"I could not possibly refuse; just think it is the Duke *de los Rios.*"

"Caramba! a great honor, indeed. I am willing to bet if you were offered all the other children in the world into the bargain, you would be delighted to take them!"

"Come, now, Manuela, do be reasonable, it will not give you much extra trouble; he will have his own servant to wait on him."

"His servant! good gracious! that will be one more fool to look after. But since his father is going to France why doesn't he take him along? When people have children they ought to keep them; we all have our own cross to carry."

"He is blind and not strong; he could not stand the journey."

"Blind," cried the nurse, clasping her hands, "holy Virgin, why didn't you tell me so! And when may we look for this dear child of the good Lord's. I will get the room of the cierro ready for him; it is the coolest and he will be most comfortable there."

"Yes, yes, do so," hastily added Don Hernandez, enchanted with the unexpected turn things had taken. "He will be here in a few days, I suppose, but he will no doubt send us word. "Faith," added he to himself, "if I had been able to guess that the announcement of his infirmity would produce such an effect, I should most cer-

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tainly have begun by that." And with this remark Don Hernandez stretched himself out in his arm-chair with the blissful look of a man whose conscience has been relieved of an immense weight.

In the meantime, Manuela was rousing up all the servants in the place.

"Antonio! Urbano, Ramon, get up, get up, lazy bones. Get the room in the cierro ready. Scrub the floor well, lay down the estera, and put up the mosquito bar. Caramba! are you all deaf, and will it take the trumpet of the last judgment to awaken you?"

Thus suddenly aroused from the depths of their siesta, the unfortunate servants stretched their arms and legs, yawned at the great risk of dislocating their jaws, and finally carried out the commands of the imperious nurse. The latter, whose heart was just as tender as her temper was violent, had been completely disarmed on hearing of this infirmity of the young marquis, and she now awaited his arrival with as much impatience as did her little charges. However, as it was entirely contrary to her nature to submit without some show of opposition, she stored up her anger for the benefit of the unfortunate valet. This youth, who had served in the family of a duke, was, no doubt, exacting, disdainful, insupportable, but she, Manuela, would undertake to show him his place, and make him walk the chalk line like the rest. These are some of her reflections whilst awaiting her master's new guest.

One day, while under the influence of these thoughts, her brow had clouded, her mouth taken a threatening look, and her whole face assumed a most astonishingly crabbed expression, the door of the kitchen was pushed open by a little boy about ten years old.

It sometimes happens, in the midst of a violent storm, that the blackest and thickest clouds are, without warning, pierced by a triumphant ray of light, which suddenly brings back to the sky all its vanished brightness. Thus did the face of Manuela light up as she caught sight of the child, her child, her Pepito, Feliza's foster-brother. After a loud-sounding kiss, which both mother and son seemed to wish to prolong indefinitely, Manuela stepped back a little to view the child better. He really made a pretty picture, little Pepito with his black eyes shining like carbuncles from under the curls of his brown hair, his skin as golden as an orange, and his white teeth left uncovered by his bright red lips parted by a perpetual smile, for the little fellow was as merry as a cricket.

"You have grown, Pepito," cried Manuela, proudly, "surely you must have grown at least a pulgada since Christmas."

"I shall soon be tall enough for a soldier, mother!" And Pepito raised himself proudly on his little, bare feet.

"Hush!" said Manuela, her face suddenly clouding over, for the child had touched a sore spot.

His one desire was to become a soldier, and the poor woman, who had but him in the wide world, opposed this precocious vocation with all her might. "Hush!" continued she, "if you only had a grain of sense you would stay here with me. I'm sure Don Hernandez would willingly give you many a job to do, and you would have good food and pretty clothes."

"Good food!" said the child, with a joyous laugh, "what is better than bread and garlic?" And to give strength to his assertion he pulled from his pocket a crust of bread and a piece of garlic, into which he bit with great relish. "Pretty clothes! When I have on shoes they keep me from running, and I can't climb trees with fine trousers. And besides, you see it is

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very beautiful here, but I know I should suffocate. And then what would grandpa do without some one to drive his mules for him?"

"Where is he? I suppose he brought you here?"

"Yes, but he stopped at the posada, and I came on right away to see my dear mother, Manuela, all the sooner. And Feliza, I would like to see her, too."

"Yes, come," said his mother. She led him to the room of the little girls, who welcomed him cordially. Feliza loved him like a brother. As for Regla, she was not above accepting Pepito's little presents. The little fellow always arrived from his village loaded with orange flowers and pomegranate blossoms he had gathered on the way, and dulees (sweetmeats) made by old Pepa, his grandmother. Now every thing that Pepa made was delicious, and so if the ordinary fare of the family consisted of bread and garlic, Sundays there was a puchero, and on holidays turron and buñnebos, which would not have disgraced the table of a King.

Pepito entertained them a long time; then he went to pay his respects to Don Hernandez, who told Manuela to be sure and give him a good breakfast. Thanks to these many agreeable occupations, time slipped by very fast, and when the footsteps of the approaching mules were heard, both mother and child exclaimed: "Already!"

Old Marco exchanged a few affectionate words with his daughter-in-law, then said it was time to leave. Pepito, after a thousand kisses, jumped on one of the mules which he had named Regla, because he thought it the most beautiful of all the mules, as he thought Regla the most beautiful of all girls. I can not say if the object of this artless homage would have been flattered by it or not, as her admirer never informed her of it. As for the other mules, Pepito, following his military instincts, had christened one Capitana (captain), and the other Coronela (colonel). All three started off in single file, walking along close to the wall. Manuela remained standing on the threshold watching their shadows lengthened out by the setting sun, and surmounted the first by a bag of provisions, the second by the majestic silhouette of the old man, and the third by the constantly moving shadow of his grandson. But very soon the procession disappeared around the corner of the street, and this delightful day, like all other good things in this world, had come to an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye,
Where the young and gay rejoice.

—*N. P. Willis.*

He who lives for himself alone lives for a mean fellow.

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A DREAM.

On a hot, sultry day of last August I was strolling listlessly, wearily, lazily through the establishment of one of the largest musical-instrument dealers in New York, and, seating myself at a Chickering Grand, began to run my fingers carelessly over the keys in a dreamy sort of a way, playing nothing in particular. Under the influence of the oppressive atmosphere and the music's beguiling charms, I finally yielded to Morpheus' potent spell and glided into the realm of dreams.

Suddenly there arose a great clangor and confusion, all the instruments in the room playing together, each one trying to outdo all the others. Jumping up and seizing a baton, I demanded silence and an explanation of their strange conduct. The bass horn, being the boldest (having the most brass), commenced blowing in his own self-important way, and informed me that they were fussing as to which was the best and most important instrument. Thereupon, I told them that if they would observe order, and each one in turn strive to do his best, I would act as judge, and, rendering an impartial verdict, award a prize to the most meritorious. This being agreed to, the first to begin was the bass drum.

Hark! Is that the muttering of distant thunder? No. As it becomes louder and clearer it is evident that the sound is that of cannon. As the army draws nearer, mingled awe and terror fill our breast, and, rooted to the ground, as in a horrid nightmare, we are unable to yield to our wish to flee.

Suddenly the sharp, brisk, rat-a-tat of the tenor drum calls to arms, and at the magic sound away flies fear. Our courage returns. Fearlessly, we take our places in the ranks, ready to face death and destruction.

The trumpet sounds the call. "Forward!" it seems to say. Who can resist its martial strains? Stimulated by it we would march even to the jaws of hell, determined to fight and win.

But now dread war is banished and smiling peace covers the land with plenty. Martial strains are heard no more, but in their stead we hear the deep-toned organ's notes of peace, and rest, and solemn comfort. It calls forth all that is best and noblest in our natures. Our thoughts are all subdued and mellowed by its sound. They become pure and holy. We are imbued with a solemn reverence, till soaring aloft on wings of love we can almost catch a glimpse of the beauty and glory of the heavenly land.

It is with racking pain that this sweet and holy joy is broken in upon by a rollicking jig, which proclaims that the violin has taken its turn. But soon it changes its melody, and unable to resist its influence, we yield to Terpsichore and are soon sailing around the room with our dear one clasped in our arms, entranced by bliss unutterable. Again this strange instrument has changed its melody. Its plaintive, sweet, sad song not only reaches the ear, but touches the heart and draws forth tears of sympathy.

It ceases. At once the 'cello begins a kindred strain. It is the lover sighing for his absent one. Cruel Fate separated them by many lands. How he longs to press her to his bosom! How he longs to cull again the honeyed nectar from her ruby lips! Sigh after sigh fills up the never-ending days. Thus sung the plaintive violoncello.

Last of all came the piano's turn. No sooner had it begun than it became evident that its object was to imitate the

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peculiar qualities exhibited by each of the other instruments. Its work was nobly done. Again we hear the rumbling of distant cannon, and as it draws near the sharp crack of the rifle is heard. Then follows the call to arms, and we hear the rush of mustering feet. Once more we seem to hear the organ's heavenly tones. Again the violin's melodies greet our ears, and almost imperceptibly the 'cello's sweet, sad strains glide in.

Now the piano bursts forth in a new, bold strain. Strong but pleasing chords follow one another in rapid succession. Then, as if confident of victory, it struck up a grand triumphal march, and, so well had it performed its work, that, as if led by some irresistible charm, with one accord all the other instruments, joining in full harmony, proclaimed by their own act the piano to be forever the king of all instruments.

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.

The flower of English chivalry, with their hero king, Henry V., at their head, rested at Southampton, ready to embark for the shores of France, with high hopes of glory and conquest. Among the knights figured Richard, Earl of Cambridge, Edmund, Earl of March, Lord Scroope, and others.

Henry V.'s generous fearlessness of rivalry had, for the most part, disarmed opposition, and made friends of those who might have been enemies. But ambition is a subtle tempter, and had crept into the heart of the Earl of Cambridge. It was, it could be but a dream of the far-off future; but the ambition of parent for child is often more potent than if the coveted glory were to gild his own brow. And this dream was woven of a tangled web of circumstances. Richard, Earl of Cambridge, had married Annie Mortimer, sister to the Earl of March. Now, if the Earl of March who, being descended from the second son of Edward III., had, in that far, the highest claim to the crown, should assert and win his right, and then die childless, the son of Annie Mortimer would inherit his uncle's rights and titles. "The Chronicler" says: "Richard, earle of Cambridge, did conspire onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law, Edmund, earle of March, as heir to Lionel, duke of Clarence; after the death of which earle of March, the earle of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children."

On this misty, unstable foundation, the husband of Annie Mortimer was building a very fair fabric of hopes for the little boy, scarce five years old, the pride of his father's heart, the only child of his dead mother. Perhaps, if she, the mother, had lived, her own loyalty, that noblest badge of her family, might have quenched this smoldering spark ere it touched her husband's character with treason, and left her child fatherless, for Henry V., generous and unsuspecting as he was, had small mercy for a traitor. And so it came to pass, that on the eve of embarking for France, the Earl of Cambridge, betrayed by the over-zealous loyalty of his dead wife's brother, was executed. Who now would care for the little boy for whom his father had fondly dreamed of a crown? Were his friends and relatives all gone off to the wars, that he had to be left to the care of Henry V.'s favorite valet? In those days the companionship of soldiers was considered the best that could be found for a boy whose highest destiny was thought to be that of arms. Be that as it may, no brighter star than Richard,

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Duke of York, shines through the gloomy atmosphere of the wars of the Roses, when the love of country, the ties of blood, were lost in selfish thirst for power, unscrupulous ambition, and insatiable cruelty.

At an early age, Richard of York had won and married Cicely, called the "Rose of Raby," youngest daughter of the princely house of Neville, and aunt of the Earl of Warwick, afterward known as the king-maker. Then, besides the rich estates which came to him through her, he was sole heir to the vast possessions of the houses of Mortimer and of York. Thus, as he grew into manhood, many of the good things of life fell into his lot, but with them came a subtle temptation which ever lay in ambush along his path.

As Duke of York, he stood next heir to the crown after Henry V., by undisputed right, until Henry VI. was born nine months before his father died to succeed to the throne. Then, just a few years after that point was apparently settled, the Earl of March died bequeathing to York, his sister's son, the right of the elder branch of the family. Still this temptation was only in ambush and it took years of envy, and studied duplicity on the part of the queen to foster it into open treason. The first post of honor he held was as successor to the Duke of Bedford, in the regency of France. Here he acquitted himself with wisdom and courage, but with a regard for his country's glory, which unfortunately interfered with some of the selfish plans of those who most influenced the young king's counsels.

When negotiations were on foot for the king's marriage with Margaret of Anjou, the Duke of York was relieved of his trust lest he should prevent the ignominious deeding away of those French provinces which had for so many years belonged to the crown of England. Hence, Queen Margaret, who was much more masculine in her character and ambitions than the meek Henry VI., had no love for the Duke of York. She feared a rival so near the throne, and caused him to be appointed Governor of Ireland for ten years.

Ireland was at that time in a wretched condition of insurrection and bloodshed. No man could be sure of life, honor, or property. "If she wishes to confer favor on my husband, why can she not give him some place of honor at home?" thought the gentle wife of Richard of York. But for the Duke himself, he had no fear; wherever his country needed him, he was ready to go. He had need of courage at the very outset, for scarcely had he left his castle home and weeping wife, when a mysterious warning was given him that armed men were awaiting on the road to seize and carry him a prisoner to Conway Castle. Fortunately, the Duke of York knew the country better than they and so managed to escape the secret snares which the queen had prepared for him, and reached Ireland in safety.

Here by a skillful policy of mingled firmness, justice, and moderation, he won for himself, out of the very fury of the wild and savage people, such favor as could never be separated from him or his lineage. But though in a manner exiled from his country, he had many and influential friends there, who kept him informed of the unpopularity of the government, of the increase of his friends, and the discontent of many because he, who had proved himself so wise and capable in government, should be forced to waste his talents on savage neighbors when he was so much needed at home. Already the chivalry of England began to arrange themselves under the banners of the White and Red Rose, and all this trou-

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ble and discontent seemed to point at the head of one man. If the Duke of Somerset could but be removed and the king be induced to choose a wiser and more patriotic adviser all would be well the Duke of York no doubt reasoned. And who was there to undertake this mission for the country's weal but himself? It was a daring attempt with that implacable, unscrupulous queen at the king's right hand, but did not the need justify the deed? And so one summer day the duke suddenly left Ireland.

An attempt was again made to waylay him and prevent his landing, but again he eluded his enemies. The duke had need to act with prudence, for though he had many and powerful allies, still the Lancastrian dynasty had a strong hold upon the people; the memory of the brave Henry V., who had brought glory to the country, had not yet been wholly blurred by the son's imbecility. And York had no love for bloodshed.

But at last when a plot was discovered for imprisoning him and putting him secretly to death, the memory of Humphrey of Gloucester's fate stirred to action the partisans of the White Rose. In 1452, York repaired to his castle of Ludlow, gathered an army among the retainers of the house of Mortimer and commenced his march toward London. He disclaimed, however, from the first, any intention of displeasing his sovereign lord or overstepping the bounds of his liegeance. His hostility was solely against Somerset whose destruction would be for the country's good.

At first, Richard's patriotism and daring determination were apparently crowned with success, for the weak king issued an order for the apprehension of Somerset. But when York, who was the soul of honor, had disbanded his troops and come unarmed to Henry's tent for personal conference, what was his surprise to find the Duke of Somerset there. You may imagine the scene which followed; Somerset was angry and insolent, Henry timid and silent, while York was full of indignant scorn. The end of it all was what might have been expected; it was York who was arrested as he left the king's tent. Somerset and the queen would have had him executed immediately but the king procured delay and in the meantime a rumor reached them that York's eldest son, Edward, was approaching with a strong body of Welshmen. Whereupon, having sworn fealty to the reigning sovereign, the Duke of York was allowed to retire, and took refuge within the walls of his strong castle of Wigmore. Here in his own baronial home, as patiently as might be, he awaited the course of events for himself and country.

But not long was he allowed to remain in seclusion. Near the end of the year 1453, a strange gloom settled over the countenances of the Lancastrian court, and soon mysterious rumors gave place to the terrible truth that Henry VI. had fallen heir to the insanity of his maternal grandsire, Charles VI., of France. To whom now could the country turn save to Richard, Duke of York, who was elected protector and defender of the realm of England. York exercised his power with great wisdom and remarkable moderation, only he gave no inch to Somerset who was arrested and sent to the Tower. But when at the end of a year the king recovered and York resigned, one of the first acts of Queen Margaret was to release Somerset and things fell back into the old ways.

Events now followed each other in quick succession. Wars and rumors of wars, successes and reverses, until a man's life seemed but a question of exe-

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cution, or death on the battle-field. And yet we must say, that when the Duke of York held the reins of power, we can find no trace of vindictive malice against his opponents; not a drop of blood flowed on the scaffold to satisfy his revenge; not an act of attainder passed the legislature that can be attributed to his influence, with the single exception of Somerset. But when, at last, betrayed, defeated, and branded as traitor, he had fled to Ireland, an exile from home, his family scattered and unprotected, the thought must have come: "Of what avail my forbearance and moderation, and who shall say I have not as much right to depose an imbecile king who is bringing the country to ruin as Henry Bolingbroke had?" While indulging in these thoughts of mingled bitterness and ambition, he received the summons to come and gather the laurels from the victory gained by his kinsman, Warwick, and his eldest son, Edward. Once more the fair "Rose of Raby" may lift her drooping head, with the hope of her husband's restoration to his rights and to her, as well as with pride in her brave, young son.

At this crisis, before the triumph of her husband was assured, we find the Duchess of York taking refuge in the lodgings of a friend of the family, John Paston. A servant of the Pastons writes to his master: "On the Monday after the nativity (15th Sept.) there came hither to my master's place, my master Bowser, Sir Harry Ratford, John Clay, and the harbinger of my lord of March, desiring that my lady of York might be here until the coming of my lord of York, and her two sons, my lord George and my lord Richard, and my lady Margaret, her daughter, which I granted them in your name, to lie here till Michælmas. And she had not lain here two nights, but she had tidings of the landing of my lord at Chester. The Tuesday after, my lord sent for her, that she should come to him to Hereford; and thither she is gone, and she hath left here both the sons and the daughter, and the lord of March cometh every day to see them."

Of the two sons spoken of here, George afterward became Duke of Clarence; Richard, Duke of Gloucester and Richard III. They were but little boys at that time, about eight and eleven years old. The lord of March was none other than the young Edward, who though not yet twenty, was already a warrior, and afterward wore the crown.

There is little more to tell. The Duke of York openly laid claim to the throne, but accepted the compromise, that the crown should revert to him or to his heirs on the death of Henry VI., and with his usual confidence in his enemy's sincerity, retired to his castle of Sandal to spend the Christmas, happy in his restoration to his country and rights, and the reunion with his family. Here he was attacked by a large force under the son of his old enemy, Somerset; some say that, like cowards, with all the strength on their side, they defied him to come out on Wakefield Green, near by, and fight them then and there, and that, with his little handful of fearless veterans he very rashly accepted their defiant challenge, and went out to fight and die.

Months of sunny life and fair
Days that flitted, none knew where,
Hours of pleasure, hours of pain,
Hours that ne'er can come again:
They are gone, but do you find
You can leave them *all* behind?

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A SKETCH.

'Twas time for sunset; apparently there was none; all day long the dark, murky clouds had covered the sky, and now, no golden rays lighted up the landscape with their good-night tints; no radiance gave its halo to mortals. Clouds deepen the twilight; occasionally are slight rumblings of suppressed thunder, and frequent flashes of the lightning. We stand on the low porch and look down the road. "Aunt Polly will be lonesome such a night as this; let's go down." Out into the wind and mist we hurry, and walk with nervous steps on the damp sod; now up by the rail fence we trace a path; but mysterious shadows peer at us from the hazel brush, a cobweb stretches itself across our faces and terrifies us, and we boldly take the center of the road. We can just discern a light ahead, casting a few faint rays from clusters of lilac bushes and arbor vitæ.

As we approach nearer we can define the outlines of a large, frame house; every window is dark save the one where the light struggles through the shutters. We rap at the door, and as an inner bolt is withdrawn, a voice says, "Who's there?"

Then some one peers cautiously out at us with the exclamation, "Law me child! 's that you?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly, ain't you glad to see us? weren't you lonesome?"

"Yes, yes, child, indeed *'twas* pretty lonesome to-night. The trees al'ays sorter cry, dark nights when the wind blows, and the old house seems ten times bigger. But sit down and hang your shawl on that chair; 'twas real good in you to come and see an old woman like me." All this time this strange old lady moved from one part of the room to another, putting back a chair here, straightening imaginary folds in rugs there, and trying to find the pleasantest places for her guests. Her features were rugged and marked; her glossy, black hair, almost inclined to curl, was drawn tightly back from her forehead and gathered in a knot on her neck; she is the sole occupant of this large, finely-built house.

"O, Aunt Polly! why don't you have some one stay with you these lonesome evenings? Surely with all your children and grandchildren, there is some one that would like to live with you."

"Law, yes child! I s'pose there's *some* body'd come, but no one wants to stay with an ugly old woman like me. Since my rheumatiz was so bad, Mary Dix wanted me to live with her and John; but if I should leave, the house would go down and the old place, and I don't want things to get any worse. Everything's different since father died, and I get purty lonesome sometimes, and purty tired, but I just take care of the cow and the pigs and the chickens and stay here."

"Yes, but Aunt Polly, sell the place and you'd have more than enough to make you so comfortable, and there's no use in your working so hard."

"Law, child, I don't work like I did; Mary Dix says I'm so pertickler that no one can get along with me, and I guess that's so. But the house gets so dirty, and when the children come home, I have to have a reg'lar clarin' up spell; and then —— I want to be here when Ben comes!" and the old lady sighs as her thoughts follow her *pride*, her son Ben who, the neighbors say, is too "high-toned" to ever come to "the mills" again.

Ten years before, Ben Lyndon left the farm of his father, and started to

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find the riches of the West. Mr. Lyndon shook his head, as Ben waved a farewell from the top of the stage, and turned to his wife with "It's too bad, Polly, that he has such high notions; there's stuff in him, and I'd rather he had the farm than any one of the other boys." The first few years, letters came frequently to the deserted old couple, but they had stopped suddenly, and now no message had cheered Aunt Polly for three years.

"He *said* he'd come back, and I know he will," she continued. "Mary Dix says he's married some city girl, and he'll never come back to *this* out o' the way place; but Ben al'ays said it was a purty place when he was a boy, an' it *is*, child. Law me, when I was milkin' old whitey this mornin', the mist was just risin' from the river, and the mills looked just like the picter of some old house, folks used to live in long ago, and then the fields were just yellow, and there was a great pile of pumpkins in the barn, an' I just thought if Ben could only see the old place, and if he knew how lonesome it is without father, he'd come right back."

No one dares hint to her that Ben might be with his father. "It is better to let her enjoy her faith," they say.

"*Must* you go, child? Now come again; 'twas real good in you to come and see an old woman like me. I'll hold the light till you get almost home."

Out into the darkness we hurry again, and occasionally look back and see the light streaming through the door. Then hear it close, and we know that Aunt Polly is alone once more.

A few days later, and the October sunshine rested on "the mills." 'Twas a sleepy, lazy afternoon; even the energetic bees seemed tired, and their hum was one monotonous buz-z-z. A caterpillar slowly crawled along the floor of the porch, as we stood and looked toward Aunt Polly's. Some one is coming up the road; she follows the path in the grass, stopping now and then to pick some mint or break sassafras twigs from the bushes over the fence. As she reaches the gate and lifts the latch, she nods her greeting, and softly laughing at our surprise, exclaims: "Yes, child, it's me! You didn't think I'd come to see you, did you? Well, law me, child, this is the first time I've been visitin' since father went away. But Ben said to-day, 'Mother,' says he, 'do you just go and fix up and make somebody a visit, and—"

"*Ben*," we interrupt.

"Law, yes, child, Ben. No! I won't take off my bonnet. You see, Saturday night I was sittin' in my rockin'-chair, doin' some knittin' for Mary Dix, and I was just thinkin' and knittin', and knittin' and thinkin', an' I heard old Jack bark. At first he just *growled* like and then he barked and *barked*, and I knew somebody was a comin'. I don't know what made me, but I just shook like I had the ager, and then opened the door 'thout any one's knockin'. Well, 'twas *Ben*. He just said '*mother!*' and I said, *Ben?* I forgot *every thing*, *out-doors*, the dark, an old Jack's barkin', and somebody stepped out of the shadow on the porch and put her arms around my neck, and somebody said, 'Won't you kiss me, too, *mother?*' I was that took back, that I just said, 'Who is it?' Then Ben, he put his arms 'round her, and put my hand in hers, and he said: 'Mother, I've brought you the dearest daughter in the world!' Well, that's about all.

"We went into the house, and I held the lamp high up to Ben's face, so's to get a good look. I could hardly find my *boy*; I told him I guessed he'd gone where some of the letters did, that never came to me; he is so big and tall, and has a moustache, and he is a *man*. He just laughed and kissed me, and told me he was my own boy still, and then I looked

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at Ben's *wife*. Her name is *Lily*, and she *is* just as purty as a *lily*. Law, child, I'm gettin' so lazy; I just sit in the rockin'-chair and hear Lily tell Sallie Hall what to do in the kitchen. Ben said I'd worked my work, and he sent right off and got a girl, and I look at the *house; every thing looks* like Lily, and I hear her laughin' and tellin' Ben it's the purtiest place she ever saw.

"Ben has to go up to the city a good deal, and he says Lily will keep things lively for me. Law me! she just fusses over me like I was a baby, I tell her. Well, I must go. Come and see me, child, and see Ben and his wife. How nice these marigolds are doin'. Law, yes, child, if you want to pick me a few, I'll take 'em home to Lily! There, there, honey, don't get *all* the flowers!"

Aunt Polly gazes admiringly on the gaudy cluster, and caresses them lovingly: "Yes, Ben'll think they're purty," she said, half aloud.

TENNYSON'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

This poem is the narration of a dream in which some of the famous women of "ye olden time" appear to the poet, and is evidently suggested by Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women."

Chaucer, whom he calls the "Morning star of song," flourished in the reign of Edward III., and is considered the father of English poetry.

His poems have been said to "cover the whole field of mediæval poetry, the legend of the priest, the knightly romance, and the wonder tale of the traveler," and so vivid are his lines that our poet says:

"And for awhile the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart
Brimful of those wild tales,
Charged both mine eyes with tears.

The poet in his dream sees many varied scenes of fierce warfare, and at last finds himself in an "old wood;" the day has passed and in the twilight

"The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

Then he sees a lady

"Stiller than chisel'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Thus she spake:

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name;
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity."

Truly, the beautiful Helen of Troy caused much bloodshed, and through her inconstancy many princely lives were laid down; to name those who perished and their valiant deeds would be to recite the Iliad.

Helen was the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, and was that most beautiful woman in the world, whom Venus promised to Paris when he awarded to her, as the prize of beauty, the golden apple thrown on Peleus' banqueting table. In her youth, Theseus, king of Athens, seized Helen and carried her away, but she was rescued by her twin brothers, Castor and Pollux; then the princes of Greece made a vow that if she should ever be carried away again, they would unite to recover her and punish the offender. While Menelaus was in Crete, Paris persuaded the lovely, faithless Helen to elope with him, and together they fled to Troy, the kingdom of Priam, Paris' father. Upon his return to Sparta, Menelaus demanded of the Greek princes a fulfillment of their vow. They furnished one hundred

thousand men and one thousand ships, and after a struggle of ten years the city was at last captured by stratagem June 11, B. C., 1184. This memorable seige has been immortalized both by Homer and Virgil.

I copy here one of the finest descriptions of Helen's beauty I have ever seen:

"When first she came to Ilion's towers,
O, what a glorious sight, I ween, was there!
The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen
Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,
Where on the damask sweet, the glowing zephyr slept:
And like an idol beaming from its shrine,
So o'er the floating gold around her thrown,
Her peerless face did shine;
And though sweet softness hung upon their lids
Yet her young eyes still wounded where they looked."

Clytemnestra, sister of Helen, had married Agamemnon, brother to Menelaus, and their daughter, Iphigenia, is the one who stood beside the poet "with sick and scornful looks averse"—

"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse;
This woman was the cause."

Agamemnon was commander-in-chief of the Greek forces in the Trojan war, and when the fleet was detained at Aulis by contrary winds, their priest,

"Calchas, the seer, whose comprehensive view,
The past, the present, and the future knew,"

declared that Agamemnon had offended Diana by killing her favorite stag, and to appease her wrath he must sacrifice his daughter, Iphigenia. At first his natural feelings revolted from such a thing, but finally the impatience of the other princes caused him to yield to the will of the angry goddess. Iphigenia was brought, and despite her mother's indignant and agonizing entreaties and her own despairing cries, she was delivered to Calchas to be sacrificed. Mythologists say that just as he was about to strike her to the heart she disappeared and a goat was found in her place. We suppose that Diana had compassion on the unlucky damsel, for she carried her away to be a priestess in her temple in Taurice Chersonesus, now the Crimea. So we do not wonder that she looked scornfully averse at Helen, nor is there less wonder that Helen's remorse should find these words:

"I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home."

Next the dreamer hears a voice—"Come here, that I may look on thee," and thus the haughty queen of the Nile introduces herself. She was the sister of Ptolemy, and contested the throne of Egypt with him; but Cæsar, fascinated by the fair sorceress, decided in her favor; then when Mark Antony, as she styles him "My Hercules, my Roman Antony, my mailed Bacchus," became master of Rome, he, too, surrendered to her charms, and contended with her against Octavius, Cæsar's nephew and heir, until, in the great battle of Actium, "Where once was lost a world for woman, lovely, harmless thing," they suffered a total defeat. Antony stabbed himself, and Cleopatra, too haughty, too much above the vulgar crowd to suffer herself to be led at the victor's chariot wheel on his triumphant entry into Rome, determined to die and had smuggled to her, in a basket of figs, a serpent, and saw with tearless eye the venom of the asp glide into her veins: "With a worm I balked his fame. What else was left?" It is not to be doubted that she employed all her arts and fascinations upon Cæsar to no effect, for listen—

"Nay, yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will, nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull, cold-blooded Cæsar."

Whether her beauty had faded, her

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charms had lost their witchery, or whether ambition was Cæsar's ruling passion, does not appear, yet he does not seem to have been affected either by her personal charms or her conversational powers.

The vision next passes from the passionate Circe of Egypt to the sad and broken-hearted, yet triumphant daughter of Jephtha, "who died to save her father's vow." Of course, all are familiar with the sad story of the Gileadite warrior's fatal vow, and the sweet, yet lofty resignation which the victim displayed. It is unnecessary to quote here the authorities, *pro* and *con*, as to the fact and manner of her sacrifice. I think, with most commentators, that the Hebrew law, humanity, and the text point to the fact that she was dedicated to a life of celibacy, was made a priestess; but, laying that aside, we will adopt the view of the poet, and with him cry:

> "Heaven heads the count of crimes
> With that wild oath."

But see what a pattern of filial love and obedience is her answer:

> "Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
> I would be born and die."
> "My God, my land, my father."

Her lofty, religious nature, her unselfish patriotism, and her pure filial love gave her courage and strength to submit, after two months' prayer, to her sad fate, and she could say:

> "How beautiful a thing it was to die
> For God, and for my sire!"

The sad story of Jephtha's pure daughter, when contrasted with the passionful worldliness of Cleopatra, and the fickleness of the rarely-beautiful Helen, causes her purity, simplicity, and dignified innocence to stand in pleasing relief against the highly-colored lives of those famed enchantresses of the whole world.

The close resemblance which the fable of Iphigenia bears to this story of Holy Writ, carries on its face the evidence that it was modeled upon the life of this most hapless daughter of Israel, who left the dreamer,

> "Glory to God,"

She sang,

> "And past afar,
> Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
> Toward the morning star."

If the name, Iphigenia, be slightly changed to *Iphthygenia*, it literally means "daughter of Jephtha," and chronology proves that Solomon lived *at least one*, if not more centuries, before Homer.

"Rosamond," whom men call "fair," was Rosamond Clifford, daughter of Lord Clifford, and favorite of Henry II. She was the mother of two sons, Henry Longsword and Geoffrey, afterward archbishop of York.

Of the many stories told of "Rosamond, the Fair," nothing seems true save that she was both fair and frail. The pleasant choice offered her, by Queen Eleanor, between the dagger and the poisoned chalice, seems to be a mere invention.

"Anger'd Eleanor," to whom she refers, was the frivolous wife of Henry II., the Duchess of Guienne, and the divorced wife of Louis VII., of France.

Fulvia, whom Cleopatra mentions, was Mark Antony's wife, a woman of fierce passions and ambitious spirit. She it was who, when Cicero's head was nailed to the rostra, at Rome, drove her hairpin through the eloquent tongue that had so long denounced her husband's wickedness.

> "I saw her who clasp'd, in her last trance,
> Her murder'd father's head,"

refers to Margaret Roper, one of the most virtuous and learned women in England, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded by Henry VIII. for refusing to acknowledge the king as "the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England." His head was set, by the king's order, upon the Tower

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Bridge, but his daughter carried it away. It was a capital offense to take it down, and she obtained pardon with great difficulty. She embalmed the head, and at her death it was placed in her arms and buried with her. When accused of keeping his head as a relic, and of preserving his writings, she stood boldly before the judges and justified herself with an eloquence which commanded admiration and respect. She was the wife of William Roper, Attorney-general in the reign of Henry VIII., and wrote a most touching life of Sir Thomas More. She was such a learned lady that Erasmus styled her the "ornament of Britain."

"Joan of Arc, a light of ancient France," or Jeanne D'Arc was a simple peasant girl, of Domremy, or Domremy la-Pucelle, as it is now called, who, seeing the dreadful condition of the country, brought on by war, and knowing the old legend, that France could only be delivered from her enemies by a virgin, became impressed that she was the one divinely commissioned to save France. Her confidence in her (as she thought) heaven-sent mission, impressed others so that she was carried to Orleans, and, under her leadership, the French seemed inspired with superhuman courage. The rough men-at-arms left off their oaths and their vile living and gathered about the altars on their marches. She was in her eighteenth year, tall and finely made, and as she mounted her charger, clad in white armor from head to foot, with the great white banner studded with fleur-de-lis waving above her, she seemed "a thing wholly divine, whether to see or to hear." She professed, at times, to hear voices, which she called those of St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine; and it is in Bastien Lepage's fine painting of "Joan of Arc listening to the voices" that we see her standing in rapt devotion, having left her reel near by, while in the background are dimly defined the three saints. Her whole nature seemed absorbed in one passion, the words oftenest on her lips: "I had pity on the fair realm of France." At last she was captured by the English, and, after a long, weary, and cruel trial, was burned at Rouen as a witch in 1431. As her last moments came, she suddenly cried: "Yes, my voices were of God, they have never deceived me!" Soon after the flames reached the young girl, her head sank upon her bosom, there was one cry of "Jesus." "We are lost!" muttered an English soldier, "we have burned a saint."

She who "drew forth the poison with her balmy breath" was Queen Eleanor, beloved wife of Edward I., of England, whom she married with great pomp and magnificence, October, 1254.

Edward was wounded by a poisoned weapon, and his devoted wife sucked the poison from the wound, and tenderly nursed him to health again. He so devotedly loved his wife that he had crosses erected, as memorials of his love, at every spot where her bier had rested.

Here the visions end, and we, like the poet, would fain have such a dream, nor can we wonder that he says:

"How eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again.
But no two dreams are alike."

Your patience may have long to wait,
Whether in little things or great,
But all good luck, you soon will learn,
Must come to those who nobly earn.
Who hunts the hay-field over
Will find the four-leaved clover.

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THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

I had a visit lately from one of the chief eunuchs of the palace. He reports the youthful emperor as very bright, and as making rapid and satisfactory progress with his studies. He proceeds to the school-room every day shortly after the Cabinet Council, say about eight or nine o'clock, and continues with his teachers, of whom there are several, till one or two P. M. His progress is said to be twice as rapid as that of other Chinese youths and the plan adopted seems to be more rational. It is not with him a mere question of committing a certain number of characters to memory, but his teachers read over the passages several times and explain to him the meaning of the characters.

Being now thirteen years of age, having ascended the throne when a boy of four, he meets his ministers at the council every morning and in his audiences he is instructed by the Western Empress, his aunt, the Empress Regent, what questions to put. No eunuchs or attendants whatever are allowed to be present at these meetings.

All State documents are kept strictly private. They are sent sealed to the empress for her inspection, and the emperor takes his with him to his private quarters. At his public interviews he is always attended by his ministers. His father is seldom there, but Prince Kung is always present. The emperor resembles his father, the Seventh Prince, very much. As is well known, most of the Tao Kuang's sons are of a slender build and rather poor and meager aspect. Their bodily presence is emphatically weak.

When the emperor proceeds to the school-room or elsewhere through the courts of the palace, those on guard give the alarm, and the eunuchs and others immediately retire within their rooms and draw the curtains. The very dogs have been trained to observe this rule, and on the mention of the word *shou* they, too, retire into concealment before the august presence of the Bog-do-Khan.

The empress is said to be a very able woman, but with a fiery temper. There are over nine hundred eunuchs in the palace.

It is said that about ten of them only are addicted to opium smoking, and then they have recourse to the pipe only at night in their innermost chambers. There is no opium shop within the palace precincts. An opium room was opened outside the East Flowery Gate by one of the eunuchs, but last week the shop was shut up, the goods confiscated, and the eunuch and parties found on the premises smoking were lodged in the Board of Punishment. The empress does not smoke.

During Prince Kung's recent severe illness he was advised to have recourse to the pipe to allay his grave symptoms, in the absence of any suitable native medicine. Since his recovery, pipe and lamp have been removed from his palace. One object is not to show a bad example to his sons, who are free from this vice. None of the imperial family, therefore, are addicted to it, notwithstanding the assertion of the author of *Truth about Opium* that they are slaves of the pipe.

The head eunuch in Prince Kung's palace is said, however, to have a weakness for the drug. This is perhaps no wonder. These men—and this is true of officials generally—have hardly any thing to do. They have relays of doing duty and the temptation, therefore, to adopt opium to drive away ennui is per-

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haps not unnatural. The prince has recently set up a telephone between his palace and his garden, where he loves to sit surrounded by all nature in artificial miniature. In his garden he has a lake, with boats, islands, rockeries, hills, etc., and erected in conspicuous places he has foreign representations of wild animals. He lately added some clay deer to his selection.

His pleasure grounds are more extensive even than those in the palace, which are not much over an acre in extent. There is as yet no rumor of the betrothal of the youthful emperor. It is to be hoped that those in power will not allow the emperor to be ruined and the hopes of progress blasted, as in the case of the last emperor, by a ridiculously early marriage, to be succeeded by another long regency. China can not go on at the present day with a succession of minors on the throne, merely to please the ambition of an able woman. Western nations are at the door with their sciences, arts, and industries, knocking for admission, and prepared to carry out for interment the rags of a hoary superstition.—*Clipped from an English paper published in China.*

UNDER THE GAS.

Under the gas in the hurrying street,
Where motley tides of humanity meet,
Jostled by tired men, hurrying by—
He reads, a blur in his sunny, gray eye;
Holding the sheet in the darkening gloam,
Somebody's "Will" reads a letter from home.

Glancing, the light flickers over his brow
Bared, as he stands, so silently now;
The letter is folded, hidden away;
Memories of home unceasingly stray,
And in the gray eyes, tears hastily come,
For dear is that folded letter from home.

Quicksands may threaten his wearying feet,
That lonely are threading the gas-lighted street;
Temptations may lure in visions of light,
But safe are those feet this wild, gusty night,
For "mother" and God came down thro' the gloom,
When "Will" was reading his letter from home.

Heart-hungry and sad, some sister must miss
The clear, thoughtful eyes and brotherly kiss.
How did I know what his name was to-night?
In the crown of his hat in broidery bright
On soft, silken sheen, by flickering flame,
I stealthily caught "Will"—that was his name.
O, friends true and loving, help those who roam,
By sending to-day, a letter from home.

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GREEK SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING DISEASES.

The readers of the ELECTRA may be interested in hearing of a few of the popular notions in Greece, regarding diseases, their origin, and their manifestation.

According to the notion prevalent, not only in the middle ages and even before that time, but also existing, to some degree, at the present day, disease is a baneful, supernatural influence, or a divine visitation upon man, and, by a slight extension of the idea, each particular disease is invested with a personality and appears to men in human form.

There are many traditions concerning "The Plague." During the seventeenth century it was believed that the plague appeared to people as a woman, in broad daylight, and even at high noontide, never in inhabited places, but always in the open fields, in vineyards, or where three roads met. If the person to whom she appeared managed to speak to her before she could say a word, she vanished, but if she was the first to speak the person fell dead.

By others, the plague was believed to go by night, in the form of a hideous phantom, to houses which she had doomed, and mark, with indelible signs, the walls or doors. Others, seeing the marks, might warn the inmates to flee, but it would be in vain, for their judgment was blinded, and they, disbelieving, remained in their house and fell victims to the plague.

Another tradition ascribes the epidemic to the visitation of three old hags, one of whom carried a scroll, another a pair of shears, and the third a broom. All three enter the doomed houses; the first writes upon her scroll the names of their victims, the second cuts their life with the shears, and the third sweeps them away.

Still another tradition represents the plague as a blind woman, who gropes her way through towns and villages, touching the walls of the houses and gardens. If any one happens to be standing in a doorway, or leaning out of a window, and the plague touches him or her, they die, but those who are within the house, not near either wall, escape.

Still another tradition makes the plague an old woman, dressed in black, who goes about by night, killing by her poisonous breath.

Many of the traditions regarding the plague are connected with the cholera as well. The idea, that disease is carried by people, is common to the traditions of both the cholera and the plague. A Bœotian legend, of recent origin, relates that as a soldier was one noon-day going from his village to Lamia, he met on the way an old woman, wrinkled and thin, with long, white hair falling over her breast, who begged him to carry her on his back to Lamia, adding that she was the cholera, but bidding him fear nothing, even though he should see men falling dead in the streets, as no harm should befall him; for one moment only should he feel a sharp pain in his heart. He complied with her request, and, leaving her in Lamia, returned to his village, where he related the occurrence, but was laughed at. Returning again to Lamia, he saw people falling down in the streets, but was not disturbed, and felt merely a momentary pain in his heart.

The plague is also represented as being carried on the shoulders of people, and, as with the cholera, the bearer of the plague escapes the disease.

The smallpox is first mentioned by writers of the eleventh and twelfth cen-

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turies. By a common euphemism, this dreaded visitor is called "The Blessing;" and the locution "the blessings are distributed" is used to signify that the epidemic has broken out. Even as lately as the last visitation of the smallpox in Athens, in the winter of 1881–'82, there were women of the lower classes credulous and superstitious enough to affirm that they saw "The Blessings" in the form of black-robed women, in places where, shortly after, the disease broke out. And a cabman states, that one night about twelve o'clock, he was stopped by a woman dressed in black, who ordered him to drive her to the Choregic Monument of Lysicrates, commonly called "Diogenes' Lantern," having done which, he was struck with horror upon seeing *three* black-robed women get out of the cab! Whereupon he drove off with all possible speed, not waiting for his fare. And the next day the smallpox had broken out in the neighborhood where the three women had alighted!

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF AN OLD BIBLE.

The late Mr. J. McN., for many years a wealthy merchant and ship-owner in the cities of Glasgow and Greenock, Scotland, died about the year 1835, leaving a family of ten orphan children—five sons and five daughters. His residence, beautifully situated on the Clyde, once the abode of a princely hospitality and the happy home of so many gay and merry-hearted children, still stands, but it has long since passed into the hands of strangers. There is scarcely another instance where members of the same family have been so widely separated in life, and in death. His eldest son settled in Quebec, and died not long after; his second son was lost at sea, where or when was never known; his third son died and was buried in his native land; his fourth became a captain in the East India Company's service, making his home in Calcutta for twenty years, during which period he doubled the Cape of Good Hope nineteen times, and visited nearly every city and country in the world, contiguous to the great oceans. His health failing, from the effect of climate and exposure, he sought a home in this country, and lies buried beneath the prairies of Missouri.

The last and youngest, while yet a boy, died in the service of the East India Company, at Batavia, in the Island of Java. The history of the females of the family is almost as varied. After the death of their father, his five daughters took each one volume of his Bible (Scott's Commentary in five vols). Three of the daughters came to visit their grandmother in Virginia, leaving their oldest sister married in Scotland, the youngest remaining with her. After a short residence in Virginia, another sister married and came with her husband to Missouri (then a frontier State), bringing with her the one volume of her father's Bible. The sisters in Virginia, who subsequently visited the one in Missouri, each brought with her the volume of the Bible she had. On the death of the married sister in Scotland, the youngest sister who had remained with her came to Missouri bringing with her the two remaining volumes of the old Bible, and thus for forty years the volumes so long and so widely separated have all been together, and the sister who has them, is the last and only survivor of the family of ten children. All her sisters were married. They and their husbands are gone, but the old Bible is still here and read by her children and grandchildren.

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Home Sunlight.

"And the seeds of life,
The good thoughts of the hours,
May need the sunshine of a face,
Or tears to flow like showers.

"But be it sunshine that they need,
Or the heart's blessed showers,
We'll try to do what good we can
Whilst in this world of ours."

There are some people in the world who do the kindest things in such an unkind way that we would almost rather they had struck us. This ought not so to be; half the deed is in the way it is done. A penny given with a kind word or look of sympathy will go much farther in real help than if its value had been doubled. Indeed, pleasant, cheery words are often much more effective assistance than any amount of money. And so with the obedience of a child. Who likes to see a little girl or boy frown, or pout, and drag reluctant feet when called upon to go on some simple errand? Does not the slightest symptom of unwillingness take all the virtue out of obedience, and the pleasure and gratification out of a favor? Ah, dear young friends, let not this be the spirit that animates us. Remember if there is to be any sunlight in our homes, each one of us must do his part. Let us be a sunbeam if we can, bringing a felt brightness wherever we go; or if this may not be, let us at least send out all the little straggling rays that are within our control. Some of these little rays that may belong to all of us are, to look pleasant, to speak kindly, to take an interest in those around us, and to do a kindness with cheerful alacrity.

Growing thus into the habit of this sort of pleasantness, by constant practice at home, who knows how many of the mists and clouds of coldness, distrust, apathy, and unhappiness, that will gather in the world, you may be able to scatter as you pass along life's highway?

Nor would we give all of our talk to the young people. We read somewhere the other day, "A sunshiny husband and a sunshiny wife make a merry, beautiful home, a home worth having, worth working for; and it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; just as much his duty to bring joy in at the door, as it is hers to sweep the cobwebs of ill-humor out of the window."

To one and all, then, from the oldest to the youngest, we would say, cultivate a bright, happy disposition in yourself, and be always on the lookout for something to do to make others happy.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

A FABLE.

"Elsie, my darling," said a loving mother, as she was undressing her little girl for bed, "don't you think you would be happier if you could only give out a little more sunshine into our lives? When papa came in tired and cold to-night, do you not think it would have

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gladdened his heart if you had put your book down and had shown more interest in his comfort?"

"Mamma, I did do what you told me. I got papa's slippers and hung up his hat and coat. But I was reading a story and it was so interesting."

"I know, Elsie, you do what your papa and I tell you, but could you not sometimes think of things to do for us yourself? It would give us great pleasure."

The next morning Mrs. McPheeters went to fulfill an engagement to go out calling with a friend and took Elsie, but as the walk was a long one they left her in Mrs. May's beautiful garden.

The old gardener had had frequent visits from this little lady, and knowing that she was ever careful to obey his rules, he gave her full permission to go just where she chose, telling her only if she wanted any thing to call him.

In this garden, amidst all the great and superior flowers, was a little anemone, which seemed always to nod and smile through its crimson blushes at every passing visitor. Time and again, inquiries were made of the old gardener as to how this little stranger of the far East* came here. But the old man could only shrug his shoulders or shake his head, knowing nothing except the fact that his mistress had given it to him to plant, charging him to tend and nurture it most tenderly.

Little Elsie had often been attracted by it and this morning, as she wandered around, its bright crimson flower bobbed a "good morning" so emphatically that Elsie stooped down over it and kissed it passionately in return.

At this demonstration the anemone blushed a deeper crimson than before.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elsie, "if I could only know where you did come from, and how you came here, I would be *so* glad. My mamma says you only grow in southern Europe."

"That is true," falteringly whispered the anemone; "but would you really love to know where I came from and how I came here? for I can tell you."

"Do, do!" exclaimed Elsie, and kissing the flower again, she nestled down closer still, so as not to lose one word of the story.

"You would scarcely think," said the anemone, "that I came from such a far-away land, because I am so small, but it is true. I came from southern Europe—from a little country named Greece, which I have heard said was once the greatest country in all this world, and ruled all the rest. There, on those barren hillsides—for we are poor now and our people have been overrun for many hundreds of years by a savage-like nation, and oppressed by cruel and unjust laws—there, where the greatest poets, musicians, orators, and statesmen lived and died; there my ancestors lived and bloomed, ever hopeful and bright, ever smiling in the sunshine, and nodding in the breezes, always cheerful and happy, even in adversity, for it is said we bloom in the brightest colors where the winds blow hardest."

"But how did you ever get here?" exclaimed Elsie, growing very impatient to hear that.

"Well, 'how did I get here?' I will tell you. When I was but a *little* plant—I am not very big now," said the anemone, looking up at Elsie, smiling, "but I was once smaller than I am now, and had never bloomed at all—one day there came to Athens some travelers from America. I lived with my father and mother, and sisters and brothers, out on a hill-side, looking over the plains of Attica, not very far from the city of Athens. These travelers, a lady and a gentleman, and a little girl not unlike you to whom I am now telling my story,

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*This refers only to a particular kind of anemone said to be a native of Southern Europe.

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used often to ride out, and, stopping on the roadside, would get down from their carriage and pluck whole baskets full of anemones, for we anemones, even when we are broken off from our stem, will live and bloom in water for many days, just to make others glad and happy.

"This little girl whose name I never knew, seemed to me to be more beautiful than any thing on earth; she had blue eyes and such fair skin. We anemones thought her beauty was only the fair complexion of a colder clime, but soon we found that she, like a beautiful flower, was fading away.

"One day she drove, as was usual, to our hillside, and being too weak to walk or even to stand up, her father took her up in his arms and brought her to look at us. That very morning I had bloomed for the first time in my life, and I felt very proud, and knowing that I was of a brighter color than were many of my companions on the hillside, I held up my pretty head and tossed it gaily at my little sick friend as she passed me, just as I did at you this morning. This attracted her attention and she asked permission, in a feeble tone, to pull me with her own hands. So her father, stooping down, let her reach out her little, delicate, white hands and pluck from my stem, my first bright flower. This, of course, pleased me greatly, as I had learned by this time to dearly love the fair child of a strange land. Day after day passed, but never again came our darling to pluck a wild flower. We looked for her, and longed for her presence, but all in vain.

"At last, one day, there drove a carriage to the same place, and the father, now sad and weary-looking, alighted and walked around as if in search of something lost. Then stooping down beside me, he took his knife out of his pocket and plucked me up root and branch. But, O, how I rebelled! I thought thus to leave my father and mother and all my friends and the hillside would break my heart, and at first, I just made up my mind to die. But the father and mother of my little friend were so kind and gentle with me I concluded I would live, but would only be a little plant, and *never* bloom. They put me in a vase in some earth and watered and gave me fresh air, and then set sail for America, bringing me with them.

"By this time I had learned from them that their little daughter, their only child, was a transplanted flower also, and had been taken to the heavenly Eden to bloom in beauty there. Yet I did not feel reconciled to leaving my friends and *my country*, so I still held out in my determination never to bloom. Upon our arrival in America my kind friends put me here, in their beautiful garden, where they said I would live and flourish best. Each day, for a whole year, they came and watered me, and often my little friend's mamma would stoop down and kiss me. Once, as the tears from her eyes rained down upon me, she whispered, 'If my little transplanted flower would only bloom as it did in that far off land, for my darling, it would come to me like a smile from her whom God hath taken from me to His own home above. O! how happy it would make me." And then, how sorry I began to feel, and I at once resolved to bloom the very next morning. This I did, and the joy and gladness I gave that day makes me keep on blooming, and smiling, and nodding, just trying to see how happy I can make others."

At that very moment a gentle breeze passed over the anemone, which seemed to hush its voice, for our little Elsie never again heard it speak. But the lesson she learned that day she never forgot, and she ever afterwards tried, by kindness and love to all to shed more sunshine and happiness into their lives.

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Reading Club.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH :

Through the Reign of Henry VI.,
in English History.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.,

The Wars of the Roses,
by Edgar.

CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

FRANCE.	CASTILE.	SCOTLAND.
Charles VII.	John II.	James I.
	Henry IV.	James II.

Philip de Comines says of the English: "When God was weary, as it were, of doing them good, that wise king, Henry V., died, and his son, a weak prince, was crowned king, after which all things went to wreck."

The imbecile king, Charles VI., survived his son-in-law, Henry V., of England, but a few weeks. But his son, Charles VII., had provoked the hostility of a large and influential party of his subjects by his favorable recognition of the murderers of Burgundy, and this disaffection made it easy for the Duke of Bedford, who was fully equal in sagacity and courage to his brother, Henry V., to hold for some time the English power in France. That which is most memorable in this period of the history of France is the remarkable career and achievements of a peasant girl, Joan of Arc. Of course just here we can only refer our readers to the histories for the full account of how a country girl overthrew the power of England. But the spirit which Joan of Arc had roused did not subside. France recovered confidence in her own strength, which had been chilled by a long course of adverse fortune; the king shook off his indolence, the English were expelled, and France emerged from the chaos in which she had been immersed for so many years. John II. and Henry IV., of Castile, both yielded too blindly to the influence of favorites, which got them into trouble with their own subjects as it always does, but the country was for the most part at peace with Aragon and Granada, and, except for a brief war with Portugal, with the rest of the outside world.

The murder of James I. left Scotland once more plunged into the confusion and discord of a regency. Nevertheless, when James II. came to man's estate he governed Scotland firmly, and as England was too busy at home to give them any trouble, the kingdom enjoyed considerable tranquillity during this reign, after a short struggle for power between the king and the Douglas.

The following is part of a notice clipped from one of our exchanges:

"The 'Reading Club' is a distinctive feature of this periodical. At present they are engaged on the History of England. An account of the organization and plan of working of one of its branch clubs is promised for next month as an example for others. As we did not take hold at the first of the Club, we are not familiar with its rules, and as there are other subscribers from the books of '*At Home and Abroad*' who do not understand its design, we hope the editors will give us a short account of it, for their benefit, in the next issue."

We gladly respond to the request so pleasantly given, though it did not reach us in time for an answer in the February issue:

Our design in organizing this Reading Club in connection with our magazine was to encourage and assist, not only those who were eager for self-improvement, but those who were willing to be persuaded thereto. We give in each number a short list of books to be read during the month, all bearing on a given period and country. Have begun with English history, bringing the reign of one king under review each month, and giving, beside the list of books, the contemporary sovereigns, with a brief summary of the contemporaneous history of the neighboring countries. We hope to do the same with other countries in succession.

Our course of reading may seem to be moving by very slow steps, but if persevered in from month to month, even at the end of one year a very satisfactory amount of solid reading will be found to have been accomplished. The branch clubs formed in the schools and colleges are nothing more than a number of the students resolving themselves into a society, with rules and regulations to suit their own needs and convenience, and making their own arrangements as to when and how they shall read the books, only resolving that they *will*

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read them, and while we do not claim, by any means, to give a deep or exhaustive study of history, still we think our pleasant readings, coming in as side-lights on the regular course, can not fail to prove helpful and stimulating. Besides those in the schools, we have a good many individual members in different parts of the country, who are quietly reading with us, in their own homes—some who are anxious to cultivate the love of history, some who love to read, but are glad to avail themselves of the guidance. Sometimes a mother will form her older children into a little club and read with them.

We are always glad either through the pages of ELECTRA, or by private correspondence, to give any explanation, advice, or assistance that may be desired by those wishing to join us.

NEW MEMBERS FOR READING CLUB.

Miss Emily Perry, Texas.

ADDITIONS TO BELLEWOOD CLUB.

Miss Ella Moore,
Miss Mary L. Tenny,
Miss Bessie Miller,
Miss Lula Harral.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The many bright visitors, that come to us from the various colleges and universities, and always find a welcome to our exchange-table, possess an interest entirely their own. Their most daring ventures of research, their gravest depths of thought are spiced and seasoned with jolly fun, such as only a collegian can originate. And there is an irresistible fascination in this kind of reading; you feel as if the thorough enjoyment of life were contagious. Among these very pleasant visitors we recognize the "*Southern Collegian*," the "*Virginia University Magazine*," "*North Carolina University Monthly*," the "*Cornell Era*," "*Wake Forest Student*," the "*Star Crescent*," and others.

THE next bright face that greets us is *St. Nicholas*, and we easily imagine the children's eyes brightening and brightening, all the way from "Tabby's Table-cloth," through "Stories of Art and Artists," "Griselda's New Year's Reception," "Winter Fun," the descriptions and illustrations of the curious Japanese "Pigmy Apple Trees" and "Miniature Landscapes," and much else that is funny and bright and instructive even on to the very last riddle in the box.

DIO LEWIS has succeeded in making his periodical, devoted almost exclusively to the science of health, not only helpful but interesting, and gives a great deal of information it would be well for every body to have.

THEN there is *Wide Awake* with its varied store of good things, and,

THE "*Southern Historical Society*," and "*Bivouac*," both of which are continually increasing in interest, with others.

GODEY'S *Lady's Book*, one of the pioneers of periodical literature in this country, has reached us for March. It gives a great deal of what one wants in a household. Besides the steel engraving and another portrait of the "Presidential series" (Millard Filmore) there is a rich plate embodying the ideas of well-known art firms of Philadelphia on interior decoration. Then we have a charming little chanson from the "Princess Toto," patterns for fancy work, the fashions which nobody can live in the world and do without these days, besides a whole budget of good stories, both long and short.

THE February *Century* opens with an article on "Gustave Courbet, Artist and Communist." Then we find a biographical sketch of General Sheridan, a beautifully illustrated piece on "Merinos in America," more revelations and commentaries, always fascinating, concerning Dicken's unfinished story, Edwin Drood. Then another illustrated article, "The Cruise of the Alice May." Other valuable biographical sketches on Dante, Keats, and "The Princes of the House of Orleans," with "Impressions of Shakespeare's Lear." Its usual supply of good poetry and fiction and admirable editorial departments.

LIPPINCOTT'S claim of being always thoroughly readable is more than verified in the February number, in the opening paper on "Old Germantown." The illustrations alone would be sufficient to make one want to go and see the house which was the headquarters, first of General Howe, then of General Washington, and afterward the temporary home of a young midshipman who became, in later years, William IV. of England. "French Chateau Life, Past and Present," deals chiefly with the Breton home of Madame de Sevigné, which the writer, Miss Brewster, has lately visited.

Alfred M. Williams gives us a bit of Western life in "An Indian Cattle-town;" Professor Horatio S. White a few touching reminis-

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cences of Gœthe, and his sojourn about Sesenheim. There is also an amusing description of winter fishing in Vermont, a second paper on "Healthy Homes," replete with valuable suggestions, a continuation of the running serial "Sebia's Tangled Web," some unusually good short stories with the well-filled miscellaneous departments.

Scrap Book.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With winds, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
—*Bryant.*

ANECDOTE OF PAGANINI.—Paganini, one day at Florence, jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theater. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moise" *on a single string.*

"How much do I owe you?" said he to the driver.

"For you," said the man who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs."

"What! ten francs? You are surely jesting."

"I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert."

Paganini was silent for an instant; then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty driver, said:

"I will pay you ten francs when you *drive me upon one wheel!*"

He then tendered two francs which were taken.

MODESTY is one of the brightest jewels an artist can wear. What the setting is to the stone, that modesty is to the artist's work. One of the very first tests of the genuine artist is his modesty. He who knows most, knows best how little he really does know.

THE man who anticipates his century is always persecuted when living, and is always pilfered when dead.—*Beaconsfield.*

THE newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed, "Horrors of 1883," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only $6.00 a week, he said it had better remain under that head.

ONE of the most important rules in the science of manners is an almost absolute silence with regard to self.

MISTAKES FROM ILLEGIBLE WRITING.—Among the famous men of our own country there is one who will always be remembered by his atrocious handwriting—Horace Greeley. His manuscript was very illegible. Fancy, if you can, his disgust when the printer gave forth to the world, "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," instead of "Virtue is its own reward." His copy was a perfect string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors. One of his leaders on William H. Seward came forth entitled, "Richard the Third;" his "Freemen in Buckram" was turned into "Three Men in a Back Room," while "Jupiter Pluvius" appeared in print as "Inspector Phineas." He once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing equaled his own. The recipient of the note returned it. Mr. Greeley, supposing it to be the reply, glanced over it, and could not read it himself, and said to the boy: "Go, take it back. What does the fool mean?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "that's just what he said." A president of one of our great railroads wrote to an old farmer, requesting him to remove some shedding. The man could not make it out, but "guessed" it was a free pass, and used it as such for a year, none of the conductors disputing his right. During the latter part of the life of the Duke of Wellington, his writing was often illegible. A letter of his to a minister in Lord Derby's cabinet has not been, to this day, unraveled.

CUSTOMER.—"How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents," replied the German grocer. "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you buy ov Jones, den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for dwenty, too, ven I don't got any."

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POPULAR rumor, unlike the rolling stone of the proverb, is one which gathers a deal of moss in its wanderings up and down.—*Dickens.*

IN the year 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England; one was only allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house, and one in the great hall of a castle; but in other houses the smoke found its way out as it could. The writers of the fourteenth century seem either to have been unacquainted with them, or to have considered them as the newest invention of luxury. In Henry the Eighth's reign the University of Oxford had no fire allowed; for it is mentioned that after the students had supped, having no fire in winter, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour, to get heat in their feet before retiring to bed. Hollinshead, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were," says he, "very few chimneys; even in capital towns the fire was laid to the wall and the smoke issued out at the roof, door, or window. In 1689, a tax of two shillings was laid on chimneys.—*Tit-Bits.*

SMALL silver frogs to be used as breast pins, will be popular with the ladies next season. They will, to the masculine mind, be highly suggestive of leap year.

NUMEROUS responses have been sent us to our little friend's proposition—to see who could give the longest list of words from the word ELECTRA.

The most complete list that has come is from Miss Jessie S. Davidson, Louisville, Ky.

To our own great surprise, we find that the list contains ninety-four words, including words spelled alike, but having a different meaning. The completeness and ingenuity displayed in the arrangement of this list is very gratifying to us.

1 Electra.
2 Ace.
3 Acre.
4 Act.
5 Ale.
6 Alee.
7 Alert.
8 Alter.
9 Arc.
10 A're.
11 Are.
12 Art.
13 At.
14 Ate.
15 A'te.
16 Car.
17 Care.
18 Caret.
19 Carl.
20 Cart.
21 Cartel.
22 Cat.
23 Cate.
24 Cater.
25 Celt.
26 Cerate.
27 Cere, to wax.
28 Cere, skin on a bird's beak.
29 Cereal.
30 Clare.
31 Claret.
32 Clart.
33 Clear.
34 Cleat.
35 Crate.
36 Creat.
37 Create.
38 Creel.
39 Crete.
40 Ear.
41 Earl.
42 Eat.
43 Eater.
44 Eclat.
45 Eel.
46 E'er.
47 Elate.
48 Elect
49 Era.
50 Ere.
51 Erect.
52 La.
53 Lac.
54 Lace.
55 Lar.
56 Late.
57 Later.
58 Lea.
59 Lear.
60 Leat.
61 Lee.
62 Leer.
63 Leet.
64 Lere.
65 Let.
66 Race.
67 Rat.
68 Rate.
69 React.
70 Real (*a*).
71 Real (*n*).
72 Reate.
73 Ree.
74 Reel (*n*).
75 Reel, to stagger.
76 Reel, to wind.
77 Relate.
78 Relet.
79 Tace.
80 Tael.
81 Talc.
82 Tale.
83 Tar.
84 Tare.
85 Tea.
86 Teal.
87 Tear (*n*).
88 Tear (*v*), to rave.
89 Tear (*n*), a rent.
90 Tear (*v*), to rend.
91 Terce.
92 Tercel.
93 Trace.
94 Tree.

SOME very good recipes sent us by Marion Harland. Hers are always good:

MINCED MUTTON.—Two pounds cold roast mutton (or veal), one cupful drawn butter, one teaspoonful of tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one hard-boiled egg, one tablespoonful of chopped green pickle, pepper, salt, and parsley. Draw the butter by stirring a tablespoonful in a cupful of boiling water while still on the fire, and thickening with a teaspoonful of flour. When it has cooked three minutes and has been stirred free of lumps, put in the onion, chopped egg, pickle, and parsley, and simmer five minutes. Season and add the cold meat, cut into pieces half an inch long. Put in catsup and stew gently, stirring often, until it begins to bubble and is hot all through—say about five minutes—and turn into a deep dish.

Remains of cold poultry and boiled fish are nice, warmed over in this way after the bones and skin have been removed, and make a very palatable dish.

BONE SOUP.—Six pounds uncooked bones, of any kind and all kinds, excepting smoked meats, one carrot, minced, one turnip, one-half onion, one stalk of celery if you can get it, a bunch of sweet herbs, thyme, parsley, sweet marjoram, etc., one-fourth cup tapioca or sago, one gallon of water, salt and pepper to your liking, one-fourth of small, white cabbage. Break the bones into tiny bits, mince the vegetables and put all over the fire, the day before you want to use the soup. Cover with the cold water and cook, covered, very slowly, six hours. Set away over night, when you have seasoned it. Next day remove the fat from the top, heat the soup to a boil and skim. Strain, rubbing vegetables to a pulp; return to the fire and boil briskly ten minutes before you put in the tapioca. This should have soaked two or three hours in a cup of cold water. Simmer half an hour before serving. The liquid ought to have diminished to half the original quantity.

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Glimpses into Nature.

Aug. 3d.—A katydid came in at my window as if for a place in my "notes." I thought as it had come unsought, I was at liberty to confine it for a short space, for the benefit of his nightly serenades. When I gathered a green branch for it to rest upon, there was a little tree-cricket under one of the leaves. I thought, "now for an accompaniment." But no reiteration of "Katy did" could I get from him in the jar, and, one looking on, said—not from a scientific point of view—"you are cruel!" So I placed them on a tree near by, and, as if to show their resentment, they have been mum ever since.

5th. A handful of beautiful centaury and cardinal flower was plucked for my vase. I did not before think that these beautiful flowers, separately, would harmonize so well together.

6th. Took a saunter of ten minutes around the yard. Visited my goldfinches—found the female twittering on the nest for her mate. He soon came with something, which he gave to her, and off again for more. She turned her eggs, and adjusted herself comfortably to await another portion.

I then examined the quince for the Io caterpillar, found there a day or two since. It had moved to the very topmost bough, and there had deftly drawn three flexible young leaves together, making what we may call a sort of pavilion, in which to rest, after casting off his old skin. And what seemed very wonderful, every spine on the old hide beside him, was seen—a complete moult. The colors were fresh now, and bright; the purplish-red stripe and the white, near the under surface, looked as clear as a newly-laundried gingham. This was the same tree on which I set the Io moth, on the 2d June, and this caterpillar is probably from one of her eggs. I went a little farther to look at an asclepias in the hedge—found two or three of the leaves covered with a hairy caterpillar, black and orange, of unequal lengths, looking like a tangle of chenille cord. On a leaf of the same plant rested a Danius caterpillar. On a young, crimson maple that stood near, I examined a leaf that had been badly perforated, and found more than a dozen young corn-worms—empretia stimulea. It was fortunate that I caught the leaf where I did, as the spines of this worm inflict a severe wound.

I have found my little shoal of curious "bugs." Sunday having intervened, I did not keep close watch on them, and they all disappeared, as I thought, leaving no trace whither. But the little creatures had just shifted their quarters to a lichen-covered branch, and were clustered, as usual, and grown, perhaps, to their full size. What they subsist on, I can not tell. If there are small insects on the branches they traverse, I can not see them, and I can not see that they get the juices of the tree.

9th. Our walk this afternoon barren of entomological specimens. A beautifully-colored and perfect snail-shell, I picked up, and were they more rare, would have prized as an interesting thing. Scarcely more rich was my collection of flowers, as our walk to the hilltop was over a closely-cropped sheep pasture. The purple horsemint was scattered here and there along our path, and an occasional starved specimen of cotton rose. The hill attained, we gathered the clusters of bitter-sweet—celastrus—and the young cucumbers from our magnolia.

We stood, almost encircled by mountains. Some showed the rough crag covered with rock and pine, and some so far distant we could scarcely distinguish them from the clouds around.

10th. The flora of this walk has been somewhat different from that of yesterday. The foreign-looking teasel—dipsacus sylvestris—the little harefoot clover, mingled with the minute gerardia, daisies, and ladies'-tresses, with others, weed-like plants, and a single wild rose, out of season, which made one of our party quote from Emerson :

> "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
> Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?"

The wet-weather bats, or night-hawks—chordeiles popetue—sailed in graceful flight over our heads, their wide mouths ready for all the insects in the upper air. Startled a covey of partridges along our dusty path; could see their tracks, and the little depressions they made dusting themselves.

11th. The growth down the brook-side is so different and so much fresher now, during the drought, and the grass so much greener, than on the uplands. The spearmint growing so profusely—the handsome jewel weed—impa-

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tiens—of two varieties growing luxuriantly, hanging out their golden corollas full of nectar to the humming-bird, darting around and poising itself on these blossoms, which seem made for them and beauty alone, as they ripen no seed. The rare sagittaria or arrow-head growing in the water, having already cast off its delicate trio of petals. Found on the top of a tall golden-rod, a handsome caterpillar, which I shall keep. Scared up a timid rabbit —we so often startle them from their ruminating in the brush-piles.

13th. H——t walking on the porch this morning espied a large moth lying on the grass before the door. It was one of the sphinges, and I suppose just fresh from its transformation. I shall quiet it with chloroform and send it, with an arctian just given me, to one of my friends.

16th. Went out to get fresh food for my caterpillars. The golden-rod I found covered with a species of blister-beetle—lytta murina, —the long-legged harvester — phalangius— resting everywhere. Felt tempted sometimes to ask, as in school days, "Gran' daddy, gran' daddy, which way are the cows?" But the faith and the simplicity of that day has departed with years, and if he had raised his pointer I should have thought it was to find out what, or who, was trespassing on his premises.

20th. A large hawk-moth flew over our supper-table last night, but as it was Sunday, I thought he must have leave of exit without disturbance. Yet, as he went bobbing up against the ceiling endangering his long feathered antennæ and scaly wings, I caught it with my net and put it out in the moonlight.

21st. My little goldfinches concluded this evening that their little domicil was not airy and wide enough for four birds as large nearly as their parents, during this hot weather, so they hopped out on the branches beside them, and as it is late will probably make this wide-spreading tree their first roost. I trust the screech owl that often comes there, to give us a serenade, will not spy them. I hear the pair laughing to each other up in the woodland, and hope they will be content to remain there, through the dark hours. These four goldfinches I expect to see in our garden, on the tops of tall weeds, picking out the seed as they, through the winter, pay us frequent visits "from out of the everywhere." Certainly they will be here to light on the hoary head of he dandelion in spring time.

24th. Walking on the porch this morning I saw a large sphynx caterpillar clinging to a festoon of five-finger, and feeding on the young leaves. It was trying to keep itself alive, while there were over three hundred parasitic cocoons standing erect on its back, sides, and almost on its small head. It was a truly lamentable object, and as I drew down the vine and broke it off to take a better view, B——e, standing by my side, said, "I have often wondered why such things were permitted." And I could only reply, "This is one of the mysteries of Providence we blind mortals can not see into. If it is to keep down the too rapid multiplication of this worm, it does it effectually. I always destroy as quickly as possible the tormented and tormentors."

25th. H——n brought me a singular larva. I can not imagine what it would develop, nor do I know the treatment required for it. For preservation put it in alcohol.

Just around the foundation of our house, two or three ant-lions have found sufficient sand to construct their funnel-shaped traps, to ensnare their prey. This is another of childhoods pets, over which "doodle up, doodle up" so often has been called—and which we fancied came at the call—when if we had had farther insight into their habits, would have attributed to the true cause, that of displacing some grains of sand, which coming down on their place of concealment, made them spring from their lair.

Sept. 1st. This beautiful, first day of "fall," promises yet two months of good weather for caterpillars to feed and grow fat before their metamorphosis for the winter. On the lower branch of the tree under which I stood I could count six or eight feeding, and I would have secured a specimen had I not failed in a previous effort to get the imago.

5th. As I looked up among my foraging caterpillars to see how they were growing, I saw a tachina fly sitting on the leaf before one of them, the worm throwing the half of its length back and forth with quick jerks as if in great distress. The fly seemed to be quietly waiting till the worm would exhaust itself, so that it might deposit its eggs along the back of its victim. I felt so sorry for the helpless creature and so indignant toward the fly, that I gave it, as I thought, a fatal blow with a croquet mallet, but it only frightened it from its position, to come back immediately to a branch where several others were feeding. Its appearance seemed instantly to throw them all into a pan-

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ic, and they began to throw themselves backward and forward convulsively to ward off its attacks. There are a great many things in the insect world that we can not see the benevolence of, nor could we be reconciled to them if we had not firm faith in the wisdom and goodness of their Creator.

6th. I have had an interesting time watching for the thrush, whose sharp, snappish call is so unlike the melodious notes he pours forth when musically inclined. They always come from their secluded places to feed on the larva nourished on the currant bushes through the summer, now hidden away under the fallen leaves. I suppose if it were not for these and other birds they would be completely defoliated—so many there were this and the previous summer.

Received from a friend through the post-office, an interesting specimen that came accidentally under his observation, for he is not inclined to "bug hunting."

To-day dear friends left us, and this evening the refrain of the tree cricket—ecanthus niveus—seems more doleful than usual.

10th. They have brought me a meal worm—found in an old barrel in the store-room—what next? I will give it a handful of flour and wait for the adult. It now requires all the resources of my domains to cater to my collection.

15th. E—— brings to me a fine, plump Danius caterpillar she found on the asclepias. I will confine it that she may see the green and gold jewel it will suspend in a day or two, for I know it is full size. The frost of last night does not seem to have hurt it, for it still feeds greedily. Stripes—all stripes over his rounded sides. Once in her babyhood days I saw one hanging from her carriage, for they have a fancy for placing themselves in all picturesque situations. Once I saw one half way up a long ladder, suspended to one of the rounds, which had been left in a fruit tree. And a lady sent me one that had chosen a more dainty place still, even to swing from a branch of one of her geraniums.

18th. Edith left her emerald hanging to the side of the jar when she started—will she be back in time to see it "shuffle off" this rich covering and show itself a winged thing even more gorgeous and beautiful?

26th. M—— now brings me worms in abundance, the great rain setting them to seeking winter quarters. To-day brought me two species of arctia. I saw, myself, a day or two since, an arctia Isabella, no longer able to hurry-scurry over the ground, as it does in the sunshine, but lying half-drowned in the wet grass, and exhausted with efforts to get out of it. I picked it up and put it in a dry place, and the only recognition of my kind act was to roll itself into a ball, like a hedgehog, and *feign dead*, so long as it was conscious of my presence.

Oct. 2d. The time for active, busy, buzzing insect life is almost over. The arctians have either woven their slight cocoons or found a secure place in which to hibernate. Those of the caterpillars that undergo their first transformation in the earth are below the frost-line, and the silk-making ones have affixed their cocoons in the trees which afforded them food, or rest among their fallen leaves. But they all know their brief summer is over, and that "the winter days are come." Some few belated ones crawl or fly around benumbed. A harpalus rapidly crossed my path the other day, and on the window I see a male mosquito, with its beautifully-feathered antennæ. Two chilled specimens of nymphalis dissippe have been brought in to the heated air for reviving, and a short prolongation of life. They feebly expand their wings, and touch daintily the syrup with their long tongues when it is offered them, but evidently well pleased. The katydids have grown hoarse with their unvaried and ever-repeated stridulations, and the tree-cricket's chirrup has grown so faint and so lone, we fancy it in a dying state, paler and more ethereal than is its wont.

A lover of nature's scenes expressed himself thus, a short time since: "Not only the days, but life itself lengthens in summer. I would spread abroad my arms and gather more of it to me, could I do so."*

LITTLE work and no money, are the terms upon which we offer ELECTRA for one year to *all our subscribers*. Remember, if any subscriber will send us four new subscribers to ELECTRA and $8.00 cash, we will in return, credit him one year with the ELECTRA. In almost every circle there are four reading families in which a literary magazine could be introduced. Who will respond to our proposition by the 1st of May?

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The Grapheion.

A FLYING trip west, opened our wondering eyes to many things which we did not know before. "Away out West." What meaning does that convey, even to the enlightened and cultivated; at least to those who rank high in Belles Lettres and classic lore. Somehow, the enlightened in one section of our land seem to have associated with the term "West," the old road-wagon, camping out, log cabins, and a general and consequent illiteracy, evidently gaining their whole stock of information about the West as it was fifty or one hundred years ago. But as they have outlived their grandmothers, so the West has outgrown their knowledge.

Not many years since, we heard of a lady of high culture, who declined an invitation to spend the winter in our own beautiful Louisville, because of the exceedingly crude habits of the West, and its limited resources for mental improvement.

Still more recently, a young minister, who was sent from the Atlantic coast to a charge in Missouri, notified his people that he must spend several months *en route* in St. Louis, that he might become accustomed to "Western ways."

So there does really seem to exist an immense amount of ignorance regarding the outgrowth of the West, especially of its mental and educational development, and we would feel that ours were a pleasant mission, if in our columns we could bring the far-removed sections of country to know and appreciate each other better.

Go to that wonderful city, Kansas City, whose citizens that are born and raised there, are only children of twelve or fifteen years of age, and a young man who has resided there "two years" will speak of being "one of the old inhabitants."

True, we enter the city by a deep ravine; that is, the street, from the river front and depot to the city proper, is cut through an embankment of from forty to sixty feet high. But Kansas City might be termed rugged nature's fair restorer. For a more sad and ungainly site for a city was, perhaps, never chosen. It was but a mass of bluffs and deep ravines, at the junction of the Kansas with the Missouri river. Commerce and its consequent developments demanded here a city, and with that wonderful energy and dash of Western enterprise, the hills were made low, and the valleys filled up, so that now the the finished parts of Kansas City are beautiful squares and well-graded streets, with palatial residences or immense mercantile establishments.

The "vacant lots" which intercept all cities, are here, either deep ravines into which one looks down, and trembles at the idea of going over these precipices some dark night, or, just as frequently, some fragmentary position of a bluff, up which you look and wonder how it happened there in the heart of a great city. But in a few years it, too, will be sold by the square foot, and brought down to the medium level, and on it will be reared, in the twinkling of an eye, a three-story brick building, with stone front, and graded yard covered with the richest green grass and blooming with the choicest of flowers; while the surplus earth will fill some deep ravine, forming the foundation of a massive mercantile edifice. Oh! it is a wonderful country, when we remember what it was a few years since.

As to its higher developments, our sojourn there was of too brief a period to form correct opinions, so we have left that pleasant task to one whose opportunities of knowing are unlimited.

Then run down to the beautiful town of Wellington, in Kansas, with its eight or ten thousand inhabitants, sprung up like magic, and every walk and street and residence in it seems to have been placed and planned with the intention to please the eye. And just so with Independence—a city of like dimensions, ten miles this side of Kansas City, in Missouri. In none of these cities do we find, as yet, as handsome public buildings as in cities in the East or South, but these will follow in course of time, and that will be but a brief time. Many of these towns and cities have the very best educational advantages. For example, the the town of Lexington, in Lafayette county, Missouri, contains three large denominational female seminaries, in any one of which just as thorough and competent an education can be obtained for a young lady, as in any school of like grade in any part of the United States. And of the male academy there, the same is said by those who know. And this is true of many towns in Missouri. In Kansas City, we found the superintendent of public schools a man

deeply engrossed in the literary culture of both teachers and scholars. The course of reading, which he prepares with the greatest care, is printed and given wide circulation. In Independence there are negotiations on foot to establish a great female college, to equal Vassar and Wellesley.

Now, these are simply facts given to show the real development of the West.

It may seem like prophecy now, but some day the great literary center and circles of our land will be west of the Mississippi river. It only takes a few moments' calculation of the ratio of increase in educational and literary development there, within the last fifty years, to find what point will be gained in fifty years more.

St. Louis, only "twelve hours" west of us, can hardly now be classed as in "the West;" at least it would seem a long way "down East" to a traveler standing on the Black Peak of Alaska and gazing out into the North Pacific ocean. Yet its eighteen miles of river frontage, its immense founderies, its railroad facilities, its business enterprise, all partake of Western success.

We were inclined to believe that the citizens of St. Louis, for some unknown reason, were denied the sunshine of heaven; but as we had been taught that the sun shines upon the evil and upon the just alike, we did not for one moment suspect there was any curse resting upon them. However, one ray of sunshine dispelled our dim forebodings, as well as the murky clouds. We found, however, a most liberal supply in their hearts and homes, far more than was needed to compensate for none out-of-doors.

WE are sorry not to be able to give our young friends any news from Harry Push this month, as we know many of them have been following his movements with the deepest interest. We especially regret this as he and his friends, when last heard from, were apparently in some danger of being imprisoned in the tomb with Virgil. And leaving them even for one month in such an uncomfortable predicament was like one of our childhood's "bad dreams," which we could only shake off by making a different ending, and, of course, a more pleasant one. I suppose we will have to follow the same plan in this instance; let our imagination amuse itself by extricating him and his friends from their unpleasant dilemma. For we will not for a moment believe that they were shut up there with those deceitful guides, and, therefore, as we do not hear from him, we would rather think of him as merely *water-bound* somewhere, himself or his letters, and will hope that by next month he will have such a budget of charming adventures laid up in store for us, that we will be more than repaid for our disappointment and long waiting.

WITH our next issue we will give a complete index to Volume I. of ELECTRA. The April number ends the ELECTRA'S first year, and with May we begin Volume II.

We have now in preparation a uniform cover for Volume I. of ELECTRA, which we will furnish to our subscribers at seventy-five cents, postage prepaid by us. This cover will be ready for use and can be adjusted at any book-bindery. It will retain your twelve numbers in handsome, uniform style, which, with the index in our April number, will make a complete volume.

To our subscribers we have already made a most liberal offer, viz: to send us four new subscribers and $8.00 cash, and we will furnish the ELECTRA one year, free, as premium. Some are already responding to this offer. To any who make up the number, four, and send us $8.00 in subscription, we would say, send one additional subscriber, making five in all, and $10.00 cash, and we will send you the uniform cover and the ELECTRA.

Or, to any one who will send us, *with their subscription*, for the coming year, one additional subscriber, we will send the uniform cover as a premium on the one subscriber. We want ten thousand subscribers within the next three months, and if our present subscribers will thus become the mediums of increasing our subscription list, we will accomplish it.

As a further apology for Harry Push's mysterious absence this month we give as our frontispiece "The Italian Boy." He is not exactly the boy who locked Harry and his friends up in the tomb, but such a one as he often met on the streets of Naples. The Italian boy was a popular one with artists as a model, and as such has become somewhat famous in Italian art, but has never before been reproduced in this country.

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Current History.

WHILE the Egyptian question is agitating, not only England and the Liberal party, but almost the whole of Europe also; while Russia is quietly encroaching upon neutral ground in Asia, and France maintains her rights in China, our own land preserves a most placid exterior.

The only great upheaving seems to be the waste of waters, the floods and storms that come upon us. Again, this year the Ohio valley is suffering from the direful effects of another great flood, this time much greater in extent of land covered by the water than last year, but not attended with as great a loss of life or personal property. The reason of this being, that the lessons learned a year since have not been forgotten, and the people were more ready to leave their homes and remove their effects.

Two causes, however, have existed which make it more serious, and which did not exist in the flood of 1883. One is the extreme cold weather which followed the first rise of the rivers and the other the fearful wind storms that have spread over the inundated regions.

All praise and gratitude are due to the noble life-saving service of Louisville, who have spent whole nights in perilous toil, rescuing the sufferers from imminent death or starvation by removing them over the roaring, turbulent waters, to places of safety.

The drainage area of the Ohio river is about 207,000 square miles. Its tributaries reach the river from ten different States, and when the waters come down they are mighty and strong. These fearful and destructive floods are becoming one of the most important and perplexing questions of the day.

IN the Legislature of the State of Kentucky a bill has been prepared by Mr. Harcourt, the text of which is as follows: *An act to punish as felons all persons who may engage in the keeping or conducting of halls, houses, rooms, or other places for the playing of or betting on or at faro, keno, three-card monte, mustang, and other games.*

This bill is one which all good citizens would rejoice to see become a law.

THE business in Congress is being carried on as rapidly as could be expected. A vast number of bills embracing a great amount and great variety of business has been introduced, and of the whole number, only comparatively few have been acted upon any way other than their bare reception and reference. Because of the increase in the number of States and Territories and increase in Federal population, Congress has now, perhaps, five times as much work to do as it had fifty years ago.

The tariff, the banks and bonds, inter-state commerce, bonded whisky, and a few other like questions are those most prominent before Congress. The Cause of Temperance at the Capitol has been agitated in the Senate. One of the joint rules of the House and Senate prohibits the sale of spirituous or malt liquors in the restaurants of both Houses. This rule has been practically a dead letter for years. The new joint rule directs the Sergeant-at-Arms to see it strictly enforced, and provides that no intoxicating liquors shall be offered for sale at the Capitol.

AN effort is being made by certain benevolent and enterprising persons to build a home for indigent Confederate soldiers. A delegation from Richmond, Virginia, is making collections for that purpose, and meeting with most grateful success. The people of Baltimore and Washington cities have subscribed liberally, and the delegation will visit New York and Boston in the interests of their mission. It is said that contributions from the Grand Army posts have been most generous. This is highly gratifying. It speaks of a common brotherhood. People of the North will contribute to the fund, not because the beneficiaries were Confederate soldiers, but because they are part and parcel of our common humanity, and need the aid of others to make them comfortable and prevent severe suffering. A movement of this kind will do more to destroy sectional feeling, and unify the people, North and South, than all the speeches and parades that could be made between this and the next Presidential election.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

EGYPT.—New tales of disaster to the Egyptian arms come to us from the Soudan.

There has been a very curious and very unusual caution displayed by El Mahdi in his military movements against the Egyptian forces in the Soudan. It is said that this now

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famous chieftain is assisted in his counsels by some European officers of military merit, and this is probably true. After the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army, the victorious rebel seemed to disappear from sight. There were yet Egyptian garrisons at Khartoum, Berber, Gondola, Sinkat, Tokar, all within easy distance of the field of the first victory, and all apparently too weak to resist an attack from the superior forces of the late victor — yet that victor retired to El Obeid and for a long time gave no sign of life. Presently, however, it was found that communications between the various Egyptian military posts were made insecure, and soon were stopped altogether. The intervening country was everywhere found occupied by new tribes in rebellion. El Mahdi was nowhere to be seen, but the work of his emissaries was plainly visible all over the land. Outside of Egyptian strongholds, only one authority was recognized, and one direction obeyed, that of El Mahdi ; nothing was left to chance, and no attack was made where existed the least risk of defeat and of loss of prestige. The new Prophet seems to have known the fatal effect of a single disaster at the beginning of an enterprise like his and the value of organizing. All the Egyptian fortresses were left unattacked, but good care was taken that they were not re-enforced. With time, the besiegers would grow stronger, while the besieged, cut off from any assistance from the outside, would exhaust their supplies of food, ammunition, and—confidence.

This policy would have been dangerous had England rushed to the rescue of the Soudan with the same energy as it rushed to the rescue of Egypt when Arabi Bey was the rebel. But here again El Mahdi seems to have had the advice of experienced statesmen and to have anticipated that England would be very slow indeed, if disposed at all, to send her own troops to oppose him. Thus, the whole plan of the campaign has developed itself so far, as one of active organization, strict blockade of Egyptian fortresses, and as little fighting as possible, consistent with that blockade.

On the other side, England remained true to all her former declarations concerning her Egyptian policy. She does not claim sovereignty over the country, with the duty it would involve of retaining intact the entirety of the empire. She meant to assist the Khedive to rule Egypt for the greater peace, order, and prosperity of the land, and for the greater security of the Suez canal. She does not wish to do more. Meanwhile, the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan, most of which are commanded by British officers, must be succored, and more British officers at the head of the remainder of Egyptian troops must be sent to the Soudan for that object. Meanwhile, also, the British fleet must be re-enforced until it would make the whole littoral of the Red sea and of the Indian ocean secure.

Thus, more men-of-war were ordered to the Red sea, and Baker Pasha was sent to Suakim with a few thousand Egyptian recruits to secure principally the relief of the Egytian garrisons in Soudan. An advance was made in force from Suakim toward Berber and resulted disastrously. The Egyptian troops were again defeated and almost exterminated to a man. Baker Pasha, with a few English officers, were alone fortunate enough to cut their way through the enemy and so reach the seashore in safety. Sorties were made by the starving garrisons of Sinkat, Tokar, Berber, Gondola, and in every instance proved unsuccessful and attended with great loss of life.

Public opinion in England began to clamor for a more vigorous policy. New vessels were sent to Suakim and Gordon Pasha was selected to command the new expedition of relief, with a few thousand fresh Egyptian troops, still unsupported by British soldiers.

Gordon Pasha, who is probably the European officer best acquainted with the Arabs and the native blacks of the Soudan, inaugurated a new policy, that of winning over, through his personal influence, bribes, and threats, enough sheiks of the hostile and the neutral tribes to create a division in El Mahdi's ranks. He left Suakim with a picked body of troops in the direction of Khartoum and it is not known yet what success he has met in his new and bold enterprise of bribery and intimidation.

* * * * *

Soon after his departure came the news that the garrison of Sinkat, six hundred men strong, and commanded by Tewfik Bey, the bravest of the Egyptian officers, reduced to a last degree of starvation, had decided to cut their way through the enemy, preferring death in the field to death by starvation behind walls. And to them it was death in the field. It is stated that they fought heroically, and were all killed in battle except two men. This event, showing the fearful stress to which were reduced the Egyptian garrisons, and probably more

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than all, the bravery displayed at last in the field by a body of Egyptian soldiers, has moved the heart of England as no previous disaster in the Soudan had yet. The excitement in England has been intense, and from Whigs as well as from Tories comes now such an appeal to the government to act with energy, even at the cost of British money and British blood, that Premier Gladstone is forced to send English troops to the Soudan, as well as English commanders. The garrison of Alexandria is already sent to the seat of war, and a regiment of Hussars, returning from India, is stopped at Aden and sent to Suakim.

With England's intervention the fight in the Soudan assumes a new face, and points hardly to any result but one—the defeat of El Mahdi's forces. At what cost, however, and to what extent, remains to be seen. It will be interesting to see whether El Mahdi himself, who has seemed unwilling to compromise his prestige by commanding personally any expedition in the past two months, will now take the field in person, to oppose his new opponents. It will be interesting, also, to see, if Soudan is reconquered, what will be done with it.

EGYPT.—At the time of our going to press, we hear it announced that General Gordon has reached Khartoum in safety; also, that he issued a proclamation acknowledging El Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, remitting half the taxes due the Egyptian government, and disclaiming any intention of interfering with the slave trade.

It is not stated in whose name General Gordon spoke, but we presume that it was in the name of the Khedive, and not of England. This action, on the part of General Gordon, indicates more clearly than any former incident that England is determined not to fight for the re-conquest of Soudan. As to the slave trade clause in the General's proclamation, it is creating no little excitement in England, and while it does not, really, change the state of affairs which existed in Soudan before the rebellion of El Mahdi, it will be considered as a great triumph by the slave traders, and encourage them in their pursuits.

RUSSIA.—Russia has won another great success in her Asiatic campaign, and established herself at Merv, almost on the frontier of British East India, upon that famous neutral zone which England had always intended to keep intact between her East India possessions and Russia. Twenty-five years ago the occupation of Merv, by the Russians, would have been considered a *casus belli* by England. To-day, it will, probably, be the cause only of strong protests, and of—platonic regrets.

TONQUIN.—The French campaign in Tonquin during the past month has been quite uneventful.

A new accord has been established between Mr. Champeaux, the French Commissioner, and the Court of Hue. The new king, Kien-Phua, has ratified the treaty made with Tu-Due, and which caused, probably, the death of that unfortunate king. Instructions were sent to the Annamite mandarins in Tonquin to give their support to the French officials, according to the last treaty. As premised in our last report, an attack on Bacninh was suspended until the arrival of General Millot, and of the 5,000 troops which accompany him. Military operations were active all along the Delta, but confined to small engagements. The pirates and Black Flags appeared in force on the lower Red river, in the Nam-Dinh district, and were driven out with great loss. Dai-Luong and Hai-Phong were attacked on several occasions, and the rebels driven back in every case. Pending the attack on Bacninh, the work of the French has been one of pacification and reorganization of the country.

In the attitude of China no new phase has been developed. Desultory negotiations have been going on between the cabinets of Paris and Pekin, without much interruption, and without any apparent result. All seems to rest now on the result of the attack and defense of Bacninh, and will probably be decided within a few days. General Millot's arrival at Hai-Phong is already announced, and the move of the French troops on Bacninh is not likely to suffer long delay.

A massacre of Christians is reported in the district north of the Red river and joining the Chinese frontier. The report, however, gives no details and lacks confirmation.

In the Chinese treaty-ports all remains quiet and precautions have been taken by the European powers and the United States to insure full protection to their nationals.

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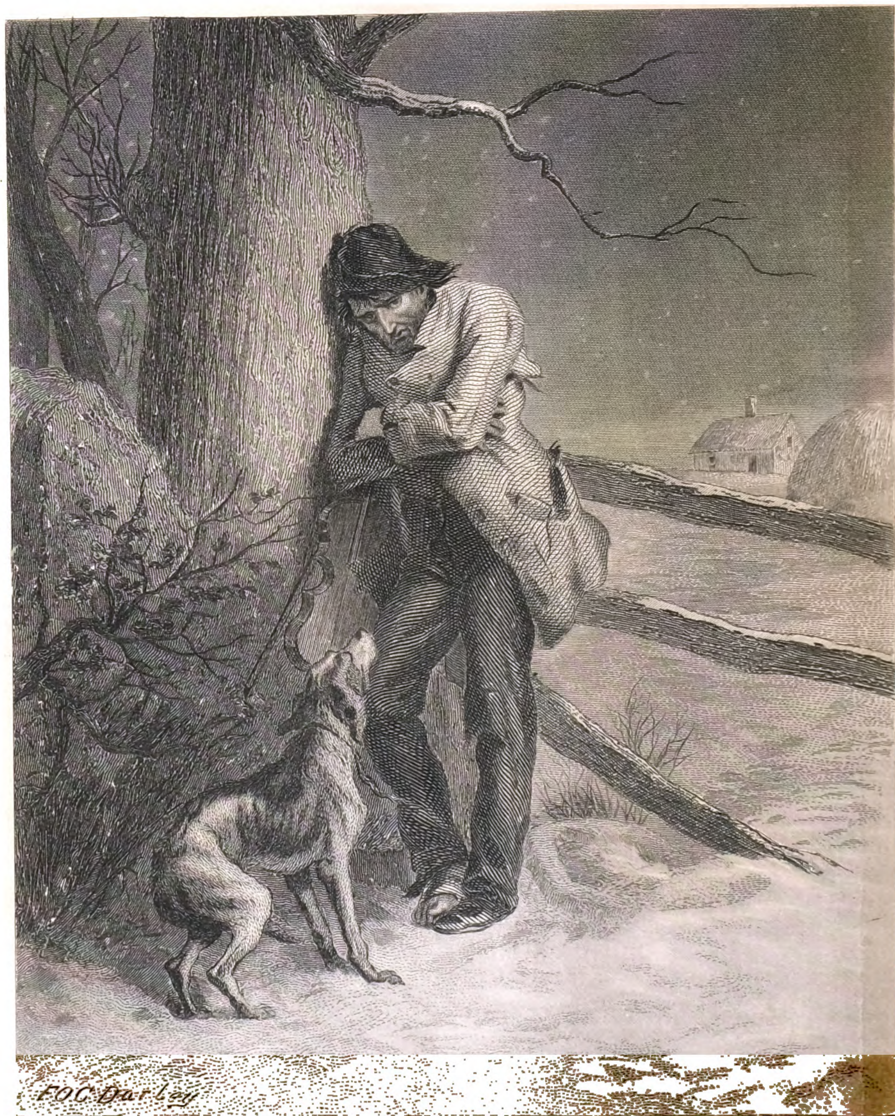


F. O. C. Darley — John C. McRae

"ROGER AND I"

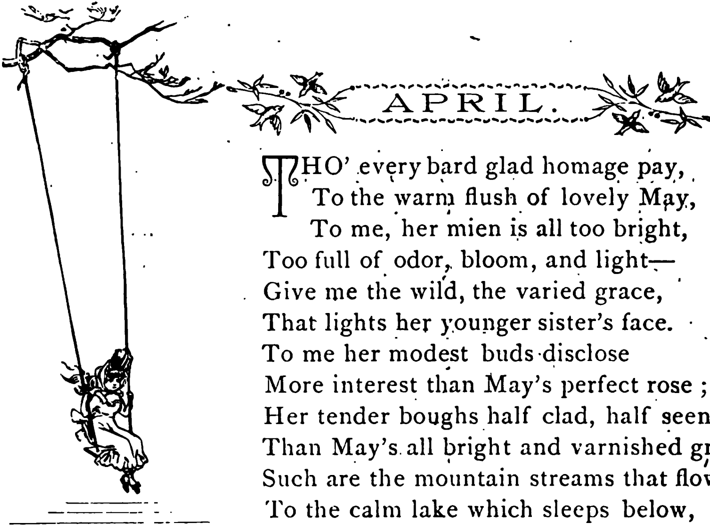
"[illegible] tramping through wind and weather."

The Vagabonds
J. T. Trowbridge

ELECTRA:

A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1884. No. 12



APRIL.

THO' every bard glad homage pay,
To the warm flush of lovely May,
To me, her mien is all too bright,
Too full of odor, bloom, and light—
Give me the wild, the varied grace,
That lights her younger sister's face.
To me her modest buds disclose
More interest than May's perfect rose;
Her tender boughs half clad, half seen
Than May's all bright and varnished green.
Such are the mountain streams that flow
To the calm lake which sleeps below,
Or such young hope, still beckoning on,
Compared to joys when come, or gone.
Then tell me not how clouds do chase
The burnished sunbeams from her face,
Ere we can point how heavenly fair,
How fairy-like they're reveling there.
For thee the wild birds sweetest sing,
Health flutters on thy busy wing,
And many a flower that feeds the bee,
Unbinds its velvet folds for thee;
For thee the cowslip decks the plains,
The daisy loves thy fickle rains,
Pomona's thousand tribes are thine,
And the first buddings of the vine.
Spoiled bantling of the varied year,
To me, thy very whims are dear.

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I love to see thy fairy form
Close muffled in the cloud or storm,
To see thee lay thy sables by,
And trick thee in the bright blue sky;
But most I love that angel face,
When tears and smiles each other chase,
For then, thou dear, capricious elf,
Then, thou art woman's lovely self.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

On a bright morning in early autumn just as the sun rose above the horned gables and furrowed roofs of the quaint little town of Nan-K'on, a few miles from the Great Wall, our party left the courtyard of the inn, where we had passed the previous night, and taking our way toward the great hills that bounded our horizon, soon entered the Nan-K'on pass, which has been described as "one of the most rugged passes this world can boast."

We were mounted on strong, sure-footed donkeys, for horses slip so badly that few persons care to use them on this rough journey, and the extortionate prices demanded for mule-litters and for mountain-chairs, called by the men who carry them "mountain tigers," prevented our employing these modes of conveyance.

Our road was a mere foot-path through the rocks, and sometimes we had to ride directly over the rocks, since the path was appropriated by long trains of camels returning at a funeral pace from their summer pastures in Mongolia. Some of us counted the animals one by one as they passed by, until the number of one thousand was reached, and then we desisted. They followed each other in single file, each group of six or seven camels having a driver, and the deep, resounding notes of the heavy, brass camel-bells suspended from their necks were not unpleasant sounds, and certainly much sweeter than the discordant, piercing cries occasionally uttered by the animals. These camels were probably of the Bactrian species; they were about seven feet in height, of a tawny brown color, and by no means prepossessing in appearance.

The scenery around us was very grand. Mountains rose on either side, some bare to the very summit; their clear, gleaming gray and deep red formations massed into shapes resembling towers, cathedrals, or castellated ruins. Others were covered with foliage of various kinds tinged with autumnal gold. One cliff had its steep face completely wreathed with vines of a bright green hue, while far up the ascent of a neighboring peak was seen a profusion of lavender-tinted and of sky-blue flowers. Tiny stone houses were built in the rocky sides of the mountains, and the fences of stones loosely piled were festooned with clusters of squash blossoms, or the heavy, yellow squashes peeped through the green leaves.

Five miles from Nan-K'on we came to an old town famous for a marble archway, which commemorates the fact that seven hundred years since the great conqueror, Genghis Khan, was checked temporarily at this point. The arch is forty feet deep, and sculptured with gi

gantic figures of deities playing on musical instruments, and having their feet planted on the shoulders of vanquished men. There is also a Buddhist inscription engraved upon it, in six languages. The town itself was strongly fortified, a gateway through which we passed being sixty feet thick, and it might well have resisted the onset when—

"The foragers with headlong force
Down through the pass had spurred their horse,
Their Tartar ravage to renew
Far in the distant mountains blue."

In the streets of this town we noticed a man soliciting alms, probably under a vow to obtain money for some of the temples. A large block of wood was chained to his wrists, chains bound his feet, and a small, black skewer was run through his cheek, to make his appearance more touching in the eyes of the faithful.

As we journeyed on, the pass grew even more narrow, and was in places almost blocked up by immense bowlders, some larger than the houses of the natives. We saw faint traces of a fine road paved with granite slabs, which was cut through this rocky defile hundreds of years ago, but it was difficult to believe that the transit had ever been very smooth.

We met several mule-litters going through the pass, also an empty cart which was jolted so wildly from side to side that we wondered much it was not broken to pieces, or the bones of its driver dislocated.

Our guide, a stalwart, middle-aged man, told us that wolves had lairs high amongst the hills, and came down the pass in the winter to seek for prey.

Several small villages nestled amidst the rocks, and there were visible some pathetically feeble attempts at trade; one old dame presiding at a sort of counter set out in the noonday sun, right amongst these bowlders. Perhaps she found customers from the camel-drivers and the Mongolian merchants, whose mule caravans bearing paper, cloths, fruit, and grain, often journey by; for Nan-K'on Pass is a commercial highroad to many places beyond the Great Wall.

On the outskirts of the villages were harvest floors, where blind-folded donkeys were tramping around in a narrow circle, dragging heavy stone rollers over heads of millet, while men stood near by winnowing the grain thus trodden out by throwing it up "against the wind."

There were temples hewn, as it were, out of the solid rock, in one instance many feet above the road, and approached only by very steep steps cut in stone; and more accessible rock shrines gave us glimpses of divers Buddhas. Even in these remote wilds the god of literature had an altar, before which he sat clad in an old yellow robe.

More familiar objects there were, such as heaps of black walnut hulls by the roadside, reminding us of certain holiday afternoons in childhood spent in hunting and hulling the black walnut; or piles of red pepper glowing in a cottage window, recalled times when pepper necklaces took the place of coral, when we "played ladies."

It was nearly noontide; the sun shone rather fiercely, and our energies began to flag as we rode on through the wild and seemingly interminable gorge, "in a hazy tremor" of heat and light. Suddenly our guide called out: "There it is!" and we saw in the distance a high ridge capped by a wall in nowise different from many other walls we had seen, hardly so imposing as some. Yes, there was the Great Wall; but weary, hungry, and nearly overcome by the heat, we felt no sympathetic thrill such as many travelers have averred they experienced in sight of

"Those shattered towers,
The mightiest work of human power."

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Indeed, we wondered how one could have written: "The appearance of it, even at a distance, is most magnificent." We were thinking too much, just then, of the fatiguing five miles that lay between us and the gate, where we would ascend the wall. But we rode forward, albeit tantalized by the sound and sight of the beautifully clear rivulets that foamed and sparkled by the wayside, or fell in miniature cascades over the rocks we crossed, seeming, all to belong to this same mountain stream, for we crossed and recrossed the crystal waves more than twenty times in that day's ride. There was "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," except at intervals, when we saw some honest farmer drawing it from the dark, mossy depths of his well, and took a draught from the homely gourd he so readily proffered.

We were painfully struck with the large number of people in this region afflicted with goitre. One woman, especially, had a double growth that filled her neck completely; but she wore a cheerful face, and nodded with a smile as we passed.

Shortly after one o'clock we gained the summit of the ridge we had been so long ascending. Leaving our animals at the gateway, we mounted a flight of steps above it, passed under the arches of its towers, and stood upon the Great Wall of China, built at that point on a hill 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Our feet pressed a carpet of long grass, glowing with late autumn blooms, which partially concealed the rusty, iron cannon barrels that were mounted on this spot in the fifteenth century. The Great Wall has looked down upon ages of history, and busy imagination could figure to itself scenes in days when

"With tramp and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang,"

and

"Grim features seamed with scars,
Glared through the tower's ruined arch."

Looking over the parapet we saw, on the side toward Tartary, an immense undulating plain bounded by ranges of lofty hills; turning the eye on China, the mountain scenery was barren and wild, and "naked cliffs were rudely piled," no cultivation being visible in the vicinity.

The Wall at this place is constructed of blocks of stone four feet long and eighteen inches wide; only the parapet and terreplein are of brick. Square stone towers, varying from twenty-six to fifty feet in height, are built upon the Wall, at intervals—flights of steps leading to them up the steep slopes. Long we gazed, tracing the course of the Wall where it wound up to the very top of the mountain crags, thence into deep ravines and across valleys, where we lost sight of it, only to see it emerge into view again on the top of some more cloud-piercing peak, its turrets and towers dimly outlined through the purple haze, until its gray shape vanished on some grayer mountain side. Then the wonder of this colossal work began to impress us profoundly. It did not seem possible that the wild goats could find sure footing on some of the rough steeps where yet men had climbed and securely laid that pile of granite. The wonder grew when we remembered that it was not for a few miles only, but for 1,500, that this stony barrier pursued its winding way, stopping only where the waves of an arm of the Yellow Sea wash the shore at its base. A former traveler has left us a curious and elaborate calculation, to the effect that 1,800,000 houses, averaging 2,000 cubic feet of masonry, would scarcely equal the mass of the Great Wall, exclusive of the towers and fortifications. Nor have we a glimpse of the means by which the transport of

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so much material was effected. The whole of the original wall is said to have been completed in five (some records say ten) years. Three men out of every ten of the laboring class throughout the empire were forced to help in building it, and the tale of their toil has never been written, save in the brief statement that 200,000 men died during the period of their employment, from sheer exhaustion.

The original structure was erected 2,000 years since, by an emperor who thought thus to prevent, forever, the incursions of the Tartars. He was soldier enough to encounter and defeat these invaders; statesman enough to reform many abuses in his empire, but so superstitious as to engage in a search for genii, fairy-land, and the elixir of immortality. Failing to obtain this last, he died, and left directions that his favorite wife and many of his servants should be buried with him. The Great Wall was not completed until after his death. It has proven a vain barrier; for sovereigns of the race it was designed to exclude, have, for over two hundred years, filled the Dragon throne.

While we stood on the Wall we saw a dust-storm raging in the distance, on the Mongolian plains, and, as a rising wind reminded us that we might be overtaken by the storm, a thing by no means desirable, we hastened to spread our lunch on the grass, and emulate

> "Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
> And toast upon the Wall of China,"

only we were minus the toast.

Our hasty meal concluded, we gathered flowers and grasses, picked up a few pebbles and broken pieces of brick as mementos of our visit, and were soon retracing the morning's route. We took our last view of this great structure from the point where we obtained our first, and by this time sufficient enthusiastic impulse had been excited in our breasts to enable us to admire "The Wall of Ten Thousand Li" as much as even a Chinaman could demand.

FIRST FRUITS.

AN EASTER ALLEGORY.

In the course of my wanderings amongst the lands of the Midday Sun, I discovered a beautiful valley, locked in by lofty and impassable mountain cliffs. Through the midst of it flowed a river, whose waters were delightful to the taste, and whose banks were bordered with verdure and flowers. The climate of the valley was so salubrious, its soil was so productive, it abounded in birds of such rare plumage, and in fruits of such delicious flavor, that the inhabitants would have considered themselves the most favored of men, had it not been for a single untoward circumstance, the nature of which I will now explain.

The river, which flowed so smoothly along its course, as it approached the base of the inaccessible cliffs, suddenly fell into a deep chasm, disappearing with a low moan like the wail of a broken heart; and ever and anon, there came down from the lofty cliffs a mysterious giant, who, apparently in wanton sport, seized one and another of the inhabitants and threw them into the stream. Such was his strange humor that he spared neither age nor sex, seizing sometimes the fair bride at the altar, and sometimes the babe of a few days on its mother's breast.

Not only was this monster deaf to all

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entreaty, but when he had once thrown his victims in, he suffered none to rescue them. Their friends could only follow along the bank and wring their hands, weeping, as the resistless current bore their loved ones down into the chasm.

Hardly a day passed that there might not be seen a little company of fresh mourners, sitting above the mouth of the cavern, listening to hear if any sounds should come back to tell them that their lost ones still lived; but no voice or echo reached them out of the silent depths. Only the low moan of the river seemed to keep company with their grief. There were some, who professed to be wise men among them, who said that the river ran through dark, subterranean realms, and that somewhere in these dim and shadowy abodes they, whom the river had borne down, still lived. But most gave them up and mourned for them as lost forever. At length there came one day to a little group of mourners by the stream a man of wondrous majesty of person and gentleness of mien, who said to the sorrowing ones, "Why weep ye as if your loved ones are lost? This river rises again to the surface after it has passed under these enclosing hills, and the valley in which it reappears is much more beautiful than this. There are such grains and fruits as you have never seen, and flowers that never fade; and the good whom the giant has thrown into the river are all living there in a land which they would not exchange for this." But they would not believe him, but grew angry with him for mocking and deluding their fears.

Then said the mysterious stranger, "If you believe not, take me and cast me into the stream, and I will come back again to assure you that I still live;" and though many cried out against it as a great crime, yet they caught him and threw him into the flood, and he went down into the chasm in the same apparent helplessness with the rest. Many, however, who had seen his beautiful life and had heard his wonderful words, followed along, expecting every moment to see him deliver himself from the engulfing waters. But when they saw him go down, and heard no voice that answered to their call, they gave up all as lost and went sadly away. Thus two whole days passed, and still no tidings came from the mysterious stranger. But on the morning of the third day, while a little company of his friends were sitting together, there entered hurriedly a loving woman, whom he had once greatly befriended, and declared, weeping for joy, that she had caught a glimpse of his form coming down the mountain side. At first all said it was impossible; but one of them, an old seaman, accustomed to long sight, went out and looked and cried, as he brushed away a tear, "Indeed, it is he." Then another and another recognized him as he came nearer, and stood with eager gaze, until above five hundred had gathered to welcome him.

And, as they met him, lo! his form was fresher and his step more elastic than before; upon his brow was a wreath of amaranthine flowers, and on his shoulders a sheaf of golden grain from the better land.

And as they looked with glad eyes upon him and saw the fadeless flowers and the matchless grain, they said, "Now we know that the river does come up again out of the dark caverns, and that our loved ones are amidst the amaranthine bowers of that better land. For now is Christ risen from the dead and become the FIRST FRUITS of them that slept."

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THE EASTERN BAZAR.

Well! the conclusion had been reached that they must have a church something; a church sociable, or a church fair, or a church concert. It didn't seem to make much difference what.

Mrs. Barnum strongly advocated a concert; she had three daughters with yellow hair and upturned noses, who bore the cognomens of Faith, Hope, and Charity, but were generally known as the three subterfuges, as no one accused them of getting their names except under false pretenses.

True, the two eldest had been named Mary Jane and Lucinda Maria, but when little Charity came, the parents bethought themselves of the three graces, as being appropriate, hence the appellations.

Mrs. Fitzbach, who exceeded in the culinary art, and whose girls had been greatly admired as waitresses at the last church fair, with motherly forethought suggested "another fair."

Mrs. Barnum thought it entirely too vulgar for "married ladies to bring themselves thus before the public."

Little Dame Goodall generally tried to pour oil on the troubled waters of ecclesiastical billows, and mildly suggested "a church sociable."

This was, however, "too tame an affair;" at least old Mrs. Windover thought so, and she was an authority on social events since her husband had gotten so rich.

"Let's have an Eastern Bazar," said Lucy Sprunt, a bright-looking girl of eighteen, who had just been "East" with her father when he went to buy his goods, and had read an account of one in the morning paper.

"Do," exclaimed a chorus of voices at once.

"What is it?" whispered old Mrs. Snapp to old Mrs. Whipplebottom.

"Don't exactly know; something on the order of them telephomes and such new-fangled things, I suppose."

"Never heard of raising no church money with them things, when we was young, did you, Sister Whipplebottom?"

The old lady's confab was here interrupted by a sharp rap on the table, and a piping little voice called out:

"The motion is before the house; all in favor of having an Eastern Bazar, will please say 'aye.'"

There was a very generous and hearty response of "aye! aye!" when old Mrs. Quigley, another supernumerary member of the "Dorcas Aid Society," jumped up in a most excited manner, with one hand to the only ear out of which she could hear at all.

"They didn't say fire, did they? The old man's Sunday suit is locked up in the chist at home, and at least three dollars in silver," and before she could be assured that it was a false alarm the old lady was out on the street, and under full sail for home.

This caused the utmost mirth and hilarity, and the little voice had to be piped several notes higher, as it rang out, "Opposed, 'no.'"

But "The ayes have it," presently was heard, and the meeting adjourned.

"Sister Whipplebottom, can you tell me what is ailing 'um, when they say fust the 'noes have it,' then 'the eyes have it.' I kinder thought at the fust meeting that was 'presided over,' after Mrs. Brickdust went to Chicago and learned how, that it must be some disease, and was afraid it was ketching. I went home and I asked my Malinda's daughter, Melissa, who has had lots of schooling, if it meant that, and she laughed so immoderately, and her pa and ma laughed so, I thought as how I'd just keep my eyes open and my mouth shet."

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"I don't know as I can throw much light on it, Sister Snapp, but it 'pears to be some sign betwixed 'um, to let each other know when the meeting's broke, and so on."

"Well, I do reckon that's it. I always notice when the meeting's 'bout to close, 'the eyes have it,' whatever it is."

The little town of Sonning was shaken up to its very foundations during the next two weeks. The good pastor said to a brother minister, "Brother Johnson, it was worse than a cyclone on my little charge, dividing and scattering the flock." Yet, like many others, he had unwillingly given his consent when he found the tide was against him.

"Well, Sister Whipplebottom, I didn't get to go to the Eastern Bazar, after all. Fust, I was sick well nigh on to two weeks, then Malinda's youngest child had the croup straight along three days in a row, and Malinda was so run crazy over getting Melissa all fixed up for a 'Pery on the gate,' that she wouldn't a-missed it ef the child had a-died."

"Yes, I seen Melissa there, Sister Snapp. They borrowed Judge Holbrook's iron gate off the hinges, and stuck it up before a place all decked off with red calico and flowers, and the child was a-kneeling there, dressed in white. I asked some of um 'what it meant?' and they said she was the Pery begging admittance into Paradise, and I thought ef that was Paradise I'd like to keep out of it for one. Judge Holbrook's yaller cur dog and his hat and overcoat was a-lying in Paradise all the time, and they said as how they couldn't take them out as he was running that booth, and Mrs. Holbrook had cut all the best flowers from her greenhouse to fix it up.

"Then, too, they had Cleopatry. She was a-setting in a big bath-tub with pasteboard all fixed on, to imitate a boat, at both ends. Charity Barnum, with her yellow hair and turned-up nose, was acting Cleopatry. They said as how they intended having Jane Dixon's oldest gal, who is the prettiest gal in Sonning, ef she is but three shades from being black. But she was poor, and Charity Barnum's mother had got so awful mad 'cause Lucy Sprunt had asked ef her three gals could pursonate Chinese women. She come mighty nigh leaving the church, and you know old Barnum doubled his subscriptions sence he built the paper mill. Then Miss Higgins, who has been to Europe, come out and said as how Cleopatry was the most beautiful woman as had ever lived, and she thought it would be a good idear to ax Mrs. Barnum to let Charity pursonate her. And the old man give 'um the pasteboard out of the mill to fix the boat up, and that 'peared to fix 'um all up."

"And Hope and Faith, what was they pursonating, Sister Whipplebottom?"

"Juno and Visto, I believe that is how they called 'um. They was a-standing over in the mythology, all fandangled over. I tried to remember all them names to tell you. Cleopatry she was in Africa, you see."

"And Mrs. Fitzbach's gals, what was they?"

"Well, ain't you heard 'bout the fuss? You ain't heard nothing then," and Mrs. Whipplebottom folded up the double joints in her old-fashioned spectacles, and laid them on a chair near her, as she always did when she was in for a good gossiping spell. Sister Snapp drew her seat up a little closer, remarking that she "had a cold and couldn't hear as well as common." Sister Whipplebottom knew, however, that her friend had been getting deaf for fifteen years or more.

"Well, 'bout the Fitzbachs? The day they was a 'signing them off their parts, Mrs. Windover she was a settin' in Paradise 'fore it had the flowers in it, and she said as how Mrs. Fitzbach's girls would never do for nothing but waiting-

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maids, and as there was just three of 'um, she would propose to 'sign them to the fruit-stands in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Mrs. Fitzbach, she was just then a tackin' up the red calico in Paradise, and there wan't nothin' but the calico between her and Mrs. Windover, and soon that wan't there; she tore it down like lightnin' and stood before Mrs. Windover with the hammer in her hands, and I thought she would 'a struck her. She give her sich a everlastin' tongue-lashin' though, it hit her harder than the hammer would have. She reminded her how old Windover had made his money, a cheatin' poor widows, and that when he married her she was the kitchen girl at Judge Holbrook's mother-in-law's. Oh, it struck deep, I tell you!

"Just then, the preacher come in, and Mrs. Fitzbach told him as how she had been insulted, and how she would take her three gals and jine another Church. She didn't reckon as how they'd miss the widow's mite nohow. And the preacher tried to plead with her, but 'twant no use, out she flounced, and her three gals with her. Then old Mrs. Windover she told the preacher as how Mrs. Fitzbach had told what wan't true, and the poor man looked so sad I jis' went home and took a good cry.

"But it come mighty nigh a breakin' the whole Bazar up, I tell you; for you know, Sister Snapp, them Fitzbachs, ef they is poor, is always the workers in the Church, when there's any work to be done. Howsumever, they's gone now, and there's no use cryin' over spilt milk."

"And I think so, too, Sister Whipplebottom. But how about Lucy Sprunt? How did she come out at the Bazar? I 'lowed as how she'd have a rather conspicuous part, being as how she started it."

"Well, but didn't she, though? You see she fixed it all up her own way, and she dressed herself up as the Queen of Sheba, and Judge Holbrook's oldest son, the young lawyer, who was at home, he was King Solomon; and she had a mighty time a learnin' wisdom from him. She was dressed up in her new pianny-cover, all embroidered 'round, a trainin' down behind, and looped over her white muslin dress. But she wan't no fool ef she did appear so greedy after wisdom. She know'd that dress was awful becomin', and Judge Holbrook's son is the best 'ketch' in Sonning, even ef he ain't livin' here now. There's lots of 'um thought as how she was more for 'ketchin'' King Solomon than after gittin' wisdom. You know it was said they was engaged, but the Holbrooks broke it off, as they 'lowed the Sprunts wan't aristocratic enough. But I tell you, Sister Snapp, ef my eyes don't deceive me, that Eastern Bazar's done fixed it all up for Lucy Sprunt.

"Then, you see there was lots o' chances for courtin'. There was cross-eyed Jim Leak and Melia Thomas settin' on two chairs all covered over with red calico, a actin' the King and Queen of Greece. I forgot their names, but they said as how she was very pretty, and he wan't, and ef that is true, Jim and Melia done very well for them. Then they had the royal family of England. Mrs. Brickdust's oldest gal, Ginnie, was the mother, and Josiah Hickman the father of all Mrs. Brickdust's tribe of children. 'Pears, somehow, that royalty struck the men hard licks, for ef they didn't git up the ugliest kings I ever seen. The queens, however, was good 'nuff lookin'."

"Did they pursonate Queen Victory, Sister Whipplebottom?"

"Well, no, not exactly! Mrs. Brickdust evidently wanted to preside over that, like she does over the meetings. Some of 'um thought as how she'd be needed to keep all her crew in order. But Ginnie and Lucy Sprunt was smart 'nuff for her. Ginnie Brickdust got

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Lucy to say as how the old Queen was out of date now, and 'twan't fashionable to have her at Bazars, and sich places. So Mrs. Brickdust, she give in.

"Then, durin' the time, there was mighty little of the royal family seen. 'Twas mostly Ginnie Brickdust and Josiah Hickman a settin' there alone.

"Then, Jane Dixon's gal and Pete Thomas was two Chinese; and Ella Pinkerton and Bill Thomas some other king and queen, and Fannie Sprunt and Dick Holbrook was somethin' else."

"Well, how did it all end, Sister Whipplebottom?"

"Well, nigh on to fuss with everybody. Mrs. Fitzbach and her gals, you know, went clean off. And the Windovers got awful mad, in the same fuss. Then Charity Barnum's mother got awful jealous 'fore they closed, 'cause her gals had no beaux pared off with 'um. And the Brickdusts got mad 'cause the Sprunt gals was both set off with the Holbrooks. And Melia Thomas' ma didn't care to havin' her set up with cross-eyed Jim Leak."

"Altogether, Sister Whipplebottom, 'twan't much for the edification of the saints."

"La, no, Sister Snapp, I should say it wan't. It'll give the preacher work 'nuff to keep him busy all the year, ef it don't 'complish nothin' more. 'Pears to me like our old way was the best; when the preacher helt forth most all day Sunday, and the people worked hard all the week an' 'gin what they could on the Lord's day."

"And so I think, Sister Whipplebottom! But how much did they make clear on the Bazar?"

"Well, you see as how at the last meetin' of the 'Dorcas Aid Society,' Mrs. Brickdust, she read the reports, an' she sed receits in all was $150, an' $25 fur the hall. Then the fruit cost $10, an' the flowers cost $5, an' then Charity Barnum broke Mrs. Holbrook's fine chinee vase, an' it cost $15 to git a nuther one, like it. Then the calico an' stuff they deck'd the walls with was all so tore up with nails they 'lowed they'd better pay fur it an' give it to the poor, an' that cost $10. The calico wouldn't a cost so much, but there was a lot of woosted stuff, to make thrones of. An' one pare of Mrs. Sprunt's new lace curtins ketch'd on fire, an' it cum mighty nigh burnin' the whole opery house down. But they put it out, an' Mrs. Sprunt, she 'lowed as how they paid for Mrs. Holbrook's chinee vase, they ought to pay for her curtins, an' that cost a nuther $10. An' then the i'scream, an' the lemuns, an' the suger, an' all them things run up a bill of $25, an' that didn't leave 'um over $50. An' you know they was expectin' to make 'bout $300."

"Well, things is mightily changed, Sister Whipplebottom, sence we was young!"

"Yes, mightily, Sister Snapp," and the old lady took up her spectacles from the chair, folded them up, with a sigh at the thought, stuck them into their old leathern case, and bade Sister Snapp "good day."

"Cum agin, Sister Whipplebottom. I ain't able to git out much, yet, an' Melinda an' her children don't take much pains to tell me nothin'. 'Pears like old folks is mighty bothersum to young folks, these days."

"That's so, Sister Snapp, but I'll cum 'round when there's any news goin'. You can rely on that."

And Mrs. Whipplebottom's black bonnet and shawl and other mourning habiliments which she had worn over twenty-five years in "old-time" loyalty to a dead husband, disappeared out of the front door.

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INTO THE LIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

"You are not going to do any thing, father?" Madge looked up imploringly into her father's face after Paul had left the kitchen.

"What do you mean?"

"You will not do any thing to Paul for breaking the tree?"

"Do any thing? Are you simple, Madge?"

"No, sir; but it was an accident!"

"And that is exactly what I do not like, and what I do not mean shall happen. I will give him a lesson against accidents that he will not soon forget."

"What will the lesson be?" she asked, persistently. Mr. Penrose looked directly into her upturned eyes.

"That, I should think you would know as well as I do, without my telling you. Jack and Bob did not live here in vain, I think."

"Oh, father, please do not! He is not used to such treatment; any thing but that!"

"When I attempt to teach, I like to teach in such a way as to make an impression. Not used to it, forsooth! He will try to-day, then, how he likes the new plan!"

Madge's heart sank within her. Further words were useless. She had had experience, for the former apprentices had met with many severe punishments, but she had not cared so much for them, as they had been really careless. Mrs. Penrose, whose heart had warmed toward the orphan boy even before his various attentions to herself had completely won her, ventured to say a word in remonstrance, though she had little hope in its efficacy.

"Could you not forgive this once, husband?"

"Forgiveness is a kind of remedy I have no faith in, as you very well know, and I am tired of being interfered with in what concerns myself alone. I tell you if he never knew what a flogging was, he shall know what it is before he goes to bed to-night, in spite of your words, and in spite of his cries. Although he tries to act like a man in many things, I think to-night will prove he is more of a boy than he imagines himself."

Mr. Penrose left the room. Madge, who had taken her seat at the window, saw Paul going through his appointed work, and wondered if he dreamed of what was in store for him. She wished she was a man, so that she could interfere; but what could she do more than she had already done? She saw her father, too, with the horsewhip in his hand, go out into the barn, and in a few minutes Paul followed him. Then, sick at heart, she hid her face in her hands, and wept aloud. She had been near the barn once before, when Bob had been the victim, and she knew that when her father spoke of a severe flogging, it was no idle threat.

Meanwhile, at Mr. Penrose's call, Paul had entered the barn. Seeing the whip in his master's hand, and his anger still unabated, the truth suddenly flashed across his mind. Mr. Penrose saw his look, and gave a scornful smile.

"You do not fancy the remedy, eh?" he said.

"I do not think you should use that for what was a mere accident!"

"*You* do not think, and who asks you for your opinion? You will learn to-night that I am master, and you apprentice. Might makes right in this case!"

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Before Paul knew what he was about, he had collared him, and held him in such a position as to be utterly powerless. What could he have done, at any rate, in that strong man's hands? But he was proud. His spirit chafed far more at the insult than did his body under the blows, heavily as they fell. He made no sound, nor did he wince beneath the strokes, for he would not let Mr. Penrose have the satisfaction of knowing how he felt. This was something the farmer did not understand. He had expected a great outcry as usual, and had schooled himself against it, if his hardened nature needed any schooling to enable him to bear the sight of human suffering unmoved, but he was not prepared for such endurance on the part of the boy. His silence frightened him, and he ceased more quickly than he would have done.

"There!" he said, releasing his hold, "that will do for once. Another time I think you will look at your horse, or if you do not, you will know what to expect."

Paul made no reply, but walked directly from the barn. Mr. Penrose caught sight of his pale face, from which every trace of color had fled, as he passed through the door, and it startled him. Perhaps he had gone too far, and the boy would be sick on his hands.

"Go at once to the house!" he said, seeing Paul turning in an opposite direction.

Paul had no strength for resistance just then, and so he did as he was directed, going up to his room and locking himself in. It were impossible to describe his emotions as he paced back and forth in the room. There was a wild tumult within his breast, nor was it quieted into any thing like peace or order when he heard a knock at the door. He took no notice of it until it was repeated, and Madge's voice called:

"Paul!"

"I can not let you in, Madge, and I want no supper!"

"Please let me in, Paul!"

The pleading tones, so different to Madge's usual gay, careless voice, led him to do as she wished.

"Paul," she said, on entering, "father says you must come down, and he will be obeyed!"

"I do not want any supper, and I prefer remaining where I am!"

"But, Paul, you can not go contrary to his wishes as long as you stay here, for he will force you to obey, and this afternoon's cruelty will only be repeated. I know it, for we have had others here beside you. Why did they let you come?"

"There was no one to help it!" Paul said, sadly.

"And now you will have to bear; only, Paul, try not to go contrary to him, and, perhaps, things will go as smoothly as they have been doing. I did what I could to prevent it this afternoon."

"I thank you for it, Madge! I hope I shall be able to repay your kindness some of these days!"

"Come, now, or they will wonder what keeps us."

Paul followed her down into the kitchen. Madge saw that her father was uneasy as he watched Paul's untasted food, and saw the pallor of his face, and she almost wished Paul would be sick in return for his cruelty. The farmer, perhaps, read her thoughts, for after all had finished eating, he looked sternly at Paul and said:

"Now, sir, I tell you what it is; sullenness does not answer with me. My boys must go straight, or else be punished. They have to bear it whether they like it or not, and if they look sulky, why they run the risk of something worse. So, sir!"

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Paul kept himself aloof from the family as much as possible the rest of the week. Sunday came, bringing a disappointment with it. It was a cold, blustering day. He saw it as soon as he opened his eyes, and heard the rain falling drearily against the window-panes. Still, as he minded the rain very little, it did not trouble him, and he prepared for church, as usual, before he went down stairs.

"You are not going out to-day, Paul?" Mrs. Penrose said, as he seated himself at the table. "It is very disagreeable out."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he replied, "I do not mind rain at all, and I should be very sorry to be absent."

"Sorry or not," Mr. Penrose said, glancing out of the window, "I do not see that there will be any help for it."

Paul looked inquiringly at him.

"I mean," he said, in answer to the look, "that it is a very bad day, and if you take that long walk you will probably be laid up. There is too much work on hand to have any one sick just now. You will have to remain at home."

Paul knew it would be vain to expostulate with him, and he felt little disposed to do so, at any rate. Since the affair in regard to the pear tree, he had, as much as possible, avoided all intercourse with him. It was a great disappointment to him, for ever since the first Sunday, he had been in his place in church and Sunday-school, spending the interval between the services with his old friend, Mr. Mandeville. He had become very much attached to his teacher, and his connection with the school was the one bright spot in his life here. Indeed, it was the only thing that was at all like his old life. To-day, more than usual, he needed the strength and encouragement he would receive from attendance there.

He went up to his room and looked out of the window, watching the rain as it came so unconcernedly down, caring not for the disappointment it had caused. While doing so, he saw Mrs. Penrose come out with the food for the chickens, for she always attended to them herself.

"She ought not to go out in this rain," he said, hastily; "she is not fit for it, and she has a bad cold already."

Raising the window he called to her to wait a moment, and then went down to her.

"Did you want any thing, Paul?" she asked. "Can I do any thing for you?"

"No, I thank you, but it is not fit for you to go out in this rain, and I want you to let me take your place this morning."

"You are very kind, Paul. I wish I could show you how much I appreciate these services."

He smiled faintly.

"It is not much that I can do, Mrs. Penrose, and you are welcome to the little in which I am able to assist you."

He took the pan from her hand and went out. He felt better when he returned. The effort to help another had an effect on his own heart. On his return Mrs. Penrose was standing where he had left her.

"Thank you," she said. "I have taken a heavy cold, and shrank from going out into the rain. I am very sorry that you were kept at home to-day. I am afraid what I said brought it about, but I did not mean to give you trouble."

"Oh! I know that," he said, pleasantly. "I was very anxious to go, but as it can not be helped, it is better not to think of it any more."

Madge had joined them by this time.

"Do you really like to go to church, Paul?" she asked.

"Yes, very much."

"Why?"

He smiled at her question.

"That seems a strange thing to ask,

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Madge. Every one ought to like to go to church."

"But every one does not like it, and I was never there in my life. Why do you like it?"

"I hardly know," he said. "Partly, I suppose, because I have always been used to it, and Sunday does not seem like Sunday without it; and now, because it reminds me of home."

"Do you like Sunday-school for the same reasons, too?"

"Partly, but I like that for its own sake also. I love to learn, and I have such a good teacher."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Mansfield."

"Yes, I have seen him often. I always liked his looks very much, except he was so grave. It would give me the blues to be with him long."

"No, it would not. He is not so sober as he looks. I rather think he has a good amount of fun in him, though he does not show it in Sunday-school."

"Why not?"

"That is not the place for it."

"But why isn't it the place?"

"You are so queer, Madge. Of course it isn't."

"Why of course? I do not know any thing about it, never having been there, and I want to know."

"It is because they talk about serious things there; about what we were placed in the world for, and how we ought to live; about death and eternity."

"If they talk about such things I am glad I do not go."

"But, Madge, a person has to think about such things sometimes. Mr. Mansfield says it is better to think about death now, so as to be ready for it when it comes. Then we will not be afraid of it."

"But I am afraid of it. I do not believe any thing could keep me from being so. Father was right in what he said, I guess. He told me he did not want me to go to church and to Sunday-school because it made people so gloomy."

"It doesn't if they really believe in these things, and love God. My sister, Annette, was always bright and happy, and yet she was a Christian, and often thought of these things, too. I wish I was more like her."

"I think you are good enough as it is. Say, Paul, were you not sorry the other day that you did not say you knew nothing about the pear tree? or would you not have been if you had thought it would have done you any good?"

His face flushed painfully at this allusion to what had happened, but he said, hastily, "No, Madge, I should have despised myself if I had told a lie to conceal what had happened, and that would have been worse than what did take place. I could not have acted differently."

"Why should you have despised yourself? I can not see where the harm would have been."

"Can't see the harm? Why, Madge, you do not think it right to tell a lie. Why it is a mean, despicable thing, even if it were not for breaking one of God's commandments. The Bible says no liar shall enter into heaven. Mother was always so careful to teach us never to touch any thing that did not belong to us, and always to speak the truth about every thing. She said we must never be afraid of any thing so much as of doing wrong."

"Of course I always did think it was a despicable thing to steal, but I never looked upon telling a lie in the same way. Not that I was ever in the habit of doing it myself, but I never despised people for it as for taking what belonged to others."

"I was always taught to despise both sins."

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"And I mean to do it hereafter. I was glad you did it the other day, after all was over. I thought it was much more noble in you, and then I felt as if I could always trust you; that you would not do behind our backs what you would not do before us. It is pleasant to be able to trust any one, isn't it?"

"Why, yes it is, Madge," he answered with a laugh, "but you ask the question as if you thought it was strange to meet with any one you could trust. I never had any trouble in that way. I am used to trusting people."

"You would not be if you had heard as many lies as I have," she said. "Then, Paul, you said something just now about what the Bible said, and I have seen one on your table. Is it interesting? Is there any thing in there except about what you said just now—about God, and death, and eternity?"

"Why, Madge, have you never read the Bible?" Paul opened his eyes in astonishment.

"No, I have not. I tell you I know nothing about these things, and I have never cared to learn until now. You seem to find pleasure in them, and I think that must be what makes you different from other people. Something does, and I want to see if it is the Bible."

Paul laughed.

"You understand how to flatter, Madge, but I have not answered your question yet. There are very interesting stories in the Bible, and histories, too. I never used to get tired of having mother read them to me, and I love them still. Suppose, as we can not go out, I read some of them to you this morning."

"O, if you only would! Let us go into the parlor and we can be by ourselves."

The proposition proved an excellent one. Paul chose the story of Joseph, and as he read, watched Madge to see how she liked it. He was well satisfied for she listened attentively, and the eager look in her eye, when he came to an exciting place, told how much she was interested.

"Well," he said, when it was finished, "how do you like it?"

"Like it? Why, Paul, it is just like a story book. I do not wonder you love to read it."

"It is better than a story book for one thing, Madge, because it is true, every word of it. All this took place many years ago exactly as I have read it. I always liked it better for that."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, for her thoughts were elsewhere; then suddenly changing her tone, she continued,

"I believe it is the Bible that makes you different from all of us here, Paul. I think it must be that from the way in which Joseph acted to his brothers. I never could have forgiven any one who had treated me so cruelly, never, but he did it. What was it that made him so good?"

"Because he loved God, I suppose, Madge; that makes a great difference in any one. I wish you could see Annette. She is lovely."

"Why should I see Annette? I have seen you, is there any difference?"

His face flushed as she asked this question. It was an arrow sent home to a disapproving conscience.

"She is a Christian," he faltered.

"And you?"

"I am not."

"I have heard about Christians before. Father thinks it is all a humbug to have any religion, and I did before you came. I thought you were one. You do many things that I never take the trouble to do, and do not think myself very wicked for not doing. If you are not a Christian what makes you do them?"

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"Because I have always been taught what is right."

"If you do what you have been told, what more is needed? For my part, I can not understand the difference."

But Paul understood it, and Madge's voice awakened a train of thought which was not hushed for weeks; every now and then it asserted its power with great force, and urged him to do what he knew was right. But he was not ready. He felt that all God's claims were just, that he would be happy in obeying them, but what to him was the worldly life, had many attractions, and he was not willing to relinquish it yet. He would wait until he was older, until later years had sobered him and made him ready to surrender to Christ. In short, he would wait for the more convenient season, which might never come, for life is uncertain, and a moment's time may place any one in a state where there will be no opportunity to yield himself to the love of God.

Whether this opportunity was lost to Paul or not, true it is that had he decided then to yield to the Saviour's claims, he would have been spared many sorrows, for he would have had a Heavenly Helper to bear him through the trials of his apprenticeship, and they were neither small nor few. Turning resolutely away from the Saviour, can we wonder that he was left to find the utter worthlessness of that world which he had chosen in his place. A prodigal still from his Father's home and his Father's love, he could know no true happiness until he returned in penitence and humility, and sought forgiveness through a crucified Redeemer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

When Richard of York and Margaret of Anjou were contending for supremacy in England, and when France was still mourning the death of the Maid of Orleans, there was born at the castle of the Vinci, in the lower vale of the Arno near Florence, a little boy who received the name of Leonardo, and who early gave promise of most wonderful and versatile genius. Born in the lap of ease, there was nothing but his own ambition and fancy to stimulate his industry, yet this was abundantly sufficient.

His father was proud of his budding talents and gave him every opportunity to cultivate them, so that he became a skillful mathematician and mechanic, an able architect, dabbled considerably in music and poetry, and was accomplished in all manly exercises. Add to these the attractions of great personal beauty and a tongue gifted with honeyed sweetness, and we can hardly wonder that he made a brilliant member of any social circle and loved gayety and luxurious living. Though often through life tempted, by his erratic genius, to turn aside into other paths, still painting was his chosen pursuit, and his father at quite an early age made arrangements for him to be taken into the studio of Andrea del Verocchio. An ardent attachment grew up between master and pupil.

Some authorities tell us that this friendship was interrupted by jealousy when the pupil's skill and fame outshone the master's, but this is contradicted by a beautiful legendary story found in the German, which claimed that even after death the master came back to befriend

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his beloved pupil in a time of sore need, as he had in life promised to do. While we may not be able to stretch our faith thus far, there is one pictured scene from the same source to which we see no reason for denying credence. As well as we remember it was something like this:

Andrea Verocchio, while engaged on a picture of Christ receiving baptism from John the Baptist, permitted his young pupil Leonardo, then a boy of fifteen or sixteen, to paint an angel's head in it. When the master came in one morning and beheld the finished work he was filled with astonishment at the exceeding loveliness of the face and the exquisite finish of the work. "Boy," he said, as the young man entered, "Verily, your life's work has begun, but mine is ended."

"What mean you?" questioned his pupil in some doubt.

"I mean this," he replied with some bitterness and much sadness, "your work is so much better than mine that I will never touch palette or brush again."

For a moment a glad triumph lit up the handsome young face, though he answered meekly enough, "Nay, master, I am but a child."

Andrea saw with regret that he had kindled a spark of vanity which might be the ruin of the young artist, and hastened to undo the harm by pointing out some glaring faults in the picture. Then with what seemed the cruel hand of envy, he relentlessly drew the brush across the beautiful face leaving it but a blank of dark, erasive paint. O, how the hot Italian blood boiled. What fiery flashes leaped from the dark, liquid eyes of the boy. "How dare you," he said, but the deed was done, and master and pupil looked at each other in silence. In the master's eye there was nothing but tenderness and love, and the lad knew it as he knelt beside him and covered his face with his hands. Many a time in after years he thanked the kind friend who had not spared him this severe lesson, but taught him thereby to aim at nothing short of perfection in his beloved art; and he was all his life a learner, seizing and appropriating hints for improvement from whatever source they might come, and was harder to please with his own work than any one else could possibly be, often destroying the work of months for a blemish that none other would have found.

In the year 1489, Leonardo went to Milan to execute an equestrian statue, which the Duke Ludovico Sforza intended to erect to his father. It is not certain whether he ever accomplished this. Some say the model was in such colossal proportions that it was deemed impossible to cast it in bronze. If it was completed it was destroyed in the revolution a few years after. But the time spent in Milan was by no means lost. Many works of various kinds indicate not only the versatility of his genius, but his indomitable energy and untiring industry. Above all, it was here he left the most splendid monument of his artistic life, in his famous picture of the "Last Supper." It is certain he became a favorite with the duke whom he could assist in all things, by advice at his council, by plans for adorning his city, by music and poetry in his leisure hours, and by painting the portraits of his favorites. But at length his patron fell into misfortune, was imprisoned in France, and the artist was obliged to return in poverty to Florence.

Here he was received with the greatest respect and kindness, but, in his absence, a new star had arisen, even Michael Angelo, and an unfortunate feud breaking out between them, proceeding it is said from jealousy, made Leonardo's residence there very uncomfortable, so that he gladly availed himself of an opportu-

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nity of going to Rome. Here another disappointment awaited him, for the pontiff, Leo X., it seems, had been prejudiced against him, and though the artist was treated with outward respect and given some commissions, he felt the coldness of his welcome, and readily listened to proposals from Francis I. to make his home in France. But his health failed soon after he got there, and though every thing was arranged for his comfort and pleasure in and around the little Chateau de Clou, which had been given him for a home, and he everywhere met with a reception equal to his merits, it is hardly probable that he painted any of consequence during his three-years' residence there. He died in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Beautiful as his pictures must have been in their prime, they hardly exist for us, since nothing that he did survives in perfection. Probably, his truest record is to be found in the MS. books still in existence, which are rich in suggestions of the independence, the originality, the virginal freshness of the mind which has left its impress there. And what a mind it was, we marvel at every page. The books must have been begun in early life, and it is interesting to follow the boy in his daily walks about Florence, his alert, questioning mind seeking knowledge in every direction — feeding upon every thing that lay in its path, and noting down the observations which he made.

In a country so famous for the beauty of its wild flowers as Florence, we are not surprised to find him dipping into the study of botany; whole pages covered with drawings of flowers and leaves, with notes that hinted at discoveries of the laws of vegetation, which were only rediscovered and published to the world years after. And not only that, but leaving his fancy free play among these children of nature, he composed a number of apologues, in which flowers and trees were the actors. Another suggestive object which haunted him in his rambles, was the river with its restless rise and fall; hence, we find in his note books various plans for canals, either for navigation or irrigation, devices for raising water, etc. Then for awhile his erratic fancy betakes itself to the most minute study of birds' wings and all manner of flying apparatus, of which fantastic models are sketched out by his tireless pencil. Later on, he became more practical, and designed machines for shearing the nap of cloth, a spring to keep doors shut, a hood for chimneys, a roasting jack, the wheelbarrow, and many other devices for easing daily toil. One moment his fertile brain busied itself in the invention of a dovecote, and anon with some implement of military convenience.

All these are interspersed with little, laughing, street imps, queer caricatures of heads met with in his walks, rarely beautiful faces, etc. One must feel in turning over the leaves of these books, that he is reading the life of the man.

This diversity of interests, together with his failure to finish so many of the pictures which he began, might seem to betoken a want of steadfastness of purpose in his life as an artist, but on the other hand we have his intense and exhaustive study of every object which he attempted to paint. It is said he studied anatomy with pencil in hand, sketching the different parts of the human body as they were described to him; that he watched the execution of criminals that he might be able to transfer to the canvas the expression of dying remorse and despair. That he frequently invited the peasantry to his house, and entertained them with anecdote and pleasantry, in order to catch every comic phase which the human countenance could assume. So in his greatest picture, the "Last Supper," each individual in face, figure, and position, was an absorbing study. That of the Saviour he left at last unfinished,

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because he could not, even in his imagination, find a model which fully satisfied him. This, like most of his finest paintings, is best known to us through copies or engravings from the originals, or descriptions by early writers, and it is sad to think how little has escaped the hand of time and other vandals, to tell us of the master mind and master touch of Leonardo da Vinci.

SIR HENRY'S CAT.

Sir Henry Wyatt lay in ward,
A trusty knight was he;
Unto the cause of the Red Rose
He bent a loyal knee.

Just north of London's famous bridge,
The tower you may see;
There, many a spirit brave and bold,
Has languished miserably.

And here, Sir Henry pined in want,
His cell was chill and bare,
Both fire and light to him denied,
And slender was his fare.

But God who bade the ravens
The prophet old to feed,
Failed not to send his servant
A helper in his need.

One day as faint and shivering,
Within his cell so dim,
A cat crept through the grating,
And straightway came to him.

Glad of this dumb companion,
With her soft, friendly purr,
Sir Henry held her in his arms,
Warmed by her coat of fur.

Eftsoon she sought the grating,
And vanished from his sight,
Like others, he thought sadly,
Who left him in his plight.

But quick again beside him
Her cordial purr was heard,
And in her mouth, to his surprise,
He saw she bore a bird!

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"Now, God be thanked!" the prisoner cried,
"In spite of cruel men,
By humble things, the Lord will work
To save me in this den!"

And when the keeper made his round,
Sir Henry did him greet;
"Kind keeper, will you dress my fare,
If I supply the meat?"

"Right willingly, Sir Knight," he said,
"I know your case is sore,
And gladly, if I durst, would give
Thee somewhat from my store."

From day to day did faithful puss
Her office strange pursue;
The keeper dressed the food that came,
From whence he never knew.

And when, at last, Sir Henry's days
Of durance were at end,
And he went forth, you may be sure
He bore his faithful friend.

So down to Allington she went,
And in the castle there,
No dainties ever graced the board,
Too good for Puss to share.

And ever after when the knight
For painted portrait sat,
The artist sure must find a place
For that strange, loving cat.

Sometime during the early part of the last century, there lived two men in the town of Dumfries, in Scotland, the history of whose descendants presents a singular instance of the mutations of human affairs. They were men in the lower walks of life, and were stone masons by trade. The name of one was Patterson, the other Kirkpatrick. Each had a son, who on attaining manhood emigrated, the one to the city of Baltimore, Maryland, the other to the city of Malaga, in Spain; both prospered as merchants, and in time became wealthy men. The daughter of Patterson married Jerome Bonaparte; the son of Kirkpatrick married a wealthy Spanish lady, and their daughter married a Spanish grandee; the late Empress Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III., was the fruit of that marriage. Patterson was the original "Old Mortality," immortalized by Scott, and he and Kirkpatrick lie in the same churchyard in Dumfries.

I saw this statement related some years ago in the *Scottish American Journal.*

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FELIZA.

III.

Several weeks passed without any news, and the inhabitants of the Calle de las Palmas were just beginning to think that they never would see the young marquis, when he arrived quite unexpectedly one fine June morning. As he entered, leaning lightly on his servant's arm, the first cry of both children was: "He is not blind!" He had, in fact, large, black eyes, which, at first sight, might easily mislead you; but a few moments of careful inspection would soon convince you that they had lost all power of vision, and that their constant motion was due solely to a nervous contraction. You experienced, on looking at him, a feeling of admiration mingled with regret; never would human sight have lighted up a more charming countenance. The poor child's features, of a deathly pallor, were worthy of the sculptor's chisel. His hair, which he wore close shaven, according to the Spanish fashion, did not conceal the perfect outlines of his head, and all his gestures bore, in spite of his infirmity, the mark of a naturally noble mind.

Feliza, usually so petulant, felt quite abashed. She ran to call her uncle, who came in person to conduct the young marquis to his study, after having requested Manuela to prepare an extra good breakfast. The latter, though somewhat disconcerted by this sudden arrival, summoned all her vaunted skill to her aid; "for," said she, "if he can no longer have pleasure in looking at beautiful things, he can still have pleasure in eating good ones!"

In a short while, Don Hernandez returned to the little girls with the young marquis.

"Here," said he to them, "is your new friend. I will leave him in your care, so that you may make him acquainted with his new home."

"Will you come with me?" asked Feliza.

"With pleasure," answered the lad.

"What is your name?"

"Julio."

"My name is Feliza, and hers Regla. Come!"

Saying this, she took his hand and began leading him with as much skill as tenderness, while Regla followed listlessly. The conversation was very animated, question followed question in quick succession, and in a very short while the children were as well acquainted as if they had known each other for years.

Feliza made Julio rest on a bench in the garden, in the shade of some banana trees. Regla, whose curiosity was satisfied, had returned to the house.

"I am going to make you a wreath," said Feliza; "stay here while I pick the flowers." She went off for a few minutes; when she returned laden with her treasures, she saw tears in Julio's eyes.

"What is the matter?" inquired she, anxiously; "are you suffering?"

The lad shook his head.

"Are you in trouble?"

He did not answer.

"Poor Julio!" said the little girl, in a voice trembling with emotion; "it must be very sad to be blind."

"No," answered Julio, "that is not it. What is sad, is to have lost one's mother, and to be far from one's father and brother."

"But Manuela will be like a mother to you, and I will be your sister; say, will you have me?"

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And throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him with her whole heart.

"You are very good, little Feliza; I thank you, and shall love you dearly."

"What could I do to amuse you, now that we have nothing more to talk about? What did you love to do best when you could see?"

"Well, I loved to study——"

"To study?" cried Feliza, in unbounded astonishment, for she was as lazy a little girl as it was possible to meet, and had only succeeded, with the greatest difficulty, in learning how to read and write. "What strange taste you have. But if it amuses you I'll go get my books all the same, and help you study."

And running to her room, she soon brought back the few books she owned. As it happened, the blind boy had long been familiar with them all. He was studying modern history, cosmography, physics, algebra, natural history, Latin, and French; in a word, Julio was a very learned person. Feliza contemplated him in astonishment.

"How did you manage to learn all that? It is such a bore."

"Why, no;" said Julio, "on the contrary, it is very entertaining."

And he told her how he had acquired a taste for study, with a French priest whom he had had as a teacher, and who taught in such an attractive manner that one never tired of listening to him. This priest had been in the habit of coming to Spain for a number of years, because he had been ordered to a warm climate after a severe attack of illness. His health having been restored he had returned to France, but he still wrote to his former pupil for whom he had much affection.

"Ah, if I still had him," cried Julio, "I should be able to continue improving myself, for I would just have to sit and listen to him, and I would no longer be at a loss for something to do."

"You must beg the good Lord to make him sick again," said Feliza.

Julio could not help laughing at this idea.

"No, no," answered he, "I love him dearly, and I should be very sorry to have him sick again."

"Well, then, if you like, I will read your books to you, except the Latin and French ones; I can't read very well, but I'll do my best."

Julio thanked her. He was made happy by the affection shown him by this little girl and he felt that he would always have a friend in her.

Breakfast put an end to their little chat. Later on, the children played several games in which the blind boy could take part, and the day passed by very quickly.

At night Julio was kissed by everybody. The worthy Manuela, herself, after having tucked him in his bed, gave him one of those good, sound, nurse's kisses of which she knew the secret, and the poor child, before going to sleep, thanked God for having almost given him back his family.

IV.

The hot season has arrived and the heat is suffocating. For four long months not a drop of rain has fallen, and there is not a cloud to be seen in the sky. Already, according to the Andalusian proverb, nothing is to be seen on the streets before sunset but dogs and Frenchmen. It is in vain that Don Hernandez's servants rise an hour before dawn to spread the *tela** over the *patio*, it is hardly possible to breath there. The drops of water from the fountain are absorbed by the air before they can fall to the earth, the camellias are withering; the chameleons alone seem perfectly at ease in this fiery at-

*An awning which is stretched above the courtyards; even above certain streets.

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mosphere; they are constantly in motion and have become almost lively.

The streets, though deserted during the day, are lively enough at night, the municipal authorities having, owing to the great heat, allowed the poor to take up their night quarters in the public thoroughfares. Some of them lay down a mattress or a pillow stuffed with tow, others content themselves with simply spreading out a *capa* (cloak). Nothing could be more picturesque than these improvised encampments, but too strong a dose of the picturesque is not pleasant save in painting. Don Hernandez, compelled by business to remain in Seville, is, nevertheless, anxious to send the children to a healthier locality. He is going to send them to his *huerta* (country-house) at San Lucar in charge of Manuela and Cadenas, her inseparable companion.

What! Cadenas! he whom she awaited with such inimical feelings and was to be so full of faults? Has he been able to find favor in her sight? Yes, indeed, however astonishing it may seem, it is nevertheless true. Cadenas is Manuela's friend, her right arm. He does not owe this honorable and much envied position to his good nature, his Galician honesty, or his robust and energetic nature; all these qualities would have been insufficient and the key to the riddle must be looked for in other things. Cadenas is blindly devoted to Feliza; he would let himself be cut in pieces for her. After his young master, he loves her more than any one else in the world, and this it is that has won the nurse's heart. Therefore, does she take care of him as she well knows how. She gives him all the best pieces of the *puchero* and the biggest *garbauros*. When the other servants, made envious by this species of preference, ask Manuela with a sneer why the Duke de los Rios chose a one-eyed man (Cadenas has but one eye) to lead his blind son, she answers dryly, "so as to give prattlers something to talk about."

Every one is busy with preparations for the departure. They would not have waited till the month of July before leaving Seville, had it not been for a bull-fight which Regla would not miss. She was especially anxious to show off her pretty face, framed in its white mantilla, and when Regla willed a thing she willed it well. Feliza did not go to the fight for she could not enjoy any thing without her dear Julio. The friendship of the two children increases day by day. They greatly rejoice at the thought of going to San Lucar, the trip on the steamer is so pleasant. Don Hernandez's estate, though less elegant than his residence in Seville, is, on the other hand, much larger; and then there is the sea, or rather a little taste of the sea, for the property lies at the mouth of the Guadalquivir.

The much-longed-for day arrives at last. Don Hernandez has accompanied his little party on board and has had a hundred things to say to each one, and now he is standing on the quay, where he long remains waving his handkerchief to the little girls who respond by waving their fans. But they are rapidly disappearing, and by this time Seville is hardly visible to our travelers; the gigantic cathedral alone still rears its imposing mass on the horizon surrounded by the slender silhouette of the Giralda.

Feliza takes her seat on the deck alongside of Julio and points out to him the few objects which meet her eye. It is impossible to imagine any thing more desolate than the banks of this celebrated river. Behold! a melancholy heron resting on one leg, a little farther an oleander in bloom, a little farther still a few olive trees with their grey foliage, and—that is all. But in a few hours the river widens, the water be-

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comes clearer, and the boat rocks slightly, an invigorating sea smell pervades the atmosphere.

"Here is San Lucar," cries Feliza. The debarkation and late dinner take up much time, and before they were finally settled it was night and the inhabitants of San Lucar were soon fast asleep.

Next day Feliza was the first one up. She was going to show Julio all over the place. The two friends left the house hand in hand, stopping, now and then, for the little girl to pick a fruit or a flower, and keeping up long conversations as only children can. "Happy are the children if they know their own happiness," might well be said, for Virgil's saying applies even more to them than to husbandmen.

Feliza gave herself up entirely to the pleasure of always having at her side an affectionate and sympathetic companion. Regla's society was at times any thing but agreeable. As for Julio, he found his kind, obliging little friend growing every day dearer and dearer to him, and had it not been for his separation from his family he would have been perfectly happy.

He had already received several letters from France; the duke had consulted the most eminent surgeon in Paris about Carlos. He had encouraged them to hope for a complete recovery though at a still distant date. It was thus impossible to fix any time for their return. In the meantime, Carlos was taking lessons from the abbé, their former teacher, and under his tuition was making rapid progress. At this news, poor Julio could not help from sighing, not from envy, for he was devotedly attached to his brother, but simply from regret. Feliza, in order to make him forget his trouble, read to him daily from his lesson books, and the poor little thing's devotion was all the more praiseworthy as she hardly understood a word of what she was reading. As practice makes perfect, so by dint of reading the little girl grew to like study. Julio, seeing that she was interested in her reading, would explain every thing that was unintelligible to her, and very soon it was no longer simply out of kindness that she devoted herself to her books.

The lovely Regla, who sometimes joined them in their games, always took care to disappear at school hours, as she called them. Of what use would study be to her? With her beauty and fortune she would always be certain of being a queen in society, and this was all-sufficient for her precocious vanity.

V.

The children's favorite walk was to the old, ruined castle which stands at one end of the beach. One day, as they were starting there, accompanied by Cadenas who had charge of them, they saw, on leaving the house, a large crowd assembled before an immense placard. Regla, who had approached quite close to it, came running back after reading a few lines.

"A bull-fight, Monday, a fight of *novillos*."*

"Ah," said Julio, "when did they arrive?"

"This morning," answered Cadenas; "as I went to fill the *alcarazas* at four o'clock, I saw them going to fetch the bulls."

"Well," said Regla, "we must go. Feliza will you come this time?"

"No, I feel too sorry for the poor horses."

"But, they won't be killed; it is a fight of *novillos embolados*."†

"That doesn't matter, I would rather go for a walk with Julio."

Julio made some objection, declaring he did not want Feliza to deprive herself of this pleasure for his sake.

*Bulls under four years.

†Bulls who carry balls on the tips of their horns.

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"It is no privation," said she, "since I am happier when with you."

The blind youth's only answer was a gentle pressure of the little hand that was leading him.

By this time they had arrived on the beach. Julio began walking alone, for here he could do it without any danger. All of them were soon busy hunting for shells. The blind boy could find them faster with his feet than the others with their eyes, which greatly astonished Feliza. He gave her all he had gathered.

The heat was beginning to feel oppressive, in spite of the soft, sea breeze. The children sought out a shady spot amongst the ruins, and each one settled down to suit himself. Regla made herself a wreath of some little yellow flowers which grew in the crevices in the rocks, while Julio plaited a little basket of rushes, cut for him by Cadenas, who had just gone off to a little distance to gather a larger supply. As for Feliza, she sat down on a rock at a little distance, and began counting her shells. In a few minutes Cadenas' voice was heard calling:

"Señoritas, señoritas, you who love beautiful flowers, just come here; it is a perfect garden."

"Are you coming?" asked Regla.

"Fifty-six, no; by-and-by, when I get through."

Regla ran after Cadenas, while Feliza went on with her counting. She had four hundred shells of all imaginable colors; she was amusing herself arranging them on the rocks in lovely designs, and was quite absorbed in her occupation when a sudden noise in the direction in which she had left Julio, caused her to raise her head. Horrors! She saw a bull a few steps from the blind boy. She tried to scream, but her voice died in her throat. Pale with fright, she seized her sunshade and ran toward him as rapidly as her trembling limbs would carry her. The blind youth had also heard the noise, and had started up in alarm and was walking in the very direction of the bull, who, with bloodshot eyes and lowered horns, awaited him. With a last effort Feliza reached her friend, and seizing him by the arm forced him back a few steps, then instinctively opening out her sunshade to its fullest extent, she held it between them and the savage animal. The bull taken aback turned aside, while Julio, not knowing what was going on around him but feeling some danger near, called Cadenas at the top of his voice.

The faithful servant hurried to his side. At a single glance he saw Julio standing, Feliza a little in front of him to shield him, and the bull irresolute and gazing at the sunshade with a vacant stare. At a single bound he stood beside the animal, and pulling out his *navaja* he dealt the bull, between the eyes, a blow which possibly amateurs might not have approved of, but which saved his master, for it was mortal.

Then turning toward the children, Cadenas caught up Feliza in his arms. The poor little thing had fainted.

"By our Lady del Pilar!" exclaimed the worthy man, as he took Julio's hand and led him to a seat; "here is a brave little one for you!" Gently rubbing the child's breast, he told Julio of the scene that had just taken place, and of which the poor boy had but a confused idea. Julio's tears flowed fast on his little friend's face, and it was under this warm shower that she opened her eyes.

"What is the matter?" asked she, but her memory returned almost instantly.

"Ah, Julio, had it not been for Cadenas we were lost." And she cordially embraced the faithful servant, whose tears had also commenced to flow.

"Thank him, Julio; I tell you it was he who saved you."

Julio grasped Cadenas' hand.

"It was you, señorita," answered the worthy Galician, "who saved him."

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"I, no indeed; I just fell down like a goose; and besides, did I kill the bull?"

"All right; but without you and your sunshade, I should have arrived too late."

There is no telling how long the discussion would have lasted had Julio not put an end to it by saying he would like to return to the house. Cadenas, moreover, had to inform the authorities and the owner of the bull of what had happened. Regla was called and was much surprised on appearing with her load of flowers, to hear what had taken place. She declared that if she had been there she would have acted just as Feliza did, and in fact she went so far as to say she would have killed the bull with her fan. No one, however, paid much attention to what she said, which by the way greatly displeased her, for the señorita Regla did not enjoy being pushed into the background.

They set out along the beach, this time without thinking of the shells; neither did any one think of admiring the brightness of the sky, the transparency of the little waves which expired as they kissed the golden sands, or the picturesque attitude of some boys who were endeavoring to bathe their stubborn mules in the sea. Each one was busy with his own thoughts, and home was reached without a single word having been spoken.

When Manuela heard what had happened she came near dying from fright first and then from joy. She immediately suggested returning thanks to the Lord for their happy deliverance. Her proposition was agreed to with acclamations and in a few minutes they all arrived at the little church of San Lucar. After a fervent prayer of gratitude they left as thank offerings Regla's flowers, Feliza's shells, and Cadenas' dagger still dyed with the blood of the bull. Julio added twenty douros to buy a silver lamp.

"Feliza," said he in a whisper before he left the church, "would you accept of a blind husband?"

"Yes, if he were good like you."

"Well, then, I promise before God to make you my wife and I will love you to the end of my days."

Feliza looked at Julio; she saw on his face an expression of tenderness and energy not common to one of his age, and child as she was she was struck by it.

"You shall be my husband," said she, "and I, too, will love you dearly."

He gave her a douro pierced and cut in two.

"Here," said he, "take one half, I shall keep the other. This shall be our betrothal."

She took it and they joined Regla, who was walking in front with Cadenas and Manuela.

Arrived at home they passed a silk cord through their half douros and hung them around their necks along with their medals.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We are two travelers, Roger and I,
  Roger's my dog—come here you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
  Over the table—look out for the lamp—
The rogue is growing a little old;
  Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
  And ate and drank—and starved together.

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MARGARET OF LANCASTER.

By the death of Henry VI., and his son, Prince Edward, there were left to represent the house of Lancaster only the house of Somerset and the Tudors. The Tudors, whatever their claim of proud lineage from princes of Wales and kings of France, could hardly count themselves in the royal line of England, though their mother had shared the throne of Henry V.

Catherine of France, after the death of her husband, Henry V., married a handsome Welsh soldier named Owen Tudor. Though this Owen Tudor did claim descent from the ancient royal line of Wales, he was not thought worthy of an alliance with English royalty, and when the marriage, which had been at first kept secret, was at length divulged, such a storm of indignation fell upon them that she took refuge in a convent at Bermondsey, while he was sent to Newgate. He, however, escaped from there and succeeded in obtaining protection and even employment under the young king, Henry VI. Thereafter we hear of the two sons of this marriage, Edmond and Jasper, as valiant defenders of the Lancastrian throne, and their half brother, Henry VI., bestowed upon the elder, Edmond, the Earldom of Richmond, and upon the younger, Jasper, the Earldom of Pembroke.

The House of Somerset or Beaufort was the junior branch of John of Gaunt. Margaret of Lancaster's father (grandson of John of Gaunt) was first Duke of Somerset, but dying early, the title fell to his brother Edmund, who became the favorite of Queen Margaret of Anjou. When he had fallen on the field of St. Albans, and his two sons some years afterward, Margaret was left sole heiress to the vast estates of the family. But even before that her fortune and expectations were sufficient to insure her many suitors for her hand. In Lodge's collection of portraits and biographical sketches we have the picture of a gentlewoman in devotional attitude, who under a mask of most exceeding meekness, yet leaves on the mind an impression of something else that is not altogether agreeable; is it cunning? Following out the suspicion we do in fact find running through her whole life a consummate tact—policy, worthy of the greatest statesman of the times. Her friend and spiritual adviser, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, said of her, "She was of syngular easyness to be spoken unto, and full curtayse answere she would make to all that came unto her. Of marvayllous gentyleness she was unto all folks, but specially to her owne, whome she trusted and loved ryghte tenderly, ne forgetful of ony kyndeness or service done to her. She was of a singular wisdom, ferre passing the comyn rate of women." If the dates of her birth and marriage are given us correctly she could not have been more than thirteen when she was called upon to decide a very important question—to choose between two suitors who had asked for her hand, and she chose, not as worldly wisdom would have seemed to dictate, the one who would certainly strengthen her where she stood in the social scale, perhaps lift her higher, but, apparently, according to a girl's fancy for a handsome face. Years after, when grievous discontent with the ruling sovereign of the house of York, Richard III. was pointing every man's thoughts to Henry VII. as *the* representative of the house of Lancaster we can scarcely help wondering, as we look in her face, did she foresee this, when she united by her marriage the houses of Somerset and

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Tudor? It is said, that her choice at this time between Edmund de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was decided by supernatural dictation. Lord Bacon writes: "When the Lady Margaret had divers great suitors for marriage, she dreamed one night that one in the likeness of a bishop did tender her Edmund, Earl of Richmond, for her husband." Such was the superstition of the age. Richmond lived but little more than a year after their marriage and his death left her with her orphan boy, widowed and so young, only an orphan child herself. She married twice afterward, but each time it seems to have been more for a protector than any thing else, for the position of a wealthy young widow was, at that time, any thing but an enviable one.

In Henry Tudor, her only child, was ever concentrated her chief interest in life, so much so, that from this time her history is almost merged in his. One of her letters to him, which has been preserved, begins, "My dearest and only desired joy in this world."

And yet, despite her anxious maternal care, despite her persistently conciliatory manner toward the ruling family, whichever that might be, Henry, her son, tells Comines that from the time he was five years old, he had been always a fugitive or a prisoner. It was probably on the deposition of Henry VI., when Henry Tudor was about five or six years old, that his mother sent him for safety to Wales, his father's fatherland. Here, some years after, his Uncle Jasper found him under the care of a "Lady Harbert," "kept in manner like a captive, but well and honorably educated." And, inasmuch, as Henry VI. was again temporarily in power, the Earl of Pembroke carried the boy to England to gladden his mother's heart, to present him at court, and, perhaps, to keep the English people from utterly forgetting this collateral representative of the house of Lancaster. He could not have remained there very long, for the fugitive Edward IV. returned to his throne, Henry VI. to his prison, and Henry Tudor with his uncle to Wales again, to share his fortunes or misfortunes. And when they were no longer safe there from the bribed emissaries of King Edward, they took flight once more, thinking to find a refuge in France, but a storm drove them on the shores of Brittany. Even here, Henry Tudor was not left wholly unmolested. More than one effort was made by King Edward to get him into his power. First, by demanding him as his subject from the Duke of Brittany, afterward, by bribing some officer in charge, for the Duke had yielded so far to the influence of Edward as to hold the Tudor a captive in Brittany. Then came a proposal of the very marriage which was afterward consummated, viz: Henry Tudor to Elizabeth of York, though it was only a trap this time, and was discovered in time to avoid it. Indeed, it seemed as if nothing that concerned her son could be kept secret from Margaret of Lancaster, and at last a message came from her to the effect that he was no longer safe in Brittany, whereupon he made his escape into France.

In the meantime, Margaret remained in England, now the wife of Sir Henry Stafford, now a widow again, and anon married to Lord Stanley. Always leading a quiet, unobtrusive life, affecting a studied unconcern in the government, but making friends of all by her gentle courtesy, ready tact, and responsive sympathy, and "whatsoever she did, it marvelously became her." She was also a great encourager of literature, both by example and by bounty. St. John's and Christ's College, in Cambridge, were erected and endowed at her sole charge. She founded a perpetual divinity lecture in that uni-

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versity and another in that of Oxford, where she constantly maintained also a great number of poor scholars, under tutors appointed and paid by herself, and "Righte studious she was in bokes," her friend, the bishop, says, "which she had in great number, both in Englysh, Latin, and Frenshe, and did translate divers matters of devocyon out of Frenshe into Englysh."

At the accession of Richard III., she was more than ordinarily anxious to prove her loyalty, came to London for the express purpose of offering her services to hold up the train of the queen at their coronation, and took the opportunity to entreat the king with great humility, submission, and apparent simplicity, to receive her son into his presence and favor, and to permit him to offer his hand to one of the princesses, daughters of Edward IV.

This latter seems a right bold request, knowing as we do, and as she undoubtedly did, the negotiations already going on to ally the interests of the house of Lancaster with the down-trodden elder branch of the house of York, by this same marriage she was pleading so submissively for. But perhaps Richard, with all his vigilance, did not know just how near the danger was, and the widow and daughters of Edward IV. did not suggest as yet very formidable rivals.

However, Richard did not long remain in ignorance of what was going on, and Margaret was immediately confined to the house of her husband, Lord Stanley.

Lord Stanley himself, soon after being present at the arrest of Lord Hastings, was wounded and committed to prison, but only for a short time, being unexpectedly liberated and replaced in office.

Margaret's anxiety at this time must have been intense. Kept fully informed, as she was, of all her son's movements, and of the whole extent of the movement in his favor in England, it was hard to foretell the end, but it came when the two armies met on Bosworth field, and the sun of York went down in darkness and blood, leaving only a faint refulgence on the Tudor banner in Henry's wife, Elizabeth of York.

Margaret of Lancaster lived through all her son's reign, but satisfied with his honor still kept herself aloof from the government, and outlived this beloved son only a few months, dying on the 29th of June, 1509.

GRANDMOTHER'S LOVE LETTERS.

COURTING FIFTY YEARS AGO IN KENTUCKY.

It was my lot, a few days since, to have a glance into an old relic box. Among the most interesting things therein contained were "grandmother's love letters." The old lady seems to have excited the tender passion of a number of youths, but we have selected those of but one of her lovers, and that on account of the sweet and touching melody.

The youthful swain of fifty years ago seems to have been as persistent in the courting line as Mr. Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, is on the question of tariff reform, as the selections quoted below are but a few of his many poetical effusions. We give these as an example to Kentucky lovers of the present day.

But the sequel must not be omitted. "J. R." died an old bachelor, while "Miss ——— " became the happy wife

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of a rival who was almost twenty years her senior—a soldier of the war of 1812, one who fought bravely under Jackson in the celebrated battle of New Orleans.

Moral.—Young men, beware of old rivals, and don't write too much poetry.

TO MISS———.

Thou art all that my fancy can dream,
  Thou art all that my soul may adore,
And the glance of thine eye is a heavenly beam
  Which the beings of vice must deplore—
I have bowed to thee early and long,
  Thy spells are but strengthen'd by time,
For thy voice hath a tone like a seraphim song,
  And thy smoothness of brow is sublime!

WOMAN'S HEART.

Say, what is woman's heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring,
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the color'd dreams of thought;
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love? A careless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream,
A smiling flower that will not die,
A beauty, and a mystery;
Its storms as light as April showers,
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes? Rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when Heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with siren words,
Beguiling it, like summer's birds,
That stay while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate? A passing frown,
A single weed 'mid blossoms sown,
That can not flourish then for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;

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A summer cloud that all the while
Is lightened by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep
Fever that leaves no tear to weep;
A woe that works with silent power,
As canker-worms destroy a flower;
A viper that shows not it wakes,
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring,
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought;
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

THE MARINER.

A Mariner I am, of love,
  And in his seas profound,
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears, I rove
  And see no port around.

At distance I behold a star,
  Whose beams my senses draw;
Brighter and more resplendent far
  Than Palinurus e'er saw.

Yet, still uncertain of my way,
  I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray
  My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would see,
  Benighted most I sail;
Like clouds, reserve and modesty
  Its shrouded luster veil.

O, lovely star, by whose bright ray
  My love and faith I try;
If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
  In night of death I lie.

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Many are the flow'rs of cheerful May,
In charming colors, brilliant, fresh, and gay;
Sublimely beautiful for one to view,
Such sweetness, moist with morning dew.

Muse, coy Muse, assist me to personate
A lovely flow'r, in worth and merit great:
Roses, lilies, in all your beauty rear'd
You're scarcely equal when to her compar'd.

Graceful, faultless, amiable, and kind;
Refin'd in taste, of pure and tranquil mind;
In social sweetness that does impart
Fresh hope to the soul, and animates the heart.

Flow'rs of such worth, may you ever flourish
In boundless pleasures, while life we cherish:
Through which, may He who rules, to man extend
Heaven's greatest blessing, "A Female Friend."

—*J. R.*

KUBLAI, GREAT KHAN OF THE TARTARS AND EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Now I am to give you a wonderful account of the greatest king of the Tartars, still reigning, named Kublai, or lord of lords. That name is assuredly well merited, since he is the most powerful in people, in lands, and in treasure, that is, or ever was, from the creation of Adam to the present day; and by the statements to be made in this book, every man shall be satisfied that he really is so. Whosoever descends in the direct line from Genghis is entitled to be master of all the Tartars, and Kublai is the sixth great Khan. He began to reign in the year of our Lord 1256, and maintained the dominion by his valor, address, and wisdom. His brothers sought to oppose his succession, but by bravery and right he triumphed over them. From the beginning of his reign, forty-two years have elapsed to the present day, in the year 1298. He is now full eighty-five years old, and before his accession commanded many armies, when he approved himself good at weapons, and a brave captain. But since that time he has joined the army only once, which was in the year 1286.

He resides in the vast city of Kambalu, three months in the year, December, January, and February, and has here his great palace, which I will now describe. It is a complete square, a mile long on every side, so that the whole is four miles in circuit; and in each angle is a very fine edifice, containing bows, arrows, cords, saddles, bridles, and all other implements of war. In the middle of the wall between these four edifices are others, making altogether eight, filled with stores, and each containing only a single article. Toward the south are five gates, the middle one very large, never opened or shut unless when the great Khan is to pass through; while on the other side is one by which all enter in common. Within

that wall is another, containing eight edifices similarly constructed, in which is lodged the wardrobe of the sovereign.

These walls enclose the palace of that mighty lord, which is the greatest that ever was seen. The floor rises ten palms above the ground, and the roof is exceedingly lofty. The walls of the chambers and stairs are all covered with gold and silver, and adorned with pictures of dragons, horses, and other races of animals. The hall is so spacious that six thousand can sit down to banquet; and the number of apartments is incredible. The roof is externally painted with red, blue, green, and other colors, and is so varnished that it shines like crystal, and is seen a great distance around. It is also very strongly and durably built. Between the walls are pleasant meadows filled with various living creatures, as white stags, the musk animal, deer, wild goats, ermines, and other beautiful creatures. The whole enclosure is full of animals, except the path by which men pass. On the other side, toward the south, is a magnificent lake, whither many kinds of fish are brought and nourished. A river enters and flows out; but the fish are retained by iron gratings.

Toward the north, about a bowshot from the palace, Kublai has constructed a mound, full a hundred paces high and a mile in circuit, all covered with evergreen trees which never shed their leaves. When he hears of a beautiful tree, he causes it to be dug up, with all the roots and the earth around it, and to be conveyed to him on the backs of elephants; hence the eminence has been made verdant all over, and is called the green mountain.

On the top is a palace, also covered with verdure; it and the trees are so lovely that all who look upon them feel delight and joy. In the vicinity is another palace, where resides the grandson of the great Khan, Temur, who is to

reign after him, and who follows the same life and customs of his grandsire. He has already a golden bull and the imperial seal; but he has no authority while his grandfather lives.

Having described to you the palaces, I will tell you of the great city of Cathay, which contains them. Near it is another large and splendid one, also named Kambalu, which means in our language "city of the lord;" but the monarch, finding by astrology that this town would rebel, built another near it, divided only by a river, and bearing the same name, to which its inhabitants were compelled to remove.

It forms a regular square, six miles on each side, and thus twenty-four miles in circumference. It is surrounded by walls of earth, ten paces thick and twenty in height; yet the upper part becomes gradually thinner, so that at the top the breadth is only three spaces. There are twelve gates, each containing an edifice, making one in each square of that wall, and filled with men, who guard the place.

The streets are so broad and so straight that from one gate another is visible. It contains many beautiful houses and palaces, and a very large one in the midst, containing a steeple with a large bell, which at night sounds three times; after which no man must leave the city without some urgent necessity, as of sickness or a woman about to bear a child. At each gate a thousand men keep guard, not from dread of any enemy, but in reverence of the monarch who dwells within it, and to prevent injury by robbers.

When the monarch comes to his chief city, he remains in his noble palace three days and no more, when he holds a great court, making high festival and rejoicing with his ladies. There is a vast abundance of people through all the suburbs of Kambalu, which are twelve in number, one corresponding to each gate; no one can count the number of residents;

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and they contain as stately edifices as any in the city, except the king's palace.

No one is allowed to be buried within the city; and no females of bad character can reside there, but must have their dwellings in the suburbs, where there are said to be no fewer than twenty thousand. There are brought also to Kambalu the most costly articles in the world, the finest productions of India, as precious stones and pearls, with all the produce of Cathay and the surrounding countries, in order to supply the lords and the barons and ladies who reside there. Numerous merchants, likewise, bring more than a thousand wagons laden with grain; and all who are within a hundred miles of the city come hither to purchase what they want.*

When the Khan wishes to celebrate a splendid festival, the tables are so arranged that his is much higher than the others, and he sits on the north, with his face toward the south. His first wife is seated beside him on the left, while, on the right, are his sons and nephews, and all those of imperial lineage, who are so stationed that their head is on a level with the feet of the monarch. The barons sit still lower; while the ladies, daughters, and female relations of the Khan are placed beneath the queen on the left side, and under them all the wives of the barons; every class knows the spot where they ought to sit.

The tables are so arranged that the monarch can see all the company, who are very numerous; and outside of that hall there eat more than 40,000 persons, who have come with presents or remarkable objects from foreign parts, and attend on the days when he holds a court or celebrates a marriage.

In the midst of this hall is a very large vessel of fine gold, containing wine, and on each side two smaller ones, whence the liquor is poured out into flagons, each containing fully enough for eight men; and one of these is placed between every two guests, who have, besides, separate cups of gold to drink out of. This supply of plate is of very great value, and indeed the Khan has so many vessels of gold and silver that none without seeing could possibly believe it.

At each door of the great hall, or of any part of the palace occupied by his majesty, stand two officers of gigantic height, holding in their hands staves, to prevent persons who enter from touching the threshold. If any one chances to commit this offense, they take from him his garment, which he must redeem by a payment, or if they spare his dress, inflict at least a number of blows fixed by authority.

As strangers may not be aware of this prohibition, officers are appointed to warn them of it at the time of introduction. Since, however, some of the company, on leaving the hall, may be so affected with liquor as to be unable to guard against the accident, it is not then severely punished.

Those who serve the Khan at table are great barons, who hold their mouths carefully wrapped in rich towels of silk and gold, that their breath may not blow upon the dishes. When he begins to drink, all the instruments, which are very numerous, are sounded, and while the cup is in his hand, the barons and others present fall on their knees, and make signs of great humility; this is done every time he drinks, or when new viands are brought in.

These I shall not attempt to recount, since any one may believe that he will have the greatest variety of beasts and birds, wild and domestic, and of fishes in their season, and in the greatest abundance, prepared most delicately in vari-

*There is but little doubt that the city here described is Pe-king. The description in many points is quite accurate to this day.

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ous modes suitable to his magnificence and dignity.

Every baron or knight brings his wife and she sits at table along with the other ladies. When the great sire has eaten, and the tables are removed, a number of jesters, players, and other witty persons perform various pieces, exciting mirth and pleasure among the company, who then depart and go to their homes.

The Tartars celebrate a festival on the day of their nativity. The birthday of the Khan is on the 28th of September, and is the greatest of all, except that at the beginning of the year. On this occasion he clothes himself in robes of beaten gold, and his twelve barons and twelve thousand soldiers wear, like him, dresses of a uniform color and shape; not that they are so costly, but similarly made of silk, gilded, and bound by a cincture of gold. Many have these robes adorned with precious stones and pearls, so as to be worth ten thousand golden bezants.

The great Khan, twelve times in the year, presents to those barons and knights robes of the same color with his own; and this is what no lord in the world can do. On the day of his nativity, all the Tartars from every province in the world who hold lands under him, celebrate a festival, and bring presents suited to their station. The same is done by every individual who asks from him any favor or office.

He has twelve barons who bestow commands on such persons as they think proper. On that day, the Christians, Saracens, and all the races of men who are subject to him, make prayers to their gods that they will preserve, and grant him a long, healthy, and happy life.

SUNSET PICTURES.

FIRST.

In the far West
Ablaze with light,
The portals wide are thrown,
For the King of Day
In his golden car,
The goal hath nearly won.
Alone, save but a single star
Which o'er his way hath shone,
'Til on his path
Close the gates of light;
And the beautiful star is left alone.

SECOND.

From hill and dale and woodland,
The wondrous, golden light,
Softly now is fading,
As the dainty sunbeams bright
Flit down the paths
Of pink and gold,
The guard of his glorious Majesty,
And through the lovely
Glittering sheen,
The opal gates flash radiantly.

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THIRD.

Just for a moment
He hides his face,
Behind the storm-clouds piling high,
To make but the sweeter
His parting caress,
When his liquid jewels have flashed from the sky.
Then with his magic wand he lifts
The lovely cloud-veil hanging low,
And into a sea
Of glory we drift,
Then the azure gates close soft and slow.

FOURTH.

No dainty, trembling sunbeams
To-day flash from his car,
Only his blood-red form we see
Speeding through space afar.
'Til lost in the realm
Of dark'ning space,
'Neath the storm-cloud gilded angrily.
And over his fiery path
The great, red gates swing heavily.

FIFTH.

Out from the haunts of misery,
Out from the palace wide,
After his glittering chariot,
The ghosts of sunbeams glide.
Leaving to mercy
Of God and man
Cold, helpless, wretched poverty.
And after their chilling footsteps
The cold, gray gates close icily.

SIXTH.

The sunset gates,
Be they dark or bright,
Can not forever shut out the light.
But the gates of death
Ne'er open again,
When closed by God on the lives of men.
Pray Him the "Lamp of Truth" be given,
To light our feet on the way to heaven.
So when these are closed on us in love,
He will open the "beautiful gates" above.

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RIO DE JANEIRO.

Previous to our departure for Brazil we read in "Lippincott's Geographical Dictionary of the World" the following in regard to the city of Rio de Janeiro: "The pavements generally are not good, and in the level parts of the city are without drainage, and very imperfectly cleaned. Of late years this city has suffered severely from yellow fever, heightened, doubtless, by the filthy condition and the densely-populated houses."

Having, however, read elsewhere graphic descriptions of the beauty of the bay, city, and surrounding scenery, we decided to form our individual opinion after arrival.

Now, we have to acknowledge that the above extract is in accordance with the *actual* condition of the city to-day, although it is provided with good sewerage and spends fourteen thousand dollars per week in order to keep its streets clean. This is no doubt partly owing to the fact that the city lacks a good water supply and surface drainage, but also in part to the characteristic carelessness of its inhabitants. Two separate companies have been at work for a year, one on the surface drainage and one on the new water-works; but it will be at least two years until we receive the benefit of these works completed.

The present water supply of the city is gathered on the sides of the mountains which surround the city. Hence, the supply does not depend upon the demand, but upon the rainfall. About one-half the residences in the city have the water supply on the premises. The other half depends upon the "Town Pump," or public water spickets, from whence it is conducted in "barrils" of about four gallons measure, borne upon the head by slaves or water carriers; or brought to the door in the water cart and from thence into the house.

During the hot season of 1878, on account of drought, it was not unusual for people to be obliged to pay from twenty-five to fifty cents per "barril" of water. Consequently, at the time a liberal internal and external use of water was likely to do the most good in keeping the people healthful, it was not to be had. At this time the mortality from yellow fever alone averaged thirty deaths daily.

The city is compactly built on the flats or shores of the bay and in the valleys between the hills, and is now spreading upon the hillsides, where the foreigners prefer to reside on account of having purer air and fine views of the bay and city. Hence, we boast of one inclined plane, situated on the side of Santa Thereza, the hill most densely populated. Until within the last five years, the houses of the city were built without any reference to the idea that pure air was a necessity of life. In fact, this is the first thing that impresses a foreigner who is house hunting. One would think that where the mercury seldom marks 60°, there would be spacious doors and windows. Such, however, is not the rule. In general, the sleeping apartment is in the center of the house, surrounded on all sides by other apartments which are tightly closed during the night. The consequence is, more Brazilians die with consumption than of all other diseases put together.

It is true the houses are built of granite, but after the following fashion. The walls are formed by placing the larger undressed stones joining each other, when the openings are filled up with fine stone chips and mortar. The mortar is formed of lime and earth in proportion

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of one part of the former to twenty of the latter. The whole wall is then plastered on the outside with the same mixture, which is covered with a coating of lime mortar one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, which is afterwards painted according to the taste of the builder. It is only some of the public buildings that are of dressed granite and many of these have only the first story, the others being finished after the usual fashion. There are not a dozen houses in the city built of rough granite pointed, although it is the material exclusively used in building. But, then, there is no accounting for tastes.

The yellow fever has become a chronic disease in the city. Every late season it carries off its hundreds of victims. Notwithstanding this fact, which one would suppose ought to lead the government to take active and energetic measures to eradicate it; notwithstanding the medical commissions have given their reports as to what they agree ought to be done; notwithstanding the discussion of the question in the daily journals, all ends in words, WORDS, WORDS. It is no uncommon thing for us to meet a friend in the street in usual health, and in forty-eight hours be making the necessary arrangements for his interment. The consequence is, that people who can leave the city do so, and all unite in warning their friends to pass by on the other side. We can not enter into a discussion as to the causes of, or remedies for the scourge. Suffice it to say it exists, and that the authorities have forbidden the true death rate to be published.

But let us turn from these things, which we know are the result of man's depravity, and consider, briefly, the scenery which speaks of the power, wisdom, and purity of the Creator.

The beauty of the bay of Rio de Janeiro is said to be "scarcely rivaled by that of Naples." Near the entrance of the bay are islands clad in tropical verdure, but as yet uninhabited. Upon one is situated a light-house. Upon nearing the coast, the "Sugar Loaf" is seen rising abruptly to the height of 1,272 feet above the level of the sea. In the distance are seen the "Corcovado," "Gavia," and "Peak of Tijuca," these ranging from 2,400 to 3,000 feet in height.

The entrance to the bay is about one mile in width. The bay expands toward the north some fifteen miles, is studded with beautiful islands, and surrounded by high hills and mountains, in every variety of form.

The city of Rio is situated on the west side of the bay just within the entrance, and Nictheroy on the east side. Between these two cities plies a line of good ferryboats. Extending toward the north, Rio terminates in what was formerly the suburb of S. Christovão. Extending toward the south it terminates in Botafogo, which is being rapidly extended toward the south-west, to the Botanical Gardens.

From either of the four peaks mentioned, one has a splendid panoramic view of the city, suburbs, whole of the bay, and of the ocean to the horizon. The peaks most difficult of ascent are the "Gavia" and "Sugar Loaf." The ascent of either is a task, and, although the view is beyond description, and the sensation of being where few others have been, is pleasant, once is sufficient. (We speak from our own experience.) The "Corcovado" and "Peak of Tijuca" can be ascended on horseback until within twenty minutes' walk of the summit.

One of the finest sights we have ever seen, was the city of Rio de Janeiro by gas-light, from the "Gloria" or "Santa Thereza" hill, with her thousand lights scattered on hillside, valley, plain, and bay, so that instinctively we repeated:

> "How like a widow in her weeds,
> The city, midst her glittering tapers,
> Silent sits."

HARRY PUSH ON HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD.

The fight, however, was all on one side, and consisted in Mr. Morton's whacking the blacksmith's boy vigorously over the head, while the boy put forth his best energies in trying to get the key out of his pocket and into the keyhole to unlock the door. Harry and the ladies stood as mute spectators. They were hardly sufficiently initiated into this method of fighting one's way through such rascally impostures of over-exacting menials, to decide whether they approved or not. The first one who made his exit through the open door was the big gardener with the pick-ax in hand, but not without receiving one or two hard licks from Mr. Morton's umbrella as he went out.

But out in the street there seemed to be danger of a yet more serious encounter as the boy, the gardener, and half a dozen stalwart blacksmiths there collected in a most warlike and threatening attitude. However, Mr. Morton seemed to have command of the situation and followed up his first victory quite adroitly. He marched the ladies right through the enemy's ranks, who were bringing down all manner of imprecations on their heads, threatening even imprisonment and fine, if the king's tariff of *five* francs was not paid. Just so soon as they reached the carriages, Mr. Morton helped the ladies in, taking care to get himself into one carriage and put Harry into the other. But here the mutiny seemed to be on the increase and the two carriage-drivers joined in the rebellion. Mr. Morton's only response to this was a severe poking into the ribs, with his umbrella, the driver of the carriage which contained Mrs. Lynn and himself, with violent threats to him if he did not "go on." And not until both carriages had fairly started did he throw the *one* franc on the ground at the feet of the enraged and infuriated assailants. Our friends breathed freely once more, when out of sight and hearing of the place.

"How fortunate it was we had Mr. Morton along," said Alice, with her first breath of relief.

"Fortunate," responded Fannie, just a little contemptuously, "if he hadn't been along we would never had any need for such a display of heroism."

But Harry chimed in, "There was at least a saving of four francs and no one hurt seriously."

The young people concluded at any rate that in their drives in future, they would avoid this dangerous locality. But the next afternoon when taking a ride, they were unexpectedly and somewhat to their alarm brought again in sight of the blacksmiths' shops.

As they approached up the narrow street Alice and Fannie clutched each other's hands tremulously. Mr. Morton, who had gotten a double carriage for the drive and was occupying the seat in front with Harry, smilingly said, "There is not the slightest danger."

Nor was there, for when they drove past, their grim enemies seemed suddenly to have been metamorphosed into the most affable of friends. They made their obeisance in the most approved style and the two parties smiled on each other as benignly as if they had been intimate acquaintances from childhood.

"They only need to learn who can not be oppressed," said Mr. Morton, quietly.

"And you seemed to have been a self-appointed school-master."

However, Fannie felt after this a little more respect for Mr. Morton, though she did not like him.

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We would fain linger with our travelers in the enchanting surroundings of Naples, and visit with them the blue grotto on the Island of Capri, or the beautiful island of Ischia, then so fashionable a place of summer resort, the inhabitants forgetting the disastrous and numerous eruptions in ages past, were happy in the enjoyment of its charms.

The lake of Ischia lying so quietly in the bosom of an old crater, could not have rested more serenely placid on its volcanic basis than did these people of Ischia, little caring for the imminent danger which in its sudden and wrathful outbursts proved fatal to thousands of them a few years later.

Nor can we go with the party, all except Mrs. Lynn, to the top of Mount Vesuvius. We will, however, insert, without Mr. Morton's permission, an account of an excursion he made to the crater alone. We must remember he was a confirmed old bachelor and not be surprised that he got into such bad company. But the description is so vivid a picture of the grandeur and beauty and terror of this fiery region that we can not refrain from stealing it from Harry's journal, as he did from Mr. Morton's.

"*August 25th*—Visited 'La Cucina del Diavola,' as the common people in Italy call Vesuvius. It is well to have seen once a volcano, if only to feel one's own littleness and nothingness, in comparison with a power so terrible. Nay, the consciousness of this ever-restless power is the reason why the people who live around a volcano are always more superstitious than this same class of people elsewhere. They see before them a terrific force constantly at work, which they can not explain and of whose origin they are entirely ignorant. They are thus, in the infancy of society, driven into base superstition, while even the more advanced classes are not free from its fetters.

"Whether or not I became imbued with the superstitions of the Italians I can not say, but I felt a great desire to interview 'His Satanic Majesty' in his own domains; so climbing to the top of Mount Vesuvius, to which the villagers below point with such awe, and shake their heads so mysteriously, I climbed down to his outer room and rang the doorbell, and on the appearance of one of his *valets de place*, I presented my card and made known my business. I was politely requested to amuse myself in the drawing-room, while my message was being transmitted to the master of the establishment. I had a very pleasant time, meanwhile, admiring the noble paintings and richly variegated tapestry, with which he had adorned all the walls. After a time the servant reappeared, and made known to me that the old gentleman sent me his profound regrets, that only an unwonted pressure of business could prevent him from doing himself the honor of granting me a few moments' conversation. I was much pleased with his extreme *gentilezza*, and so I asked the servant 'what on earth he could be busy at?' Then he made known to me, as a great secret, that his Satanic Majesty was just engaged in pouring hot metals into the molds of some new-fangled and terrible instruments of torture, for his emissaries in this world, and that as he wanted them to work with mathematical accuracy, when the time came for their use, it was necessary for him to give his personal superintendence to them.

"'Moreover,' said he, 'his Majesty is no exception to the rule that all artists lose their minds just at this point, from fear and anxiety lest the molds might not be filled out perfectly, some flaw show itself, and their work be ruined.'

"I was much interested with these details, and hearing a strange and unearthly noise proceeding from his work-shop, I asked:

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" 'What can the matter be?'

" 'Well,' he said, 'the old fellow is in a particularly bad humor to day!'

"I could readily believe it, for I could distinctly hear him snorting, and roaring, and abusing his employes in a most brutal and undignified manner, and if any of them were so bold as to talk back to him, he just lost complete control of himself and couldn't say a word, but simply, 'Bu-r-r-r r-r-r-r-r-r-r!' which made the whole mountain tremble and quake, and must have stricken terror to the hearts of the offenders. Not only that, but he was so blinded by helpless and beastly passion, that he caught up a huge bar of iron and hurled it with great force against a large pile of huge bars of iron, so that the mountain rang again, and the sound came even to my ears with a deafening roar, and that peculiar, clanging noise sometimes heard in thunder when it is very near and rolling away. In short, every thing seemed to be going wrong with him that day.

"Presently he imagined, though without the least cause, that his fire was going out, notwithstanding the fact that it was at red hot heat, so he seized the bellows and began to blow most violently, so violently, indeed, that he sent up fire, lava, and just whole oceans of yellow smoke. I was looking down upon this scene, pitying his helpless rage, when he suddenly espied me, and coming to the unfounded conclusion that I had been pouring wet mud on his fire in order to extinguish it, he roared, ground his teeth, and seizing a huge, iron tub, he actually dashed a whole tubfull of red hot lava right at me; but he didn't put on steam enough, and moreover, I saw it coming, and made tracks down the mountain quicker than 'Mark Twain's' man on the 'descent of Vesuvius,' having been fully satisfied with my interview with his Satanic Majesty.

"However, the whole scene exceeded my wildest expectations. I was totally unprepared for what I saw at Mount Vesuvius. I had expected to see a very quiet, monotonous affair, with smoke ascending lazily, as it does from a common fire. But not at all; it arises with a puff and a bang, that re-echoes like wild thunder around the crater.

"The grand crater is perhaps two hundred and fifty feet deep. I went down into it, and stood on the brink of the small crater and admired and wondered at the rich and varied colors with which the walls of the grand crater are painted. The small crater has, in its turn, three smaller craters, the larger of which sends up smoke and fire, mixed with pumice stone and ashes; the next smaller sends up steam and red hot lava at intervals of about a minute, but only to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The smaller crater emits steam alone, so that there is no danger of going down into the large crater, but only a raving maniac would think of venturing into the small crater and into the three smaller ones."

At last the day came for the departure from Naples. It was bright and beautiful. At 4 P. M. they were all on board a fast sailing Italian steamer *en route* to Athens.

A right jolly party it was too, as they stood on deck and felt the fresh breeze and listened to the last strains of sweet Italian music from the group of rustic peasantry, who came out in their little boat to cheer the parting visitor, or welcome the coming one, expecting a few sous to be tossed to them from the ship's side. Fannie leaned over the side of the ship and threw the last penny she could beg from her mother into the upturned umbrella of the musicians, which was held out at arms' length by a bright-looking little Italian boy who stood in the end of the boat.

"I'll give you this, if you will catch

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it," she called out in silvery tones, and held up a new, bright, silver franc.

Whether the little rascal understood the words or not, in an instant he had thrown the umbrella down and was swimming up alongside of the vessel.

"A very dangerous thing for him to undertake," said Mr. Morton, "while we are in motion, especially as the water is not calm." But ere he had time to add, that "an Italian beggar was too much of a rascal ever to get drowned," Fannie had dexterously thrown him the silver money, which he caught in his wide-open mouth, and in a few seconds he was in the boat again, grinning from ear to ear, over his easily acquired fortune.

"Oh, dear, how perfectly lovely," she exclaimed.

"Whom do you mean, Miss Fannie, the Italian boy, or Harry, or myself, or are you just glorying over your life at sea?"

"*Not you.* I do think that little Italian boy was lovely, but I was not just then thinking of him or Harry either. But, just to think, we are actually going to Athens, another beautiful sail on the Mediterranean, that glorious sunset ahead of us. It is all too beautiful to realize."

"Don't be too sure of a calm sail all the way. The worst storm that I have ever encountered at sea was off the capes of Southern Greece."

"Well, I almost wish you had been shipwrecked, Mr. Morton, you are always prognosticating some evil."

But Mr. Morton's possibilities of uncertain weather blew off for this time in a brisk gale, and the Mediterranean did not yet show the opposite phase of the little girl's character who "when she was bad was very, very bad."

Even Mrs. Lynn, who was very sensitive to sea-sickness, was able to stay on deck all the afternoon and watch the glowing sunset, with Vesuvius smoking in the distance. It was midnight when the party went below to their berths.

Before daylight the next morning, Mrs. Lynn and the girls were softly called by Mr. Morton and told to get up and look out of their window. And what more beautiful sight could they ever have witnessed. Out in the night, arose from the water a mighty monster, belching up fire and smoke into the silvery clouds overhead, while the moon, a quiet and silent spectator, shed her soft rays down over the whole. It was Mount Stromboli, which they had feared they should miss seeing as they passed it at night. But owing to Mr. Morton's watchfulness they had a most magnificent view of it.

The next morning, Fannie's gratitude was so great she was almost ready for once, to give him due credit for his kindness.

Scilla and Charybdis were passed early the next day, but they saw not the monster, nor heard his bark on the one shore; neither were they drawn down into the fearful jaws of the sea-swallowing demon of the opposite side.

All was quiet content and intense enjoyment, until at dinner at 5 P. M. that day, there was an ominous foreboding from the fact that the captain was not at the table. This seemed to be a bad omen to them all. The ship, too, was beginning to rock some, but not too much for Mrs. Lynn and Alice to venture out on deck after dinner. Mr. Morton soon decided that something was wrong, and calling Harry aside, he said: "I am afraid we are going to have a fearful storm. The barometer is lower, the captain says, than he has ever seen it on the Mediterranean. And the wind is now rising rapidly. He hopes we can get into some small harbor near, as he fears to pass the rocky capes of Greece such a night as this may be."

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"Well, that will be rather romantic, will it not?" said Harry.

"Not such romance as I would choose."

"I wish I could stand the sea like Fannie Lynn," and Harry's countenance began to show a certain pallor, a sure foreboding of sea-sickness.

"Old fellow, you are off, are you? But I must look to the ladies. This wind is blowing a gale already. We must get them down."

The wind was now beating a terrible tattoo in the awning and sails overhead, and the sailors were hurrying to and fro, trying to get all things ready. It was with great difficulty Mr. Morton got Mrs. Lynn and Alice safely to their berths, and then went to find Fannie. From their experience on the Atlantic Mrs. Lynn was very sure she was on deck enjoying the storm. But not so this time. Mr. Morton found her with Harry in the rear of the deck saloon. Poor Harry was lying prostrate on the floor as faint and sick as possible, while Fannie sat a few feet off, the perfect picture of despair.

"O, Harry, I am *so* sorry you are sick. I wish it could be me instead. Just to think, no one on deck to-night but Mr. Morton and myself. Harry can't you get well and let's have some fun, even if there is a storm?"

"I'll try for your sake," and Harry made a brave dash to his feet, but landed at the railing of the vessel and was just able to be helped along to the gang-way, where Mr. Morton left him and hurried back for Fannie. She was, however, too independent for that, and just as he turned to the left Fannie appeared at the right of the gang-way, and taking Harry by the hand, she said gallantly, under pretense of wanting assistance, "Here, I need your help," and going hand in hand to the door of his stateroom they parted.

She then looked lovingly in on her mother and Alice, kissed them and wished she could be sick "just one hour" for each of them. She would fain have remained with them in their stateroom, but at Mrs. Lynn's earnest solicitation, she went out into the saloon and sat down. Poor child, she little dreamed her own sad fate just then.

"Well, Miss Fannie, I have had such a look for you," said Mr. Morton, as he came into the saloon, catching hold to first one thing and then another, to keep from falling, for the storm was raging furiously now.

They sat down, and long and patiently awaited some lull. Fannie would go occasionally to watch over her mother and sister, and suggest to Mr. Morton to "see how Harry was."

Tea was brought, but no one was there but the two, and even with the help of the racks on the table, it was almost too rough for them to take any thing.

Eight, nine, ten o'clock came before there was any abatement of the storm, then there seemed to be a lull. Fannie at once proposed to Mr. Morton that they should go up on deck so as to be able to report the outlook to the sick ones.

Just as they reached the deck, Mr. Morton ejaculated:

"What will save us? That vessel is running right into us." He had scarcely spoken the words when there was a tremendous crash, a sudden lurch, and then for a second all was still as death. Fannie and Mr. Morton were both knocked down, and just so soon as they regained their equilibrium, they heard the captain give the command:

"Man the life-boats. The ship is lost!"

Fannie turned to Mr. Morton, as pale as death.

"Oh, Mr. Morton, bring them up from below."

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"I will, if you will stand right here."

"I will," and as he turned to go, she called out:

"Don't forget Harry."

In a few moments the wreck of the beautiful ship was on fire, and that added to the alarm and confusion.

But almost in a twinkling of an eye Mr. Morton reappeared with the three, who, starting from their berths in terror, had met him in the saloon.

"Where is Fannie?" they all exclaimed.

"I left her here," and while Mr. Morton turned a little to the right, to the place he had left her, the others were carried along by the sailors to the edge of the deck, and swung to the arms of the boatmen below, into a small boat.

Just as they were pushing off to prevent too many of the crew from rushing into one boat, Mr. Morton swung himself by a rope over the railing and dropped into it.

"The sailors had put her in first," said he, looking around to assure himself she was there.

"Oh, my God! save my child!" said Mrs. Lynn, "she is not here. Take us back to the ship."

"It is too late, we will all be lost;" said a stern voice of command.

There was one groan of agony from the four, and in a moment Mr. Morton had thrown off his coat and cast himself into the sea. Harry would have followed, but he saw that Mrs. Lynn was about to jump from the boat, and he knew she could not swim and would only detain Mr. Morton from carrying out his purpose, and so he was hindered by trying to hold her.

"Oh, mother!" pleaded Alice, "if Fannie can be saved, Mr. Morton will save her; don't jump out," and she, too, clung to her despairingly.

"I can not, oh! I can not stay!" and Mrs. Lynn threw both Alice and Harry from her side, and would probably have upturned the boat, but for the interference of two strong sailors who now came to their rescue, and held her firmly as if in a vise.

The sea was now almost calm, but black as Egyptian darkness, except the strange, lurid glare cast over the water by the burning ship, and not far off the little lights on the masts of the ship which had done the mischief, that now seemed to be sailing away from them.

By the light of the burning ship Alice and Harry had seen Mr. Morton climb again to the deck of the fast-sinking wreck. They saw him disappear for a few moments, then come on deck again alone, and then he was lost to their sight.

In a few seconds the blazing mass disappeared under water, and all was calm and still save the stroke of the oars, that seemed to be bringing their little boat to a not far-distant shore. Alice and Harry strained their eyes over the dark waste of waters, but nothing now could be seen but midnight blackness, except the dimly disappearing specks of light on the other vessel.

As the boat approached the shore, faint lights could be discerned on land. To this spot the oarsmen made headway and soon reached. It was found to be a little fishing village right down on the seashore, consisting of only five or six families. The barking of fierce dogs announced the arrival of the boat, and that soon brought to the scene half a dozen stalwart Greek fishermen.

And this was Harry's welcome to classic Greece! Somehow, the interest of his whole trip had been centered on his arrival in Greece, and his subsequent sojourn there, and when he found that, added to his own interest and pleasure, he would have the delightful society of Mrs. Lynn, Alice, and Fannie, he had anticipated almost unalloyed happiness.

But what was now the sad reality?

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EASTER EGGS.

A LEGEND OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

Two women were walking over the plains of Judea. Anxiously, eagerly they were talking together. Their minds were certainly not concentrated on the object of their going up to Jerusalem.

"And have you not heard the wonderful news, how that our Lord has really risen from the dead and has become the first fruits of them that believe?"

"Ah, tell me not that. Do not I know that this Jesus of Nazareth, the young carpenter, the son of Joseph and Mary, has now been tried, condemned, and crucified, and this three days he has lain in the grave, guarded by the Roman soldiers? It has been proven that he was but an impostor, and the Jewish Sanhedrim, the Roman court, and the people all with one accord condemned him. His few followers are now scattered abroad, doubtless hiding in caves and dens in the mountains."

"Not so, not so, friend, for but yesterday my husband was in Jerusalem, and he himself saw and talked with those who had seen the Master. They told him how the two women went to the sepulcher early in the morning and found the stone rolled away, and an angel sitting there who told them that the One they sought was risen from the dead, and how the women had turned and seen the Master himself. Ah, no! he lives, he lives, and again walks among his chosen few."

"And should you tell me that the eggs which I carry in my basket to the market place to be sold, had this hour all been dyed with the blood which this Jesus of Nazareth spilt, I might as soon believe it, for did I not put them, early in the morning with my own hands, into the basket, and they were as white as snow."

And just then the woman reached the market place in Jerusalem, and opening her basket of eggs which she held on her arms, lo, they were all blood-red!

And ever afterward, in memory of this, the children of those who believe dye the snow-white eggs, on Easter morn, a blood-red.

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GUESS.

The rain, O, the rain! O,
The beautiful rain!
O'er woodland, o'er valley,
O'er meadow and plain,
Peek-a-boo playing
Here—everywhere,
Bright, little water drops
Hiding down there,
Anear sleeping seedling,
Safe from Jack Frost—
If he espies her,
Ah, then she is lost—
Down through the mold where
Magicians so sly,
Droplets that fall from
The lowering sky,
Seize and pour into their
Weird smithy droll,
Assay, refine them, and
Beat them and roll,
Hammer and stamp into
Bright golden grain,
Blossom, and berry, and
Sweet sugar-cane,
Apple, and melon, plum,
Nectarine, pear,
Coin they from droplets with
Infinite care—
These little wizards wise
Under the mold,
Mining from Cloudland
Treasure, than gold,
Richer and better far,
Earthland to bless—
Name me these wizards now—
Come, you can guess,
Can not? I'll whisper, the
Word rhymes with FRUITS—
Ah, now, you have it, yes,
Certainly—ROOTS.

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Home Sunlight.

A LITTLE seed drops upon the ground, a little tiny seed, so noiselessly it falls, so lightly it rests, that a breath might blow it away. Yet leave it, and soon a wee, green blade or leaf appears in its place, which erewhile grows into a plant, with stem and branches, at first so young and fresh in the beauty of its tender green, that we scarce can tell whether it be flower or weed. Ah, the little seedling, while we slept, has sent out roots into the willing soil, and grows day by day in strength and stability.

Just so with the little moral germs dropped by some evil spirit into tender, young hearts. The seeds of dissension among children, at first, perhaps, only a simple act, unintentionally irritating, that might so easily have been explained away or soothed down if there had only been some watchful friend to do it. Wanting that, it calls forth the angry word, provoking the angrier retort, and it ends in the passionate blow or worse.

And see that pretty, bright-eyed child whom God has gifted with such quick intelligence. Watch her as with her eye upon her mother's abstracted face, thinking no one sees her, she cunningly slips the sugar from the bowl.

"What cute little ways," we all exclaim; and yet, if the same act were done by an older person what would we call it?

Ah, "take us the foxes, the *little* foxes that spoil the vines." The little foxes who have not learned to be so wary, the little seedlings that have not clasped their roots so firmly in the soil.

We so frequently hear the story of one who, having lived a fair and blameless life, holding the confidence of all, up to the middle or even old age, becomes suddenly a refugee from avenging justice, and it is discovered that for years he has been using as his own, property which he held in trust for others. Many pleas are urged in extenuation—careless business habits, ignorance of business rules, a desire, by speculation, to increase the funds in charge, etc. Does it all trace back at last to the want of parental teaching in childhood of the difference between *mine* and *thine?* For how shall they know except they be taught! "I want it. I must have it," is the only law of right acknowledged by a child, until *taught* to respect the rights of others.

Again we say, "take us the foxes, the *little* foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

MINE AND THINE.

Mrs. Carrington sat all alone, stitching with busy fingers, and the face that bent over the work told of a varied life, of sad days and glad days, together bearing her into the haven of peace. A quiet smile at this moment, so like her own gentle self, bespeaks pleasant thoughts, most probably of her loved ones—husband and children.

But now she lifts her face and listens, as Gail's voice and another come within hearing in the yard.

"I thought you said that was a borrowed book," said Gail.

"So it is," replied the other voice.

"What are you tearing out those leaves for, then?"

"I don't know. I was not thinking of it. But it does not matter, anyhow; it is not the story part, and nobody will ever miss them."

"Still, the book is not yours, and father says it is not exactly honest to injure prop-

erty that does not belong to us; he never would let us pencil-mark a borrowed book, or turn down the leaves, or anything that he would object to have done in the handsomest one he owned."

"Pooh! Who ever heard of such a thing! He must be very particular."

"He is, very, in things of that kind, and I know if it were my book I would not like to have it abused so."

"This," said Julian, "belongs to a lady in L——, and she has such heaps and heaps of books that she would never miss this one if I should not return it at all."

"But you will, though," said Gail, in a tone of questioning reproach, "else you would be keeping what did not belong to you."

"Yes, I suppose I will send it back some of these days," the other replied, carelessly. "It is a splendid story; don't you want to read it?"

"I would like to very much," said Gail, "if I could get it."

"I will lend it to you, then, as soon as I get through. I have nearly finished."

"But you can't lend it when it is not yours," replied Gail, with growing indignation.

"Oh, I know *you* will be careful with it," answered Julian, smiling; "and who will ever know the difference, anyhow."

"I don't think I could borrow it that way," said Gail, seriously; "father would not like it."

And so the voices passed beyond hearing.

Gail's companion was Julian Evers, whose father had lately taken the house next to Mr. Carrington's, and entered his son at the same school with Gail. They were evidently people of property, and seemed to be quite indulgent to their children. Julian was a boy of good mind, though rather indolent; but this talk with Gail, which we have heard, will give us a hint of his greatest fault—a want of discrimination between *mine* and *thine*. Gail frequently spoke at home, in surprise rather than complaint, of the free use made of his (Gail's) pens, pencils, paper, slate, anything, by his new deskmate, even when they were needed by himself.

At the next desk to Julian, on the other side, sat a pale, delicate-looking boy about the same age—a boy whose eyes were as much too large for his face, as his intellect was too great for his body; whose nerves were, apparently, at all times, strung to such a tension that the least undue excitement might snap them. Indeed, he was already threatened with some disease of the heart, and was obliged, from ill health, to lose much time from school. In spite of this, however, he had without much difficulty kept up with his classes; and in mathematics, of which he was particularly fond, he always came out, undeniably, first.

It had been announced one day that special honor would be conferred by the teacher on the member of the class who should first correctly solve a very difficult problem in the next lesson.

This class was the first one called after the opening exercises, and Lucien was generally first in his place, with an easy confidence of manner, fully justified by past success. But this morning he lingered unaccountably at his desk, stirring up everything inside, straightening up everything on top, turning over the leaves of books in a most remarkable way, until the teacher, having waited as long as he could, rapped on the table a little impatiently. Lucien came then with slow, unwilling steps and a troubled face. Bewilderment, vexation, and bitter disappointment shone with a feverish light in his eyes, and a bright red spot burned on either cheek.

The names were called, one by one, and the papers given to the teacher. When Lucien's turn came he sprang to

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his feet, with a quick, nervous start, as if he had been hurt, and said, falteringly: "I did it, sir, and brought it to school this morning; I stuck it in my book, but it is gone—I can find it nowhere," and he sank back on the recitation bench, with a strange, deathly pallor on his face and his breath coming in short gasps. The anxiety and distress had been too much for him, and some one caught him just in time to save him from falling unconscious to the floor.

Of course, this created a good deal of excitement. Two of the older boys carried him home, which was not far off, and the teacher, much alarmed, dismissed the school and followed, while the boys walked thoughtfully home in couples and groups.

As Gail entered the yard gate, alone, he was startled to hear his name called in a strange, horrified voice.

"O Gail!" said Julian, for it was he, "do you think I have killed him? It was I who took the paper; though, indeed, indeed," he added, seeing Gail's shocked face, "I did not know; I meant no harm; I only took a scrap of paper, as I thought, from his desk to finish my problem on, when he had gone to get some water; and knew no better until he said what he did in the class, and then it was too late. O, I wonder if I have killed him!"

It was a pale, frightened boy Gail led in to his mother for comfort and help; and she wisely gave him what comfort she could and sent him with Gail to inquire how Lucien was and to give his explanation, if it could be received. She knew he would come back for the help as he did afterward.

They brought back word that Lucien was better—recovering, though still suffering. "It would have been so dreadful," said Julian "if he had died; I could not have helped feeling that I had something to do with it, and yet what had I done? There could not be any harm in my taking a little scrap of worthless paper from anybody's desk, and that was what I thought it was. I believe, after all, it was only what Gail said the other day about honesty that made me feel as if I were to blame."

"And yet, have you not found," said Mrs. Carrington, gently, "that the little scrap of paper was *very* important?"

Julian colored.

"And," she added, "as it was on his desk, and, as far as you knew, was his property, had you any right to fix its value?"

She saw that he understood her, and left him to *think* as long as he chose.

He grew a little restive and uneasy with the opened eyes of his conscience peering into so many unnoted corners of his daily conduct, as he said, rather despondingly, "I have not been taught this way like your children, and I don't see how I am to begin now."

"Begin with the littles," said his new friend, cheerily; "that is always the best and surest way, and we will all help you when we can."

A Good Tonic for Bad Children.—First, provide yourself with that large, deep bowl, known as steadfastness of purpose. Into it throw equal portions of good nature, brightness, and decision. Warm thoroughly over the fire of love, season according to judgment, with the rod and indulgence, and it is ready for use. Administer every hour, with twice the quantity of watchfulness and prayer.

This tonic is right expensive. Will probably cost the parents' whole stock of patience and self-indulgence, but if persevered in, is a sure and generally a speedy cure.

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Reading Club.

Books for the Month:

Through the Reign of Edward IV., in English History.

Tales of a Grandfather, through Chapter XXIII.

Last of the Barons, by Bulwer.

Contemporary Sovereigns.

Scotland.	France.	Spain.	Germany.
James III.	Louis XI.	Ferdinand. Isabella.	Frederick III.

It is, perhaps, time we were bringing Germany into the circle of England's neighbors. This country comprised at the beginning of the fifteenth century, not only the provinces that are and always have been Germany, but Austria, and, *temporally*, the greater part of Italy. Bohemia, also, was feudally dependent upon the emperors, who sometimes even assumed a sovereignty over Denmark, Poland, and Hungary. Frederick III. became emperor in 1440. Up to this time, the emperor had been elected from first one then another of the ruling families of the various principalities that made up the empire, but from this time, the choice of emperor has, with one exception, fallen within the posterity of Frederick.

He reigned during a most interesting age, full of remarkable events, and big with others of more leading importance, and not particularly creditable to Frederick III. The destruction of the Greek empire, and the appearance of the victorious crescent of the Turks upon the Danube, gave an unhappy distinction to the earlier years of his reign, and displayed his mean and pusillanimous character in circumstances which demanded a hero.

This same Frederick, however, scarcely able even to protect himself in Austria from the seditions of his own subjects, yet did much for the advancement of his family, and left their fortunes much more prosperous than at his accession. The marriage of his son Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy, whose mother was the sister of Edward IV. of England, was the beginning of this aggrandizement of the house of Austria.

Henry IV. of Castile was deposed in 1465, and his sister Isabella, being considered the heiress, might have aspired to immediate possession, but preferring to avoid the odium of a contest with her brother, agreed to a treaty by which the succession was absolutely settled upon her. John II. of Aragon, by his marriage with Blanche, heiress of Navarre, became master of that kingdom. His son, Ferdinand II., married Isabella, thus permanently uniting Castile and Aragon.

Having thus combined all the native powers of Spain under one double head, they determined to dislodge the Moors, who for centuries had held possession of the fairest portion of Spain. This they succeeded in doing after a ten years' struggle. It was also during this reign and under the special protection of Isabella that Christopher Columbus discovered America.

Louis XI. of France, whose reign was almost exactly contemporary with that of Edward IV. of England, was cruel, tyrannical, and perfidious, yet in spite of his crooked, crafty policy, France reached, during his reign, almost its present limits, and he was an encourager of literature, manufactures, commerce, etc.

List of Books Read During the Year.

English History from first of history to end of the reign of Edward IV.
Strickland's Queens of England, Vols. I., II., III.
Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, from chapter I. to XXIII.
Shakespeare's Macbeth, Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI.
Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings . Bulwer
Talisman . . . . Scott
Ivanhoe . . . . Scott
Scottish Chiefs.
Sea Kings of the Mediterranean . . Rev. Geo. Tyler Townsend
Castle Dangerous . . . . Scott
Lances of Lynwood . . . . Miss Yonge
Fair Maid of Perth . . . . Scott
Wars of the Roses . . . . Edgar
Last of the Barons . . . . Bulwer

We have been especially requested to give the course of reading for the year in full, by some who did not begin with us but do not wish to lose any of it.

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MEMBERS OF READING CLUB:

Miss Peachy Converse.	Miss Lee Hutchison.
Miss Sue T. Meriwether.	Miss Kate Jones.
Miss Kate Montgomery.	Miss Sue Jones.
Miss Edith Montgomery.	Miss Sallie Jordan.
Miss Ada D. Tyler.	Miss Annie Lantz.
Miss Kate Douglas.	Miss Mary McCall.
Miss Mary Forman.	Miss Grace McCallie.
Miss Laura Forman.	Miss Julia McCallie.
Miss Lulie Peers.	Miss Susie McKissack.
Miss Eliza Jones.	Miss Emma Miller.
Miss Libby Jones.	Miss Drusie Moore.
Miss Mattie Ragland.	Miss Jennie Moore.
Miss Mary Guerrant.	Miss Mattie Moremen.
Miss Lottie Witherspoon.	Miss Lillian Prigmore.
Miss Florence Witherspoon	Miss Maud Revill.
Miss Phœbe Forman.	Miss Annie Renick.
Miss Fannie C. Rawson.	Miss Susie Rout.
Miss Letitia Trabue.	Miss Laura Seeman.
Miss Ethel Green.	Miss Lettie Saunders.
Miss Alice I. Paine.	Miss Julia Saunderson.
Robert L Cunningham.	Miss Agnes Scott.
Mrs. Alice Harris Smith.	Miss Rena Scott.
Miss Minnie Alexander.	Miss Frank Steele.
Miss Annie A. Allen.	Miss Maggie Steele.
Miss Myra Bedinger.	Miss Lena Tyson.
Miss Nettie Bedinger.	Miss May Turner.
Miss Kate Benson.	Miss Annie Young.
Miss Emma Caplinger.	J. T. Jones.
Miss Mattie Colville.	Miss Laura Anderson.
Miss Minnie Conner.	Miss Jennie Anderson.
Miss Helen De Bard.	Miss Ella Moore.
Miss Mary Dunn.	Miss Mary L. Tenny.
Miss Luella Greer.	Miss Bessie Miller.
Miss Nellie Hall.	Miss Lula Harral.
Miss May Belle Hamilton.	Miss Emily Perry.

Miss Lynah Hamilton.

This is our club as it stands now at the end of the year, at least as far as the names have been sent us. Several schools have written to us that they were forming, or had formed clubs to read with us, but have failed to send in the names. We would be very much gratified if they would do so, as we would be glad to know all of our members and have them know each other at least by name.

BOOK NOTICES.

WE have received from the publishers, Fowler & Wells, New York, a very tastefully gotten-up little book, called "A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life, and Things Adjacent." Naturally, we opened it with many questionings, as, "What can a cross, old bachelor have to say on such a subject that will be worth the reading?" but we had not read many pages before we found that he had disarmed every possible objection, by meeting it fairly at the first. He says: "I do look and think, and I am not sure but that I am really more competent than a good many fathers and mothers to talk about such things; at all events, they can not turn on

me and say, 'He don't follow his own teachings.' I am safe there. Then, you see, I can stand on one side and, at least, give what I think are good theories." As for the "cross," we are forced to confess that was a word of our own invention, for the bachelor uncle, we learn to know, through the eyes of loving nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters-in-law, etc., is so far otherwise, we almost wish we were of the number ourselves, and certainly do not hesitate to recommend that his book be found in every household where his "theories," which are not only *pretty* but genuinely and practically *good*, can not fail to add to the happiness of any home where they are carried out. The author is Rev. Wm. Aikman, D. D.

ALSO, from the same publishers, Fowler & Wells, "Health in the Household, or Hygienic Cookery." It certainly would be very different from the ordinary diet to which most persons are accustomed in this age and clime, and yet many of the receipts read so temptingly one would really féel like trying them; indeed, we have no doubt the adoption of what the authoress calls "The Compromise," which though not strictly hygienic, still excludes all seasonings, stimulants, etc., would be greatly beneficial to the health, except that she places salt among the proscribed articles, and we are hardly yet prepared to discard what we have always been taught by those in authority to regard as, at least in small quantities, a necessity of all animal nature. Still, however, the disseminating of these doctrines may do much good if it only modifies the excesses of the opposite extreme.

THE "*Bread Winners*" is a small volume which is just now creating considerable stir, either complimentarily or otherwise, in literary circles. As the book itself has been so thoroughly dissected, we will confine our attention to a very spicy "defense" of the work, by its author.

Mr. (?) —— divides the charges of his antagonists into three classes. The first, that it was written from too aristocratic a point he knocks into the head, by letting it be known that the author is from among the working-class.

The second charge, that it is not well written, is taken rather meekly by the author. Having read the book as well as a number of criticisms on it, we feel that the author understood much better the material with which he (?)

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was dealing, than many of the book reviewers who criticised it did.

And the third charge, that there is any thing wrong in publishing a book anonymously, is simply absurd and foolish. It is a very natural impulse of a modest beginner, when first he awakes to the knowledge that he has really written something of worth, to conceal his own name. Many illustrious writers have thus begun their literary career, and no one thought it "mean or craven."

Now, having expressed a sincere sympathy with the author, we would make just this criticism on the book, that while the author has developed with considerable force, some unhealthy phases of social life among the laboring class, it has been a way rather to antagonize, than heal the breach between labor and capital. Yet, as he says, if he (?) attempts to describe only a viper, is he (?) to be censured for leaving out the buds, sunshine, and flowers, which might have been gathered in the same woodland?

The book is published by Harper Bros., New York, and will be found a pleasant recreation for leisure hours.

Scrap Book.

SOME of the memorable events that have occurred in April:

April 19, 1775—Revolutionary war—battle of Lexington, Mass.

April 19, 1783—Just eight years after the battle of Lexington, General Washington issued a proclamation of peace.

April 12, 1861—Fort Sumter bombarded by the Confederates.

April 6, 1865—General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court-house, Virginia.

SEVERAL kinds of girls:

A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Magin.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rossity.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.
Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sara Nade.
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.

NOTHING is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.—*Emerson*

SIDNEY SMITH cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. If you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events, for a time."

THE honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

—*Anne C. Lynch.*

"DE Shanghigh chicken 'minds me ob certain men dat I'se seed. He crows mighty loud, an' brags aroun' 'mong de hens an' young chickens; but when a game rooster comes around he's got business on de udder side ob de fence."

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DANIEL WEBSTER on one occasion presented, with a brief epistle, a valuable book to a literary society at Harvard. The note, so carelessly elegant and graceful, elicited many compliments. It was discovered, however, when the book was examined, that the donor had thoughtlessly left between its pages a paper on which half a dozen different forms of the same note were written.

"THE collar is the distinctive badge of civilization." So says Professor Guizot. Only rude and uncivilized people do without collars, or something equivalent.

The pure white around the neck and wrists, be it linen, lace, or muslin, seems to convey the idea of cleanliness and inward purity, to be an index by which we may determine the quality of that which is not seen, and however rich and elaborate the dress, it is only vulgar if it has not this finish. It has something the look of a man in a broadcloth coat without clean linen.

"MAMMA, read that to me so I can sing it," said a little brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-dressed girl.

> "Just as I am, without one plea,"

read the mother.

"That's enough," said the little brown birdie, as she ran off to the front door repeating it to herself as she ran. Having settled herself to her own satisfaction on the door-step, with her doll in her lap, she began to sing in a soft, lullaby tone,

> "Just as I please I am,
> Just as I please I am."

"THE more fully we come to know the average man or woman, the more unexpected good we find in them, and we see greater allowance ought to be made for their defects. One good rule, then, would be to speak no ill of strangers or enemies, simply because in the one case we have no adequate means of judging, and in the other we are disqualified from doing so by our feelings."

IT is just as well that a majority of people have trouble. They would go out and borrow it if they did not have it in the house.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a competitive examiner. "In the night." "How do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

A NORTH-COUNTRY fishwife went to buy a dress. "None of your gaudy colors for me," she said at once to the man at the counter; "give me plain red and yaller."

THE talent of success is doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.—*Longfellow.*

YOUTH is the time in which modesty and enterprise ought chiefly to be found; modesty suits well with inexperience, and enterprise with health and vigor and an extensive prospect of life.—*Johnson.*

A WISE man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

CHEEKY PASSENGER.—"Any fear o' my disturbing the magnetic current by my goin' near the compass?" Captain—"Oh, no, sir. Brass has no effect on it whatever."—*London Punch.*

IT was the constant practice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as soon as a female sitter had placed herself on his throne, to destroy the tasteless labors of the hair-dresser and lady's maid with the end of a pencil stick.—*Art and Artists.*

> LOSE this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
> To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
> The indecision brings its own delays,
> And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.
> Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
> What you can do or think you can, begin it!
> Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it;
> Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
> Begin it, and the work will be completed.

LITTLE work and no money, are the terms upon which we offer ELECTRA for one year to *all our subscribers.* Remember, if any subscriber will send us four new subscribers to ELECTRA and $8.00 cash, we will in return, credit him one year with the ELECTRA. In almost every circle there are four reading families in which a literary magazine could be introduced. Who will respond to our proposition by the 1st of May?

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Bits of Science.

ELECTRICAL FIREFLIES.—"The endless diversity of uses to which electricity may be put," says a recent English weekly, "received another illustration, on Tuesday night, at the Court Opera of Vienna, where, by the simple expedient of suspending tiny incandescent lamps by fine, swinging wires, the effect was produced of swarms of fireflies flitting about a tropical forest. By switches the current is turned off and on at the pleasure of the operator, and the effect, as the artificial fireflies flash and dance in mid air, is said to have been electrical in other than a literal sense."

ACCORDING to Gibbon, the art of manufacturing paper from vegetable fiber was brought from China in 651, and about the same time the Saracens learned to make it of cotton.

THE OLDEST AND COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.—According to Humboldt, the oldest town in the world is Jakutsk, 5,000 inhabitants, in eastern Siberia. It is not only the oldest, but probably, also the coldest. The ground remains always frozen to the depth of three hundred feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. The mean temperature for the year is 13.7° F. For ten days in August the thermometer goes as high as 85°. From November to February the temperature remains between 42° and 68° below zero. The river Lena remains frozen for nine months in the year.

AN interesting discovery, of much importance for geological and archæological science, has recently been made in a coal mine at Bully-Grenay, in the French department of Pas de-Calais. A new gallery was being pierced, when a cavern was broken into, which discovered the fossil remains of five human beings in a fair state of preservation; a man, two women, and two children composed the group. The man measured about seven feet, the women six feet, and the children four feet and rather less than this. In addition, some fragments of arms and utensils of petrified wood and of stone, with numerous remains of mammals and fish, were brought to light. A second subterranean chamber inclosed the remains of eleven human bodies of large size, several animals, and a large number of various objects, with some precious stones. The walls of the cave exhibited drawings representing men fighting with gigantic animals. Owing to the presence of carbonic anhydride, a third and larger chamber, which appeared to be empty, was not searched. Five of the petrified human bodies will be exhibited at the mayoralty of Lens. The remainder of the bodies, which have been brought to the surface, are to be conveyed to Lille, there to await a thorough examination by the experts of the Faculte des Sciences. Information has been telegraphed to the representatives of the Academie des Sciences of Paris, and to those of the British Museum. If the discovery be a real one, no doubt can be entertained of the value of the find, which would, on the face of it, seem to show that prehistoric man is any thing but a myth.—*Lancet.*

THE *Scientific American* mentions the decline in the price of copper as likely to lead to an increased demand for that material in building. At present the material for a copper roof costs only about half as much more as tin, and as the latter must be replaced and repainted about once in three years, and in fifteen or twenty years needs replacing altogether, the copper, which never needs painting, and which is practically indestructible, is much the cheaper material in the end.

USE SALT WITH NUTS.—A magazine writer of note gives the following interesting information: "One time, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew a case of a woman who was taken violently ill by eating heartily of nuts in the evening. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his cups, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, 'Salt! salt!' of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her, and if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and it immediately dissolved."

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To Remove Rusty Bolts.—To remove bolts that have rusted in, without breaking them, the most effectual remedy known is the liberal application of petroleum. Care must be taken that the petroleum reaches the rusted parts, and sometimes must be allowed a chance to penetrate beneath and soften the layer of rust before the attempt to remove the bolt is made. Bolts and stays on which the nuts are fixed with rust are broken off through impatience. In most cases, a small funnel built around a stud or bolt-end on the nut with a little clay, and partly filled with any of the searching petroleum oils and left for a few hours will enable the bolt or nut to be removed.

Useful applications of electricity continue to multiply. One of the latest is to use it for running a pump for raising water. A machine invented in Vermont has been tested at Middlebury during the past summer, with very satisfactory results. It forced water from a creek through seven hundred feet of pipe, up an elevation of eighty feet, delivering sixty gallons per hour. The comparative cost of this power over the wind-mill has not been determined, we believe, but it has the advantage of being constant, and doubtless will become, if it is not now, a cheap as well as an effective source of power.—*New York Examiner.*

Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large iron bridges of the world. This is due to the well-known phenomenon that a constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wire vibrations; at first these vibrations are very slight, but they increase as the sound waves continue to come.

Two more good receipts sent us by Marion Harland.

Stewed Breast of Mutton.—Take five pounds of mutton, the breast or scrag, all in one piece, one onion, two carrots, two turnips, one cupful canned tomatoes, dripping for frying, browned flour for thickening, one teaspoonful butter, pepper and salt. Heat some dripping in a large frying-pan and lay in the meat whole. Brown quickly on all sides and transfer to a broad pot, or a deep baking-pan. Slice the vegetables and lay about it (leaving out the tomatoes); cover all with cold water and stew, closely covered by another pan, or a lid, four hours—for one hour at the back of the range. Turn the gravy into a pan, take out the meat, then the vegetables, breaking as little as you can, and put the vegetables where they will cool. When the gravy is cool skim off the fat before seasoning, and returning the former to the fire with the tomatoes, cook this steadily fifteen minutes, strain out the cores of the tomatoes, thicken the gravy, and boil up fast for two minutes. The meat should, all this while, be kept warm in a covered dish set in hot water. Now, put it back into the gravy and stew gently, still covered, fifteen minutes. Heat the butter in a saucepan, with a little gravy; cut the cold vegetables into dice and stir them into this until smoking hot. Put your mutton into a dish, pile about it the carrots, and then the turnips, in separate little mounds, and pour the gravy over all.

Do not be discouraged by the length of this receipt. The process is easy and the result will be satisfactory. If slowly cooked, the meat will be very tender and juicy. It should not be a fat piece.

Macaroni Soup.—Procure one pound of lean veal—get it from the knuckle if possible—and cut into dice. One pound lean beef, also cut small. A ham bone cracked or a slice of lean corned ham. One quarter onion sliced, one carrot, bunch sweet herbs, handful of macaroni broken into inch lengths, pepper and salt, two quarts cold water, one cup stewed tomatoes.

Cook meat, vegetables, bone, and herbs in the water four hours. Season and let the soup get perfectly cold. Take off the fat; heat to a boil and strain the soup, pressing the strength out of meat, etc. Boil and skim half an hour, then add the macaroni, which should have boiled tender in a little hot, salted water. Simmer ten minutes and turn out.

If you have soup-stock ready-made, dip out a quart, add the stewed tomato, cook half an hour, strain and boil clear before the macaroni goes in.

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The Grapheion.

APRIL is a very coquette among the months, and while we don't especially admire the character of a coquette, there is a pretty description we know of which fits April so exactly that we can not but have a pleasant thought for her. Here is the description, watch and see how true it is and how beautiful, especially if you are in the country: "As the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after the rain." Here is another picture of the changeable month, a little more fanciful perhaps, unreal, some may call it, but take it for what it is worth. It is of a little blue-eyed, sunny-haired girl, just as full of sunshine as she can be, but withal a willful maid who knows full well the yielding heart of her dear old mother nature; that this kindly dame can never withstand her tears, and so when the little elf feels within her a great desire for the coming of her playmates, the jonquils and crocuses, the buttercups, and all the dear, little wildwood beauties, she does not pout, she does not know how to do that, but all of a sudden she claps her dimpled hands up over her face to hide the sunshine, and boo-hoo comes a great shower of tears at which mother nature is greatly distressed, for April is her spoiled darling, and sends all the flowers and grasses and green leaves trooping to comfort her, but even before they can get there the capricious child has taken her hands away from her face and broken out into a big, sunshiny laugh at the very absurdity of her tears and this sets all the birds to laughing and singing in concert.

Of all the months in the year, April is the truest representative of our lives, for whoever or whatever we may be, there is no life that is either all sunshine or all clouds. May it ever be that the clear shining after the rain may bring forth the tender plants of purity and high Christian worth.

THERE is a somewhat general impression prevailing among a large number of parents, that if boys and girls are reading, they are out of mischief. And, perhaps, there is no more mischievous fallacy abroad than this. Ten per cent., nay, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the cheap literature that is flooding the country, "sold by newsdealers generally," and boys on the trains, is hurtful and pernicious. Nay, it is like the deadly poison, which permeates and undermines not the physical, but the spiritual and moral nature of your innocent boy or girl.

It is now becoming a thing of common occurrence to read in the daily newspapers an account of a mere boy blowing his brains out, because he preferred this to a chastisement from his parents. How many youths now fill our jails and penitentiaries?

Where did many of them get their first impressions of wrong?—their first impulses to do evil? From some cheap, trashy, sensational literature, picked up on the street, or bought for a penny on the train or street corner.

Fathers and mothers, think of these things; think seriously. Remember that what your sons or daughters now read, perhaps at home and sitting in your very sight, may be implanting into their minds and hearts, seeds which shall spring up and bear fruit in wicked deeds or a wasted life, and the end thereof be their eternal woe.

THERE is one chapter in the "Bachelor's Talks about Married Life" noticed in another column, on "Politeness to the Boys," which has stirred us up to say a word on the subject ourselves. We so often hear grievous complaints of the "rough, unmannerly boys." Indeed, some people seem to think they are of necessity rude creatures with whom there is nothing to be done, but to keep them out of the way as much as possible; that no one can expect to have any peace or comfort while there is one o them within sight or hearing.

Now, nobody would be quicker to condemn their rudeness than we, but as far as our observation goes, when boys are rude, there is somebody to blame for it; in short, we very much incline to the "Bachelor's" opinion that if they are treated with politeness and consideration, the instances are rare in which they will not respond most heartily. Any teacher who has tried the experiment with her pupils will tell you how true this is. Suffer the embryo gentleman to stir up your fire for you, and hand your chair, even if he does do it a little awkwardly; ask one as a favor to sharpen your pencil, or hand your cloak and hat, encourage him to pick up what is dropped by yourself or one of the girls, though to do it he must

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walk across the floor in heavy, noisy boots. And if for each of these little attentions you give a pleasant "thank you," as you would to any other gentleman, you will find your rough boys transformed into the most attentive and devoted knights. Of course, it is of still greater importance that our boys should meet with this kind of encouragement at home. Not that we would by any means suggest that the boy should be indulged, waited on, and made much of. No, indeed; we think they, as being stronger and more self-reliant, ought to carry the burden of the heaviest work, in all that needs to be done, but there surely is a wide difference in a mother's saying "Son, get up, I want that seat," without the smallest concern for him; and, "Let mother have this chair, my son, and you find another;" or in some way showing that, however obligatory the duty may be, it will be accepted and acknowledged as a favor. No mother, or father, or sister, should ever hesitate to ask and expect these little attentions, which are so pleasant to receive from the younger, especially the boy members of the family, but let them be careful always to ask it pleasantly and not to forget the "Thank you," when the service is done.

WITH this issue we give a complete index to Volume I. of ELECTRA. The April number ends the ELECTRA'S first year, and with May we begin Volume II.

We have now a handsome, uniform cover for Volume I. of ELECTRA, which we will furnish to our subscribers at seventy-five cents, postage prepaid by us. This cover will be ready for use and can be adjusted at any book-bindery. It will retain your twelve numbers in elegant, uniform style, which, with the index in this number, will make a complete volume.

To our subscribers we have already made a most liberal offer, viz: to send us four new subscribers and $8.00 cash, and we will furnish the ELECTRA one year, free, as premium. Some are already responding to this offer. To any who make up the number, four, and send us $8.00 in subscription, we would say, send one additional subscriber, making five in all, and $10.00 cash, and we will send you the uniform cover and the ELECTRA.

Or, to any one who will send us, *with their subscription*, for the coming year, one additional subscriber, we will send the uniform cover as a premium on the one subscriber. We want ten thousand subscribers within the next three months, and if our present subscribers will thus become the mediums of increasing our subscription list, we will accomplish it.

WE give this month the remainder of our Historical Chart for the Current History, so that the chart of the whole world will be complete in Volume I., of ELECTRA. In making these special efforts for the advancement of our readers, we are often much encouraged. For example, the teacher of history in one of the first schools in Kentucky wrote us of our February issue:

"Your February number is a gem. The Historical Chart alone is worth three times the subscription price for the whole year. I have read several historical items to my advanced history classes to-day."

We are always glad to know what is thus helpful, or to receive suggestions for the future. It will aid us in our earnest efforts to make the ELECTRA grow better and better as we grow older.

AND that reminds us that birthdays are in order. In some families they come eight, nine, or even twelve times a year and are never a rarity. But somehow we always envied them; they seemed to have such a jolly time in life with so many to think of each other. But with the ELECTRA, it only comes once a year. May 1st, 1884, opens the glad new year.

If the young lady who stepped forth so timidly a year ago, has found a warm place in your hearts and homes, and now feels that she is quietly ensconced as a member of your household for life, we hope you will remember that there is a practical side to every thing, and she, as well as yourselves, must have a new dress, and *it costs money*. In fact, this young lady demands a bran new one every month, and a very expensive one, too.

But we are diverging from the birthday present. We were going to propose that the very best present you can give the ELECTRA will be to send us a new subscriber. If you can not accept our proposition to send us four new subscribers and receive the ELECTRA one year in return for your trouble, send us with the renewal of your own subscription, one new subscriber and we will give you as a premium on the one new subscriber the uniform cover for the year just ended—Volume I., of ELECTRA.

We would suggest to our subscribers who live in Louisville, or those who come to the

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city frequently, to bring their twelve numbers and leave them at Room No. 3, second floor Courier-Journal building and we will have the cover made and attached for $1.25. If the uniform cover has been supplied, it will be attached for fifty cents additional. This will give you a handsomely-bound volume of the ELECTRA.

Be sure and write your name and address very distinctly on the package. The cover and advertising pages of the ELECTRA will be removed when the volume is bound, so if the body of each number is good, it will make no difference if the outside pages are torn.

Please do not forget, in renewing your subscription, that if you do not send us any subscriber, $2.75 will pay for the uniform cover and the ELECTRA to May, 1885. For each new subscriber you take the trouble to obtain for us you can deduct fifty cents of this amount.

To any who may not have subscribed in May, we will say that we will keep the uniform cover constantly on hand, and can at any time furnish them for their first twelve volumes.

THE EXPOSITION, of which Louisville was so justly proud last year, will be repeated this season. Colonel Bennett H. Young has been elected president.

THE International Sunday-school Convention, which is to meet in this city on the 11th of June next, promises to be one of the most notable religious events that have transpired in this city. It will include representatives of the Sunday-schools in every State and Territory in this country, and from the various provinces in Canada. Many of the most distinguished men of these various districts will be present, and it is expected that it will be the largest convention of the kind ever held in this country. Hon. Edmund Blake, of Toronto, Canada (a member of the Canadian Parliament), was president of the last convention, which was held at Toronto three years ago, and he is expected to preside at the opening sessions of the Louisville convention next June.

Current History.

IN LONDON the dynamiters have made another diabolical attempt to destroy, at one blow, the greatest amount of property and life. This time the spot selected was the Victoria Station, where a large number of innocent lives would have been taken. The machine, with its necessary accompaniment of a clock-work, was safely hidden in a carpet-bag and deposited in the cloak-room. The explosion took place, but from causes unknown did not have the effect desired by the dynamiters, and did very little damage. Nobody was seriously hurt.

A few days later a similar machine was found concealed in the waiting-room of the Paddington Station, and removed before it could do any harm.

It looks like a fearful form of madness, and, unfortunately, the disease appears contagious. New cases are daily reported from London, Vienna, Paris, Lyons, and even Rome.

GERMANY.—The German-American incident created by the Lasker resolutions, voted by our Congress, has been fully discussed in Germany, both in Parliament and outside of it. The German liberal press has adopted very nearly the same views on the question as our press. There was an act of courtesy tendered, which should have been, at least, courteously received.

The government press sides with Mr. Bismarck, and will see in the resolutions nothing else besides undue interference on the part of one power into the internal affairs of another power. It is very doubtful that the incident will have any further consequence beyond rendering the German Chancellor rather unpopular on this side of the Atlantic.

Much attention has been paid lately to the renewal of intimacy between the courts of Russia and Germany. It is surmised that Prussia wishes to draw again Russia into the alliance of the central powers, and direct the force of the alliance against England, on account of her maritime supremacy, as well as against France. Russia would find in it a guarantee for her progressive encroachments in Asia, antagonized by England, and such would be the inducement offered her to join the alliance. On the other hand, Austria would feel greatly diminished in importance by the entrance of her more powerful neighbor into the new combination, and would fear to be sacrificed to him. There is no doubt that Russian diplomacy has been active of late in Berlin.

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TONQUIN.—The French have at last taken Bac-Ninh. The campaign seems to have been very skillfully conducted, and to have attained the greatest possible results with the least possible sacrifice. Bac-Ninh is a fortified city with a citadel, and regular walls mounted with guns. It was occupied by fifty thousand Chinese, regulars and Black Flags, and its capture always appeared possible, only at some great cost of life on the part of the French. General Millot attacked the place from three directions, where his columns could be supported by the heavy guns of the gun-boats, and took it by storm. The Chinese army fled to the north, and do not appear to have any stand at Lang Tong, another large city on their way of retreat, near the frontier of China, and which the French have also occupied.

The fall of Bac-Ninh closes, probably, the era of hostilities in Tonkin, and the era of China's resistance to the occupation of Tonquin by the French. As Premier Ferry declared to the French Chambers, "The army has accomplished its mission in Tonquin ; diplomacy will do the rest."

EGYPT.—A great change has taken place during the past month in the position of the Egyptian question, in that England has decided to interfere effectually, both with her counsels and her troops; but very little change seems to have taken place toward a settlement of that question.

In Khartoum, Gordon Pasha has pursued a policy of conciliation, the only one permitted him, as he had with him no military force except the half-starved and completely-demoralized Egyptian troops scattered in Soudan. He acknowledged the results of El Mahdi's victorious rebellion, and proposed to cede to the latter the independent command of the country, under the title of Sultan of Kordofan.

All that the English general claimed was that the Egyptian garrisons of the Soudan be allowed to retire in peace and safety, and that the new frontiers of Egypt proper, below the first cataract, be henceforth respected. It does not appear that El Mahdi accepted these propositions,or even made a reply to them. In fact, El Mahdi's movements continue to be enveloped in the greatest mystery, and no dispatch even mentions the exact location where the great rebel could be found,if wanted. At one time, General Gordon thought to have won over to his side the sheiks of the most powerful tribes in the neighborhood, and his dispatches to the home government were quite hopeful. Lately, however, the tenor of the news sent by him has been very discouraging, until his own position in Khartoum is considered critical.

On the seashore, negotiations gave place to hostilities in the field. After the fall of Sinkat came the news of the surrender of Tokar to the forces of Osman Digma. There had been no resistance or defeat of the garrison ; but the Egyptian troops,secretly in sympathy with the rebellion, and perhaps terrified at the fate of Tewfik Bey and of his command, had simply called the Arabs in the city and given them possession. In the meantime, a British force had been concentrated at Suakim, made up of the British troops drawn from Alexandria, of two regiments of East India troops, stopped at Aden on their return to England, and of marines landed by the fleet. General Graham was placed in command and ordered to relieve or retake Tokar, and especially to break up the concentration of Osman Digma's forces. The advance was made by the English and proved successful.

After a hard fought battle at Teb, the very spot where Baker Pasha had lately been defeated, Osman Digma's army, numbering twelve thousand men, were forced back and suffered a great loss of life. Tokar was relieved and regarrisoned and the campaign seems to have ended there. Public opinion in England wanted a victory and had it, and the British Cabinet was not more willing after than before, to reconquer Soudan at the cost of British lives. General Graham was ordered to return to Suakim and try again the effect of negotiation with the sheiks following the fortune of Osman Digma,and with Osman Digma himself. No result seems to have been attained yet, and the question seems to be as far as ever from a solution. Mr. Gladstone characterized his policy in these few words: "Rescue and retire," and there is little reason to doubt that some greater effort will be made by England to rescue, in order to pave the way to retire.

CONGRESS.—The Mexican treaty has been ratified, and a few more Lasker resolutions have passed. These seem to be the results of their winter's work, thus far. Were the compositors on the ELECTRA as slow in accomplishing their work, we fear we would not only give our constituents just cause for complaint, but the ELECTRA would soon have no constituents and be numbered among things that are past.

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ASIA.

Countries.	Government	Chief Executive.	Title.
ASIATIC TURKEY	Empire	ABDUL HAMID II	*Sultan.*
ARABIA	Tribes, nominal allegiance to Turkey	CHIEFS	Called *Emir, Sheik,* or *Iman.*
PERSIA	Empire	NASSR-EN-DIN	*Shah.*
BELOOCHISTAN	Tribes	CHIEFS	Called *Khan,* or *Khetat.*
AFGHANISTAN	Tribes	CHIEFS	
CEYLON	Colony of Gt. Britain	SIR J. R. LONGDEN	*Governor.*
HINDOSTAN	British India		
BURMAH	Kingdom	THEIBAN	*King.*
SIAM	Kingdom	CHULALON KORN I.	*King.*
LAOS	Tribes		*Chiefs.*
ANAM	Empire		*Emperor.*
MALACCA	British India		
CHINA	Empire	KWANG SU	*Emperor.*
KONG KONG	Colony of Gt. Britain ceded by China	SIR G. F. BOWEN	*Governor.*
COREA			
MONGOLIA			
THIBET			
TARTARY			
ASIATIC RUSSIA	Empire	ALEXANDER III.	*Czar of Russia.*
JAPANESE EMPIRE	Empire	MUTSU HITO	*Emperor.*
Besides these there are numerous other islands.			
INDIA	Divis'n of India under Brt'sh administration.	G. F. S. ROBINSON, Earl de Grey and Ripon	*Governor-General.*

AFRICA.

Countries.	Government	Chief Executive.	Title.
NORTHERN AFRICA—			
MOROCCO	Empire	MULEY-HASSAN	*Sultan.*
ALGERIA	Province of France	M. LOUIS TIRNIAN	*Governor.*
TUNIS	Virtually Independent	SIDI-ALI	*Bey.*
TRIPOLI, BARCA, and FEZZAN	Belong to Turkey		
EGYPT	Pays Tribute to Turkey	MOHAMMED TEWFIK	*Khedive.*
ABYSSINNIA			
EASTERN AFRICA—			
ZANZIBAR	Independent	SEYYED BURGASH	*Sultan.*
MOZAMBIQUE and Dependencies	Belong to Portugal	RANAVALONA III.	*Queen.*
SOUTHERN AFRICA—			
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE and Dependencies	Colonies of Great Britain	SIR H. G. R. ROBINSON	*Governor.*
WESTERN AFRICA—			
Includes Benguela, Angola, Congo, Loango, Sierra Leone, Gaboon, Gold Coast, Senegambia	Colonies of France, Gt. Britain and Portugal		
LIBERIA	Republic	ANTHONY W. GARDNER	*President.*

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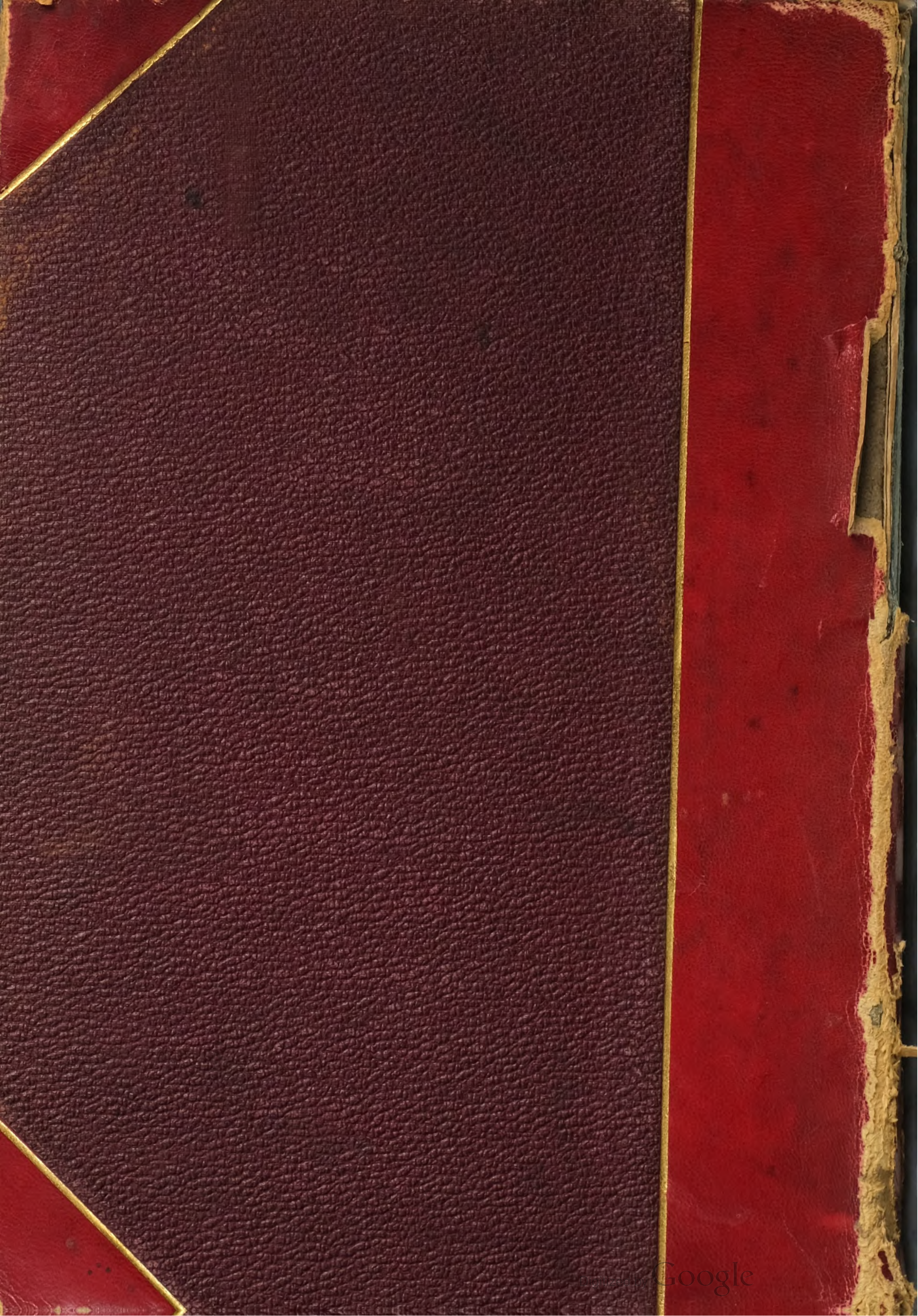
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